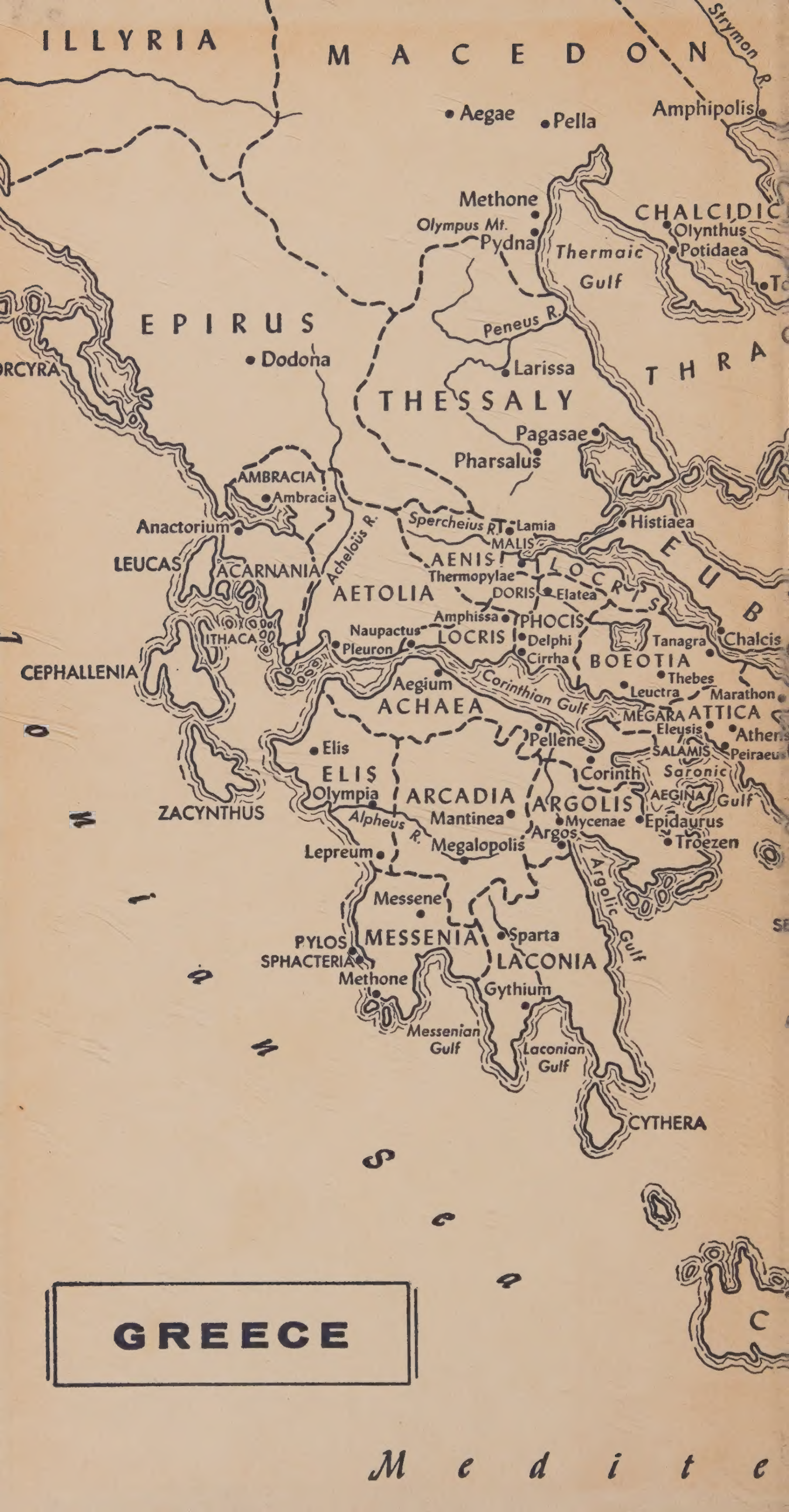
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Olympus Mt.
Pydna
Thermaic Gulf
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Olynthus
Potidaea
EPIRUS
Dodona
RCYRA
Peneus R.
Larissa
THESSALY
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Pharsalus
AMBRACIA
Ambracia
Anactorium
Spercheius R.
Lamia
Histiaea
MALIS
AENIS
Thermopylae
LEUCAS
ACARNANIA
Acheloüs R.
AETOLIA
DORIS
Elatea
LOCRIS
EUBOEA
Amphissa
PHOCIS
ITHACA
Naupactus
LOCRIS
Delphi
Tanagra
Chalcis
Pleuron
Cirrha
BOEOTIA
CEPHALLENIA
Aegium
Thebes
Leuctra
Marathon
ACHAEA
Corinthian Gulf
MEGARA
ATTICA
Eleusis
Athens
Pellene
SALAMIS
Peiraeus
Elis
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Saronic Gulf
Olympia
ARCADIA
ARGOLIS
AEGINA
ZACYNTHUS
Alpheus R.
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Epidaurus
Argos
Troezen
Lepreum
Megalopolis
Argolic Gulf
Messene
Sparta
PYLOS
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GREECE
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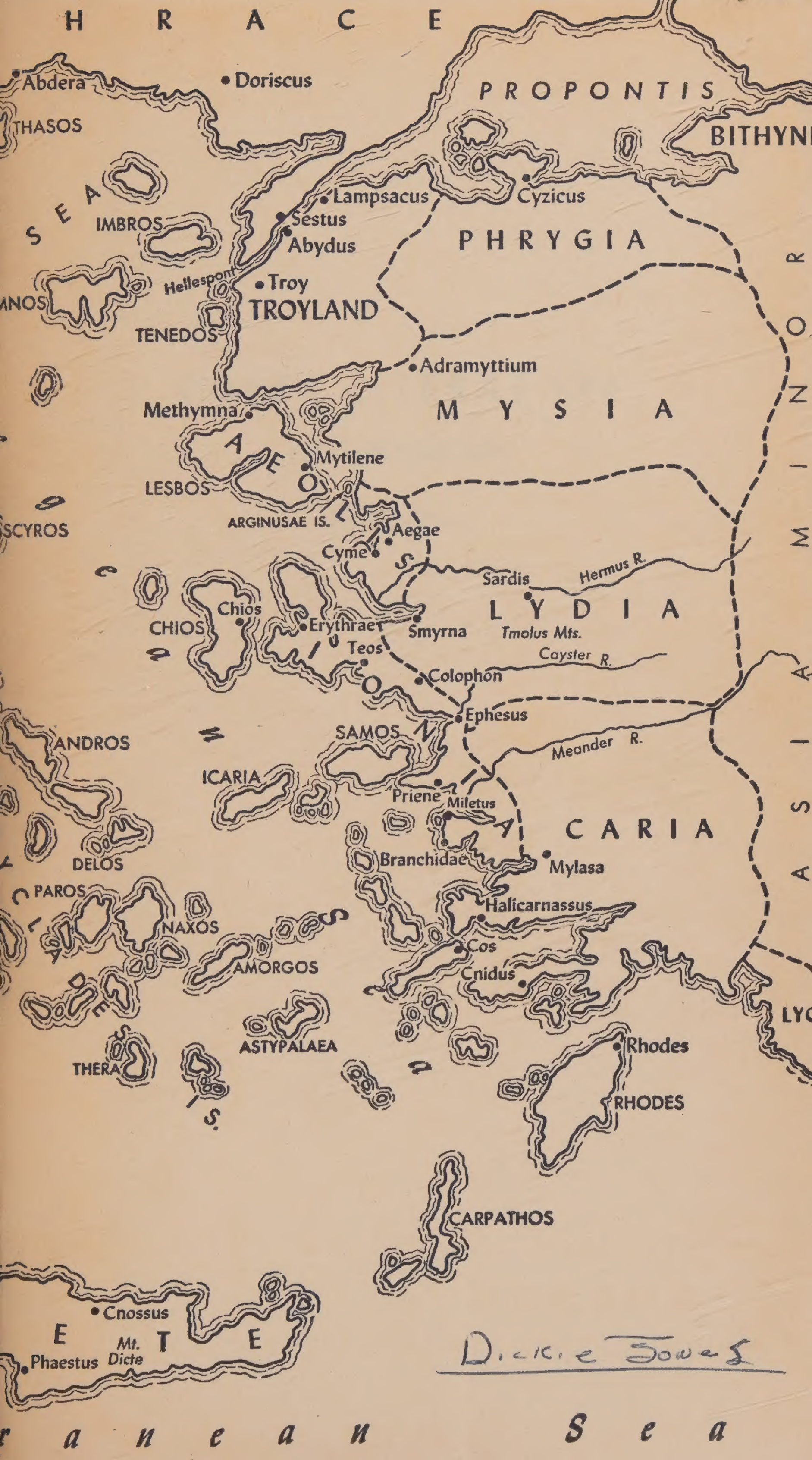

Dickie Jones

GREEK LITERATURE

in Translation

By every one of us there stands from birth
A kindly spirit-guide, to lead us through
The labyrinthine mysteries of life.
And we must never think this spirit evil,
Nor fraught with wickedness to harm our lives,
But always hold God good in everything.
Those who themselves turn base in character
And complicate their lives exceedingly,
When they have ruined all through heedlessness,
Declare and hold as cause this spirit-guide,
And make him evil, becoming such themselves.

—MENANDER

GREEK LITERATURE

IN TRANSLATION

Selected and Edited by
the Late
GEORGE HOWE *and* GUSTAVE ADOLPHUS HARRER

Revised Edition by
PRESTON HERSCHEL EPPS
University of North Carolina

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Preface to the First Edition

Not very many years ago the only generally recognized approach to the literatures of ancient Greece and Rome was by way of the classical languages, and the majority of those who sought acquaintance with those great heritages equipped themselves to travel by that highway. But whether through changes that in recent times have been introduced into the curricula of our schools, or through the very general extension of a liberal education to those who might, even in the earlier time, have been completely shut out from the benefits and pleasures of the best in literature, or through a present-day alteration in the point of view as to what constitutes an adequate approach,—whatever the cause, it is now a fact that an ever increasing number of readers is seeking a passage through the gateway of translation. The movement betokens a continuance of the esteem in which the classical literatures have ever been held; it betokens further a widening of the general interest in the great literatures of the past, if more and more who would never, even in the good old days, have thought it lay within their possibilities to know Homer and Sophocles, Virgil and Horace, now demand such knowledge, whether at first hand or second. Regrettable in many respects though the change may be, still the ancient literatures have far too much of universal value to offer to remain longer the property of the restricted few who have trained themselves to read them in the original. Indeed they are necessary to all who would know the best things of the art of letters even of the present, for it is no exaggeration to say that modern literature cannot be fully understood and appreciated without a knowledge of the foundations upon which it is built. Quite apart from the much debated question of the amount of loss suffered by reading in translation, the books of the ancients are the property of all, and it is folly on account of certain losses to throw away the important and delightful remainder of profit.

It was because of such considerations as these that The Spirit of the Classics[1] was undertaken. It is true of course that the great body of the Greek and Roman literatures has been available in English for a long time, and much of it in most excellent translation; it is true also that from time to time have appeared anthologies presenting in brief compass illustrative readings from the two literatures. But the difficulty heretofore has been either that the material has been spread over so many separate volumes that it has not been easy of access, or that the material has been reproduced in such fragmentary form that it did not give an adequate picture of the whole. The excuse for the present book is to be found

[1] Originally included *Greek Literature in Translation* and a companion volume, *Roman Literature in Translation*. (Ed.)

partly in its effort to strike a happy medium between these two extremes, but mainly in its organization of the material in such a way as to give a somewhat more complete conception of the development and of the sweep of the literary product.

The Spirit of the Classics is designed, then, not merely as an anthology of the masterpieces of the Greek and Roman literatures. Its purpose is to reproduce through translation as fully as possible the life and thought of the ancient peoples as they expressed them in their literatures, in brief enough form to be accessible to all. It seeks to make plain what things they thought about, what they thought about them, and in what forms they gave their thinking expression. Since their experience of life was of course a development in time, the chronological order has been followed in the main. While, as a result of the principle of selection, the emphasis has been placed upon masterpieces of thinking, yet masterpieces of form too are as fully illustrated as can be done in translation, since it is eminently true of the classics that the criteria of clear thinking and of form coincide. Every effort has been made to present complete units; when such a course could not be followed because of the necessary limitations of space, it has been thought better to give a few extended passages carefully chosen rather than a large number of short fragments. With a few exceptions the work of the poets has been reproduced in verse translations.

One volume has been devoted to the Greek literature and one to the Roman. In each the accompanying apparatus has been reduced to a minimum. The table of contents has been so constructed as to provide a sort of syllabus, indicating by headings the course of development, interpreting the main currents of thought, and pointing out the forms used for the several sorts of material. The explanatory notes are of two sorts. At the beginning of each main division have been inserted short essays with the purpose of giving the social and political background against which the literature is to be viewed. In such brief compass it was of course impossible to sketch even in outline the political or literary history of the various periods; but the attempt has been made to supply at least the most important facts and to suggest the relation of the literature at any given moment to the broader currents of life. The second sort of notes is concerned with the identification and significance of individual authors and selections. These seek merely to point out the historical and literary position of each writer and of each passage quoted, in order that the main thought may be followed the more easily, and in order that that lack of an explanation of the relations existing between passages which is characteristic of any book of selections may be somewhat reduced.

The editors are indebted to many colleagues for valuable suggestions as to the selection of passages and the choice of translators. To every selection the translator's name has been appended. Grateful acknowledgment is made to Mr. James Loeb for permission to make wide use of The Loeb Classical Library for both volumes, and for the present volume to the following for permission to reprint copyrighted material: Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston, for translations from Homer by W. C. Bryant; Dodd, Mead & Company, New York, for translations from Sappho in

Wharton's *Sappho;* Henry Holt & Company, New York, for the translation from Alcman in *A History of Greek Literature* by T. S. Perry; Oxford University Press, London, for translations from Plato, Thucydides, and Aristotle by Benjamin Jowett; Macmillan & Company, London, for the translation of Aristotle's Poetics by S. H. Butcher, translations from Theophrastus' Characters by R. C. Jebb, and translations from Xenophon's Hellenica by H. G. Dakyns; Longmans, Green & Company, New York, for the translation of Sophocles' Œdipus Rex by Robert Whitelaw; Parke Austin and Lipscomb, New York, for the translation from Isocrates by J. H. Freese in *The Greek and Latin Classics;* Cambridge University Press, London, for the translation from Archimedes by Thomas L. Heath; Nicholas L. Brown, New York, for translations from Herondas by M. S. Buck; Mr. J. S. Easby-Smith for translations from Alcaeus in his *Songs of Alcaeus*. The translation from Mimnermus by the late Professor Kirby Flower Smith on page 161 is printed now for the first time.

G.H.
G.A.H.

1924

Preface to the Revised Edition

In the revised edition of *Greek Literature in Translation* by Professors Howe and Harrer, the following changes have been made:

A brief selection from Homer's account of the slaying of the suitors has been added so that the reader will know what happened to these ruffians.

Professor Shorey's translation of *The Lost Shield* by Archilochus has been substituted for the Merivale version, because it seems to have more of the charm and carefree feeling of the original.

Sir William Marris' modern version of Sappho's *Hymn to Aphrodite* has displaced the rendering by Symonds; and Professor J. M. Edmonds' translation of *To Anactoria in Lydia* has been added to present another of Sappho's poems in modern dress. The short anonymous *To Alcæus* is interesting because of the alleged romance between Sappho and Alcæus.

Thucydides' *Athenians vs. Spartans* has been added to make available the sharp contrast between these two groups of Greeks. His *Faction in Greece* is too timely to be omitted.

Xenophon's description of the methods and procedure of the Thirty Tyrants has been included as an excellent example of their high-handed arrogance and despotism.

A recent version of the *Agamemnon* has been used instead of the one by Morshead, in the hope of making the first drama in this volume more accessible with less effort.

The seven short selections from as many comedies by Aristophanes have been replaced by Professor Gilbert Murray's celebrated version of the *Frogs*, the most revealing and informing of all the comedies for the history of Greek tragedy and the Greek conception of the poet and his function. Greek comedies are so rooted in their local milieu that single excerpts from them are not very intelligible unless prefaced by a good deal of explanation.

Instead of the selection from Lysias' *Against Eratosthenes*, two short but complete Lysian orations dealing with two very modern problems are included. They are *Against the Corn Dealers* and *For the Cripple*. The greater part of Demosthenes' *On the Crown* has been added, since it has long been the most famous of all Greek orations and is still timely.

The selection from the *Meno* and the one on "Democracy" from the *Republic* have been omitted and the full *Crito* added. The *Crito* fill out the last days of Socrates. The selection on "Democracy" depended for its correct understanding, too much on the omitted parts of the *Republic*, whereas the Socratic-Platonic method seems as well and as fully illustrated in the *Euthyphro* as in the *Meno* selection. The Jowett translation of the *Apology* and of the "Death of Socrates" from the *Phædo* has been replaced by the recent excellent translation by Professor Lane Cooper. The trial, last days, and death of Socrates are thus presented in recent translations.

Four of the eight epigrams of Callimachus have been replaced by seven epigrams from various poets dealing with late Greek feeling toward death and the after-life.

Finally, Plutarch's *Cæsar* has been replaced by his *Lycurgus*. The *Cæsar*, though written in Greek, treats Roman material against a Roman background. To present it intelligently demanded a great deal of explanation of what is different and un-Greek. It therefore seemed more economical of time and understanding to use the life of a Greek. Moreover, even though we do not care for totalitarian Sparta and its methods, Sparta was too long a powerful and important part of Greece not to be sufficiently represented in any study of ancient Greek life and civilization. The essential unattractiveness of Spartan life and culture peers through even Plutarch's highly idealized account of it.

The translations of Æschylus' *Agamemnon*, Thucydides' *Athenians vs. Spartans* and *Faction in Greece*, Plato's *Crito*, and of six of the new epigrams are printed here for the first time. The translations of all the other new material, except the "Slaying of the Suitors" and Xenophon's account of the slaying of Theramenes by the Thirty, are, none of them, older than 1908.

The general plan of the volume has been kept just as it was. The original editors' excellent prefatory statements to the various divisions, authors, and selections have been retained unchanged except for an occasional clause or sentence. The translations have been altered only occasionally, where clarity seemed to require it.

It is hoped that the detailed Table of Contents, the illustrations of the Greek theater, the Select Glossary of some seven hundred entries, and the Index, together with the new format, will give readers easier access to this small part of the abundant wealth of surviving Greek literature. The numbering of the lines will facilitate references to specific parts of a page.

Whatever merits may appear in the revision are due in great part to helpful suggestions from various colleagues and friends, too numerous to list. Their excellent help, freely sought and more generously given, is here gratefully acknowledged.

The ready cooperation and effective help of Miss Dorothy Thompson of Harper & Brothers not only are responsible for the greater part of the attractiveness and usefulness of the volume but have made its preparation much less of a chore than it would otherwise have been.

P.H.E.

University of North Carolina

GREEK LITERATURE
in Translation

Patriarchal Society: the Epic

TENTH TO SEVENTH CENTURIES B.C.

It is practically impossible to distinguish between the historical and the mythological in the period that preceded the Homeric poems. We have a vast number of tales about the ancient heroes of the race, which no doubt had some foundation in fact, but which in the main were created out of the imagination of the poets of later days. The Trojan legend as set forth in the Homeric poems comes at the end of such an era, and though it shares with the other tales the traits of the myth as contrasted with history, it at least presents a fairly complete picture of Greek life before the historic period.

The Greeks, spread over the mainland, the islands, and the coast of Asia Minor, were split up into many small principalities. Although they knew no national unity, still in times of emergency they recognized a racial community of interest and banded together against a common foe. Over each separate state was a king, who was at once military chieftain, dispenser of justice, and high priest—a shepherd of his people. Associated with him was a council of nobles in the capacity of advisers, but all political power was in the hands of the king. There was further a crude sort of assembly of freemen below the rank of nobles, but it was practically without political significance. The wealth of the state was almost exclusively in the keeping of king and nobles, who also bore the brunt of all state burdens. The fighting was the business of the nobles too, for seldom do we hear of the common man actually taking part in battle.

The social unit was the family. The father of the family bore much the same relation to his household as the king did to the whole community. The matron was held in high esteem and seems to have had a greater degree of independence than in the later days. The home life and a generous hospitality to strangers were sacred obligations. Life was simple. There were few complexities of commerce. Agriculture, manufacture of the necessary articles of use, and war were the chief pursuits. In spite of the class distinctions, king and nobles and commons mingled freely together.

Even in that remote period the Greek gift for beauty as expressed in the arts was at work, crude though the products may have been. Their literature—if it may be called that before it received the permanence of the written word—they practised in hymns to the gods and in the tales of heroes. Minstrels attached to the court or wandering from court to court, receiving everywhere a cordial welcome, preserved and elaborated in song and story the traditions of the race. It is probable that in such ballads the origin of the epic is to be found. We may imagine that the story of a particular hero was at first a single deed of daring or adventure, that then other stories about the same personage were gradually added, that further elaboration branched off from the central figure to others associated with him in the stories, until finally quite a body of material was formed out of a multitude of various tales. It would be then but an easy step to fuse together into a single narrative all the stories that had so grown up about a hero or an event or a place. It is not unlikely that such epics, perhaps in shorter form, existed before Homer, and that the Homeric poems are the final culmination of a long period of growth and experimentation.

The epic was written in continuous long lines of six feet (hexameter) admirably suited to narration. It is simple and straightforward, possessing a dignity peculiarly its own.

I. THE EPIC OF MARTIAL ADVENTURE: HOMER'S ILIAD

Greek, indeed European, literature begins with the poems of Homer. Nothing definite is known about the time they were written or about the poet who wrote them. Ionia was the home of epic and its *floruit* probably the tenth and ninth centuries B.C. Seven cities claimed the honor of being Homer's birthplace. Legend tells of a blind bard who wandered about from place to place earning his living by his minstrelsy. The poems themselves argue a poet of consummate skill, who must have come at the end rather than at the beginning of a long development.

The *Iliad* narrates only the events of some fifty days in the tenth, the last, year of the Trojan War. It is not concerned with the war as history, but with the action of certain heroes, particularly Achilles, who played a leading part in it. The subject announced in the opening line is "the wrath of Achilles." Knowledge of what preceded its action is assumed—of how Paris, a Trojan prince, had awarded the prize of beauty to Aphrodite and had received as his reward Helen, wife of the Greek king Menelaus; of how the Greek chieftains had conspired together against Troy to avenge this wrong; of the expedition to Asia Minor, and of the prolonged struggle about the walls of the city.

THE WRATH OF ACHILLES[1]

[From Book I]

After the invocation and announcement of theme, the narrative begins with a quarrel over a maiden who had been captured by Achilles and was claimed by him as just spoils of war, but who is taken away from him by King Agamemnon. The hero, angered, withdraws from battle and sulks by the sea.

O Goddess! sing the wrath of Peleus' son,
Achilles; sing the deadly wrath that brought
Woes numberless upon the Greeks, and swept
To Hades many a valiant soul, and gave
Their limbs a prey to dogs and birds of air,—
For so had Jove appointed,—from the time
When the two chiefs, Atrides, king of men,
And great Achilles, parted first as foes.
Which of the gods put strife between the chiefs,
That they should thus contend? Latona's son
And Jove's. Incensed against the king, he bade
A deadly pestilence appear among

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[1] From *The Iliad of Homer*, by William Cullen Bryant. Copyright, 1870, by Fields, Osgood & Company; Houghton Mifflin Company.

The army, and the men were perishing.
For Atreus' son with insult had received
Chryses the priest, who to the Grecian fleet
Came to redeem his daughter, offering
Uncounted ransom. In his hand he bore
The fillets of Apollo, archer-god,
Upon the golden sceptre, and he sued
To all the Greeks, but chiefly to the sons
Of Atreus, the two leaders of the host:—
"Ye sons of Atreus, and ye other chiefs,
Well-greaved Achaians, may the gods who dwell
Upon Olympus give you to o'erthrow
The city of Priam, and in safety reach
Your homes; but give me my beloved child,
And take her ransom, honoring him who sends
His arrows far, Apollo, son of Jove."
Then all the other Greeks, applauding, bade
Revere the priest and take the liberal gifts
He offered, but the counsel did not please
Atrides, Agamemnon; he dismissed
The priest with scorn, and added threatening words:—
"Old man, let me not find thee loitering here,
Beside the roomy ships, or coming back
Hereafter, lest the fillet thou dost bear
And sceptre of thy god protect thee not.
This maiden I release not till old age
Shall overtake her in my Argive home,
Far from her native country, where her hand
Shall throw the shuttle and shall dress my couch.
Go, chafe me not, if thou wouldst safely go."
He spake; the aged man in fear obeyed
The mandate, and in silence walked apart,
Along the many-sounding ocean-side,
And fervently he prayed the monarch-god,
Apollo, golden-haired Latona's son:—
"Hear me, thou bearer of the silver bow,
Who guardest Chrysa, and the holy isle
Of Cilla, and art lord in Tenedos;
O Smintheus! if I ever helped to deck
Thy glorious temple, if I ever burned
Upon thy altar the fat thighs of goats
And bullocks, grant my prayer, and let thy shafts
Avenge upon the Greeks the tears I shed."
So spake he supplicating, and to him
Phœbus Apollo hearkened. Down he came,
Down from the summit of the Olympian mount,
Wrathful in heart; his shoulders bore the bow
And hollow quiver; there the arrows rang

Upon the shoulders of the angry god,
As on he moved. He came as comes the night,
And, seated from the ships aloof, sent forth
An arrow; terrible was heard the clang
Of that resplendent bow. At first he smote
The mules and the swift dogs, and then on man
He turned the deadly arrow. All around
Glared evermore the frequent funeral piles.
Nine days already had his shafts been showered
Among the host, and now, upon the tenth,
Achilles called the people of the camp
To council. Juno, of the snow-white arms,
Had moved his mind to this, for she beheld
With sorrow that the men were perishing.
And when the assembly met and now was full,
Stood swift Achilles in the midst and said:—
"To me it seems, Atrides, that 't were well,
Since now our aim is baffled, to return
Homeward, if death o'ertake us not; for war
And pestilence at once destroy the Greeks.
But let us first consult some seer or priest,
Or dream-interpreter,—for even dreams
Are sent by Jove,—and ask him by what cause
Phœbus Apollo has been angered thus;
If by neglected vows or hecatombs,
And whether savor of fat bulls and goats
May move the god to stay the pestilence."
He spake, and took again his seat; and next
Rose Calchas, son of Thestor, and the chief
Of augurs, one to whom were known things past
And present and to come. He, through the art
Of divination, which Apollo gave,
Had guided Iliumward the ships of Greece.
With words well ordered courteously he spake:—
"Achilles, loved of Jove, thou biddest me
Explain the wrath of Phœbus, monarch-god,
Who sends afar his arrows. Willingly
Will I make known the cause; but covenant thou,
And swear to stand prepared, by word and hand,
To bring me succor. For my mind misgives
That he who rules the Argives, and to whom
The Achaian race are subject, will be wroth.
A sovereign is too strong for humbler men,
And though he keep his choler down awhile,
It rankles, till he sate it, in his heart.
And now consider: wilt thou hold me safe?"
Achilles, the swift-footed, answered thus:—
"Fear nothing, but speak boldly out whate'er

Thou knowest, and declare the will of Heaven.
For by Apollo, dear to Jove, whom thou,
Calchas, dost pray to, when thou givest forth
The sacred oracles to men of Greece,
No man, while yet I live, and see the light
Of day, shall lay a violent hand on thee
Among our roomy ships; no man of all
The Grecian armies, though thou name the name
Of Agamemnon, whose high boast it is
To stand in power and rank above them all."
Encouraged thus, the blameless seer went on:—
"'Tis not neglected vows or hecatombs
That move him, but the insult shown his priest,
Whom Agamemnon spurned, when he refused
To set his daughter free, and to receive
Her ransom. Therefore sends the archer-god
These woes, and still will send them on the Greeks,
Nor ever will withdraw his heavy hand
From our destruction, till the dark-eyed maid
Freely, and without ransom, be restored
To her beloved father, and with her
A sacred hecatomb to Chrysa sent.
So haply may we pacify the god."
Thus having said, the augur took his seat.
And then the hero-son of Atreus rose,
Wide-ruling Agamemnon, greatly chafed.
His gloomy heart was full of wrath, his eyes
Sparkled like fire; he fixed a menacing look
Full on the augur Calchas, and began:—
"Prophet of evil! never hadst thou yet
A cheerful word for me. To mark the signs
Of coming mischief is thy great delight.
Good dost thou ne'er foretell nor bring to pass.
And now thou pratest in thine auguries,
Before the Greeks, how that the archer-god
Afflicts us thus, because I would not take
The costly ransom offered to redeem
The virgin child of Chryses. 'T was my choice
To keep her with me, for I prize her more
Than Clytemnestra, bride of my young years,
And deem her not less nobly graced than she,
In form and feature, mind and pleasing arts.
Yet will I give her back, if that be best;
For gladly would I see my people saved
From this destruction. Let meet recompense,
Meantime, be ready, that I be not left,
Alone of all the Greeks, without my prize.
That were not seemly. All of you perceive

That now my share of spoil has passed from me."
  To him the great Achilles, swift of foot,
Replied: "Renowned Atrides, greediest
Of men, where wilt thou that our noble Greeks
Find other spoil for thee, since none is set
Apart, a common store? The trophies brought
From towns which we have sacked have all been shared
Among us, and we could not without shame
Bid every warrior bring his portion back.
Yield, then, the maiden to the god, and we,
The Achaians, freely will appoint for thee
Threefold and fourfold recompense, should Jove
Give us to sack this well-defended Troy."
  Then the king Agamemnon answered thus:—
"Nay, use no craft, all valiant as thou art,
Godlike Achilles; thou hast not the power
To circumvent nor to persuade me thus.
Think'st thou that, while thou keepest safe thy prize,
I shall sit idly down, deprived of mine?
Thou bid'st me give the maiden back. 'T is well,
If to my hands the noble Greeks shall bring
The worth of what I lose, and in a shape
That pleases me. Else will I come myself,
And seize and bear away thy prize, or that
Of Ajax or Ulysses, leaving him
From whom I take his share with cause for rage.
Another time we will confer on this.
Now come, and forth into the great salt sea
Launch a black ship, and muster on the deck
Men skilled to row, and put a hecatomb
On board, and let the fair-cheeked maid embark,
Chryseis. Send a prince to bear command,—
Ajax, Idomeneus, or the divine
Ulysses;—or thyself, Pelides, thou
Most terrible of men, that with due rites
Thou soothe the anger of the archer-god."
  Achilles the swift-footed, with stern look,
Thus answered: "Ha, thou mailed in impudence
And bent on lucre! Who of all the Greeks
Can willingly obey thee, on the march,
Or bravely battling with the enemy?
I came not to this war because of wrong
Done to me by the valiant sons of Troy.
No feud had I with them; they never took
My beeves or horses, nor, in Phthia's realm,
Deep-soiled and populous, spoiled my harvest fields.
For many a shadowy mount between us lies,
And waters of the wide-resounding sea.

Man unabashed! we follow thee that thou
Mayst glory in avenging upon Troy
The grudge of Menelaus and thy own,
Thou shameless one! and yet thou hast for this
Nor thanks nor care. Thou threatenest now to take
From me the prize for which I bore long toils
In battle; and the Greeks decreed it mine.
I never take an equal share with thee
Of booty when the Grecian host has sacked
Some populous Trojan town. My hands perform
The harder labors of the field in all
The tumult of the fight; but when the spoil
Is shared, the largest share of all is thine,
While I, content with little, seek my ships,
Weary with combat. I shall now go home
To Phthia; better were it to return
With my beaked ships; but here where I am held
In little honor, thou wilt fail, I think,
To gather, in large measure, spoil and wealth."
Him answered Agamemnon, king of men:—
"Desert, then, if thou wilt; I ask thee not
To stay with me; there will be others left
To do me honor yet, and, best of all,
The all-providing Jove is with me still.
Thee I detest the most of all the men
Ordained by him to govern; thy delight
Is in contention, war, and bloody frays.
If thou art brave, some deity, no doubt,
Hath thus endowed thee. Hence, then, to thy home,
With all thy ships and men! there domineer
Over thy Myrmidons; I heed thee not,
Nor care I for thy fury. Thus, in turn,
I threaten thee; since Phœbus takes away
Chryseis, I will send her in my ship
And with my friends, and, coming to thy tent,
Will bear away the fair-cheeked maid, thy prize,
Briseis, that thou learn how far I stand
Above thee, and that other chiefs may fear
To measure strength with me, and brave my power."
The rage of Peleus' son, as thus he spake,
Grew fiercer; in that shaggy breast his heart
Took counsel, whether from his thigh to draw
The trenchant sword, and, thrusting back the rest,
Smite down Atrides, or subdue his wrath
And master his own spirit. While he thus
Debated with himself, and half unsheathed
The ponderous blade, Pallas Athene came,
Sent from on high by Juno, the white-armed,

Who loved both warriors and made both her care.
She came behind him, seen by him alone,
And plucked his yellow hair. The hero turned
In wonder, and at once he knew the look
Of Pallas, and the awful-gleaming eye,
And thus accosted her with wingèd words:—
"Why com'st thou hither, daughter of the god
Who bears the ægis? Art thou here to see
The insolence of Agamemnon, son
Of Atreus? Let me tell thee what I deem
Will be the event. That man may lose his life,
And quickly too, for arrogance like this."
Then thus the goddess, blue-eyed Pallas, spake:—
"I came from heaven to pacify thy wrath,
If thou wilt hear my counsel. I am sent
By Juno the white-armed, to whom ye both
Are dear, who ever watches o'er you both.
Refrain from violence; let not thy hand
Unsheathe the sword, but utter with thy tongue
Reproaches, as occasion may arise;
For I declare what time shall bring to pass;
Threefold amends shall yet be offered thee,
In gifts of princely cost, for this day's wrong.
Now calm thy angry spirit, and obey."
Achilles, the swift-footed, answered thus:—
"O goddess, be the word thou bring'st obeyed,
However fierce my anger; for to him
Who hearkens to the gods, the gods give ear."
So speaking, on the silver hilt he stayed
His strong right hand, and back into its sheath
Thrust his good sword, obeying. She, meantime,
Returned to heaven, where ægis-bearing Jove
Dwells with the other gods. And now again
Pelides, with opprobrious words, bespake
The son of Atreus, venting thus his wrath:—
"Wine-bibber, with the forehead of a dog
And a deer's heart! Thou never yet hast dared
To arm thyself for battle with the rest,
Nor join the other chiefs prepared to lie
In ambush,—such thy craven fear of death.
Better it suits thee, midst the mighty host
Of Greeks, to rob some warrior of his prize
Who dares withstand thee. King thou art, and yet
Devourer of thy people. Thou dost rule
A spiritless race, else this day's insolence,
Atrides, were thy last. And now I say,
And bind my saying with a mighty oath:
By this my sceptre, which can never bear

A leaf or twig, since first it left its stem
Among the mountains,—for the steel has pared
Its boughs and bark away, to sprout no more,—
And now the Achaian judges bear it,—they
Who guard the laws received from Jupiter,—
Such is my oath,—the time shall come when all
The Greeks shall long to see Achilles back,
While multitudes are perishing by the hand
Of Hector, the man-queller; thou, meanwhile,
Though thou lament, shall have no power to help,
And thou shalt rage against thyself to think
That thou hast scorned the bravest of the Greeks."
   As thus he spake, Pelides to the ground
Flung the gold-studded wand, and took his seat.
Fiercely Atrides raged; but now uprose
Nestor, the master of persuasive speech,
The clear-toned Pylian orator, whose tongue
Dropped words more sweet than honey. He had seen
Two generations that grew up and lived
With him on sacred Pylos pass away,
And now he ruled the third. With prudent words
He thus addressed the assembly of the chiefs:—
   "Ye gods! what new misfortunes threaten Greece!
How Priam would exult and Priam's sons,
And how would all the Trojan race rejoice,
Were they to know how furiously ye strive,—
Ye who in council and in fight surpass
The other Greeks. Now hearken to my words,—
Ye who are younger than myself,—for I
Have lived with braver men than you, and yet
They held me not in light esteem. Such men
I never saw, nor shall I see again,—
Men like Pirithoüs and like Druas, lord
Of nations, Cæneus and Exadius,
And the great Polypheme, and Theseus, son
Of Ægeus, likest to the immortal gods,
Strongest of all the earth-born race they fought—
The strongest with the strongest of their time—
With Centaurs, the wild dwellers of the hills,
And fearfully destroyed them. With these men
Did I hold converse, coming to their camp
From Pylos in a distant land. They sent
To bid me join the war, and by their side
I fought my best, but no man living now
On the wide earth would dare to fight with them.
Great as they were, they listened to my words
And took my counsel. Hearken also ye,
And let my words persuade you for the best.

Thou, powerful as thou art, take not from him
The maiden; suffer him to keep the prize
Decreed him by the sons of Greece; and thou,
Pelides, strive no longer with the king,
Since never Jove on sceptred prince bestowed
Like eminence to his. Though braver thou,
And goddess-born, yet hath he greater power
And wider sway. Atrides, calm thy wrath—
'T is I who ask—against the chief who stands
The bulwark of the Greeks in this fierce war."
To him the sovereign Agamemnon said:—
"The things which thou hast uttered, aged chief,
Are fitly spoken; but this man would stand
Above all others; he aspires to be
The master, over all to domineer,
And to direct in all things; yet, I think,
There may be one who will not suffer this.
For if by favor of the immortal gods
He was made brave, have they for such a cause
Given him the liberty of insolent speech?"
Hereat the great Achilles, breaking in,
Answered: "Yea, well might I deserve the name
Of coward and of wretch, should I submit
In all things to thy bidding. Such commands
Lay thou on others, not on me; nor think
I shall obey thee longer. This I say,—
And bear it well in mind,—I shall not lift
My hand to keep the maiden whom ye gave
And now take from me; but whatever else
May be on board that swift black ship of mine,
Beware thou carry not away the least
Without my leave. Come, make the trial now,
That these may see thy black blood bathe my spear."
Then, rising from that strife of words, the twain
Dissolved the assembly at the Grecian fleet.
Pelides to his tents and well-manned ships
Went with Patroclus and his warrior friends,
While Agamemnon bade upon the sea
Launch a swift bark with twenty chosen men
To ply the oar, and put a hecatomb
Upon it for the god. He thither led
The fair-cheeked maid Chryseis; the command
He gave to wise Ulysses; forth they went,
Leader and crew, upon their watery path.
Meanwhile, he bade the camp be purified;
And, casting the pollutions to the waves,
They burned to Phœbus chosen hecatombs
Of bulls and goats beside the barren main,

From which the savor rose in smoke to heaven.
So was the host employed. But not the less
Did Agamemnon persevere to urge
His quarrel with Pelides; and he thus
Addressed Talthybius and Eurybates,
His heralds and his faithful ministers:—
"Go ye to where Achilles holds his tent,
And take the fair Briseis by the hand,
And bring her hither. If he yield her not,
I shall come forth to claim her with a band
Of warriors, and it shall be worse for him."
He spake, and sent them forth with added words
Of menace. With unwilling steps they went
Beside the barren deep, until they reached
The tents and vessels of the Myrmidons,
And found Achilles seated by his tent
And his black ship; their coming pleased him not.
They, moved by fear and reverence of the king,
Stopped, and bespake him not, nor signified
Their errand; he perceived their thought and said:—
"Hail, heralds, messengers of Jove and men!
Draw near; I blame you not, I only blame
Atrides, who hath sent you for the maid.
Noble Patroclus! bring the damsel forth,
And let them lead her hence. My witnesses
Are ye, before the blessed deities,
And mortal men, and this remorseless king,
If ever he shall need me to avert
The doom of utter ruin from his host.
Most sure it is, he madly yields himself
To fatal counsels, thoughtless of the past
And of the future, nor forecasting how
The Greeks may fight, unvanquished, by their fleet."
He spake. Meantime Patroclus had obeyed
The word of his belovèd friend. He brought
The fair-cheeked maid Briseis from her tent,
And she was led away. The messengers
Returned to where their barks were moored, and she
Unwillingly went with them. Then in tears
Achilles, from his friends withdrawing, sat
Beside the hoary ocean-marge, and gazed
And prayed to his dear mother, earnestly:—
—William Cullen Bryant.

HELEN AT THE WALL[1]

[From Book III]

The stealing of Helen was given as the immediate cause of the war. When the Trojans on the wall see her, they are not without understanding of the motives which had prompted Paris to the deed, or the Greeks to cross the sea to compel her restoration.

Meanwhile to white-armed Helen Iris came
A messenger. She took a form that seemed
Laodice, the sister of Paris, whom
Antenor's son, King Helicaon, wed,—
Fairest of Priam's daughters. She drew near
To Helen, in the palace, weaving there
An ample web, a shining double-robe,
Whereon were many conflicts fairly wrought,
Endured by the horse-taming sons of Troy
And brazen-mailed Achaians for her sake
Upon the field of Mars. Beside her stood
Swift-footed Iris, and addressed her thus:—
"Dear lady, come and see the Trojan knights
And brazen-mailed Achaians doing things
To wonder at. They who, in this sad war,
Eager to slay each other, lately met
In murderous combat on the field, are now
Seated in silence, and the war hath ceased.
They lean upon their shields, their massive spears
Are near them, planted in the ground upright.
Paris and Menelaus, loved of Mars,
With their long lances will contend for thee,
And thou wilt be declared the victor's spouse."
She said, and in the heart of Helen woke
Dear recollections of her former spouse
And of her home and kindred. Instantly
She left her chamber, robed and veiled in white,
And shedding tender tears; yet not alone,
For with her went two maidens,—Æthra, child
Of Pittheus, and the large-eyed Clymene.
Straight to the Scæan gates they walked, by which
Panthous, Priam, and Thymœtes sat,
Lampus and Clytius, Hicetaon sprung
From Mars, Antenor and Ucalegon,
Two sages,—elders of the people all.
Beside the gates they sat, unapt, through age,
For tasks of war, but men of fluent speech,

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[1] From *The Iliad of Homer*, by William Cullen Bryant. Copyright, 1870, by Fields, Osgood & Company; Houghton Mifflin Company.

Like the cicadas that within the wood
Sit on the trees and utter delicate sounds.
Such were the nobles of the Trojan race
Who sat upon the tower. But when they marked
The approach of Helen, to each other thus
With wingèd words, but in low tones, they said:—
"Small blame is theirs, if both the Trojan knights
And brazen-mailed Achaians have endured
So long so many evils for the sake
Of that one woman. She is wholly like
In feature to the deathless goddesses.
So be it: let her, peerless as she is,
Return on board the fleet, nor stay to bring
Disaster upon us and all our race."
So spake the elders. Priam meantime called
To Helen: "Come, dear daughter, sit by me.
Thou canst behold thy former husband hence,
Thy kindred and thy friends. I blame thee not;
The blame is with the immortals who have sent
These pestilent Greeks against me. Sit and name
For me this mighty man, the Grecian chief,
Gallant and tall. True, there are taller men;
But of such noble form and dignity
I never saw: in truth, a kingly man."
And Helen, fairest among women, thus
Answered: "Dear second father, whom at once
I fear and honor, would that cruel death
Had overtaken me before I left,
To wander with thy son, my marriage-bed,
And my dear daughter, and the company
Of friends I loved. But that was not to be;
And now I pine and weep. Yet will I tell
What thou dost ask. The hero whom thou seest
Is the wide-ruling Agamemnon, son
Of Atreus, and is both a gracious king
And a most dreaded warrior. He was once
Brother-in-law to me, if I may speak—
Lost as I am to shame—of such a tie."
She said, the aged man admired, and then
He spake again: "O son of Atreus, born
Under the happy fate, and fortunate
Among the sons of men! A mighty host
Of Grecian youths obey thy rule. I went
To Phrygia once,—that land of vines,—and there
Saw many Phrygians, heroes on fleet steeds,
The troops of Otreus, and of Mygdon, shaped
Like one of the immortals. They encamped
By the Sangarius. I was an ally;

My troops were ranked with theirs upon the day
When came the unsexed Amazons to war.
Yet even there I saw not such a host
As this of black-eyed Greeks who muster here."
Then Priam saw Ulysses, and inquired:—
"Dear daughter, tell me also who is that,
Less tall than Agamemnon, yet more broad
In chest and shoulders. On the teeming earth
His armor lies, but he, from place to place,
Walks round among the ranks of soldiery,
As when the thick-fleeced father of the flocks
Moves through the multitude of his white sheep."
And Jove-descended Helen answered thus:—
"That is Ulysses, man of many arts,
Son of Laertes, reared in Ithaca,
That rugged isle, and skilled in every form
Of shrewd device and action wisely planned."
Then spake the sage Antenor: "Thou hast said
The truth, O Lady. This Ulysses once
Came on an embassy, concerning thee,
To Troy with Menelaus, great in war;
And I received them as my guests, and they
Were lodged within my palace, and I learned
The temper and the qualities of both.
When both were standing 'mid the men of Troy,
I marked that Menelaus's broad chest
Made him the more conspicuous, but when both
Were seated, greater was the dignity
Seen in Ulysses. When they both addressed
The council, Menelaus briefly spake
In pleasing tones, though with few words,—as one
Not given to loose and wandering speech,—although
The younger. When the wise Ulysses rose,
He stood with eyes cast down, and fixed on earth
And neither swayed his sceptre to the right
Nor to the left, but held it motionless,
Like one unused to public speech. He seemed
An idiot out of humor. But when forth
He sent from his full lungs his mighty voice,
And words came like a fall of winter snow,
No mortal then would dare to strive with him
For mastery in speech. We less admired
The aspect of Ulysses than his words."
Beholding Ajax then, the aged king
Asked yet again: "Who is that other chief
Of the Achaians, tall, and large of limb,—
Taller and broader-chested than the rest?"
Helen, the beautiful and richly-robed,

Answered: "Thou seest the mighty Ajax there,
The bulwark of the Greeks. On the other side,
Among his Cretans, stands Idomeneus,
Of godlike aspect, near to whom are grouped
The leaders of the Cretans. Oftentimes
The warlike Menelaus welcomed him
Within our palace, when he came from Crete.
I could point out and name the other chiefs
Of the dark-eyed Achaians. Two alone,
Princes among their people, are not seen,—
Castor the fearless horseman, and the skilled
In boxing, Pollux,—twins; one mother bore
Both them and me. Came they not with the rest
From pleasant Lacedæmon to the war?
Or, having crossed the deep in their good ships,
Shun they to fight among the valiant ones
Of Greece, because of my reproach and shame?"
  She spake; but they already lay in earth
In Lacedæmon, their dear native land.

—William Cullen Bryant.

THE PARTING OF HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE[1]

[From Book VI]

Hector, the greatest of the Trojan warriors, goes to Troy to urge the women to entreat Athena to aid the Trojans. While there, he visits Paris and Helen, and then goes to find his wife and child, whom he bids a last farewell.

  Great Hector of the beamy helm replied:—
"Nay, Helen, ask me not to sit; thy speech
Is courteous, but persuades me not. My mind
Is troubled for the Trojans, to whose aid
I hasten, for they miss me even now.
But thou exhort this man, and bid him haste
To overtake me ere I leave the town.
I go to my own mansion first, to meet
My household,—my dear wife and little child;
Nor know I whether I may come once more
To them, or whether the great gods ordain
That I must perish by the hands of Greeks."

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[1] From *The Iliad of Homer*, by William Cullen Bryant. Copyright, 1870, by Fields, Osgood & Company; Houghton Mifflin Company.

So spake the plumèd Hector, and withdrew,
And reached his pleasant palace, but found not
White-armed Andromache within, for she
Was in the tower, beside her little son
And well-robed nurse, and sorrowed, shedding tears.
And Hector, seeing that his blameless wife
Was not within, came forth again, and stood
Upon the threshold questioning the maids.
"I pray you, damsels, tell me whither went
White-armed Andromache? Has she gone forth
To seek my sisters, or those stately dames,
My brothers' wives? Or haply has she sought
The temple of Minerva, where are met
The other bright-haired matrons of the town
To supplicate the dreaded deity?"
Then said the diligent housewife in reply:—
"Since thou wilt have the truth,—thy wife is gone
Not to thy sisters, nor those stately dames,
Thy brothers' wives; nor went she forth to join
The other bright-haired matrons of the town,
Where in Minerva's temple they are met
To supplicate the dreaded deity.
But to the lofty tower of Troy she went
When it was told her that the Trojan troops
Lost heart, and that the valor of the Greeks
Prevailed. She now is hurrying toward the walls,
Like one distracted, with her son and nurse."
So spake the matron. Hector left in haste
The mansion, and retraced his way between
The rows of stately dwellings, traversing
The mighty city. When at length he reached
The Scæan gates, that issue on the field,
His spouse, the nobly-dowered Andromache,
Came forth to meet him,—daughter of the prince
Eetion, who, among the woody slopes
Of Placos, in the Hypoplacian town
Of Thebe, ruled Cilicia and her sons,
And gave his child to Hector great in arms.
She came attended by a maid, who bore
A tender child—a babe too young to speak—
Upon her bosom,—Hector's only son,
Beautiful as a star, whom Hector called
Scamandrius, but all else Astyanax,—
The city's lord,—since Hector stood the sole
Defence of Troy. The father on his child
Looked with a silent smile. Andromache
Pressed to his side meanwhile, and, all in tears,
Clung to his hand, and, thus beginning, said:—

Hector's only son
defender of the

"Too brave! thy valor yet will cause thy death.
Thou hast no pity on thy tender child,
Nor me, unhappy one, who soon must be
Thy widow. All the Greeks will rush on thee
To take thy life. A happier lot were mine,
If I must lose thee, to go down to earth,
For I shall have no hope when thou art gone,—
Nothing but sorrow. Father have I none,
And no dear mother. Great Achilles slew
My father when he sacked the populous town
Of the Cilicians,—Thebe with high gates.
'Twas there he smote Eetion, yet forbore
To make his arms a spoil; he dared not that,
But burned the dead with his bright armor on,
And raised a mound above him. Mountain-nymphs,
Daughters of ægis-bearing Jupiter,
Came to the spot and planted it with elms.
Seven brothers had I in my father's house,
And all went down to Hades in one day.
Achilles the swift-footed slew them all
Among their slow-paced bullocks and white sheep.
My mother, princess on the woody slopes
Of Placos, with his spoils he bore away,
And only for large ransom gave her back.
But her Diana, archer-queen, struck down
Within her father's palace. Hector, thou
Art father and dear mother now to me,
And brother and my youthful spouse besides.
In pity keep within the fortress here,
Nor make thy child an orphan nor thy wife
A widow. Post thine army near the place
Of the wild fig-tree, where the city-walls
Are low and may be scaled. Thrice in the war
The boldest of the foe have tried the spot,—
The Ajaxes and the famed Idomeneus,
The two chiefs born of Atreus, and the brave
Tydides, whether counselled by some seer
Or prompted to the attempt by their own minds."
Then answered Hector, great in war: "All this
I bear in mind, dear wife; but I should stand
Ashamed before the men and long-robed dames
Of Troy, were I to keep aloof and shun
The conflict, coward-like. Not thus my heart
Prompts me, for greatly have I learned to dare
And strike among the foremost sons of Troy,
Upholding my great father's fame and mine;
Yet well in my undoubting mind I know
The day shall come in which our sacred Troy,

And Priam, and the people over whom
Spear-bearing Priam rules, shall perish all.
But not the sorrows of the Trojan race,
Nor those of Hecuba herself, nor those
Of royal Priam, nor the woes that wait
My brothers many and brave,—who all at last,
Slain by the pitiless foe, shall lie in dust,—
Grieve me so much as thine, when some mailed Greek
Shall lead thee weeping hence, and take from thee
Thy day of freedom. Thou in Argos then
Shalt, at another's bidding, ply the loom,
And from the fountain of Messeis draw
Water, or from the Hyperian spring,
Constrained unwilling by thy cruel lot.
And then shall some one say who sees thee weep,
'This was the wife of Hector, most renowned
Of the horse-taming Trojans, when they fought
Around their city.' So shall some one say,
And thou shalt grieve the more, lamenting him
Who haply might have kept afar the day
Of thy captivity. O, let the earth
Be heaped above my head in death before
I hear thy cries as thou art borne away!"
  So speaking, mighty Hector stretched his arms
To take the boy; the boy shrank crying back
To his fair nurse's bosom, scared to see
His father helmeted in glittering brass,
And eyeing with affright the horse-hair plume
That grimly nodded from the lofty crest.
At this both parents in their fondness laughed;
And hastily the mighty Hector took
The helmet from his brow and laid it down
Gleaming upon the ground, and, having kissed
His darling son and tossed him up in play,
Prayed thus to Jove and all the gods of heaven:—
  "O Jupiter and all ye deities,
Vouchsafe that this my son may yet become
Among the Trojans eminent like me,
And nobly rule in Ilium. May they say,
'This man is greater than his father was!'
When they behold him from the battlefield
Bring back the bloody spoil of the slain foe,—
That so his mother may be glad at heart."
  So speaking, to the arms of his dear spouse
He gave the boy; she on her fragrant breast
Received him, weeping as she smiled. The chief
Beheld, and, moved with tender pity, smoothed
Her forehead gently with his hand and said:—

"Sorrow not thus, belovèd one, for me.
No living man can send me to the shades
Before my time; no man of woman born,
Coward or brave, can shun his destiny.
But go thou home, and tend thy labors there,—
The web, the distaff,—and command thy maids
To speed the work. The cares of war pertain
To all men born in Troy, and most to me."
Thus speaking, mighty Hector took again
His helmet, shadowed with the horsehair plume,
While homeward his belovèd consort went,
Oft looking back, and shedding many tears.
Soon was she in the spacious palace-halls
Of the man-queller Hector. There she found
A troop of maidens,—with them all she shared
Her grief; and all in his own house bewailed
The living Hector, whom they thought no more
To see returning from the battle-field,
Safe from the rage and weapons of the Greeks.

—WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

THE BATTLE OVER PATROCLUS[1]

[From Book XVIII]

Achilles, moved at last by the defeat of the Greeks, allows his friend Patroclus, clad in the armor of Achilles, to go into battle at the head of the Myrmidons. For a while Patroclus is successful, but in the end he is slain. His death is the incident which brings Achilles back into action.

As thus they fought with all the rage of fire,
Antilochus, the nimble-footed, came
With tidings to Achilles. Him he found
Before his lofty galleys, deep in thought
Of what he knew had happened. With a sigh
The hero to his mighty spirit said:—
"Ah me! why should the Grecians thus be driven
In utter disarray across the plain?
I tremble lest the gods should bring to pass
What most I dread. My mother told me once
That the most valiant of the Myrmidons,
While yet I live, cut off by Trojan hands,

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[1] From *The Iliad of Homer*, by William Cullen Bryant. Copyright, 1870, by Fields, Osgood & Company; Houghton Mifflin Company.

Shall see the sun no more. It must be so:
The brave son of Menœtius has been slain.
Unhappy! 'Twas my bidding that, when once
The enemy with his firebrands was repulsed,
He should not think to combat gallantly
With Hector, but should hasten to the fleet."
  As thus he mused, illustrious Nestor's son
Drew near Achilles, and with eyes that shed
Warm tears he gave his sorrowful message thus:—
  "Son of the warlike Peleus, woe is me!
For bitter are the tidings thou must hear
Of what should not have been. Patroclus lies
A naked corpse, and over it the hosts
Are fighting; crested Hector hath his arms."
/ He spake, and a black cloud of sorrow came
Over the chieftain. Grasping in both hands
The ashes of the hearth, he showered them o'er
His head, and soiled with them his noble face.
They clung in dark lumps to his comely vest.
Prone in the dust of earth, at his full length,
And tearing his disordered hair, he lay.
Then wailed aloud the maidens whom in war
He and Patroclus captured. Forth they came,
And, thronging round him, smote their breasts and
    swooned.

a [illegible] of Achil
Plato criticises it as lacking restraint

Antilochus mourned also, and shed tears,
Holding Achilles by the hand, for much
His generous nature dreaded that the chief
Might aim at his own throat the sword he wore.
  Loud were the hero's cries, and in the deep
His gracious mother, where she sat beside
Her aged father, heard them. She too raised
A wail of sorrow. All the goddesses,
Daughters of Nereus, dwelling in the depths
Of ocean, gathered to her side. There came
Glauce, Thaleia, and Cymodoce,

. . . .

And Orithya, and whoever else,
Children of Nereus, bide within the deep.
The concourse filled the glimmering cave; they beat
Their bosoms, while the sorrowing Thetis spake:—
  "Hear, sister Nereids, that ye all may know
The sharpness of my sorrows. Woe is me,
Unhappy! Woe is me! in evil hour
The mother of a hero,—me who gave
Birth to so noble and so brave a son,
The first among the warriors, saw him grow
Like a green sapling, reared him like a plant

Within a fruitful field, and sent him forth
With his beaked ships to Ilium and the war
Against the Trojans. Never shall I see
That son returning to his home, the halls
Of Peleus. While he lives and sees the light
Of day his lot is sorrow, nor can I
Help him in aught, though at his side; and yet
I go to look on my belovèd son,
And learn from him what grief, while he remains
Aloof from war, o'ertakes him in his tent."
  She spake, and left the cavern. All the nymphs
Went with her weeping. Round their way the waves
Of ocean parted. When they reached the fields
Of fertile Troas, up the shore they went
In ordered files to where, a numerous fleet,
Drawn from the water, round Achilles lay,
The swift ships of the Myrmidons. To him
His goddess mother came, and with a cry
Of grief embraced the head of her dear son,
And, mourning o'er him, spake these wingèd words:—
/ "Why weepest thou, my son? What sorrow now
O'ercomes thy spirit? Speak and hide it not.
All thou didst pray for, with uplifted hands,
Has been fulfilled by Jove; the sons of Greece,
Driven to their galleys, and with thy good help
Withdrawn from them, are routed and disgraced."
  The swift Achilles, sighing deeply, made
This answer: "O my mother! true it is
Olympian Jove hath done all this for me;
But how can that delight me, since my friend,
My well-beloved Patroclus, is no more?
He whom, of all my fellows in the war,
I prized the most, and loved as my own self,
Is lost to me, and Hector, by whose hand
He was cut off, has spoiled him of his arms,—
His dreaded arms, a wonder to the sight
And glorious, which the gods of heaven bestowed
On Peleus, sumptuous bridal gifts, when thou
Wert led by them to share a mortal's bed.
Yet would that thou hadst evermore remained
Among the immortal dwellers of the deep,
And Peleus had espoused a mortal maid,
Since now thy heart must ache with infinite grief
For thy slain son, whom thou shalt never more
Welcome returning to his home. No wish
Have I to live or to concern myself
In men's affairs, save this: that Hector first,
Pierced by my spear, shall yield his life, and pay

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The debt of vengeance for Patroclus slain."
  And Thetis, weeping, answered: "O my son!
Soon must thou die; thou sayest true; that fate
Hangs over thee as soon as Hector dies."
Again the swift Achilles, sighing, spake:
"Then quickly let me die, since fate denied
That I should aid my friend against the foes
That slew him. Far from his own land he fell,
And longed for me to rescue him. And now,
Since I am never more to see the land
I love, and since I went not to defend
Patroclus, nor the other Greeks, my friends,
Of whom so many have fallen by the hand
Of noble Hector, but beside the fleet
Am sitting here, a useless weight on earth,
Mighty in battle as I am beyond
The other Grecian warriors, though excelled
By other men in council,—would that Strife
Might perish among gods and men, with Wrath,
Which makes even wise men cruel, and, though sweet
At first as dropping honey, growing, fills
The heart with its foul smoke. Such was my rage,
Aroused by Agamemnon, king of men.
Yet now, though great my wrong, let things like these
Rest with the past, and, as the time requires,
Let us subdue the spirit in our breasts.
I go in quest of Hector, by whose hand
My friend was slain. My death will I accept
Whene'er to Jove and to the other gods
It shall seem good to send it. Hercules,
Though mighty and beloved of Jupiter,
The son of Saturn, could not shun his death,
For fate and Juno's cruel wrath prevailed
Against him. I shall lie in death like him,
If a like fate be measured out for me.
Yet now shall I have glory; I shall do
What many a Trojan and Dardanian dame,
Deep-bosomed, wiping with both hands the tears
From their fair cheeks, shall bitterly lament;
And well shall they perceive that, till this hour,
I paused from war. Thou lov'st me; but seek not
To keep me from the field, for that were vain."
  The silver-footed Thetis thus rejoined:
"Truly, my son, thy purpose is not ill,
To rescue thy endangered friends from death.
But with the Trojans are thy beautiful arms,
Brazen and dazzling bright; their crested chief,
Hector, exults to wear them: no long space,

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I think, will he exult; his death is near.
Yet go not to the battle-field until
Thine eyes shall look upon me yet again.
I come to-morrow with the sun, and bring
Bright arms, the work of Vulcan's royal hand."
So having said, and turning from her son,
She thus bespake her sisters of the sea:
"Return to the broad bosom of the deep,
To its gray Ancient and my father's halls,
And tell him all. I hasten to ascend
The summits of Olympus, there to ask
Of Vulcan, the renowned artificer,
Armor of glorious beauty for my son."
She spake: at once they plunged into the deep,
While Thetis, silver-footed goddess, sought
Olympus, whence it was her hope to bring
New armor for her son. As thus her feet
Bore her toward heaven, the Achaians, fleeing fast,
With infinite clamor, driven before the arm
Of the man-queller Hector, reached the ships
And Hellespont. Nor could the well-armed Greeks
Bear off Patroclus from the shower of darts;
For rushing on them came both foot and horse,
And Hector, son of Priam, like a flame
In fury. Thrice illustrious Hector seized
The body by the heels to drag it off,
And called his Trojans with a mighty shout.
Thrice did the chieftain Ajax, terrible
In resolute valor, drive him from the dead.
Yet kept he to his purpose confident
In his own might, now charging through the crowd,
Now standing firm and shouting to his men,
And never losing ground. As when, at night,
Herdsmen that watch their cattle strive in vain
To drive a lion, fierce and famine-pinched,
From some slain beast, so the two Ajaxes,
With all their valor, vainly strove to keep
Hector, the son of Priam, from the corpse.
And now would he have dragged it thence, and won
Infinite glory, had not Iris come—
The goddess whose swift feet are like the wind—
To Peleus' son, a messenger from heaven,
In haste, unknown to Jupiter and all
The other gods,—for Juno sent her down,—
To bid the hero arm. She came and stood
Beside him, speaking thus with wingèd words:—
"Pelides, rise, most terrible of men,
In rescue of Patroclus, over whom

They struggle fiercely at the fleet; for there
They slay each other,—these who fight to keep
The dead, and those, the men of Troy, who charge
To drag him off to Ilium's airy heights;
And chief, illustrious Hector longs to seize
The corpse, and from the delicate neck to hew
The head, and fix it on a stake. Arise,
Loiter no longer;—rise, ashamed to leave
Patroclus to be torn by Trojan dogs.
For thine will be the infamy, if yet
The corpse be brought dishonored to thy tent."
The swift Achilles listened and inquired:
"Which of the gods, O Iris, speaks by thee?"
And Iris, whose swift feet are like the wind,
Answered: "The glorious spouse of Jupiter,
Juno, hath sent me. Even Saturn's son,
On his high throne, knows not that I am sent,
Nor any of the other gods who dwell
Upon Olympus overspread with snow."
"But how," the swift Achilles asked again,
"Shall I go forth to war? They have my arms,
And my belovèd mother strictly bade
That I should put no armor on until
I saw her face again. She promised me
A suit of glorious mail from Vulcan's hand.
Nor know I any warrior here whose arms
Might serve me, save, perhaps, the shield
Of Telamonian Ajax, who, I hope,
Is in the van, and dealing death among
The foe, in vengeance for Patroclus slain."
Then the swift-footed Iris spake again:
"They have thy glorious armor; that we know.
But go thou to the trench, and show thyself
To them of Troy, that, haply smit with fear,
They may desist from battle, and the host
Of Grecian warriors, overtoiled, may breathe
In a brief respite from the stress of war."
So the fleet Iris spake, and passed away,
And then arose Achilles, dear to Jove,
While o'er his ample shoulders Pallas held
Her fringèd ægis. This great goddess caused
A golden cloud to gather round his head
And kindled in the cloud a dazzling flame.
And as when smoke, ascending to the sky,
Hangs o'er some city in a distant isle,
Which enemies beleaguer, swarming forth
From their own city, and in hateful strife
Contend all day, but when the sun goes down

Forthwith blaze many bale-fires, sending up
A brightness which the neighboring realms may see,
That haply they may send their ships and drive
The war away,—so from the hero's head
That flame streamed upward to the sky. He came
Without the wall and stood beside the trench,
Nor mingled with the Greeks, for he revered
His mother's words. He stood and called aloud,
And Pallas, from the host, returned his shout,—
A shout that carried infinite dismay
Into the Trojan squadrons. As the sound
Of trumpet rises clear when deadly foes
Lay siege to a walled city, such was heard
The clear shout uttered by Æacides.
The hearts of all who heard that brazen voice
Were troubled, and their steeds with flowing manes
Turned backward with the chariots,—such the dread
Of coming slaughter. When the charioteers
Beheld the terrible flame that played unquenched
Upon the brow of the magnanimous son
Of Peleus, lighted by the blue-eyed maid
Minerva, they were struck with panic fear.
Thrice o'er the trench Achilles shouted; thrice
The men of Troy and their renowned allies
Fell into wild disorder. Then there died,
Entangled midst their chariots, and transfixed
By their own spears, twelve of their bravest chiefs.
The Greeks bore off Patroclus from the field
With eager haste, and placed him on a bier,
And there the friends that loved him gathered round
Lamenting. With them swift Achilles came,
The hot tears on his cheek, as he beheld
His faithful comrade lying on his bier
Mangled with many wounds, whom he had sent
With steeds and car to battle, never more
To welcome him alive on his return.
  Now Juno, large-eyed and august, bade set
The never-wearied sun; unwillingly
He sank into the ocean streams. Then paused
The noble Greeks from that ferocious strife,
Deadly in equal measure to both hosts.
The Trojans also paused, and from their cars
Unharnessed the fleet steeds, and ere they took
Their evening meal assembled to consult.

—William Cullen Bryant.

THE SHIELD OF ACHILLES[1]

[From Book XVIII]

The shield is described in the making. From no other single passage can so much be learned of the civilization of Homeric times.

So speaking he withdrew, and went where lay
The bellows, turned them toward the fire, and bade
The work begin. From twenty bellows came
Their breath into the furnaces,—a blast
Varied in strength as need might be; for now
They blew with violence for a hasty task,
And then with gentler breath, as Vulcan pleased
And as the work required. Upon the fire
He laid impenetrable brass, and tin,
And precious gold and silver; on its block
Placed the huge anvil, took the ponderous sledge,
And held the pincers in the other hand.
And first he forged the huge and massive shield,
Divinely wrought in every part,—its edge
Clasped with a triple border, white and bright.
A silver belt hung from it, and its folds
Were five; a crowd of figures on its disk
Were fashioned by the artist's passing skill.
For here he placed the earth and heaven, and here
The great deep and the never-resting sun
And the full moon, and here he set the stars
That shine in the round heaven,—the Pleiades,
The Hyades, Orion in his strength,
And the Bear near him, called by some the Wain,
That, wheeling, keeps Orion still in sight,
Yet bathes not in the waters of the sea.
There placed he two fair cities full of men.
In one were marriages and feasts; they led
The brides with flaming torches from their bowers,
Along the street, with many a nuptial song.
There the young dancers whirled, and flutes and lyres
Gave forth their sounds, and women at the doors
Stood and admired. Meanwhile a multitude
Was in the forum, where a strife went on,—
Two men contending for a fine, the price
Of one who had been slain. Before the crowd
One claimed that he had paid the fine, and one
Denied that aught had been received, and both
Called for the sentence which should end the strife.

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[1] From *The Iliad of Homer*, by William Cullen Bryant. Copyright, 1870, by Fields, Osgood & Company; Houghton Mifflin Company.

The people clamored for both sides, for both
Had eager friends; the heralds held the crowd
In check; the elders, upon polished stones,
Sat in a sacred circle. Each one took,
In turn, a herald's sceptre in his hand
And, rising, gave his sentence. In the midst
Two talents lay in gold, to be the meed
Of him whose juster judgement should prevail.
Around the other city sat two hosts
In shining armor, bent to lay it waste,
Unless the dwellers would divide their wealth,—
All that their pleasant homes contained,—and yield
The assailants half. As yet the citizens
Had not complied, but secretly had planned
An ambush. Their belovèd wives meanwhile,
And their young children, stood and watched the walls,
With aged men among them, while the youths
Marched on, with Mars and Pallas at their head,
Both wrought in gold, with golden garments on,
Stately and large in form, and over all
Conspicuous, in bright armor, as became
The gods; the rest were of an humbler size.
And then they reached the spot where they should lie
In ambush, by a river's side, a place
For watering herds, they sat them down, all armed
In shining brass. Apart from all the rest
They placed two sentries, on the watch to spy
The approach of sheep and hornèd kine. Soon came
The herds in sight; two shepherds walked with them,
Who, all unweeting of the evil nigh,
Solaced their task with music from their reeds.
The warriors saw and rushed on them, and took
And drave away large prey of beeves, and flocks
Of fair white sheep, whose keepers they had slain.
When the besiegers in their council heard
The sound of tumult at the watering place,
They sprang upon their nimble-footed steeds,
And overtook the pillagers. Both bands
Arrayed their ranks and fought beside the stream,
And smote each other. There did Discord rage,
And Tumult, and the great Destroyer, Fate.
One wounded warrior she had seized alive,
And one unwounded yet, and through the field
Dragged by the foot another, dead. Her robe
Was reddened o'er the shoulders with the blood
From human veins. Like living men they ranged
The battle field, and dragged by turns the slain.
There too he sculptured a broad fallow field

Of soft rich mould, thrice ploughed, and over which
Walked many a ploughman, guiding to and fro
His steers, and when on their return they reached
The border of the field the master came
To meet them, placing in the hands of each
A goblet of rich wine. Then turned they back
Along the furrows, diligent to reach
Their distant end. All dark behind the plough
The ridges lay, a marvel to the sight,
Like real furrows, though engraved in gold.
There, too, the artist placed a field which lay
Deep in ripe wheat. With sickles in their hands
The laborers reaped it. Here the handfuls fell
Upon the ground; there binders tied them fast
With bands, and made them sheaves. Three binders went
Close to the reapers, and behind them boys,
Bringing the gathered handfuls in their arms,
Ministered to the binders. Staff in hand,
The master stood among them by the side
Of the ranged sheaves and silently rejoiced.
Meanwhile the servants underneath an oak
Prepared a feast apart; they sacrificed
A fatling ox and dressed it, while the maids
Were kneading for the reapers the white meal.
A vineyard also on the shield he graved,
Beautiful, all of gold, and heavily
Laden with grapes. Black were the clusters all;
The vines were stayed on rows of silver stakes.
He drew a blue trench round it, and a hedge
Of tin. One only path there was by which
The vintagers could go to gather grapes.
Young maids and striplings of a tender age
Bore the sweet fruit in baskets. Midst them all,
A youth from his shrill harp drew pleasant sounds,
And sang with soft voice to the murmuring strings.
They danced around him, beating with quick feet
The ground, and sang and shouted joyously.
And there the artist wrought a herd of beeves,
High-horned, and sculptured all in gold and tin.
They issued lowing from their stalls to seek
Their pasture, by a murmuring stream, that ran
Rapidly through its reeds. Four herdsmen, graved
In gold, were with the beeves, and nine fleet dogs
Followed. Two lions, seizing on a bull
Among the foremost cattle, dragged him off
Fearfully bellowing; hounds and herdsmen rushed
To rescue him. The lions tore their prey,

And lapped the entrails and the crimson blood.
Vainly the shepherds pressed around and urged
Their dogs, that shrank from fastening with their teeth
Upon the lions, but stood near and bayed.
There also did the illustrious Vulcan grave
A fair, broad pasture, in a pleasant glade,
Full of white sheep, and stalls, and cottages,
And many a shepherd's fold with sheltering roof.
And there illustrious Vulcan also wrought
A dance,—a maze like that which Dædalus
In the broad realms of Gnossus once contrived
For fair-haired Ariadne. Blooming youths
And lovely virgins, tripping to light airs,
Held fast each other's wrists. The maidens wore
Fine linen robes; the youths had tunics on
Lustrous as oil, and woven daintily.
The maids wore wreaths of flowers; the young men swords
Of gold in silver belts. They bounded now
In a swift circle,—as a potter whirls
With both his hands a wheel to try its speed,
Sitting before it,—then again they crossed
Each other, darting to their former place.
A multitude around that joyous dance
Gathered, and were amused, while from the crowd
Two tumblers raised their song, and flung themselves
About among the band that trod the dance.
Last on the border of that glorious shield
He graved in all its strength the ocean-stream.
And when that huge and massive shield was done,
He forged a corselet brighter than the blaze
Of fire; he forged a solid helm to fit
The hero's temples, shapely and enchased
With rare designs, and with a crest of gold.
And last he forged him greaves of ductile tin.
When the great artist Vulcan saw his task
Complete, he lifted all that armor up
And laid it at the feet of her who bore
Achilles. Like a falcon in her flight
Down plunging from Olympus capped with snow
She bore the shining armor Vulcan gave.

—WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

THE SLAYING OF HECTOR[1]

[From Book XXII]

Achilles, clad in the divine armor, succeeds in driving back the Trojans. Gods as well as men become involved, taking sides against each other. The battle finally resolves itself into a duel between the two leaders, and the death of Hector foreshadows the downfall of Troy.

Thus were they driven within the city walls
Like frightened fawns, and there dispersing cooled
Their sweaty limbs, and quenched their eager thirst,
And rested on the battlements. The Greeks,
Bearing their shields upon their shoulders, came
Close to the ramparts. Hector's adverse fate
Detained him still without the walls of Troy,
And near the Scæan gates. Meantime the god
Apollo to the son of Peleus said:—
"O son of Peleus! why pursue me thus
With thy swift feet,—a mortal man in chase
Of an immortal? That I am a god
Thou seest not yet, but turnest all thy rage
On me, and, having put the host of Troy
To rout, dost think of them no more. They find
A refuge in their town, while far astray
Thou wanderest hither. Thou hast not the power
To slay me; I am not of mortal birth."
The swift Achilles angrily replied:
"O archer-god, thou most unjust of all
The immortals! thou hast wronged me, luring me
Aside; since many a warrior I had forced
To bite the dust before they reached the gates
Of Ilium but for thee, who from my grasp
Hast snatched the glory and hast rescued them.
Thou didst not fear my vengeance; yet if power
Were given me, I would punish thee for this."
He spake, and with heroic purpose turned
Toward Ilium. As a steed that wins the race
Flies at his utmost speed across the plain,
And whirls along the chariot, with such speed
The son of Peleus moved his rapid feet.
The aged monarch Priam was the first
To see him as he scoured the plain, and shone
Like to the star which in the autumn time

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[1] From *The Iliad of Homer*, by William Cullen Bryant. Copyright, 1870, by Fields, Osgood & Company; Houghton Mifflin Company.

Rises and glows among the lights of heaven
With eminent lustre at the dead of night,—
Orion's Hound they call it,—bright indeed,
And yet of baleful omen, for it brings
Distressing heat to miserable men.
So shone the brass upon the warrior's breast
As on he flew. The aged Priam groaned,
And smote his head with lifted hands, and called
Aloud, imploring his belovèd son,
Who eagerly before the city gate
Waited his foe Achilles. Priam thus,
With outstretched hands, besought him piteously:—
"O wait not, Hector, my belovèd son,
To combat with Pelides, thus alone
And far from succor, lest thou meet thy death,
Slain by his hand, for he is mightier far
Than thou art. Would that he, the cruel one,
Were but as much the favorite of the gods
As he is mine! then should the birds of prey
And the dogs devour his carcass, and the grief
That weighs upon my spirit would depart.
I have been robbed by him of many sons,—
Brave youths, whom he has slain or sold as slaves
In distant isles; and now I see no more
Among our host on whom the gates are closed
My Polydorus and Lycaon, whom
The peerless dame Laothoe bore to me.
If yet they are within the Grecian camp,
I will redeem their lives with brass and gold;
For I have store, which Altes, the renowned
And aged, gave his daughter. If they live
No longer, but have passed to the abode
Of Hades, bitter will our sorrow be,—
Mine and their mother's,—but the popular grief
Will sooner be consoled if thou fall not,
Slain by Achilles. Come within the walls,
My son, that thou mayst still be the defence
Of Ilium's sons and daughters, nor increase
The glory of Pelides with the loss
Of thine own life. Have pity upon me,
Who only live to suffer,—whom the son
Of Saturn, on the threshold of my age,
Hath destined to endure a thousand griefs,
And then to be destroyed,—to see my sons
Slain by the sword, my daughters dragged away
Into captivity, their chambers made
A spoil, our infants dashed against the ground
By cruel hands, the consorts of my sons

Borne off by the ferocious Greeks; and last,
Perchance the very dogs which I have fed
Here in my palaces and at my board,
The guardians of my doors, when, by the spear
Or sword, some enemy shall take my life,
And at my threshold leave me stretched a corpse,
Will rend me, and, with savage greediness,
Will lap my blood, and in the porch lie down.
When one in prime of youth lies slain in war,
Gashed with the spear, his wounds become him well,
And honor him in all men's eyes; but when
An aged man is slain, and his white head
And his white beard and limbs are foully torn
By ravening dogs, there is no sadder sight."
So the old monarch spake, and with his hands
Tore his gray hair, but moved not Hector thus.
Then came, with lamentations and in tears,
The warrior's mother forward. One hand held
Her bosom bare; she pressed the other hand
Beneath it, sobbed, and spake these wingèd words:—
"Revere this bosom, Hector, and on me
Have pity. If when thou wert but a babe
I ever on this bosom stilled thy cries,
Think of it now, belovèd child; avoid
That dreadful chief; withdraw within the walls,
Nor madly think to encounter him alone,
Son of my love and of my womb! If he
Should slay thee, I shall not lament thy death
Above thy bier,—I, nor thy noble wife,—
But far from us the greedy dogs will throng
To mangle thee beside the Grecian fleet."
Thus, weeping bitterly, the aged pair
Entreated their dear son, yet moved him not.
He stood and waited for his mighty foe,
Achilles, as a serpent at his den,
Fed on the poisons of the wild, awaits
The traveller, and, fierce with hate of man,
And glaring fearfully, lies coiled within.
So waited Hector with a resolute heart,
And kept his ground, and, leaning his bright shield
Against a tower that jutted from the walls,
Conferred with his great soul impatiently:—
"Ah me! if I should pass within the walls,
Then will Polydamus be first to cast
Reproach upon me; for he counselled me
To lead the Trojans back into the town

That fatal night which saw Achilles rise
To join the war again. I yielded not
To his advice; far better if I had.
Now, since my fatal stubbornness has brought
This ruin on my people, I most dread
The censure of the men and long-robed dames
Of Ilium. Men less brave than I will say,
'Foolhardy Hector in his pride has thrown
His people's lives away.' So will they speak,
And better were it for me to return,
Achilles slain, or, slain myself by him,
To perish for my country gloriously.
But should I lay aside this bossy shield
And this stout helm, and lean against the wall
This spear, and go to meet the gallant son
Of Peleus, with a promise to restore
Helen and all the treasure brought with her
To Troy by Paris, in his roomy ships,—
All that the war was waged for,—that the sons
Of Atreus may convey it hence, besides
Wealth drawn from all the hoards within the town,
And to be shared among the Greeks; for I
Would bind the Trojans by a solemn oath
To keep back nothing, but divide the whole—
Whate'er of riches this fair town contains—
Into two parts—But why should I waste thought
On plans like these? I must not act the part
Of suppliant to a man who may not show
Regard or mercy, but may hew me down
Defenceless, with my armor laid aside
As if I were a woman. Not with him
May I hold parley from a tree or rock,
As youths and maidens with each other hold
Light converse. Better 't were to rush at once
To combat, and the sooner learn to whom
Olympian Jove decrees the victory."
  Such were his thoughts. Achilles now drew near.
Like crested Mars, the warrior-god, he came.
On his right shoulder quivered fearfully
The Pelian ash, and from his burnished mail
There streamed a light as of a blazing fire,
Or of the rising sun. When Hector saw,
He trembled, nor could venture to remain,
But left the gates and fled away in fear.
Pelides, trusting to his rapid feet,
Pursued him. As, among the mountain wilds,
A falcon, fleetest of the birds of air,
Darts toward a timid dove that wheels away

To shun him by a sidelong flight, while he
Springs after her again and yet again,
And screaming follows, certain of his prey,—
Thus onward flew Achilles, while as fast
Fled Hector in dismay, with hurrying feet,
Beside the wall. They passed the Mount of View,
And the wind-beaten fig-tree, and they ran
Along the public way by which the wall
Was skirted, till they came where from the ground
The two fair springs of eddying Xanthus rise,—
[illegible]
One pouring a warm stream from which ascends
And spreads a vapor like a smoke from fire;
The other, even in summer, sending forth
A current cold as hail, or snow, or ice.
And there were broad stone basins, fairly wrought,
At which, in time of peace, before the Greeks
Had landed on the plain, the Trojan dames
And their fair daughters washed their sumptuous robes.
Past these they swept; one fled, and one pursued,—
A brave man fled, a braver followed close,
And swiftly both. Not for a common prize,
A victim from the herd, a bullock's hide,
Such as reward the fleet of foot, they ran,—
The race was for the knightly Hector's life.
As firm-paced coursers, that are wont to win,
Fly toward the goal, when some magnificent prize,
A tripod or a damsel, is proposed
In honor of some hero's obsequies,
So these flew thrice on rapid feet around
The city of Priam. All the gods of heaven
Looked on, and thus the Almighty Father spake:—
"Alas! I see a hero dear to me
Pursued around the wall. My heart is grieved
For Hector, who has brought so many thighs
Of bullocks to my altar on the side
Of Ida ploughed with glens, or on the heights
Of Ilium. The renowned Achilles now
Is chasing him with rapid feet around
The city of Priam. Now bethink yourselves
And answer. Shall we rescue him from death?
Or shall we doom him, valiant as he is,
To perish by the hand of Peleus' son?"
Minerva, blue-eyed goddess, answered thus:
"O Father, who dost hurl the thunderbolt,
And hide the sky in clouds, what hast thou said?
Wouldst thou reprieve from death a mortal man,
Whose doom is fixed? Then do it; but know this,

That all the other gods will not approve."
  Then spake again the cloud-compeller Jove:
"Tritonia, my dear child, be calm. I spake
Of no design. I would be kind to thee.
Do as thou wilt, and be there no delay."
  He spake; and Pallas from the Olympian peaks,
Encouraged by his words in what her thought
Had planned already, downward shot to earth.
Still, with quick steps, the fleet Achilles pressed
On Hector's flight. As when a hound has roused
A fawn from its retreat among the hills,
And chases it through glen and forest ground,
And to close thickets, where it skulks in fear
Until he overtakes it, Hector thus
Sought vainly to elude the fleet pursuit
Of Peleus' son. As often as he thought
By springing toward the gates of Troy, to gain
Aid from the weapons of his friends who stood
On the tall towers, so often was the Greek
Before him, forcing him to turn away
From Ilium toward the plain. Achilles thus
Kept nearest to the city. As in dreams
The fleet pursuer cannot overtake,
Nor the pursued escape, so was it now;
One followed but in vain, the other fled
As fruitlessly. But how could Hector thus
Have put aside the imminent doom of death,
Had not Apollo met him once again,
For the last time, and given him strength and speed?
  The great Achilles nodded to his host
A sign that no man should presume to strike
At Hector with his weapon, lest perchance
Another, wounding him, should bear away
The glory, and Pelides only wear
The second honors. When the twain had come
For the fourth time beside Scamander's springs,
The All-Father raised the golden balance high,
And, placing in the scales two lots which bring
Death's long dark sleep,—one lot for Peleus' son,
And one for knightly Hector,—by the midst
He poised the balance. Hector's fate sank down
To Hades, and Apollo left the field.
  The blue-eyed goddess Pallas then approached
The son of Peleus with these wingèd words:—
  "Renowned Achilles, dear to Jupiter!
Now may we, as I hope, at last return
To the Achaian army and the fleet
With glory, Hector slain, the terrible

In war. Escape he cannot, even though
The archer-god Apollo fling himself
With passionate entreaty at the feet
Of Jove the Ægis-bearer. Stay thou here
And breathe a moment, while I go to him
And lure him hither to encounter thee."
She spake, and he obeyed, and gladly stood
Propped on the ashen stem of his keen spear;
While, passing on, Minerva overtook
The noble Hector. In the outward form,
And with the strong voice of Deiphobus,
She stood by him and spake these wingèd words:—
"Hard pressed I find thee, brother, by the swift
Achilles, who, with feet that never rest,
Pursues thee round the walls of Priam's town.
But let us make a stand and beat him back."
And then the crested Hector spake in turn:
"Deiphobus, thou ever hast been dear
To me beyond my other brethren, sons
Of Hecuba and Priam. Now still more
I honor thee, since thou hast seen my plight,
And for my sake hast ventured forth without
The gates, while all the rest remain within."
And then the blue-eyed Pallas spake again:
"Brother! 't is true, my father, and the queen,
My mother, and my comrades, clasped my knees
In turn, and earnestly entreated me
That I would not go forth, such fear had fallen
On all of them; but I was grieved for thee.
Now let us combat valiantly, nor spare
The weapons that we bear, and we shall learn
Whether Achilles, having slain us both,
Will carry to the fleet our bloody spoil,
Or die himself, the victim of thy spear."
The treacherous goddess spake, and led the way;
And when the advancing chiefs stood face to face,
The crested hero, Hector, thus began:—
"No longer I avoid thee as of late,
O son of Peleus! Thrice around the walls
Of Priam's mighty city have I fled,
Nor dared to wait thy coming. Now my heart
Bids me encounter thee; my time is come
To slay or to be slain. Now let us call
The gods to witness, who attest and guard
The covenants of men. Should Jove bestow
On me the victory, and I take thy life,
Thou shalt meet no dishonor at my hands;
But, stripping off thy armor, I will send

The Greeks thy body. Do the like by me."
The swift Achilles answered with a frown:
"Accursèd Hector, never talk to me
Of covenants. Men and lions plight no faith,
Nor wolves agree with lambs, but each must plan
Evil against the other. So between
Thyself and me no compact can exist,
Or understood intent. First, one of us
Must fall and yield his life-blood to the god
Of battles. Summon all thy valor now.
A skillful spearman thou hast need to be,
And a bold warrior. There is no escape,
For now doth Pallas doom thee to be slain
By my good spear. Thou shalt repay to me
The evil thou hast done my countrymen,—
My friends whom thou hast slaughtered in thy rage."
He spake, and, brandishing his massive spear,
Hurled it at Hector, who beheld its aim
From where he stood. He stooped, and over him
The brazen weapon passed, and plunged to earth.
Unseen by royal Hector, Pallas went
And plucked it from the ground, and brought it back
And gave it to the hands of Peleus' son,
While Hector said to his illustrious foe:—
"Godlike Achilles, thou hast missed thy mark;
Nor hast thou learned my doom from Jupiter,
As thou pretendest. Thou art glib of tongue,
And cunningly thou orderest thy speech,
In hope that I who hear thee may forget
My might and valor. Think not I shall flee,
That thou mayst pierce my back; for thou shalt send
Thy spear, if God permit thee, through my breast
As I rush on thee. Now avoid in turn
My brazen weapon. Would that it might pass
Clean through thee, all its length! The tasks of war
For us of Troy were lighter for thy death,
Thou pest and deadly foe of all our race!"
He spake, and brandishing his massive spear,
Hurled it, nor missed, but in the centre smote
The buckler of Pelides. Far away
It bounded from the brass, and he was vexed
To see that the swift weapon from his hand
Had flown in vain. He stood perplexed and sad;
No second spear had he. He called aloud
On the white-bucklered chief, Deiphobus,
To bring another; but that chief was far,
And Hector saw that it was so, and said:—
"Ah me! the gods have summoned me to die.

I thought my warrior friend, Deiphobus,
Was by my side; but he is still in Troy,
And Pallas has deceived me. Now my death
Cannot be far,—is near; there is no hope
Of my escape, for so it pleases Jove
And Jove's great archer-son, who have till now
Delivered me. My hour at last is come;
Yet not ingloriously or passively
I die, but first will do some valiant deed,
Of which mankind shall hear in after time."
He spake, and drew the keen-edged sword that hung,
Massive and finely tempered, at his side,
And sprang—as when an eagle high in heaven,
Through the thick cloud, darts downward to the plain
To clutch some tender lamb or timid hare,
So Hector, brandishing that keen-edged sword,
Sprang forward, while Achilles opposite
Leaped toward him, all on fire with savage hate,
And holding his bright buckler, nobly wrought,
Before him. On his shining helmet waved
The fourfold crest; there tossed the golden tufts
With which the hand of Vulcan lavishly
Had decked it. As in the still hours of night
Hesper goes forth among the host of stars,
The fairest light of heaven, so brightly shone,
Brandished in the right hand of Peleus' son,
The spear's keen blade, as, confident to slay
The noble Hector, o'er his glorious form
His quick eye ran, exploring where to plant
The surest wound. The glittering mail of brass
Won from the slain Patroclus guarded well
Each part, save only where the collar-bones
Divide the shoulder from the neck, and there
Appeared the throat, the spot where life is most
In peril. Through that part the noble son
Of Peleus drave his spear; it went quite through
The tender neck, and yet the brazen blade
Cleft not the windpipe, and the power to speak
Remained. The Trojan fell amid the dust,
And thus Achilles boasted o'er his fall:—
"Hector, when from the slain Patroclus thou
Didst strip his armor, little didst thou think
Of danger. Thou hadst then no fear of me,
Who was not near thee to avenge his death.
Fool! there was left within the roomy ships
A mightier one than he, who should come forth,
The avenger of his blood, to take thy life.
Foul dogs and birds of prey shall tear thy flesh;

The Greeks shall honor him with funeral rites."
And then the crested Hector faintly said:
"I pray thee by thy life, and by thy knees,
And by thy parents, suffer not the dogs
To tear me at the galleys of the Greeks.
Accept abundant store of brass and gold,
Which gladly will my father and the queen,
My mother, give in ransom. Send to them
My body, that the warriors and the dames
Of Troy may light for me the funeral pile."
The swift Achilles answered with a frown:
"Nay, by my knees entreat me not, thou cur,
Nor by my parents. I could even wish
My fury prompted me to cut thy flesh
In fragments, and devour it, such the wrong
That I have had from thee. There will be none
To drive away the dogs about thy head,
Not though thy Trojan friends should bring to me
Tenfold and twenty-fold the offered gifts,
And promise others,—not though Priam, sprung
From Dardanus, should send thy weight in gold.
Thy mother shall not lay thee on thy bier,
To sorrow over thee whom she brought forth;
But dogs and birds of prey shall mangle thee."
And then the crested Hector, dying said:
"I know thee, and too clearly I foresaw
I should not move thee, for thou hast a heart
Of iron. Yet reflect that for my sake
The anger of the gods may fall on thee,
When Paris and Apollo strike thee down,
Strong as thou art, before the Scæan gates."
Thus Hector spake, and straightway o'er him closed
The night of death; the soul forsook his limbs,
And flew to Hades, grieving for its fate,—
So soon divorced from youth and youthful might.
Then said the great Achilles to the dead:—
"Die thou; and I, whenever it shall please
Jove and the other gods, will meet my fate."
He spake, and, plucking forth his brazen lance,
He laid it by, and from the body stripped
The bloody mail. The thronging Greeks beheld
With wonder Hector's tall and stately form,
And no one came who did not add a wound;
And, looking to each other, thus they said:—
"How much more tamely Hector now endures
Our touch than when he set the fleet on fire!"
Such were the words of those who smote the dead;
But now, when swift Achilles from the corpse

Had stripped the armor, he stood forth among
The Achaian host, and spake these wingèd words:—
"Leaders and princes of the Grecian host!
Since we, my friends, by favor of the gods,
Have overcome the chief who wrought more harm
To us than all the rest, let us assault
The town, and learn what they of Troy intend,—
Whether their troops will leave the citadel
Since he is slain, or hold it with strong hand,
Though Hector is no more. But why give thought
To plans like these while yet Patroclus lies
A corpse, unwept, unburied at the fleet?
I never will forget him while I live
And while these limbs have motion. Though below
In Hades they forget the dead, yet I
Will there remember my belovèd friend.
Now then, ye youths of Greece, move on and chant
A pæan, while returning to the fleet,
We bring great glory with us; we have slain
The noble Hector, whom, throughout their town,
The Trojans ever worshipped like a god."
He spake, and, planning in his mind to treat
The noble Hector shamefully, he bored
The sinews of his feet between the heel
And ankle; drawing through them leathern thongs
He bound them to the car, but left the head
To trail in dust. And then he climbed the car,
Took in the shining mail, and lashed to speed
The coursers. Not unwillingly they flew.
Around the dead, as he was dragged along,
The dust arose; his dark locks swept the ground.
That head, of late so noble in men's eyes,
Lay deep amid the dust, for Jove that day
Suffered the foes of Hector to insult
His corpse in his own land. His mother saw,
And tore her hair, and flung her lustrous veil
Away, and uttered piercing shrieks. No less
His father, who so loved him, piteously
Bewailed him; and in all the streets of Troy
The people wept aloud, with such lament
As if the towery Ilium were in flames
Even to its loftiest roofs. They scarce could keep
The aged king within, who, wild with grief,
Struggled to rush through the Dardanian gates,
And, rolling in the dust, entreated all
Who stood around him, calling them by name:—
"Refrain, my friends, though kind be your intent.
Let me go forth alone, and at the fleet

Of Greece will I entreat this man of blood
And violence. He may perchance be moved
With reverence for my age and pity me
In my gray hairs; for such a one as I
Is Peleus, his own father, by whose care
This Greek was reared to be a scourge to Troy,
And, more than all, a cause of grief to me,
So many sons of mine in life's fresh prime
Have fallen by his hand. I mourn for them,
But not with such keen anguish as I mourn
For Hector. Sorrow for his death will bring
My soul to Hades. Would that he had died
Here in my arms! this solace had been ours,—
His most unhappy mother and myself
Had stooped to shed these tears upon his bier."
He spake, and wept, and all the citizens
Wept with him. Hecuba among the dames
Took up the lamentation, and began:—
"Why do I live, my son, when thou art dead,
And I so wretched?—thou who wert my boast
Ever, by night and day, where'er I went,
And whom the Trojan men and matrons called
Their bulwark, honoring thee as if thou wert
A god. They glory in thy might no more,
Since Fate and Death have overtaken thee."
Weeping she spake. Meantime Andromache
Had heard no tidings of her husband yet.
No messenger had even come to say
That he was still without the gates. She sat
In a recess of those magnificent halls,
And wove a twofold web of brilliant hues,
On which were scattered flowers of rare device;
And she had given her bright-haired maidens charge
To place an ample caldron on the fire,
That Hector, coming from the battle-field,
Might find the warm bath ready. Thoughtless one!
She knew not that the blue-eyed archer-queen,
Far from the bath prepared for him, had slain
Her husband by the hand of Peleus' son.
She heard the shrieks, the wail upon the tower,
Trembled in every limb, and quickly dropped
The shuttle, saying to her bright-haired maids:—
"Come with me, two of you, that I may learn
What now has happened. 'T is my mother's voice
That I have heard. My heart leaps to my mouth;
My limbs fail under me. Some deadly harm
Hangs over Priam's sons; far be the hour
That I shall hear of it. And yet I fear

Lest that Achilles, having got between
The daring Hector and the city gates,
May drive him to the plain alone, and quell
The desperate valor that was ever his;
For never would he keep the ranks, but ranged
Beyond them, and gave way to no man's might."
  She spake, and from the royal mansion rushed
Distractedly, and with a beating heart.
Her maids went with her. When she reached the tower
And throng of men, and, standing on the wall,
Looked forth, she saw her husband dragged away
Before the city. Toward the Grecian fleet
The swift steeds drew him. Sudden darkness came
Over her eyes, and in a breathless swoon
She sank away and fell. The ornaments
Dropped from her brow,—the wreath, the woven band,
The net, the veil which golden Venus gave
That day when crested Hector wedded her,
Dowered with large gifts, and led her from her home,
Eetion's palace. Round her in a throng
Her sisters of the house of Priam pressed,
And gently raised her in that deathlike swoon.
But when she breathed again, and to its seat
The conscious mind returned, as in their arms
She lay, with sobs and broken speech she said:—
  "Hector,—O wretched me!—we both were born
To sorrow; thou at Troy, in Priam's house,
And I at Thebe in Eetion's halls,
By woody Placos. From a little child
He reared me there,—unhappy he, and I
Unhappy! O that I had ne'er been born!
Thou goest down to Hades and the depths
Of earth, and leavest me in thine abode,
Widowed, and never to be comforted.
Thy son, a speechless babe, to whom we two
Gave being,—hapless parents!—cannot have
Thy loving guardianship now thou art dead,
Nor be a joy to thee. Though he survive
The cruel warfare which the sons of Greece
Are waging, hard and evil yet will be
His lot hereafter; others will remove
His landmarks and will make his fields their own.
The day in which a boy is fatherless
Makes him companionless; with downcast eyes
He wanders, and his cheeks are stained with tears.
Unfed he goes where sit his father's friends,
And plucks one by the coat, and by the robe
Another. One who pities him shall give

A scanty draught, which only wets his lips,
But not his palate; while another boy,
Whose parents both are living, thrusts him hence
With blows and vulgar clamor: 'Get thee gone!
Thy father is not with us at the feast.'
Then to his widowed mother shall return
Astyanax in tears, who not long since
Was fed, while sitting in his father's lap,
On marrow and the delicate fat of lambs.
And ever when his childish sports had tired
The boy, and sleep came stealing over him,
He slumbered, softly cushioned, on a couch
And in his nurse's arms, his heart at ease
And satiate with delights. But now thy son
Astyanax,—whom so the Trojans name
Because thy valor guarded gate and tower,—
Thy care withdrawn, shall suffer many things,
While far from those who gave you birth, beside
The roomy ships of Greece, the restless worms
Shall make thy flesh their banquet when the dogs
Have gorged themselves. Thy garments yet remain
Within the palace, delicately wrought
And graceful, woven by the women's hands;
And these, since thou shalt put them on no more,
Nor wear them in thy death, I burn with fire
Before the Trojan men and dames; and all
Shall see how gloriously thou wert arrayed."
  Weeping she spake, and with her wept her maids.

—William Cullen Bryant.

II. THE EPIC OF ROMANTIC ADVENTURE: HOMER'S ODYSSEY

The *Odyssey* presents in epic form one of a number of legends concerned with the return of the heroes from captured Troy to their homes in Greece. It is not centered, as is the *Iliad*, in one great event, but in one individual, his home, his voyages, mishaps, and adventures. The poem represents interest in travel and discovery and adventure over unknown seas and in unknown lands. From this point of view the hero, Odysseus (Ulysses), may stand as a glorified representative of those sea-faring Greeks,—a shrewd, daring, travel-loving adventurer.

Instead of following the straightforward march of events, as in the *Iliad*, the reader is plunged *in medias res*. First a long account is given of conditions at Odysseus' home during his absence. Then the hero himself is introduced at a very advanced stage in his wanderings, and is made to tell the story of his earlier adventures. Only after this narrative does he enter on the final period of his journeyings, and reach his home. By this novel method of presentation the action of the poem is confined to some forty-two days.

NAUSICAA[1]

[Book VI]

Odysseus has been detained on the island of the goddess Calypso, whence he makes his escape on a raft and comes to the country of the Phæacians. Here he is received by the princess Nausicaa.

Thus overcome with toil and weariness,
The noble sufferer Ulysses slept,
While Pallas hastened to the realm and town
Peopled by the Phæacians, who of yore
Abode in spacious Hypereia, near
The insolent race of Cyclops, and endured
Wrong from their mightier hands. A godlike chief,
Nausithous, led them to a new abode,
And planted them in Scheria, far away
From plotting neighbors. With a wall he fenced
Their city, built them dwellings there, and reared
Fanes to the gods, and changed the plain to fields.
But he had bowed to death, and had gone down
To Hades, and Alcinous, whom the gods
Endowed with wisdom, governed in his stead.
Now to his palace, planning the return
Of the magnanimous Ulysses, came
The blue-eyed goddess Pallas, entering
The gorgeous chamber where a damsel slept,
Nausicaa, daughter of the large-souled king
Alcinous, beautiful in form and face
As one of the immortals. Near her lay,
And by the portal, one on either side,
Fair as the graces, two attendant maids.
The shining doors were shut. But Pallas came
As comes a breath of air, and stood beside
The damsel's head and spake. In look she seemed
The daughter of the famous mariner
Dymas, a maiden whom Nausicaa loved,
The playmate of her girlhood. In her shape
The blue-eyed goddess stood, and thus she said:—
"Nausicaa, has thy mother then brought forth

---

[1] From *The Odyssey of Homer*, by William Cullen Bryant. Copyright, 1899, by Julia Sands Bryant, Houghton Mifflin Company. Used by permission.

A careless housewife? Thy magnificent robes
Lie still neglected, though thy marriage day
Is near, when thou art to array thyself
In seemly garments, and bestow the like
On those who lead thee to the bridal rite;
For thus the praise of men is won, and thus
Thy father and thy gracious mother both
Will be rejoiced. Now with the early dawn
Let us all hasten to the washing place.
I too would go with thee, and help thee there,
That thou mayest sooner end the task, for thou
Not long wilt be unwedded. Thou art wooed
Already by the noblest of the race
Of the Phæacians, for thy birth, like theirs,
Is of the noblest. Make thy suit at morn
To thy illustrious father, that he bid
His mules and car be harnessed to convey
Thy girdles, robes, and mantles marvellous
In beauty. That were seemlier than to walk,
Since distant from the town the lavers lie."
 Thus having said, the blue-eyed Pallas went
Back to Olympus, where the gods have made,
So saith tradition, their eternal seat.
The tempest shakes it not, nor is it drenched
By showers and there the snow doth never fall.
The calm clear ether is without a cloud;
And in the golden light, that lies on all,
Day after day the blessed gods rejoice.
Thither the blue-eyed goddess, having given
Her message to the sleeping maid, withdrew.
 Soon the bright morning came. Nausicaa rose,
Clad royally, as marvelling at her dream
She hastened through the palace to declare
Her purpose to her father and the queen.
She found them both within. Her mother sat
Beside the hearth, with her attendant maids,
And turned the distaff loaded with a fleece
Dyed in sea-purple. On the threshold stood
Her father, going forth to meet the chiefs
Of the Phæacians in a council where
Their noblest asked his presence. Then the maid,
Approaching her belovèd father, spake:—
 "I pray, dear father, give command to make
A chariot ready for me, with high sides
And sturdy wheels, to bear to the river-brink,
There to be cleansed, the costly robes that now
Lie soiled. Thee likewise it doth well beseem
At councils to appear in vestments fresh

And stainless. Thou hast also in these halls
Five sons, two wedded, three in boyhood's bloom,
And ever in the dance they need attire
New from the wash. All this must I provide."
She ended, for she shrank from saying aught
Of her own hopeful marriage. He perceived
Her thought and said: "Mules I deny thee not,
My daughter, nor aught else. Go then; my grooms
Shall make a carriage ready with high sides
And sturdy wheels, and a broad rack above."
He spake, and gave command. The grooms obeyed,
And, making ready in the outer court
The strong-wheeled chariot, led the harnessed mules
Under the yoke and made them fast; and then
Appeared the maiden, bringing from her bower
The shining garments. In the polished car
She piled them, while with many pleasant meats
And flavoring morsels for the day's repast
Her mother filled a hamper, and poured wine
Into a goatskin. As her daughter climbed
The car, she gave into her hands a cruse
Of gold with smooth anointing oil for her
And her attendant maids. Nausicaa took
The scourge and snowy reins, and struck the mules
To urge them onward. Onward with loud noise
They went, and with a speed that slackened not,
And bore the robes and her,—yet not alone,
For with her went the maidens of her train.
Now when they reached the river's pleasant brink,
Where lavers had been hollowed out to last
Perpetually, and freely through them flowed
Pure water that might cleanse the foulest stains,
They loosed the mules, and drove them from the wain
To browse the sweet grass by the eddying stream;
And took the garments out, and flung them down
In the dark water, and with hasty feet
Trampled them there in frolic rivalry.
And when the task was done, and all the stains
Were cleansed away, they spread the garments out
Along the beach and where the stream had washed
The gravel cleanest. Then they bathed, and gave
Their limbs the delicate oil, and took their meal
Upon the water's border,—while the robes
Beneath the sun's warm rays were growing dry.
And now, when they were all refreshed with food,
Mistress and maidens laid their veils aside
And played at ball. Nausicaa the white-armed
Began a song. As when the archer-queen,

Diana, going forth among the hills,—
The sides of high Taygetus or slopes
Of Erymanthus,—chases joyously
Boars and fleet stags, and round her in a throng
Frolic the rural nymphs, Latona's heart
Is glad, for over all the rest are seen
Her daughter's head and brow, and she at once
Is known among them, though they are all fair:
Such was this spotless virgin midst her maids.
Now when they were about to move for home
With harnessed mules and with the shining robes
Carefully folded, then the blue-eyed maid,
Pallas, bethought herself of this,—to rouse
Ulysses and to bring him to behold
The bright-eyed maiden, that she might direct
The stranger's way to the Phæacian town.
The royal damsel at a handmaid cast
The ball; it missed, and fell into the stream
Where a deep eddy whirled. All shrieked aloud.
The great Ulysses started from his sleep
And sat upright, discoursing to himself:—
"Ah me! upon what region am I thrown?
What men are here,—wild, savage, and unjust,
Or hospitable, and who hold the gods
In reverence? There are voices in the air,
Womanly voices, as of nymphs that haunt
The mountain summits, and the river-founts,
And the moist grassy meadows. Or perchance
Am I near men who have the power of speech?
Nay, let me then go forth at once and learn."
Thus having said, the great Ulysses left
The thicket. From the close-grown wood he rent,
With his strong hand, a branch well set with leaves,
And wound it as a covering round his waist.
Then like a mountain lion he went forth,
That walks abroad, confiding in his strength,
In rain and wind; his eyes shoot fire; he falls
On oxen, or on sheep, or forest-deer,
For hunger prompts him even to attack
The flock within its closely guarded fold.
Such seemed Ulysses when about to meet
Those fair-haired maidens, naked as he was,
But forced by strong necessity. To them
His look was frightful, for his limbs were foul
With sea-foam yet. To right and left they fled
Along the jutting river-banks. Alone
The daughter of Alcinous kept her place,
For Pallas gave her courage and forbade

Her limbs to tremble. So she waited there.
Ulysses pondered whether to approach
The bright-eyed damsel and embrace her knees
And supplicate, or, keeping yet aloof,
Pray her with soothing words to show the way
Townward and give him garments. Musing thus,
It seemed the best to keep at distance still,
And use soft words, lest should he grasp her knees,
The maid might be displeased. With gentle words,
Skillfully ordered, thus Ulysses spake:—
"O queen, I am thy suppliant, whether thou
Be mortal or a goddess. If perchance
Thou art of the immortal race who dwell
In the broad heaven, thou art, I deem, most like
To Dian, daughter of imperial Jove,
In shape, in stature, and in noble air.
If mortal and a dweller of the earth,
Thrice happy are thy father and his queen,
Thrice happy are thy brothers; and their hearts
Must overflow with gladness for thy sake,
Beholding such a scion of their house
Enter the choral dance. But happiest he
Beyond them all, who, bringing princely gifts,
Shall bear thee to his home a bride; for sure
I never looked on one of mortal race,
Woman or man, like thee, and as I gaze
I wonder. Like to thee I saw of late,
In Delos, a young palm-tree growing up
Beside Apollo's altar; for I sailed
To Delos, with much people following me,
On a disastrous voyage. Long I gazed
Upon it wonder-struck, as I am now,—
For never from the earth so fair a tree
Had sprung. So marvel I, and am amazed
At thee, O lady, and in awe forbear
To clasp thy knees. Yet much have I endured.
It was but yestereve that I escaped
From the black sea, upon the twentieth day,
So long the billows and the rushing gales
Farther and farther from Ogygia's isle
Had borne me. Now upon this shore some god
Casts me, perchance to meet new sufferings here;
For yet the end is not, and many things
The gods must first accomplish. But do thou,
O queen, have pity on me, since to thee
I come the first of all. I do not know
A single dweller of the land beside.
Show me, I pray, thy city; and bestow

Some poor old robe to wrap me,—if, indeed,
In coming hither, thou hast brought with thee
Aught poor and coarse. And may the gods vouchsafe
To thee whatever blessing thou canst wish,
Husband and home and wedded harmony.
There is no better, no more blessed state,
Than when the wife and husband in accord
Order their household lovingly. Then those
Repine who hate them, those who wish them well
Rejoice, and they themselves the most of all."
And then the white-armed maid Nausicaa said:
"Since then, O stranger, thou art not malign
Of purpose nor weak-minded,—yet, in truth,
Olympian Jupiter bestows the goods
Of fortune on the noble and the base
To each one at his pleasure; and thy griefs
Are doubtless sent by him, and it is fit
That thou submit in patience,—now that thou
Hast reached our lands, and art within our realm,
Thou shalt not lack for garments nor for aught
Due to a suppliant stranger in his need.
The city I will show thee, and will name
Its dwellers,—the Phæacians,—they possess
The city; all the region lying round
Is theirs, and I am daughter of the prince
Alcinous, large of soul, to whom are given
The rule of the Phæacians and their power."
So spake the damsel, and commanded thus
Her fair-haired maids: "Stay! whither do ye flee,
My handmaids, when a man appears in sight?
Ye think, perhaps, he is some enemy.
Nay, there is no man living now, nor yet
Will live, to enter, bringing war, the land
Of the Phæacians. Very dear are they
To the great gods. We dwell apart, afar
Within the unmeasured deep, amid its waves
The most remote of men; no other race
Hath commerce with us. This man comes to us
A wanderer and unhappy, and to him
Our cares are due. The stranger and the poor
Are sent by Jove, and slight regards to them
Are grateful. Maidens, give the stranger food
And drink, and take him to the river-side
To bathe where there is shelter from the wind."
So spake the mistress; and they stayed their flight
And bade each other stand, and led the chief
Under a shelter as the royal maid,
Daughter of stout Alcinous, gave command,

And laid a cloak and tunic near the spot
To be his raiment, and a golden cruse
Of limpid oil. Then, as they bid him bathe
In the fresh stream, the noble chieftain said:—
"Withdraw, ye maidens, hence, while I prepare
To cleanse my shoulders from the bitter brine,
And to anoint them; long have these my limbs
Been unrefreshed by oil. I will not bathe
Before you. I should be ashamed to stand
Unclothed in presence of these bright-haired maids."
He spake; they hearkened and withdrew, and told
The damsel what he said. Ulysses then
Washed the salt spray of ocean from his back
And his broad shoulders in the flowing stream,
And wiped away the sea-froth from his brows.
And when the bath was over, and his limbs
Had been anointed, and he had put on
The garments sent him by the spotless maid,
Jove's daughter, Pallas, caused him to appear
Of statelier size and more majestic mien,
And bade the locks that crowned his head flow down,
Curling like blossoms of the hyacinth.
As when some skillful workman trained and taught
By Vulcan and Minerva in his art
Binds the bright silver with a verge of gold,
And graceful is his handiwork, such grace
Did Pallas shed upon the hero's brow
And shoulders, as he passed along the beach,
And, glorious in his beauty and the pride
Of noble bearing, sat aloof. The maid
Admired, and to her bright-haired women spake:—
"Listen to me, my maidens, while I speak.
This man comes not among the godlike sons
Of the Phæacian stock against the will
Of all the gods of heaven. I thought him late
Of an unseemly aspect; now he bears
A likeness to the immortal ones whose home
Is the broad heaven. I would that I might call
A man like him my husband, dwelling here,
And here content to dwell. Now hasten, maids,
And set before the stranger food and wine."
She spake; they heard and cheerfully obeyed,
And set before Ulysses food and wine.
The patient chief Ulysses ate and drank
Full eagerly, for he had fasted long.
White-armed Nausicaa then had other cares.
She placed the smoothly folded robes within
The sumptuous chariot, yoked the firm-hoofed mules,

And mounted to her place, and from the seat
Spake kindly, counselling Ulysses thus:—
"Now, stranger, rise and follow to the town,
And to my royal father's palace I
Will be thy guide, where, doubt not, thou wilt meet
The noblest men of our Phæacian race.
But do as I advise,—for not inapt
I deem thee. While we traverse yet the fields
Among the tilth, keep thou among my train
Of maidens, following fast behind the mules
And chariot. I will lead thee in the way.
But when our train goes upward toward the town,
Fenced with its towery wall, and on each side
Embraced with a fair haven, with a strait
Of narrow entrance, where our well-oared barks
Have each a mooring-place along the road,
And there round Neptune's glorious fane extends
A market-place, surrounded by huge stones,
Dragged from the quarry hither, where is kept
The rigging of the barks,—sail-cloth and ropes,—
And oars are polished there,—for little reck
Phæacians of the quiver and the bow,
And give most heed to masts and shrouds and ships
Well poised, in which it is their pride to cross
The foamy deep,—when there I would not bring
Rude taunts upon myself, for in the crowd
Are brutal men. One of the baser sort
Perchance might say, on meeting us: 'What man,
Handsome and lusty-limbed, is he who thus
Follows Nausicaa? where was it her luck
To find him? will he be her husband yet?
Perhaps she brings some wanderer from his ship,
A stranger from strange lands, for we have here
No neighbors; or, perhaps, it is a god
Called down by fervent prayer from heaven to dwell
Henceforth with her. 'Tis well if she have found
A husband elsewhere, since at home she meets
Her many noble wooers with disdain;
They are Phæacians.' Thus the crowd would say,
And it would bring reproach upon my name.
I too would blame another who should do
The like, and, while her parents were alive,
Without their knowledge should consort with men
Before her marriage. Stranger, now observe
My words, and thou shalt speedily obtain
Safe-conduct from my father, and be sent
Upon thy voyage homeward. We shall reach
A beautiful grove of poplars by the way,

Sacred to Pallas; from it flows a brook,
And round it lies a meadow. In this spot
My father has his country-grounds, and here
His garden flourishes, as far from town
As one could hear a shout. There sit thou down
And wait till we are in the city's streets
And at my father's house. When it shall seem
That we are there, arise and onward fare
To the Phæacian city, and inquire
Where dwells Alcinous, the large-souled king,
My father; 'tis not hard to find; a child
Might lead thee thither. Of the houses reared
By the Phæacians there is none like that
In which Alcinous the hero dwells.
When thou art once within the court and hall,
Go quickly through the palace till thou find
My mother where she sits beside the hearth,
Leaning against a column in its blaze,
And twisting threads, a marvel to behold,
Of bright sea-purple, while her maidens sit
Behind her. Near her is my father's throne,
On which he sits at feasts, and drinks the wine
Like one of the immortals. Pass it by
And clasp my mother's knee; so mayst thou see
Soon and with joy the day of thy return,
Although thy home be far. For if her mood
Be kindly toward thee, thou mayst hope to greet
Thy friends once more, and enter yet again
Thy own fair palace in thy native land."
Thus having said, she raised the shining scourge
And struck the mules, that quickly left behind
The river. On they went with easy pace
And even steps. The damsel wielded well
The reins, and used the lash with gentle hand,
So that Ulysses and her train of maids
On foot could follow close. And now the sun
Was sinking when they came to that fair grove
Sacred to Pallas. There the noble chief
Ulysses sat him down, and instantly
Prayed to the daughter of imperial Jove:—
"O thou unconquerable child of Jove
The Ægis-bearer! hearken to me now,
Since late thou wouldst not listen to my prayer,
What time the mighty shaker of the shores
Pursued and wrecked me! Grant me to receive
Pity and kindness from Phæacia's sons."
So prayed he, supplicating. Pallas heard
The prayer, but came not to him openly.

Awe of her father's brother held her back;
For he would still pursue with violent hate
Ulysses, till he reached his native land.

—William Cullen Bryant.

THE CYCLOPS[1]

[From Book IX]

In the court of the king of the Phæacians Odysseus relates the wonderful adventures through which he has passed in his efforts to get back to Ithaca. Among them were his escape from the giant Cyclops and his detention by the magician Circe.

"Onward we sailed with sorrowing hearts, and reached
The country of the Cyclops, an untamed
And lawless race, who, trusting to the gods,
Plant not, nor plough the fields, but all things spring
For them untended,—barley, wheat, and vines
Yielding large clusters filled with wine, and nursed
By showers from Jove. No laws have they; they hold
No councils. On the mountain heights they dwell
In vaulted caves, where each one rules his wives
And children as he pleases; none give heed
To what the others do. Before the port
Of the Cyclopean land there is an isle,
Low-lying, neither near nor yet remote,—
A woodland region, where the wild goats breed
Innumerable; for the foot of man
Disturbs them not, and huntsmen toiling through
Thick woods, or wandering over mountain heights,
Enter not here. The fields are never grazed
By sheep, nor furrowed by the plough, but lie
Untilled, unsown, and uninhabited
By man, and only feed the bleating goats.
The Cyclops have no barks with crimson prows,
Nor shipwrights skilled to frame a galley's deck
With benches for the rowers, and equipped
For any service, voyaging by turns
To all the cities, as is often done
By men who cross the deep from place to place,

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And make a prosperous region of an isle.
No meagre soil is there; it well might bear
All fruits in their due time. Along the shore
Of the gray deep are meadows smooth and moist.
The vine would flourish long; the ploughman's task
Is easy, and the husbandman would reap
Large harvests, for the mould is rich below.
And there is a safe haven, where no need
Of cable is; no anchor there is cast,
Nor hawsers fastened to the strand, but they
Who enter there remain until it please
The mariners, with favorable wind
To put to sea again. A limpid stream
Flows from a fount beneath a hollow rock
Into that harbor at its further end,
And poplars grow around it. Thither went
Our fleet; some deity had guided us
Through the dark of night, for nothing had we seen.
Thick was the gloom around our barks; the moon
Shone not in heaven, the clouds had quenched her light.
No eye discerned the isle, nor the long waves
That rolled against the shore, till our good ships
Touched land, and, disembarking there, we gave
Ourselves to sleep upon the water-side
And waited for the holy morn to rise.
"And when at length the daughter of the Dawn,
The rosy-fingered Morn, appeared, we walked
Around the isle, admiring as we went.
Meanwhile the nymphs, the daughters of the god
Who bears the ægis, roused the mountain goats,
That so our crews might make their morning meal.
And straightway from our ships we took in hand
Our crooked bows and our long-bladed spears.
" 'Let all the rest of my belovèd friends
Remain while I, with my own bark and crew,
Go forth to learn what race of men are these,
Whether ill-mannered, savage, and unjust,
Or kind to guests and reverent toward the gods.'
"I spake, and, having ordered all my crew
To go on board and cast the hawsers loose,
Embarked on my own ship. They all obeyed,
And manned the benches, sitting there in rows,
And smote the hoary ocean with their oars.
But when we came upon that neighboring coast,
We saw upon its verge beside the sea
A cave high vaulted, overbrowed with shrubs
Of laurel. There much cattle lay at rest,
Both sheep and goats. Around it was a court,

A high enclosure of hewn stone, and pines
Tall stemmed, and towering oaks. Here dwelt a man
Of giant bulk, who by himself alone,
Was wont to tend his flocks. He never held
Converse with others, but devised apart
His wicked deeds. A frightful prodigy
Was he, and like no man who lives by bread,
But more like a huge mountain summit, rough
With woods, that towers alone above the rest.
"Then, bidding all the others stay and guard
The ship, I chose among my bravest men
Twelve whom I took with me. I had on board
A goatskin of dark wine,—a pleasant sort,
Which Maron late, Evanthes' son, a priest
Of Phœbus, guardian god of Ismarus,
Gave me, when, moved with reverence, we saved
Him and his children and his wife from death.
For his abode was in the thick-grown grove
Of Phœbus. Costly were the gifts he gave,—
Seven talents of wrought gold; a chalice all
Of silver; and he drew for me, besides,
Into twelve jars, a choice rich wine, unspoiled
By mixtures, and a beverage for the gods.
No one within his dwellings, maids or men,
Knew of it, save the master and his wife,
And matron of the household. Whensoe'er
They drank this rich red wine, he only filled
A single cup with wine, and tempered that
With twenty more of water. From the cup
Arose a fragrance that might please the gods,
And hard it was to put the draught aside.
Of this I took a skin well filled, besides
Food in a hamper,—for my thoughtful mind
Misgave me, lest I should encounter one
Of formidable strength and savage mood,
And with no sense of justice or of right.
"Soon were we at the cave, but found not him
Within it; he was in the fertile meads,
Tending his flocks. We entered, wondering much
At all we saw. Around were baskets heaped
With cheeses; pens were thronged with lambs and kids,
Each in a separate fold; the elder ones,
The younger, and the newly yeaned, had each
Their place apart. The vessels swam with whey,—
Pails smoothly wrought, and buckets into which
He milked the cattle. My companions then
Begged me with many pressing words to take
Part of the cheeses, and returning, drive

With speed to our good galley lambs and kids
From where they stabled, and set sail again
On the salt sea. I granted not their wish;
Far better if I had. 'Twas my intent
To see the owner of the flocks and prove
His hospitality. No pleasant sight
Was that to be for those with whom I came.
"And then we lit a fire, and sacrificed,
And ate the cheeses, and within the cave
Sat waiting, till from pasturing his flocks
He came; a heavy load of well-dried wood
He bore, to make a blaze at supper-time.
Without the den he flung his burden down
With such a crash that we in terror slunk
Into a corner of the cave. He drove
His well-fed flock, all those whose milk he drew,
Under that spacious vault of rock, but left
The males, both goats and rams, without the court.
And then he lifted a huge barrier up,
A mighty weight; not two-and-twenty wains,
Four-wheeled and strong, could move it from the ground:
Such was the enormous rock he raised, and placed
Against the entrance. Then he sat and milked
The ewes and bleating goats, each one in turn,
And gave to each its young. Next, half the milk
He caused to curdle, and disposed the curd
In woven baskets; and the other half
He kept in bowls to be his evening drink.
His tasks all ended thus, he lit a fire,
And saw us where we lurked, and questioned us:—
'Who are ye, strangers? Tell me whence ye came
Across the ocean. Are ye men of trade,
Or wanderers at will, like those who roam
The sea for plunder, and, with their own lives
In peril, carry death to distant shores?'
"He spake, and we who heard with sinking heart
Trembled at that deep voice and frightful form,
And thus I answered: 'We are Greeks who come
From Ilium driven across the mighty deep
By changing winds, and while we sought our home
Have made a different voyage, and been forced
Upon another course: such was the will
Of Jupiter. We boast ourselves to be
Soldiers of Agamemnon, Atreus' son,
Whose fame is now the greatest under heaven,
So mighty was the city which he sacked,
So many were the warriors whom he slew;
And now we come as suppliants to thy knees,

And ask thee to receive us as thy guests,
Or else bestow the gifts which custom makes
The stranger's due. Great as thou art, revere
The gods; for suitors to thy grace are we,
And hospitable Jove, whose presence goes
With every worthy stranger, will avenge
Suppliants and strangers when they suffer wrong.'
"I spake, and savagely he answered me:—
'Thou art a fool, O stranger, or art come
From some far country,—thou who biddest me
Fear or regard the gods. We little care—
We Cyclops—for the Ægis-bearer, Jove,
Or any other of the blessed gods;
We are their betters. Think not I would spare
Thee or thy comrades to avoid the wrath
Of Jupiter, unless it were my choice;
But say,—for I would know,—where hast thou left
Thy gallant bark in landing? was it near,
Or in some distant corner of the isle?'
"He spake to tempt me, but I well perceived
His craft, and answered with dissembling words:—
" 'Neptune, who shakes the shores, hath wrecked my bark
On rocks that edge thine island, hurling it
Against the headland. From the open sea
The tempest swept it hitherward, and I,
With these, escaped the bitter doom of death.'
"I spake; the savage answered not, but sprang,
And, laying hands on my companions, seized
Two, whom he dashed like whelps against the ground.
Their brains flowed out, and weltered where they fell.
He hewed them limb from limb for his repast,
And, like a lion of the mountain wilds,
Devoured them as they were, and left no part,—
Entrails nor flesh nor marrowy bones. We wept
To see his cruelties, and raised our hands
To Jove, and hopeless misery filled our hearts.
And when the Cyclops now had filled himself,
Devouring human flesh, and drinking milk
Unmingled, in his cave he laid him down,
Stretched out amid his flocks. The thought arose
In my courageous heart to go to him,
And draw the trenchant sword upon my thigh,
And where the midriff joins the liver deal
A stroke to pierce his breast. A second thought
Restrained me,—that a miserable death
Would overtake us, since we had no power
To move the mighty rock which he had laid
At the high opening. So all night we grieved,

Waiting the holy Morn; and when at length
That rosy fingered daughter of the Dawn
Appeared,—the Cyclops lit a fire, and milked
His fair flock one by one, and brought their young
Each to its mother's side. When he had thus
Performed his household tasks, he seized again
Two of our number for his morning meal.
These he devoured, and then he moved away
With ease the massive rock that closed the cave,
And, driving forth his well-fed flock, he laid
The massive barrier back, as one would fit
The lid upon a quiver. With loud noise
The Cyclops drove that well-fed flock afield,
While I was left to think of many a plan
To do him mischief and avenge our wrongs,
If haply Pallas should confer on me
That glory. To my mind, as I revolved
The plans, this seemed the wisest of them all.
"Beside the stalls there lay a massive club
Of olive-wood, yet green, which from its stock
The Cyclops hewed, that he might carry it
When seasoned. As it lay it seemed to us
The mast of some black galley, broad of beam,
With twenty oarsmen, built to carry freight
Across the mighty deep,—such was its length
And thickness. Standing by it, I cut off
A fathom's length, and gave it to my men,
And bade them smooth its sides, and they obeyed,
While I made sharp the smaller end, and brought
The point to hardness in the glowing fire;
And then I hid the weapon in a heap
Of litter, which lay thick about the cave.
I bade my comrades now decide by lot
Which of them all should dare, along with me,
To lift the stake, and with its point bore out
Our enemy's eye, when softly wrapped in sleep.
The lot was cast, and fell on those whom most
I wished with me,—four men, and I the fifth.
"At eve the keeper of these fair-woolled flocks
Returned, and brought his well-fed sheep and goats
Into the spacious cavern, leaving none
Without it, whether through some doubt of us
Or through the ordering of some god. He raised
The massive rock again, and laid it close
Against the opening. Then he sat and milked
The ewes and bleating goats, each one in turn,
And gave to each her young. When he had thus
Performed his household tasks, he seized again

Two of our number for his evening meal.
Then I drew near, and bearing in my hand
A wooden cup of dark red wine I said:—
“ ‘Take this, O Cyclops, after thy repast
Of human flesh, and drink, that thou mayst know
What liquor was concealed within our ship.
I brought it as an offering to thee,
For I had hope that thou wouldst pity us,
And send us home. Yet are thy cruelties
Beyond all limit. Wicked as thou art,
Hereafter who, of all the human race,
Will dare approach thee, guilty of such wrong?’
“As thus I spake, he took the cup and drank.
The luscious wine delighted mightily
His palate, and he asked a second draught.
“ ‘Give me to drink again, and generously,
And tell thy name, that I might make a gift
Such as becomes a host. The fertile land
In which the Cyclops dwell yields wine, ’tis true,
And the large grapes are nursed by rains from Jove,
But nectar and ambrosia are in this.’
“He spake; I gave him of the generous juice
Again, and thrice I filled and brought the cup,
And thrice the Cyclops in his folly drank.
But when I saw the wine begin to cloud
His senses, I bespake him blandly thus:—
“ ‘Thou hast inquired, O Cyclops, by what name
Men know me. I will tell thee, but do thou
Bestow in turn some hospitable gift,
As thou hast promised. Noman is my name,
My father and my mother gave it me,
And Noman am I called by all my friends.’
“I ended, and he answered savagely:—
‘Noman shall be the last of all his band
Whom I will eat, the rest will I devour
Before him. Let that respite be my gift.’
“He spake, and, sinking backward at full length,
Lay on the ground, with his huge neck aside;
All-powerful sleep had overtaken him.
Then from his mouth came bits of human flesh
Mingled with wine, and from his drunken throat
Rejected noisily. I put the stake
Among the glowing coals to gather heat,
And uttered cheerful words, encouraging
My men, that none might fail me through their fears.
And when the olive-wood began to blaze,—
For though yet green it freely took the fire,—
I drew it from the embers. Round me stood

My comrades, whom some deity inspired
With calm, high courage. In their hands they took
And thrust into his eye the pointed bar,
While perched upon a higher stand than they
I twirled it round. As when a workman bores
Some timber of a ship, the men who stand
Below him with a strap, on either side
Twirl it, and round it spins unceasingly,
So, thrusting in his eye that pointed bar,
We made it turn. The blood came streaming forth
On the hot wood; the eyelids and the brow
Were scalded by the vapor, and the roots
Of the scorched eyeball crackled with the fire.
As when a smith, in forging axe or adze,
Plunges, to temper it, the hissing blade
Into cold water, strengthening thus the steel,
So hissed the eyeball of the Cyclops round
That olive stake. He raised a fearful howl;
The rocks rang with it, and we fled from him
In terror. Plucking from his eye the stake
All foul and dripping with the abundant blood,
He flung it madly from him with both hands.
Then called he to the Cyclops who in grots
Dwelt on that breezy height. They heard his voice
And came by various ways, and stood beside
The cave, and asked the occasion of his grief.
"'What hurts thee, Polyphemus, that thou thus
Dost break our slumbers in the ambrosial night
With cries? Hath any of the sons of men
Driven off thy flocks in spite of thee, or tried
By treachery or force to take thy life?'
"Huge Polyphemus answered from his den:—
'O friends! 'tis Noman who is killing me;
By treachery Noman kills me; none by force.'
"Then thus with wingèd words they spake again:—
'If no man does thee violence, and thou
Art quite alone, reflect that none escape
Diseases; they are sent by Jove. But make
Thy prayer to Father Neptune, ocean's king.'
"So spake they and departed. In my heart
I laughed to think that by the name I took,
And by my shrewd device, I had deceived
The Cyclops. Meantime, groaning and in pain,
And groping with his hands, he moved away
The rock that barred the entrance. There he sat,
With arms outstretched, to seize whoever sought
To issue from the cavern with the flock,
So dull of thought he deemed me. Then I planned

How best to save my comrades and myself
From death. I framed a thousand stratagems
And arts,—for here was life at stake, and great
The danger was. At last I fixed on this.
"The rams were plump and beautiful, and large
With thick, dark fleeces. These I silently
Bound to each other, three and three, with twigs
Of which that prodigy of lawless guilt,
The Cyclops, made his bed. The middle ram
Of every three conveyed a man; the two,
One on each side, were there to make him safe.
Thus each of us was borne by three but I
Chose for myself the finest one of all,
And seized him by the back, and slipping down
Beneath his shaggy belly, stretched myself
At length, and clung with resolute heart, and hands
That firmly clenched the rich abundant fleece.
Then sighed we for the holy Morn to rise.
"And when again the daughter of the Dawn,
The rosy-fingered Morn, looked forth, the males
Went forth to pasture, while the ewes remained
Within the stables, bleating, yet unmilked,
For heavy were their udders. Carefully
The master handled, though in grievous pain,
The back of every one that rose and passed,
Yet, slow of thought, perceived not that my men
Were clinging hid beneath their woolly breasts.
As the last ram of all the flock went out,
His thick fleece heavy with my weight, and I
In agitated thought, he felt his back,
And thus the giant Polyphemus spake:—
" 'My favorite ram, how art thou now the last
To leave the cave? It hath not been thy wont
To let the sheep go first, but thou didst come
Earliest to feed among the flowery grass,
Walking with stately strides, and thou wert first
At the fresh stream, and first at eve to seek
The stable; now thou art the last of all.
Grievest thou for thy master, who has lost
His eye, put out by a deceitful wretch
And his vile crew, who stupefied me first
With wine,—this Noman, who, if right I deem,
Has not escaped from death. O, didst thou think
As I do, and hadst but the power of speech
To tell me where he hides from my strong arm,
Then should his brains, dashed out against the ground,
Be scattered here and there; then should my heart
Be somewhat lighter, even amid the woes
Which Noman, worthless wretch, has brought on me!'

"He spake, and sent him forth among the rest;
And when we were a little way beyond
The cavern and the court, I loosed my hold
Upon the animal and unbound my men.
Then quickly we surrounded and drove off,
Fat sheep and stately paced, a numerous flock,
And brought them to our ship, where joyfully
Our friends received us, though with grief and tears
For those who perished. Yet I suffered not
That they should weep, but, frowning, gave command
By signs to lift with speed the fair-woolled sheep
On board, and launch our ship on the salt sea.
They went on board, where each one took his place
Upon the benches, and with diligent oars
Smote the gray deep; and when we were as far
As one upon the shore could hear a shout,
Thus to the Cyclops tauntingly I called:—
" 'Ha! Cyclops! those whom in thy rocky cave
Thou, in thy brutal fury, hast devoured,
Were friends of one not unexpert in war;
Amply have thy own guilty deeds returned
Upon thee. Cruel one! who didst not fear
To eat the strangers sheltered by thy roof,
Jove and the other gods avenge them thus.'
"I spake; the anger in his bosom raged
More fiercely. From a mountain peak he wrenched
Its summit, hurling it to fall beside
Our galley, where it almost touched the helm.
The rock dashed high the water where it fell,
And the returning billow swept us back
And toward the shore. I seized a long-stemmed pike
And pushed it from the shore, encouraging
The men to bend with vigor to their oars
And so escape. With nods I gave the sign.
Forward to vigorous strokes the oarsmen leaned
Till we were out at sea as far from land
As when I spake before, and then again
I shouted to the Cyclops, though my crew
Strove to prevent it with beseeching words,
And one man first and then another said:—
" 'O most unwise! why chafe that savage man
To fury,—him who just has cast his bolt
Into the sea, and forced us toward the land
Where we had well-nigh perished? Should he hear
A cry from us, or even a word of speech,
Then would he fling a rock to crush our heads
And wreck our ship, so fatal is his cast.'
"He spake, but moved not my courageous heart;
And then I spake again, and angrily:—

“ ‘Cyclops, if any man of mortal birth
Note thine unseemly blindness, and inquire
The occasion, tell him that Laertes’ son,
Ulysses, the destroyer of walled towns,
Whose home is Ithaca, put out thine eye!’
“I spake; he answered with a wailing voice:—
‘Now, woe is me! the ancient oracles
Concerning me have come to pass. Here dwelt
A seer named Telemus Eurymides,
Great, good, and eminent in prophecy,
And prophesying he grew old among
The Cyclops. He foretold my coming fate,—
That I should lose my sight, and by the hand
And cunning of Ulysses. Yet I looked
For one of noble presence, mighty strength,
And giant stature landing on our coast.
Now a mere weakling, insignificant
And small of stature, has put out my eye,
First stupefying me with wine. Yet come
Hither, I pray, Ulysses, and receive
The hospitable gifts which are thy due;
And I will pray to Neptune, and entreat
The mighty god to guide thee safely home.
His son am I, and he declares himself
My father. He can heal me if he will,
And no one else of all the immortal gods
Or mortal men can give me back my sight.’
“He spake; I answered: ‘Rather would I take
Thy life and breath, and send thee to the abode
Of Hades, where thou wouldst be past the power
Of even Neptune to restore thine eye.’
“As thus I said, the Cyclops raised his hands,
And spread them toward the starry heaven, and thus
Prayed to the deity who rules the deep:—
“ ‘Hear, dark-haired Neptune, who dost swathe the earth!
If I am thine, and thou dost own thyself
My father, grant that this Ulysses ne’er
May reach his native land! But if it be
The will of fate that he behold again
His friends, and enter his own palace-halls
In his own country, late and sorrowful
Be his return, and with his comrades lost,
And in a borrowed ship, and may he find
In his own home new griefs awaiting him.’
“He prayed, and Neptune hearkened to his prayer.
And then the Cyclops seized another stone,
Far larger than the last, and swung it round,

And cast it with vast strength. It fell behind
Our black-prowed galley, where it almost struck
The rudder's end. The sea was dashed on high
Beneath the falling rock, and bore our ship
On toward the shore we sought. When we now reached
The island where together in a fleet
Our other galleys lay, we found our friends
Sitting where they had waited long in grief.
We touched the shore and drew our galley up
On the smooth sand, and stepped upon the beach;
And taking from on board the sheep that formed
Part of the Cyclops' flock, divided them,
That none might be without an equal share.
When all the rest were shared, my warrior friends
Decreed the ram to me. Of him I made
Upon the beach a sacrifice to Jove
The Cloud-compeller, Saturn's son, whose rule
Is over all; to him I burned the thighs.
He heeded not the offering; even then
He planned the wreck of all my gallant ships,
And death of my dear comrades. All that day
Till set of sun we sat and feasted high
Upon the abundant meats and delicate wine.
But when the sun went down, and darkness crept
Over the earth, we slumbered on the shore;
And when again the daughter of the Dawn,
The rosy-fingered Morn, looked forth, I called
My men with cheerful words to climb the decks
And cast the hawsers loose. With speed they went
On board and manned the benches, took in hand
The oars and smote with them the hoary deep.
Onward with sadness, glad to have escaped,
We sailed, yet sorrowing for our comrades lost."

—WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

CIRCE[1]

[From Books X and XI]

"Onward we sailed, with sorrow in our hearts
For our lost friends, though glad to be reprieved

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From death. And now we landed at an isle,—
Ææa, where the fair-haired Circe dwelt,
A goddess high in rank and skilled in song,
Own sister of the wise Æætes. Both
Were children of the source of light, the Sun,
And Perse, Ocean's daughter, brought them forth.
We found a haven here, where ships might lie;
And guided by some deity we brought
Our galley silently against the shore,
And disembarked, and gave two days and nights
To rest, unmanned with hardship and with grief.
"When bright-haired Morning brought the third day round,
I took my spear and my good sword, and left
The ship, and climbed a height, in hope to spy
Some trace of human toil, or hear some voice.
On a steep precipice I stood, and saw
From the broad earth below a rising smoke,
Where midst the thickets and the forest-ground
Stood Circe's palace. Seeing that dark smoke,
The thought arose within my mind that there
I should inquire. I pondered till at last
This seemed the wisest,—to return at once
To my good ship upon the ocean-side,
And give my crew their meal, and send them forth
To view the region. Coming to the spot
Where lay my well-oared bark, some pitying god
Beneath whose eye I wandered forth alone
Sent a huge stag into my very path,
High-horned, which from his pasture in the wood
Descended to the river-side to drink,
For grievously he felt the hot sun's power.
Him as he ran I smote; the weapon pierced,
Just at the spine, the middle of his back.
The brazen blade passed through, and with a moan
He fell amid the dust, and yielded up
His life. I went to him, and set my foot
Against him, and plucked forth the brazen spear,
And left it leaning there. And then I broke
Lithe osiers from the shrubs, and twined of these
A rope, which, doubled, was an ell in length.
With that I tied the enormous creature's feet,
And slung him on my neck, and brought him thus
To my black ship. I used the spear to prop
My steps, since he no longer could be borne
Upon the shoulder, aided by the hand,
Such was the animal's bulk. I flung him down
Before the ship, encouraging my men

With cheerful words, and thus I said to each:—
"'My friends, we will not, wretched as we are,
Go down to Pluto's realm before our time.
While food and wine are yet within the hold
Of our good galley, let us not forget
Our daily meals, and famine-stricken pine.'
"I spake; they all obeyed, and at my word
Came forth, and standing by the barren deep
Admired the stag, for he was huge of bulk;
And when their eyes were tired with wondering,
My people washed their hands, and soon had made
A noble banquet ready. All that day
Till set of sun we sat and feasted there
Upon the abundant meat and delicate wine;
And when the sun went down, and darkness came,
We slept upon the shore. But when the Morn,
The rosy-fingered child of Dawn, looked forth,
I called a council of my men and spake:—
"'Give ear, my friends, amid your sufferings,
To words that I shall say. We cannot here
Know which way lies the west, nor where the east,
Nor where the sun, that shines for all mankind,
Descends below the earth, nor where again
He rises from it. Yet will we consult,
If room there be for counsel,—which I doubt,
For when I climbed that height I overlooked
An isle surrounded by the boundless deep,—
An isle low lying. In the midst I saw
Smoke rising from a thicket of the wood.'
"I spake; their courage died within their hearts
As they remembered what Antiphates,
The Læstrigon, had done, and what foul deeds
The cannibal Cyclops, and they wept aloud.
Tears flowed abundantly, but tears were now
Of no avail to our unhappy band.
"Numbering my well-armed men, I made of them
Two equal parties, giving each its chief.
Myself commanded one; Eurylochus,
The hero, took the other in his charge.
"Then in a brazen helm we shook the lots;
The lot of brave Eurylochus leaped forth,
And he with two-and-twenty of our men
Went forward with quick steps, and yet in tears,
While we as sorrowful were left behind.
"They found the fair abode where Circe dwelt,
A palace of hewn stone within the vale,
Yet nobly seated. There were mountain wolves
And lions round it, which herself had tamed

With powerful drugs; yet these assaulted not
The visitors, but, wagging their long tails,
Stood on their hinder feet, and fawned on them,
Like mastiffs on their master when he comes
From banqueting and brings them food. So fawned
The strong-clawed wolves and lions on my men.
With fear my men beheld those beasts of prey,
Yet went, and, standing in the portico
Of the bright-haired divinity, they heard
Her sweet voice singing, as within she threw
The shuttle through the wide immortal web,
Such as is woven by the goddesses,—
Delicate, bright of hue, and beautiful.
“Polites then, a chief the most beloved
And most discreet of all my comrades, spake:—
“ ‘Some one is here, my friends, who sweetly sings,
Weaving an ample web, and all the floor
Rings to her voice. Whoever she may be,
Woman or goddess, let us call to her.’
“He spake; aloud they called, and forth she came
And threw at once the shining doors apart,
And bade my comrades enter. Without thought
They followed her. Eurylochus alone
Remained without, for he suspected guile.
She led them in and seated them on thrones.
Then mingling for them Pramnian wine with cheese,
Meal, and fresh honey, and infusing drugs
Into the mixture,—drugs which made them lose
The memory of their home,—she handed them
The beverage and they drank. Then instantly
She touched them with a wand, and shut them up
In sties, transformed to swine in head and voice,
Bristles and shape, though still the human mind
Remained to them. Thus sorrowing they were driven
Into their cells, where Circe flung to them
Acorns of oak and ilex, and the fruit
Of cornel, such as nourish wallowing swine.
“Back came Eurylochus to our good ship
With news of our poor comrades and their fate;
He strove to speak, but could not; he was stunned
By that calamity; his eyes were filled
With tears, and his whole soul was given to grief.
We marvelled greatly; long we questioned him,
And thus he spake of our lost friends at last:—
“ ‘Through yonder thickets, as thou gav’st command,
Illustrious chief! we went, until we reached
A stately palace of hewn stones, within
A vale, yet nobly seated. Some one there,

Goddess or woman, weaving busily
An ample web, sang sweetly as she wrought.
My comrades called aloud, and forth she came,
And threw at once the shining doors apart,
And bade us enter. Without thought the rest
Followed, while I alone, suspecting guile,
Remained without. My comrades, from that hour,
Were seen no more; not one of them again
Came forth, though long I sat and watched for them.'
"He spake; I slung my silver-studded sword
Upon my shoulders,—a huge blade of brass,—
And my bow with it, and commanded him
To lead the way. He seized and clasped my knees
With both his hands in attitude of prayer,
And sorrowfully said these wingèd words:—
" 'Take me not thither; force me not to go,
O foster-child of Jove! but leave me here;
For thou wilt not return, I know, nor yet
Deliver one of our lost friends. Our part
Is to betake ourselves to instant flight
With these who yet remain, and so escape.'
"He spake, and I replied: 'Eurylochus,
Remain thou here, beside our roomy ship,
Eating and drinking. I shall surely go.
A strong necessity is laid on me.'
"I spake, and from the ship and shore went up
Into the isle; and when I found myself
Within that awful valley, and not far
From the great palace in which Circe dwelt,
The sorceress, there met me on my way
A youth; he seemed in manhood's early prime,
When youth has most of grace. He took my hand
And held it, and, accosting me, began:—
" 'Rash mortal! whither art thou wandering thus
Alone among the hills, where every place
Is strange to thee? Thy comrades are shut up
In Circe's palace in close cells like swine.
Com'st thou to set them free? Nay, thou like them
Wilt rather find thyself constrained to stay.
Let me bestow the means to make thee safe
Against that mischief. Take this potent herb,
And bear it with thee to the palace-halls
Of Circe, and it shall avert from thee
The threatened evil. I will now reveal
The treacherous arts of Circe. She will bring
A mingled draught to thee, and drug the bowl,
But will not harm thee thus; the virtuous plant
I gave thee will prevent it. Hear yet more:

When she shall smite thee with her wand, draw forth
Thy good sword from thy thigh and rush at her
As if to take her life, and she will crouch
In fear, and will solicit thine embrace.
Refuse her not, that so she may release
Thy comrades, and may send thee also back
To thine own land; but first exact of her
The solemn oath which binds the blessed gods,
That she will meditate no other harm
To thee, nor strip thee of thy manly strength.'
"The Argus-queller spake, and plucked from earth
The potent plant and handed it to me,
And taught me all its powers. The root is black,
The blossom white as milk. Among the gods
Its name is Moly; hard it is for men
To dig it up; the gods find nothing hard.
"Back through the woody island Hermes went
Toward high Olympus, while I took my way
To Circe's halls, yet with a beating heart.
There, as I stood beneath the portico
Of that bright-haired divinity, I called
Aloud; the goddess heard my voice and came,
And threw at once the shining doors apart,
And prayed me to come in. I followed her,
Yet grieving still. She led me in and gave
A seat upon a silver-studded throne,
Beautiful, nobly wrought, and placed beneath
A footstool, and prepared a mingled draught
Within a golden chalice, and infused
A drug with mischievous intent. She gave
The cup; I drank it off; the charm wrought not,
And then she smote me with her wand and said:—
'Go to the sty, and with thy fellows sprawl.'
"She spake; but drawing forth the trusty sword
Upon my thigh, I rushed at her as if
To take her life. She shrieked and, stooping low,
Ran underneath my arm and clasped my knees,
And uttered piteously these wingèd words:—
" 'Who art thou? of what race and of what land,
And who thy parents? I am wonder-struck
To see that thou couldst drink that magic juice
And yield not to its power. No living man
Whoever he might be, that tasted once
Those drugs, or passed them o'er his lips, has yet
Withstood them. In thy breast a spirit dwells
Not to be thus subdued. Art thou not then
Ulysses, master of wise stratagems,
Whose coming hither, on his way from Troy,

In his black galley, oft has been foretold
By Hermes of the golden wand? But sheathe
Thy sword and share my couch, that, joined in love,
Each may hereafter trust the other's faith.'
"She spake, and I replied: 'How canst thou ask,
O Circe, that I gently deal with thee,
Since thou, in thine own palace, hast transformed
My friends to swine, and plottest even now
To keep me with thee, luring me to pass
Into thy chamber and to share thy couch,
That thou mayst strip me of my manly strength?
I come not to thy couch till thou engage,
O goddess, by a solemn oath, that thou
Wilt never seek to do me further harm.'
"I spake; she straightway took the oath required,
And, after it was uttered and confirmed,
Up to her sumptuous couch I went. Meanwhile
Four diligent maidens ministered within
The palace,—servants of the household they,
Who had their birth from fountains and from groves,
And sacred rivers flowing to the sea.
One spread the thrones with gorgeous coverings;
Above was purple arras, and beneath
Were linen webs; another, setting forth
The silver tables just before the thrones,
Placed on them canisters of gold; a third
Mingled the rich wines in a silver bowl,
And placed the golden cups; and, last, a fourth
Brought water from the fountain, and beneath
A massive tripod kindled a great fire
And warmed the water. When it boiled within
The shining brass, she led me to the bath
And washed me from the tripod. On my head
And shoulders pleasantly she shed the streams
That from my members took away the sense
Of weariness, unmanning body and mind.
And when she thus had bathed me and with oil
Anointed me, she put a princely cloak
And tunic on me, led me in, and showed
My seat,—a stately silver-studded throne,
High-wrought,—and placed a footstool for my feet.
Then came a handmaid with a golden ewer,
And from it poured pure water for my hands
Into a silver laver. Next she placed
A polished table near to me, on which
The matron of the palace laid the feast,
With many delicacies from her store,
And bade me eat. The banquet pleased me not.

My thoughts were elsewhere; dark imaginings
Were in my mind. When Circe marked my mood,
As in a gloomy revery I sat,
And put not forth my hands to touch the feast,
She came to me and spake these wingèd words:—
"'Why sittest thou like one who has no power
Of speech, Ulysses, wrapt in thoughts that gnaw
Thy heart, and tasting neither food nor wine?
Still dost thou dream of fraud? It is not well
That thou shouldst fear it longer, since I pledged
Myself against it with a mighty oath.'
"She spake, and I replied: 'What man whose heart
Is faithful could endure to taste of food
Or wine till he could see his captive friends
Once more at large? If with a kind intent
Thou bidst me eat and drink, let me behold
With mine own eyes my dear companions free.'
"I spake; and Circe took her wand and went
Forth from her halls, and, opening the gate
That closed the sty, drove forth what seemed a herd
Of swine in their ninth year. They ranged themselves
Before her, and she went from each to each
And shed on them another drug. Forthwith
Fell from their limbs the bristles which had grown
All over them, when mighty Circe gave
At first the baleful potion. Now again
My friends were men, and younger than before,
And of a nobler mien and statelier growth.
They knew me all; and each one pressed my hand
In his, and there were tears and sobs of joy
That sounded through the palace. Circe too
Was moved, the mighty goddess; she drew near
And stood by me, and spake these wingèd words:—
"'Son of Laertes, nobly born and wise,
Ulysses! go to thy good ship beside
The sea and draw it up the beach, and hide
The goods and weapons in the caverns there,
And come thou back and bring with thee thy friends.'
"She spake, and easily my generous mind
Was moved by what she said. Forthwith I went
To my good ship beside the sea, and found
My friends in tears, lamenting bitterly.
As in some grange the calves come leaping round
A herd of kine returning to the stall
From grassy fields where they have grazed their fill,
Nor can the stall contain the young that spring
Around their mothers with continual bleat;
So when my comrades saw me through their tears

They sprang to meet me, and their joy was such
As if they were in their own native land
And their own city, on the rugged coast
Of Ithaca, where they were born and reared;
And as they wept they spake these wingèd words:—
"'O foster child of Jove! we welcome thee
On thy return with a delight as great
As if we all had reached again the land
That gave us birth, our Ithaca. And now
Tell by what death our other friends have died.'
"They spake; I answered with consoling words:—
'First draw our galley up the beach, and hide
Our goods and all our weapons in the caves,
And then let all make haste to follow me,
And see our friends in Circe's sacred halls,
Eating and drinking at the plenteous board.'
"I spake; and cheerfully my men obeyed,
Save that Eurylochus alone essayed
To hold them back, and spake these wingèd words:—
"'Ah, whither are we going, wretched ones?
Are ye so eager for an evil fate,
That ye must go where Circe dwells, who waits
To turn us into lions, swine, or wolves,
Forced to remain and guard her spacious house?
So was it with the Cyclops, when our friends
Went with this daring chief to his abode,
And perished there through his foolhardiness.'
"He spake; and then I thought to draw my sword
From my stout thigh, and with the trenchant blade
Strike off his head and let it fall to earth,
Though he were my near kinsman; yet the rest
Restrained me, each one speaking kindly words:—
"'Nay, foster-child of Jove! if thou consent,
This man shall stay behind and with the ship,
And he shall guard the ship, but lead us thou
To where the sacred halls of Circe stand.'
"They spake, and from the ship and shore went up
Into the land, nor was Eurylochus
Left with the ship; he followed, for he feared
My terrible threat. Meantime had Circe bathed
My comrades at the palace, and with oil
Anointed them, and robed them in fair cloaks
And tunics. There we found them banqueting.
When they and those who came with me beheld
Each other, and the memory of the past
Came back to them, they wept abundantly,
And all the palace echoed with their sobs.
And then the mighty goddess came and said:—

" 'Son of Laertes, nobly born and wise,
Prolong thou not these sorrows. Well I know
What ye have suffered on the fishy deep,
And all the evil that malignant men
Have done to thee on land. Now take the food
Before you, drink the wine, till ye receive
Into your hearts the courage that was yours
When long ago ye left your fatherland,
The rugged Ithaca. Ye are unnerved
And spiritless with thinking constantly
On your long wanderings, and your minds allow
No space for mirth, for ye have suffered much.'
"She spake; her words persuaded easily
Our generous minds, and there from day to day
We lingered a full year, and banqueted
Nobly on plenteous meats and delicate wines.
But when the year was ended, and the hours
Renewed their circle, my belovèd friends
From Circe's palace called me forth and said:—
" 'Good chief, do not forget thy native land,
If fate indeed permit that ever thou
Return in safety to that lofty pile,
Thy palace in the country of thy birth.'
"So spake they, and my generous mind was moved.
All that day long until the set of sun
We sat and feasted on the abundant meats
And delicate wines; and when the sun went down
They took their rest within the darkened halls,
While I to Circe's sumptuous couch went up,
A suppliant at her knees. The goddess heard
My prayer, as thus in wingèd words I said:—
" 'O Circe! make, I pray, the promise good
Which thou hast given, to send me to my home.
My heart is pining for it, and the hearts
Of all my friends, who weary out my life
Lamenting round me when thou art not nigh.'
"I spake; the mighty goddess thus replied:—
'Son of Laertes, nobly born and wise,
Ulysses! ye must not remain with me
Unwillingly; but ye have yet to make
Another voyage, and must visit first
The abode of Pluto, and of Proserpine
His dreaded queen, and there consult the soul
Of the blind seer Tiresias,—him of Thebes,—
Whose intellect was spared; for Proserpine
Gave back to him in death the power of mind,
That only he might know of things to come.
The rest are shades that flit from place to place.'

"Thus spake the goddess; and my heart was wrung
With sorrow, and I sat upon the couch
And wept, nor could I longer wish to live
And see the light of day. But when my grief,
With shedding tears and tossing where I sat,
Was somewhat spent, I spake to Circe thus:—
" 'O Circe, who will guide me when I make
This voyage? for no galley built by man
Has ever yet arrived at Pluto's realm.'
"I spake; the mighty goddess answered me:—
'Son of Laertes, nobly born and wise,
Take thou no thought of who shall guide thy bark,
But raise the mast and spread the glimmering sail,
And seat thyself, and let the north-wind waft
Thy galley on. As soon as thou shalt cross
Oceanus, and come to the low shore
And groves of Proserpine, the lofty groups
Of poplars, and the willows that let fall
Their withered fruit, moor thou thy galley there
In the deep eddies of Oceanus,
And pass to Pluto's comfortless abode.
There into Acheron are poured the streams
Of Pyriphlegethon, and of that arm
Of Styx, Cocytus. At the place where meet
The ever-roaring waters stands a rock;
Draw near to that, and there I bid thee scoop
In earth a trench, a cubit long and wide.
And round about it pour to all the dead
Libations,—milk and honey first, and next
Rich wine and lastly water, scattering
White meal upon them. Offer there thy prayer
Fervently to that troop of airy forms,
And make the vow that thou wilt sacrifice,
When thou at last shalt come to Ithaca,
A heifer without blemish, barren yet,
In thine own courts, and heap the altar-pyre
With things of price; and to the seer alone,
Tiresias, by himself, a ram whose fleece
Is wholly black, the best of all thy flocks.
And after thou hast duly offered prayer
To all the illustrious nations of the dead,
Then sacrifice a ram and a black ewe,
Their faces turned toward Erebus, but thine
The other way and toward the river streams.
Thither the souls of those who died will flock
In multitudes. Then call thy friends, and give
Command to flay in haste the sheep that lie
Slain by the cruel brass, and, burning there

The carcasses, pay worship to the gods,—
The powerful Pluto, and dread Proserpine.
Draw then the sword upon thy thigh, and sit,
And suffer none of all those airy forms
To touch the blood until thou first bespeak
Tiresias. He will come, and speedily,—
The leader of the people,—and will tell
What voyage thou must make, what length of way
Thou yet must measure, and will show thee how
Thou mayst return across the fishy deep.'
"She spake; and while she spake the Morn looked forth
Upon her golden throne. The Nymph bestowed
On me a cloak and tunic, and arrayed
Herself in a white robe with ample folds,—
A delicate web and graceful. Round her loins
She clasped a shining zone of gold, and hung
A veil upon her forehead. Forth I went
Throughout the palace and aroused my friends,
And thus I said in cheerful tones to each:—
"'No longer give yourselves to idle rest
And pleasant slumber; we are to depart.
The gracious Circe counsels us to go.'
"I spake, and easily their generous minds
Inclined to me. Yet brought I not away
All my companions safely from the isle.
Elpenor was the youngest of our band,
Not brave in war was he, nor wise in thought.
He, overcome with wine, and for the sake
Of coolness, had lain down to sleep, apart
From all the rest, on Circe's sacred House;
And as my friends bestirred themselves, the noise
And tumult roused him; he forgot to come
By the long staircase; headlong from the roof
He plunged; his neck was broken at the spine,
And his soul went to the abode of death.
"My friends came round me, and I said to them:—
'Haply your thought may be that you are bound
For the dear country of your birth; but know
That Circe sends us elsewhere, to consult
The Theban seer, Tiresias, in the abode
Of Pluto and the dreaded Proserpine.'
"I spake, and their hearts failed them as they heard;
They sat them down, and wept, and tore their hair,
But fruitless were their sorrow and their tears.
"Thus as we sadly moved to our good ship
Upon the sea-shore, weeping all the while,
Circe, meantime, had visited its deck,
And there had bound a ram and a black ewe

By means we saw not; for what eye discerns
The presence of a deity, who moves
From place to place, and wills not to be seen?
"Now when we reached our galley by the shore,
We drew it first into the mighty deep,
And set the mast and sails, and led on board
The sheep, and sorrowfully and in tears
Embarked ourselves. The fair-haired and august
Circe, expert in music, sent with us
A kindly fellow-voyager,—a wind
That breathed behind the dark-prowed bark, and swelled
The sails; and now, with all things in their place
Throughout the ship, we sat us down,—the breeze
And helmsman guiding us upon our way.
All day our sails were stretched, as o'er the deep
Our vessel ran; the sun went down; the paths
Of the great sea were darkened, and our bark
Reached the far confines of Oceanus."

—WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

THE BOW OF ODYSSEUS[1]

[From Book XXI]

After the recital of his experiences, the hero is carried back to his native land by the Phæacians. He finds his home besieged by the suitors of Penelope, who in spite of every difficulty has kept alive her belief in his return and has remained faithful to him. He appears disguised as a beggar, and with his bow slays the unwelcome suitors.

Pallas, the goddess of the azure eyes,
Woke in the mind of sage Penelope,
The daughter of Icarius, this design,—
To put into the suitors' hands the bow
And gray steel rings, and to propose a game
That in the palace was to usher in
The slaughter. So she climbed the lofty stair,
Up from the hall, and took in her plump hand
The fair carved key; its wards were wrought of brass,
And ivory was the handle. Soon she reached
The furthest room with her attendant maids.
There lay the treasures of Ulysses,—brass

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And gold, and steel divinely wrought. There lay
His bow unstrung; there lay his quiver charged
With arrows; many were the deadly shafts
It held, a stranger's gift, who met him once
In Lacedæmon, Iphitus by name,
The son of Eurytus, and like the gods
In presence. In Messene met the twain,
And in the mansion of Orsilochus,
The warlike. Thither had Ulysses come
To claim a debt from all the region round;
For rovers from Messene to their ships
Had driven and carried off from Ithaca
Three hundred sheep and those who tended them.
For this Ulysses, though a stripling yet,
Came that long voyage, on an embassy,
Sent by his father and the other chiefs.
And Iphitus had come in search of steeds
Which he had lost,—twelve mares, and under them
Twelve hardy mules, their foals. That errand brought
The doom of death upon him. For he came,
In journeying, to the abode of Hercules,
The mighty hero-son of Jupiter,
Famed for his labors, who, in his own house,
Slew Iphitus, the stranger. Cruel wretch!
Who reverenced not the vengeance of the gods,
Nor what was due to his own board, at which
He placed his guest, and slew him afterward,
And in his stables kept the goodly mares.
'Twas when this guest was seeking for his steeds
He met Ulysses, and bestowed on him
The bow, which mighty Eurytus once bore,
And dying in his lofty palace left
The weapon to his son. Ulysses gave
In turn a trenchant sword and massive lance,
A pledge of kindly hospitality,
Begun, but not continued till they sat
Each at the other's table; for the son
Of Jove first took the life of him who gave
The bow, the godlike son of Eurytus.
That bow Ulysses, when he went to war
In his black galleys, never took with him,
But left it in his palace, to be kept
In memory of a belovèd friend,
And only bore it in his own domain.
  Now when the glorious lady reached the room,
And stood upon the threshold, wrought of oak
And polished by the workman's cunning hand,
Who stretched the line upon it, and set up

Its posts, and hung its shining doors, she loosed
With a quick touch the thong that held the ring,
Put in the key, and with a careful aim
Struck back the sounding bolts. As when a bull
Roars in the field, such sound the beautiful doors,
Struck with the key, gave forth, and instantly
They opened to her. Up the lofty floor
She stepped, where stood the coffer that contained
The perfumed garments. Reaching forth her hand,
The queen took down the bow, that hung within
Its shining case, and sat her down, and laid
The case upon her knees, and, drawing forth
The monarch's bow, she wept aloud. As soon
As the new gush of tears had ceased to fall,
Back to the hall she went, and that proud throng
Of suitors, bearing in her hand the bow
Unstrung, and quiver, where the arrows lay
Many and deadly. Her attendant maids
Brought also down a coffer, where were laid
Much brass and steel, provided by the king
For games like these. The glorious lady then,
In presence of the suitors, stood beside
The columns that upheld the stately roof.
She held a lustrous veil before her cheeks,
And, while on either side of her a maid
Stood modestly, bespake the suitors thus:—
"Hear, noble suitors! ye who throng these halls,
And eat and drink from day to day, while long
My husband has been gone; your sole excuse
For all this lawlessness the claim ye make
That I become a bride. Come then, for now
A contest is proposed. I bring to you
The mighty bow that great Ulysses bore.
Whoe'er among you he may be whose hand
Shall bend this bow, and send through these twelve rings
An arrow, him I follow hence, and leave
This beautiful abode of my young years,
With all its plenty,—though its memory,
I think, will haunt me even in my dreams."
She spake, and bade the master of the swine,
The good Eumæus, place the bow and rings
Of hoary steel before the suitor-train.
In tears he bore the bow and laid it down.
The herdsman also wept to see again
His master's bow. Antinous called to both
With a loud voice, and chid them angrily:—
"Ye silly rustics, who can never see
Beyond the hour, why trouble with your tears

The lady who had grief enough besides
For her lost husband? Sit and share the feast
In silence, or go forth and leave the bow;
A difficult contest it will be for us,
Nor, as I think, will this fair bow be bent
With ease, since surely there is no man here
Such as Ulysses was. I saw him once,
While but a child, and still remember him."
He spake, yet in his secret heart believed
That he should bend the bow, and send a shaft
Through all the rings. And yet he was the first
To taste the steel,—an arrow from the hand
Of the great chief Ulysses,—whom he wronged
In his own palace, and to equal wrong
Encouraged others. Then Telemachus
Rose in his sacred might, and thus began:—
"Alas! it must be that Saturnian Jove
Has made me lose my wits. Wise as she is,
My mother promises to leave her home
And follow some one else, and yet I laugh,
And am delighted in my foolish heart.
Come then, since such a contest is proposed,
Ye suitors! and for such a woman too.
The like is not in all the lands of Greece,
Argos, Mycenæ, or the hallowed shore
Of Pylos, or in Ithaca itself,
Or the dark mainland coast. Ye know it well;
Why should I praise my mother? Come then, all;
Let there be no excuses for delay,
Nor longer leave the bow untried, that we
May see the event. I too am moved to try;
And if I bend the bow, and send a shaft
Through all the rings, my gracious mother then
Will not to my great grief, renounce her home,
And, following another, leave me here,
Although my prowess even now might win
The glorious prizes that my father won."
He spake and, rising, from his shoulders took
The purple cloak, and laid the trenchant sword
Aside; and first he placed the rings of steel
In order, opening for them in the ground
A long trench by a line, and stamping close
The earth around them. All admired the skill
With which he ranged them, never having seen
The game before. And then he took his place
Upon the threshold, and essayed the bow;
And thrice he made the attempt, and thrice gave o'er,
Yet hoping still to draw the cord, and send

An arrow through the rings. He would have drawn
The bow at the fourth trial, but a nod
Given by his father caused him to forbear,
Though eager for the attempt. And then again
The princely youth bespake the suitors thus:—
  "Well, this is strange! I may hereafter prove
A craven and a weakling, or perchance
Am too young yet, and cannot trust my arm
To do me right against the man who first
Assaults me. Come then, ye whose strength excels
My own, and try the bow, and end the strife."
  He spake, and setting down the bow to lean
Against the firm smooth panels of the wall,
And the swift shaft against the bow's fair curve,
He took again his seat upon the throne
From which he rose. And then Eupeithes' son,
Antinous, to the crowd of suitors said:—
  "Rise one by one, my friends, from right to left.
Begin where he begins who pours the wine."
  So spake Antinous, and the rest approved.
Then rose Leiodes, son of Œnops, first.
He was their seer, and always had his seat
Beside the ample bowl. From deeds of wrong
He shrank with hatred, and was sore incensed
Against the suitors all. He took the bow
And shaft, and, going to the threshold, stood
And tried the bow, yet bent it not; it galled
His hands, for they were soft, and all unused
To such a task; and thus at length he spake:—
  "O friends, I bend it not; another hand
Must try. This bow, upon this very spot,
Will take from many a prince the breath of life.
And better were it thus to die, by far,
Than, living, fail of that intent for which
We haunt this place, and still from day to day
Assemble. There is many a one whose wish
And hope are strong to wed Penelope,
The consort of Ulysses; but so soon
As he shall see and try the hero's bow
Let him with marriage presents seek to gain
Some other bride among the long-robed dames,
Achaia's daughters. Let him leave the queen
To wed the suitor who shall bring to her
The richest gifts, and him whom fate appoints."
  He spake, and setting down the bow to lean
Against the firm smooth panels of the wall,
And the swift shaft against the bow's fair curve,
He took again his seat upon the throne

From which he rose. Antinous then took up
The word and answered, and reproached him thus:—
"What words are these, Leiodes, that have passed
Thy lips? harsh words and fearful,—that this bow
Shall take from many princes here the breath
Of life, and all because thou hast no power
To bend it? Thy good mother bore thee not
To draw the bow and send the arrow forth,
But others of the noble suitor-train
Are here, by whom this bow shall yet be bent."
Then to Melanthius, keeper of the goats,
Antinous gave this bidding. "Light a fire
With speed, Melanthius, in the palace here,
And place a seat before it. Lay a fleece
Upon the seat, and bring us from within
An ample roll of fat, that we young men
By warming and anointing may make soft
The bow, and draw the cord, and end the strife."
He spake; Melanthius kindled instantly
A glowing fire, and near it placed a seat,
And on the seat a fleece, and from within
Brought forth an ample roll of fat, with which
The young men, having warmed it, smeared the bow
And tried, but bent it not, too weak by far
For such a feat. Antinous kept aloof,
He and the godlike youth Eurymachus,
Two princes who in might excelled the rest.
The herdsman of Ulysses meantime left
The palace, and with him the swineherd went,
And after them Ulysses. When they all
Were now without the gate and palace court,
Ulysses spake to them, and blandly said:—
"Herdsman and swineherd, shall I say to you
Somewhat, or shall I keep it back? My heart
Moves me to say it. Should Ulysses come,
Led by some god, and suddenly, what aid
Would he receive from you? Would ye take part
With him, or with the suitors? Frankly speak;
And tell me what your hearts would bid you do."
Then answered thus the keeper of the herds:
"O Father Jove! wouldst thou but grant my wish,
And let some god conduct him hither, then
Shall it be seen what might is in these hands!"
So also did Eumæus offer prayer
To all the deities, that speedily
The wise Ulysses might return; and when
The chief perceived in all its truth the thought
And purpose of their hearts, he spake and said:—

"Know, then, that I myself am he, at home
Again, returning in the twentieth year,
And after many sufferings, to the land
That saw my birth. I know that I am come
Welcome to you alone of all my train
Of servants, since I hear no others pray
For my return. Hear, then, what I engage
Shall be hereafter. If some god o'ercome
For me these arrogant suitors, I will give
To each of you a wife and lands, and build
For each a house near mine, and ye shall be
The friends and brothers of Telemachus
Thenceforth. And now, that ye may surely know
And trust me, I will show a token here,—
A scar which once the white tooth of a boar
Made, when long since, on the Parnassian mount,
I hunted with Autolycus's sons."
Thus having said, he drew from the broad scar
The covering rags; they looked and knew it well,
And wept, and round Ulysses threw their arms,
And kissed in that embrace the hero's head
And shoulders, while Ulysses also kissed
Their heads and hands. The sun would have gone down
Upon their weeping, but for him. He said:—
"Cease now from tears, lest some one from the hall
Should see us, and report of us within.
Now let us enter, not in company,—
I first, and ye thereafter, one by one,
And let the sign be this: the others all—
The haughty suitors—will refuse to me
The bow and quiver. When thou bearest it,
My noble friend Eumæus, through the halls,
Bring it and place it in my hands, and charge
The women to make fast the solid doors;
And then if any one of them should hear
A groan or other noise of men within,
Let her not issue forth, but silently
Pursue her task. Meantime be it thy care,
My good Philœtius, with a key to lock
The portals of the court and fix the chain."
Thus having said, into that noble pile
He passed again, and took the seat from which
He lately rose, and afterward, in turn
Entered the servants of the godlike chief.
Eurymachus was busy with the bow,
Turning and warming it before the blaze
On both its sides. He could not bend it thus.
There came a deep sigh from his boastful heart,

And greatly was he vexed, and sadly said:—
"Alas! great cause of grief indeed is here
For me and all. 'Tis not that I lament
So much the losing of the bride, although
That also vexes me,—there yet remain
Many fair ladies of the Achaian stock,
Both in the sea-girt lands of Ithaca
And other regions,—yet if we be found
To fall in strength of arm so far below
The great Ulysses that we cannot bend
His bow, our sons will hear of it with shame."
Eupeithes' son, Antinous, answered thus:
"Not so, Eurymachus, as thou thyself
Shouldst know. This day is held a solemn feast
Of Phœbus by the people. Who would draw
The bow to-day? Nay, lay it by in peace,
And suffer all the rings to stand as now;
For no man, as I think, will dare to come
Into the palace of Laertes' son
And take them hence. Let him who bears the cup
Begin to serve the wine, that, having poured
Part to the gods, we may lay down the bow,
And with the morning let Melanthius come,—
The goatherd,—bringing with him from the flock
The choicest goats, that we may burn the thighs,
An offering to the god of archery,
Apollo. Then will we again essay
The bow, and bring the contest to an end."
So spake Antinous, and they all approved.
Then heralds came, and on the suitors' hands
Poured water; youths filled up the cups with wine,
Beginning at the right, and gave to each
His share; and when they all had poured a part,
And each had drunk, the shrewd Ulysses thus
With artful speech bespake the suitor-train:—
"Hearken, ye suitors of the illustrious queen,
To what my heart is prompting me to say;
But chiefly to Eurymachus I make
My suit, and to Antinous, who so well
Hath counselled to lay by the bow and trust
The gods. To-morrow Phœbus will bestow
The needed strength on whomsoe'er he will;
But let me take that polished bow, and try
Among you, whether still the power that dwelt
In these once pliant limbs abides in them,
Or whether haply it has passed from me
Amid my wanderings and a life of want."
He spake, and all were vehemently moved

With anger, for they feared that he would bend
The bow, and thus Antinous, railing, spake:—
"Thou worthless vagabond, without a spark
Of reason, art thou not content to sit
And banquet with the proudest, where no part
Of all the feast escapes thee, hearing all
That we are saying, which no other man,
Stranger and beggar, is allowed to hear!
This good wine makes thee foolish, as wine oft
Makes those who swallow it too greedily,
And drink not with due stint. It maddened once
Eurytion, the famed Centaur, in the halls
Of the large-souled Pirithous. He had come
Among the Lapithæ, and when inflamed
With wine to madness, in those very halls
Did lawless deeds. The heroes were incensed.
They rushed upon him, dragged him through the porch
And out of doors, and there cut off his nose
And ears, and he departed, frenzied still,
And bearing in bewilderment of mind
His punishment, whence war arose between
Centaurs and men; yet surely he had brought
The evil on himself, when overcome
With wine. Such fearful mischief I foretell
Will light on thee, if thou shouldst bend this bow,
Nor canst thou hope for favour here among
The people. We will send thee speedily,
In a black galley, to King Echetus,
The enemy of human kind, from whom
Thou shalt find no escape. Drink, then, in peace
Thy wine, and seek no strife with younger men."
Then spake the sage Penelope again:
"Truly, Antinous, it becomes thee not,
Nor is it just, to vex the stranger guests
Who seek the palace of Telemachus.
Dost thou, then, think now, should this stranger bend,
Proud as he is of his great strength of arm,
The mighty bow that once Ulysses bore,
He leads me hence a bride? No hope of that
Is in his heart, and let no one of you
Who banquet here allow a thought like that
To vex him; 'tis a thing that cannot be."
Then to the queen, Eurymachus, the son
Of Polybus, replied: "We do not fear,
Sage daughter of Icarius, that this man
Will lead thee hence a bride; it cannot be.
We fear the speech of men and women both.
The very meanest of the Achaian race

Will say: 'Degenerate men are these, who seek
To wed the consort of a glorious chief,
Not one of whom can draw the bow he bore;
And now there comes a wandering beggar-man,
Who draws the bow with ease, and sends a shaft
Through all the rings of steel.' Thus will they speak,
And this will be to us a cause of shame!"
  And then the sage Penelope rejoined:
"Eurymachus, it cannot be that those
Should earn the general praise who make the wealth
Of a most worthy man their spoil, and bring
Dishonor on his house. The stranger's frame
Is powerful and well knit; he claims to be
Of noble parentage. Now let him take
The bow, and we will see the event; but this
I promise, and will make my promise good,
If he should bend it,—if Apollo give
To him that glory,—he shall have from me
A tunic and a cloak, fair garments both,
And a keen javelin, his defence against
Both dogs and men, a two-edged sword besides,
And sandals for his feet, and I engage
To send him whither he desires to go."
  Then spake discreet Telemachus again:
"Mother, in all Achaia there is none
Who has more power than I can claim, to grant
Or to deny the bow to whom I will.
No one of those who rule the rugged coast
Of Ithaca, or isle where Elis breeds
Her mares, may interpose to thwart my will,
If on the stranger I bestow the bow
To be his own, and bid him take it hence.
Withdraw, O queen, into thy bower; direct
Thy household tasks, the distaff and the web,
And bid thy maidens speed the work. The bow
Belongs to men, and most to me; for here,
Within these walls, the authority is mine."
  The queen, astonished, heard him and withdrew,
But kept her son's wise sayings in her heart.
And then ascending to her bower, among
Her maids, she wept her well-belovèd lord,
Ulysses, till the blue-eyed Pallas came,
And poured upon her lids the balm of sleep.
  Meantime the worthy swineherd bore the bow
In hand, and all along the palace-halls
The suitor-crew were chiding him aloud.
And thus an insolent youth among them spake:—
  "Thou awkward swineherd, whither goest thou

With the curved bow? Thy own fleet dogs which thou
Hast reared shall soon devour thee, far from men
And midst thy herds of swine, if we find grace
With Phœbus and the other deathless gods."
Such were their words; the swineherd where he stood
Set down the bow in fear, for many a voice
Called to him in the hall. On the other side
Shouted Telemachus with threatening words:—
"Nay, father, carry on the bow, nor think
To stop at every man's command; lest I,
Though younger than thyself, cast stones at thee,
And chase thee to the fields, for I in strength
Excel thee. Would that I excelled as far
In strength of arm the suitors in these halls!
Then would I roughly through the palace-gates
Drive many who are plotting mischief now."
He spake, and all with hearty laughter heard
His words, and for their sake allowed their wrath
Against the prince to cool. The swineherd went
Forward, along the hall, and, drawing near
The wise Ulysses, gave into his hands
The bow; and then he called the nurse aside,
Dame Eurycleia, and bespake her thus:—
"Sage Eurycleia, from Telemachus
I charge thee to make fast the solid doors,
And then, if any of the maids should hear
A groan or other noise of men within,
Let her not issue forth, but silently
Pursue the task in hand, and keep her place."
He spake, nor were his words in vain. The dame
Made fast the doors of that magnificent hall,
While silently Philœtius hastened forth
And locked the portals of the high-walled court.
A cable of the bark of Byblos lay
Beneath the portico,—it once had served
A galley,—and, with this the herdsman tied
The portals, and returning, took the seat
Whence he had risen, but ever kept his eye
Fixed on his lord. Ulysses, meantime, held
The bow, and, turning it, intently eyed
Side after side, and tried each part in turn,
For fear that worms, while he was far away,
Had pierced the horn. At this, a youth among
The suitors, turning to his neighbor, said:—
"Lo an inspector and a judge of bows!
Perhaps he has a bow like that at home,
Or else would make one like it. How he shifts
The thing with busy hands from side to side,—

The vagabond, well trained in knavish tricks!"
Then also said another insolent youth:
"May he in all things be as fortunate
As now, when he shall try to bend that bow!"
Such was their talk; but when the wary chief
Had poised and shrewdly scanned the mighty bow,
Then, as a singer, skilled to play the harp,
Stretches with ease on its new fastenings
A string, the twisted entrails of a sheep,
Made fast at either end, so easily
Ulysses bent that mighty bow. He took
And drew the cord with his right hand; it twanged
With a clear sound as when a swallow screams.
The suitors were dismayed, and all grew pale.
Jove in loud thunder gave a sign from heaven.
The much-enduring chief, Ulysses, heard
With joy the friendly omen, which the son
Of crafty Saturn sent him. He took up
A wingèd arrow, that before him lay
Upon a table, drawn; the others still
Were in the quiver's womb; the Greeks were yet
To feel them. This he set with care against
The middle of the bow, and toward him drew
The cord and arrow-notch, just where he sat,
And, aiming opposite, let fly the shaft.
He missed no ring at all; from first to last
The brass-tipped arrow threaded every one.
Then to Telemachus Ulysses said:—
"Telemachus, the stranger sitting here
Hath not disgraced thee. I have neither missed
The rings, nor found it hard to bend the bow;
Nor has my manly strength decayed, as these
Who seek to bring me to contempt pretend;
And now the hour has come when we prepare
A supper for the Achaians, while the day
Yet lasts, and after supper the delights
Of song and harp, which nobly grace a feast."
He spake, and nodded to Telemachus,
His well-belovèd son, who girded on
His trenchant sword, and took in hand his spear,
And, armed with glittering brass for battle, came
And took his station by his father's seat.

—William Cullen Bryant.

THE SLAYING OF THE SUITORS[1]

[From Book XXII]

Then did Ulysses cast his rags aside,
And, leaping to the threshold, took his stand
On its broad space, with bow and quiver filled
With arrows. At his feet the hero poured
The wingèd shafts, and to the suitors called:
"That difficult strife is ended. Now I take
Another mark, which no man yet has hit.
Now shall I see if I attain my aim,
And, by the aid of Phœbus, win renown."
He spake; and, turning, at Antinous aimed
The bitter shaft,—Antinous, who just then
Had grasped a beautiful two-eared cup of gold,
About to drink the wine. He little thought
Of wounds and death; for who, when banqueting
Among his fellows, could suspect that one
Alone against so many men would dare,
However bold, to plan his death, and bring
On him the doom of fate? Ulysses struck
The suitor with the arrow at the throat.
The point came through the tender neck behind;
Sideways he sank to earth; his hand let fall
The cup; the dark blood in a thick warm stream
Gushed from the nostrils of the smitten man.
He spurned the table with his feet, and spilled
The viands; bread and roasted meats were flung
To lie polluted on the floor. Then rose
The suitors in a tumult, when they saw
The fallen man; from all their seats they rose
Throughout the hall, and to the massive walls
Looked eagerly; there hung no buckler there,
No sturdy lance for them to wield. They called
Thus to Ulysses with indignant words:
"Stranger! in evil hour hast thou presumed
To aim at men; and thou shalt henceforth bear
Part in no other contest. Even now
Is thy destruction close to thee. Thy hand
Hath slain the noblest youth in Ithaca.
The vultures shall devour thy flesh for this."
So each one said; they deemed he had not slain
The suitor wittingly; nor did they see,
Blind that they were, the doom which in that hour

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Was closing round them all. Then with a frown
The wise Ulysses looked on them, and said:
"Dogs! ye had thought I never would come back
From Ilium's coast, and therefore ye devoured
My substance here, and offered violence
To my maid-servants, and pursued my wife
As lovers, while I lived. Ye dreaded not
The gods who dwell in the great heaven, nor feared
Vengeance hereafter from the hands of men;
And now destruction overhangs you all."
He spake, and all were pale with fear, and each
Looked round for some escape from death. Alone
Eurymachus found voice, and answered thus:
"If thou indeed be he, the Ithacan
Ulysses, now returned to thine old home,
Well hast thou spoken of the many wrongs
Done to thee by the Achaians in thy house
And in thy fields. But there the man lies slain
Who was the cause of all. Antinous first
Began this course of wrong. Nor were his thoughts
So much of marriage as another aim—
Which Saturn's son denied him—to bear rule
Himself o'er those who till the pleasant fields
Of Ithaca, first having slain thy son
In ambush. But he now has met his fate.
Spare, then, thy people. We will afterward
Make due amends in public for the waste
Here in thy palace of the food and wine.
For each of us shall bring thee twenty beeves,
And brass and gold, until thy heart shall be
Content. Till then we cannot blame thy wrath."
Sternly the wise Ulysses frowned, and said:
"Eurymachus, if thou shouldst offer me
All that thou hast, thy father's wealth entire,
And add yet other gifts, not even then
Would I refrain from bloodshed, ere my hand
Avenged my wrongs upon the suitor-crew.
Choose then to fight or flee, whoever hopes
Escape from death and fate; yet none of you
Will now, I think, avoid that bitter doom."
He spake. At once their knees and head grew faint,
And thus Eurymachus bespake the rest:
"This man, O friends, to his untamable arm
Will give no rest, but with that bow in hand,
And quiver, will send forth from where he stands
His shafts, till he has slain us all. Prepare
For combat then, and draw your swords, and hold
The tables up against his deadly shafts,

And rush together at him as one man,
And drive him from the threshold through the door.
Then, hurrying through the city, let us sound
The alarm, and soon he will have shot his last."
  He spake, and, drawing his keen two-edged sword
Of brass, sprang toward him with a dreadful cry,
Just as the great Ulysses, sending forth
An arrow, smote the suitor on the breast,
Beside the nipple. The swift weapon stood
Fixed in his liver; to the ground he flung
The sword, and, reeling giddily around
The table, fell; he brought with him to earth
The viands and the double cup, and smote
The pavement with his forehead heavily,
And in great agony. With both his feet
He struck and shook his throne, and darkness came
Over his eyes. Then rushed Amphinomus
Against the glorious chief, and drew his sword
To thrust him from the door. Telemachus
O'ertook him, and between the shoulders drove
A brazen lance. Right through his breast it went,
And he fell headlong, with his forehead dashed
Against the floor. Telemachus drew back,
And left his long spear in Amphinomus,
Lest, while he drew it forth, some one among
The Achaians might attack him with the sword,
And thrust him through or hew him down. In haste
He reached his father's side, and quickly said:
  "Now, father, will I bring to thee a shield,
Two javelins, and a helmet wrought of brass,
Well fitted to the temples. I will case
Myself in armor, and will also give
Arms to the swineherd, and to him who tends
The beeves; for men in armor combat best."
  And wise Ulysses answered: "Bring them then,
And quickly, while I yet have arrows here
For my defence, lest, when I am alone,
They drive me from my station at the door."
  He spake. Obedient to his father's word,
Telemachus was soon within the room
In which the glorious arms were laid. He took
Four bucklers thence, eight spears, and helmets four
Of brass, each darkened with its horsehair crest,
And bore them forth, and quickly stood again
Beside his father. But he first encased
His limbs in brass; his followers also put
Their shining armor on, and took their place
Beside the wise Ulysses, eminent

In shrewd devices. He, while arrows yet
Were ready to his hand, with every aim
Brought down a suitor; side by side they fell.
—William Cullen Bryant.

ODYSSEUS AND PENELOPE[1]

[From Book XXIII]

Up to the royal bower the matron went
With an exulting heart, to tell the queen
That her belovèd husband was within.
With knees that faltered not, and quick light step
She went, and, standing by her mistress, said:—
"Awake, Penelope, dear child, and see
With thine own eyes what thou hast pined for long.
Ulysses has returned; thy lord is here,
Though late, and he has slain the arrogant crew
Of suitors, who disgraced his house, and made
His wealth a spoil, and dared insult his son."
And thus discreet Penelope replied:
"The gods, dear nurse, have made thee mad; for they
Have power to change the wisest men to fools,
And make the foolish wise, and they have warped
Thy mind once sound. How canst thou mock me thus,
Amidst my sorrows, with such idle tales?
Why wake me from the pleasant sleep that closed
My lids so softly? Never have I slept
So sweetly since Ulysses went from me
To that bad city, which no tongue should name.
Go, then; return into the lower rooms.
Had any of my women save thyself
Brought such a message to disturb my sleep,
I would have sent her back into the hall
With angry words; thy years are thy excuse."
But Eurycleia, the dear nurse, rejoined:
"Nay, my dear child, I mock thee not. Most true
It is that thy Ulysses has returned,
And here he is at home, as I have said.
The stranger whom they scoffed at in the hall
Is he; and long Telemachus has known

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That he was here, but wisely kept from all
His father's secret, till he should avenge
Upon those violent men their guilty deeds."
She ended, and her mistress, overjoyed,
Sprang from her couch, embraced the aged dame,
And wept, and said to her in wingèd words:—
"Tell me, dear nurse, and truly, if indeed
Ulysses have returned as thou hast said.
How smote he those proud suitors?—he alone,
And they so many gathered, in the hall."
And thus the well-belovèd nurse replied:
"I saw it not, nor knew of it. I heard
Only the moanings of the slain, while we
The maids, affrighted, sat in a recess
Of that well-vaulted chamber; the firm doors
Closed us all in, until at length thy son,
Sent by his father, called me forth. I found
Ulysses standing midst the dead that lay
Heaped on each other, everywhere along
The solid pavement. Thou wouldst have rejoiced
To see him like a lion with the stains
Of slaughter on him. Now the suitors lie
Before the portals of the palace-court,
And he has kindled a great fire, and steeps
In smoke the noble hall. He bade me come
To call thee. Follow me, that ye may give
Your hearts to gladness,—for ye have endured
Great sorrows both, and your long-cherished hope
Is now fulfilled. He hath returned alive
To his dear home, and finds thee and his son
Yet in his palace, and hath terribly
Avenged himself upon the guilty men
Who under his own roof have done him wrong."
Then spake the sage Penelope again:
"Belovèd nurse, exult not overmuch,
Nor rashly boast. Well is it known to thee,
Were he to come beneath this roof again,
How welcome he would be to all, but most
To me and to the son to whom we gave
His being. Yet thy tidings are not true.
Some one of the immortals must have slain
The arrogant suitors, angry to behold
Their foul injustice and their many crimes;
For no respect had they for mortal man,
Good he might be, or bad, whome'er they met;
And therefore have they made an evil end.
But my Ulysses must have perished far
From Ithaca, cut off from his return."

Then Eurycleia, the dear nurse, rejoined:
"What words are these, my child, that pass thy lips?
Sayst thou, then, that thy husband, who now stands
Upon thy hearthstone, never will return?
O slow of faith! but thou wert ever thus.
Come, then, I give a certain proof. I saw
Myself, when he was at the bath, the scar
Left on him by the white tusk of a boar,
And would have told thee, but he laid his hands
Upon my mouth, and would not suffer me
To bear the tidings, such his forecast was.
Now follow me; I give my life in pledge.
If I deceive thee, slay me ruthlessly."
Then spake discreet Penelope again:
"Dear nurse, though thou in many things art wise,
Think not to scan the counsels of the gods,
Who live forever. Yet will we descend,
And meet my son, and look upon the slain,
And see the avenger by whose hand they fell."
She spake, and from the royal bower went down,
Uncertain whether she should stand aloof
And question there her lord, or haste to him
And clasp his hands in hers and kiss his brow.
But having passed the threshold of hewn stone,
Entering she took her seat right opposite
Ulysses, in the full glow of the fire,
Against the other wall. Ulysses sat
Beside a lofty column with his eyes
Cast down, and waiting for his high-born wife
To speak when she had seen him. Long she sat
In silence, for amazement overpowered
Her senses. Sometimes, looking in his eyes,
She saw her husband there, and then again
Clad in those sordid weeds, she knew him not.
Then spake Telemachus, and chid her thus:—
"Mother, unfeeling mother! hard of heart
Art thou; how else couldst thou remain aloof?
How keep from taking, at my father's side,
Thy place, to talk with him, and question him?
No other wife could bring herself to bear
Such distance from a husband, just returned
After long hardships, in the twentieth year
Of absence, to his native land and her.
Mother! thy heart is harder than a stone."
And thus the sage Penelope replied:
"Dear child, my faculties are over-powered
With wonder, and I cannot question him,
Nor even speak to him, nor fix my looks

Upon his face. But if it be indeed
Ulysses, and he have returned, we soon
Shall know each other; there are tokens known
To both of us, to none but him and me."
She ended, and the much-enduring chief
Ulysses, smiling at her words, bespake
Telemachus at once, in wingèd words:—
"Suffer thy mother, O Telemachus,
To prove me; she will know me better soon.
My looks are sordid, and my limbs are wrapped
In tattered raiment, therefore she does think
Meanly of me, and cannot willingly
Believe that I am he. But let us now
Consider what most wisely may be done.
He who hath slain, among a tribe of men,
A single one with few to avenge his death,
Flees from his kindred and his native land;
But we have slain the champions of the realm,
The flower of all the youth of Ithaca.
Therefore, I pray thee, think what shall be done."
And then discreet Telemachus replied:
"Look thou to that, dear father; for they say
That thou of all mankind wert wont to give
The wisest counsels. None of mortal birth
In this was deemed thy peer. We follow thee
With cheerful hearts; nor will our courage fail,
I think, in aught that lies within our power."
Ulysses, the sagacious, answered thus:
"Then will I tell thee what I deem most wise.
First take the bath, and then array yourselves
In tunics, bid the palace-maidens choose
Fresh garments; let the godlike bard, who bears
The clear-toned harp, be leader, and strike up
A melody to prompt the festive dance,
That all may say who hear it from without,—
Whether the passers by or dwellers near,—
'It is a wedding.' Else throughout the land
The rumor of the slaughter we have wrought
Among the suitors may have spread before
We reach our wooded farm, and there consult
Beneath the guidance of Olympian Jove."
He spake; they hearkened and obeyed. They took
The bath, and then they put their garments on.
The maids arrayed themselves; the god-like bard
Took the curved harp, and woke in all the love
Of melody, and of the graceful dance.
The spacious pile resounded to the steps
Of men and stately women in their mirth,

And one who stood without was heard to say:—
"Some one, no doubt, has made the long-wooed queen
His bride at last; a worthless woman she,
Who could not, for the husband of her youth,
Keep his fair palace till he came again."
Such words were said, but they who uttered them
Knew little what had passed. Eurynome,
The matron of the palace, meantime took
Magnanimous Ulysses to the bath
In his own dwelling, smoothed his limbs with oil,
And threw a gorgeous mantle over him
And tunic. Pallas on the hero's head
Shed grace and majesty; she made him seem
Taller and statelier, made his locks flow down
In curls like blossoms of the hyacinth,
As when a workman skilled in many arts,
And taught by Pallas and Minerva, twines
A golden border round the silver mass,
A glorious work; so did the goddess shed
Grace o'er his face and form. So from the bath
He stepped, like one of the immortals, took
The seat from which he rose, right opposite
Penelope, and thus addressed the queen:—
"Lady, the dwellers of the Olympian heights
Have given thee an impenetrable heart
Beyond all other women. Sure I am,
No other wife could bring herself to bear
Such distance from a husband just returned
After long hardships, in the twentieth year
Of absence, to his native land and her.
Come, nurse, prepare a bed, where by myself
I may lie down; an iron heart is hers."
To this the sage Penelope replied:
"Nay, sir, 'tis not through pride or disregard,
Or through excess of wonder, that I act
Thus toward thee. Well do I remember thee
As thou wert in the day when thy good ship
Bore thee from Ithaca. Bestir thyself,
Dame Eurycleia, and make up with care
A bed without the chamber, which he framed
With his own hands; bear out the massive bed,
And lay upon it seemly coverings,
Fleeces and mantles for his nightly rest."
She spake to try her husband; but, displeased,
Ulysses answered thus his virtuous queen:—
"O woman, thou hast said unwelcome words.
Who hath displaced my bed? That task were hard
For long-experienced hands, unless some god

Hath come to shift its place. No living man,
Even in his prime of years, could easily
Have moved it, for in that elaborate work
There was a mystery; it was I myself
Who shaped it, no one else. Within my court
There grew an olive-tree with full-leaved boughs,
A tall and flourishing tree; its massive stem
Was like a column. Round it I built up
A chamber with cemented stones until
The walls were finished; then I framed a roof
Above it, and put on the well-glued doors
Close fitting. Next I lopped the full-leaved boughs,
And, cutting off the trunk above the root,
Smoothed well the stump with tools, and made of it
A post to bear the couch. I bored the wood
With wimbles, placed it on the frame, and carved
The work till it was done, inlaying it
With silver, gold, and ivory. I stretched
Upon it thongs of oxhide brightly dyed
In purple. Now, O wife, I cannot know
Whether my bed remains as then it was,
Or whether some one from the root has hewn
The olive trunk, and moved it from its place."
   He spake, and her knees faltered and her heart
Was melted as she heard her lord recount
The tokens all so truly; and she wept,
And rose, and ran to him, and flung her arms
About his neck, and kissed his brow, and said:—
   "Ulysses, look not on me angrily,
Thou who in other things art wise above
All other men. The gods have made our lot
A hard one, jealous lest we should have passed
Our youth together happily, and thus
Have reached old age. I pray, be not incensed,
Nor take it ill that I embraced thee not
As soon as I beheld thee, for my heart
Has ever trembled lest some one who comes
Into this isle should cozen me with words;
And they who practice fraud are numberless.
The Argive Helen, child of Jupiter,
Would ne'er have listened to a stranger's suit
And loved him, had she known that in the years
To come the warlike Greeks would bring her back
To her own land. It was a deity
Who prompted her to that foul wrong. Her thought
Was never of the great calamity
Which followed, and which brought such woe on us.
But now, since thou, by tokens clear and true,

Hast spoken of our bed, which human eye
Has never seen save mine and thine, and those
Of one handmaiden only, Actoris,—
Her whom my father gave me when I came
To this thy palace, and who kept the door
Of our close chamber,—thou hast won my mind
To full belief, though hard it was to win."
She spake, and he was moved to tears; he wept
As in his arms he held his dearly loved
And faithful wife. As welcome as the land
To those who swim the deep, of whose stout bark
Neptune has made a wreck amidst the waves,
Tossed by the billow and the blast, and few
Are those who from the hoary ocean reach
The shore, their limbs all crested with the brine,
These gladly climb the sea-beach, and are safe,—
So welcome was her husband to her eyes.
Nor would her fair white arms release his neck,
And there would rosy-fingered Morn have found
Both weeping, but the blue-eyed Pallas planned
That thus it should not be; she stayed the night
When near its close, and held the golden Morn
Long in the ocean deeps, nor suffered her
To yoke her steeds that bring the light to men,—
Lampas and Phaethon, swift steeds that bear
The Morning on her way. Ulysses then,
The man of forecast, thus bespake his queen:—
"Not yet, O wife, have we attained the close
Of all our labors. One remains which yet
I must achieve, toilsome, and measureless
In difficulty; for so prophesied
The spirit of Tiresias, on the day
When to the abode of Pluto I went down
To ask the seer concerning the return
Of my companions, and my own. But now
Seek we our couch, dear wife, that, softly laid,
We may refresh ourselves with welcome sleep."
Then spake in turn the sage Penelope:
"Whenever thou desirest it thy couch
Shall be made ready, since the gods vouchsafe
To bring thee back into thy pleasant home
And to thy native land. But now that thou
Hast spoken it, and that some deity
Is prompting thee, declare what this new task
May be. Hereafter I shall hear of it,
No doubt, nor were it worse to know it now."
Ulysses, the sagacious, answered thus:
"Dear wife, why wilt thou ask? why press me thus?

Yet will I tell thee truly, nor will keep
Aught from thee, though thou wilt not gladly hear,
Nor I relate. Tiresias bade me pass
Through city after city, till I found
A people who know not the sea, nor eat
Their food with salt, who never yet beheld
The red-prowed galley, nor the shapely oars,
Which are the wings of ships. And this plain sign
He gave, nor will I keep it back from thee,
That when another traveller whom I meet
Shall say it is a winnowing-fan I bear
On my stout shoulder, there he bade me plant
The oar upright in earth, and offer up
To monarch Neptune there a ram, a bull,
And sturdy boar, and then, returning home,
Burn hallowed hecatombs to all the gods
Who dwell in the broad heaven, each one in turn.
At last will death come over me, afar
From ocean, such a death as peacefully
Shall take me off in a serene old age,
Amid a people prosperous and content.
All this, the prophet said, will come to pass."
  And then the sage Penelope rejoined:
"If thus the immortals make thy later age
The happier, there is hope that thou wilt find
Escape from evil in the years to come."
  So talked they with each other. Meantime went
Eurynome, attended by the nurse,
And in the light of blazing torches dressed
With soft fresh drapery a bed; and when
Their busy hands had made it full and high,
The aged dame withdrew to take her rest
In her own chamber, while Eurynome,
Who kept the royal bower, upheld a torch
And thither led the pair, and, when they both
Were in the chamber, went her way. They took
Their place delighted in the ancient bed.
The prince, the herdsman, and the swineherd ceased
Meantime to tread the dance, and bade the maids
Cease also, and within the palace-rooms
Dark with night's shadow, sought their place of rest.
Then came the time of pleasant mutual talk,
In which the noblest among women spake
Of wrongs endured beneath her roof from those
Who came to woo her,—an insatiate crew,—
Who made of beeves and fatlings of the flock
Large slaughter, and drained many a wine-cask dry.
Then nobly born Ulysses told what woes

His valor brought on other men; what toils
And suffering he had borne; he told her all,
And she, delighted, heard him, nor did sleep
Light on her eyelids till his tale was done.
And first he told her how he overcame
The people of Ciconia; how he passed
Thence to the rich fields of the race who feed
Upon the lotus; what the Cyclops did,
And how upon the Cyclops he avenged
The death of his brave comrades, whom the wretch
Had piteously slaughtered and devoured.
And how he came to Æolus, and found
A friendly welcome, and was sent by him
Upon his voyage; yet 'twas not his fate
To reach his native land; a tempest caught
His fleet, and far across the fishy deep
Bore him away, lamenting bitterly.
And how he landed at Telepylus,
Among the Læstrigonians, who destroyed
His ships and warlike comrades, he alone
In his black ship escaping. Then he told
Of Circe, her deceit and many arts,
And how he went to Pluto's dismal realm
In his good galley, to consult the soul
Of him of Thebes, Tiresias, and beheld
All his lost comrades and his mother,—her
Who brought him forth, and trained him when a child.
And how he heard the Sirens afterward,
And how he came upon the wandering rocks,
The terrible Charybdis, and the crags
Of Scylla,—which no man had ever passed
In safety; how his comrades slew for food
The oxen of the Sun; how Jupiter,
The Thunderer, with a bolt of fire from heaven
Smote his swift bark; and how his gallant crew
All perished, he alone escaped with life.
And how he reached Ogygia's isle, he told,
And met the nymph Calypso, who desired
That he would be her husband, and long time
Detained and fed him in her vaulted grot,
And promised that he ne'er should die, nor know
Decay of age, through all the days to come;
Yet moved she not the purpose of his heart.
And how he next through many hardships came
To the Phæacians, and they welcomed him
And honored him as if he were a god,
And to his native country in a bark
Sent him with ample gifts of brass and gold

And raiment. As he uttered this last word,
Sleep softly overcame him; all his limbs
Lay loose in rest, and all his cares were calmed.
The blue-eyed Pallas had yet new designs;
And when she deemed Ulysses was refreshed
With rest and sleep, in that accustomed bed,
She called the Morning, daughter of the Dawn,
To rise from ocean in her car of gold,
And shed her light on men. Ulysses rose
From his soft couch, and thus enjoined his spouse:—
"O wife! enough of misery have we borne
Already,—thou in weeping for my long
Unhappy absence,—I for years withheld
By Jupiter and all the other gods
From my return to this dear land, although
I pined for home. Now since upon this couch
We take the place so earnestly desired,
Take thou the charge of all that I possess
Here in the palace. For the herds and flocks
Which those high-handed suitors have devoured,
I shall seize many others as a spoil;
The rest the Greeks will bring me, till my stalls
Are filled again. I hasten to my farm
Embowered in trees, to greet the aged man
My excellent father, who continually
Grieves for me. Prudent as thou art, I give
This charge; a rumor, with the rising sun,
Will quickly go abroad that I have slain
The suitors in the palace. Now withdraw,
Thou and thy maidens, to the upper room,
And sit and look not forth, nor ask of aught."
So spake the chief, and on his shoulders braced
His glorious armor. Then he called his son,
The herdsman, and the swineherd, bidding them
To take in hand their weapons. They obeyed,
And, having armed themselves in brass, they threw
The portals open. As they all went forth,
Ulysses led the way. The early light
Was on the earth, but Pallas, shrouding them
In darkness, led them quickly through the town.

—WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

III. THE EPIC OF EVERYDAY LIFE: HESIOD'S WORKS AND DAYS

Hesiod, the Man of Ascra, a village in Bœotia, flourished about 800 B.C. He was the son of a small landholder, whose toil in the fields taught him the dignity of labor and filled him with a childlike love of the natural world about him. The loss of a suit against his brother concerning a division of inherited property, though it kindled in his heart a spirit of bitterness, was the impulse to an examination into the real values of life. His bitterness expressed itself in satiric attacks and in a general pessimism which pronounced the world a gloomy place and the gods hard masters. His reflection led to the glorification of the things of the spirit, to an abiding faith that good would ultimately prevail, and to the preaching of thrift, economy, labor, order, as the way to bring about this desired end.

He employed the epic form, but changed its purpose from one of entertainment to one of instruction of the common man in the ordinary pursuits of life. He thus created the Greek *didactic epic*. The two important works ascribed to him are the *Works and Days* and the *Theogony*. The theme of the former, a sort of farmer's manual, is the presence of evil in the world and the escape from it through industry and toil. The *Theogony*, a systematic summary of the stories about the gods current in Hesiod's time, groups the various divinities not according to their deeds and powers but according to their descent, so that the unifying principle is genealogy.

PANDORA'S BOX

The myth of Pandora is an allegory on the origin of evil.

"Oh, son of Japhet!" with indignant heart,
Spake the Cloud-gatherer: "Oh, unmatched in art!
Exultest thou in this the flame retrieved,
And dost thou triumph in the god deceived?
But thou, with the posterity of man,
Shalt rue the fraud whence mightier ills began:
I will send evil for thy stealthy fire,
An ill which all shall love, and all desire."
The Sire who rules the earth and sways the pole
Had said, and laughter filled his secret soul:
He bade famed Vulcan with the speed of thought
Mould plastic clay with tempering waters wrought:
Inform with voice of man the murmuring tongue;
The limbs with man's elastic vigour strung;
The aspect fair as goddesses above,
A virgin's likeness with the brows of love.
He bade Minerva teach the skill, that sheds
A thousand colours in the gliding threads:
Bade lovely Venus breathe around her face

The charm of air, the witchery of grace:
Infuse corroding pangs of keen desire,
And cares that trick the form with pranked attire:
Bade Hermes last implant the craft refined
Of thievish manners and a shameless mind.
He gives command; th' inferior powers obey:
The crippled artist moulds the tempered clay:
By Jove's design a maid's coy image rose:
The zone, the dress, Minerva's hands dispose:
Adored Persuasion, and the Graces young,
With chains of gold her shapely person hung:
Round her smooth brow the beauteous-tressèd Hours
A garland twined of spring's purpureal flowers:
The whole, Minerva with adjusting art
Forms to her shape and fits to every part.
Last by the counsels of deep-thundering Jove,
The Argicide, his herald from above,
Adds thievish manners, adds insidious lies,
And prattled speech of sprightly railleries:
Then by the wise interpreter of heaven
The name Pandora to the maid was given:
Since all in heaven conferred their gifts to charm,
For man's inventive race, this beauteous harm.
When now the Sire had formed this mischief fair,
He bade heaven's messenger convey through air
To Epimetheus' hands th' inextricable snare:
Nor he recalled within his heedless thought
The warning lesson by Prometheus taught:
That he disclaim each present from the skies,
And straight restore, lest ill to man arise:
But he received; and conscious knew too late
Th' insidious gift, and felt the curse of fate.
On earth of yore the sons of men abode,
From evil free and labour's galling load:
Free from diseases that with racking rage
Precipitate the pale decline of age.
Now swift the days of manhood haste away,
And misery's pressure turns the temples gray.
The woman's hands an ample casket bear;
She lifts the lid; she scatters ills in air.
Within th' unbroken vase Hope sole remained,
Beneath the vessel's rim from flight detained:
The maid, by counsels of cloud-gathering Jove,
The coffer sealed and dropped the lid above.
Issued the rest in quick dispersion hurled,
And woes innumerous roamed the breathing world:
With ills the land is rife, with ills the sea,
Diseases haunt our frail humanity:

Through noon, through night on casual wing they glide,
Silent, a voice the Power all-wise denied.
Thus mayst thou not elude th' omniscient mind.

—C. A. Elton.

THE FIVE AGES OF MAN

Here is traced the gradual increase of evil through the several successive stages in the decline of man.

Now if thy thoughts be to my speech inclined,
I in brief phrase would other law impart
Wisely and well: thou, grave it on thy heart.
When gods alike and mortals rose to birth,
A golden race th' immortals formed on earth
Of many languaged men: they lived of old
When Saturn reigned in heaven, an age of gold.
Like gods they lived, with calm untroubled mind,
Free from the toil and anguish of our kind:
Nor e'er decrepid age misshaped their frame,
The hand's, the foot's proportions still the same.
Strangers to ill, their lives in feasts flowed by:
Wealthy in flocks; dear to the blest on high:
Dying they sank in sleep, nor seemed to die.
Theirs was each good; the life-sustaining soil
Yielded its copious fruits, unbribed by toil:
They with abundant goods midst quiet lands
All willing shared the gatherings of their hands.
When earth's dark womb had closed this race around,
High Jove as dæmons raised them from the ground.
Earth-wandering spirits they their charge began,
The ministers of good, and guards of man.
Mantled with mist of darkling air they glide,
And compass earth, and pass on every side:
And mark with earnest vigilance of eyes
Where just deeds live, or crooked wrongs arise—
Kingly their state; and, delegate from heaven,
By their vicarious hands the wealth of fields is given.
The gods then formed a second race of man,
Degenerate far; and silver years began.
Unlike the mortals of a golden kind:
Unlike in frame of limbs and mould of mind.
Yet still a hundred years beheld the boy
Beneath the mother's roof, her infant joy,

All tender and unformed: but when the flower
Of manhood bloomed, it withered in an hour.
Their frantic follies wrought them pain and woe:
Nor mutual outrage could their hands forego:
Nor would they serve the gods: nor altars raise
That in just cities shed their holy blaze.
Them angry Jove ingulfed, who dared refuse
The gods their glory and their sacred dues:
Yet named the second-blest in earth they lie,
And second honours grace their memory.
  The Sire of heaven and earth created then
A race, the third of many-languaged men.
Unlike the silver they: of brazen mould:
With ashen war-spears terrible and bold:
Their thoughts were bent on violence alone,
The deeds of battle and the dying groan.
Bloody their feasts, with wheaten food unblest:
Of adamant was each unyielding breast.
Huge, nerved with strength each hardy giant stands,
And mocks approach with unresisted hands:
Their mansions, implements, and armour shine
In brass; dark iron slept within the mine.
They by each other's hands inglorious fell,
In freezing darkness plunged, the house of hell:
Fierce though they were, their mortal course was run;
Death gloomy seized and snatched them from the sun.
  Them when th' abyss had covered from the skies,
Lo! the fourth age on nurturing earth arise:
Jove formed the race a better, juster line;
A race of heroes and of stamp divine:
Lights of the age that rose before our own;
As demi-gods o'er earth's wide regions known.
Yet these dread battle hurried to their end:
Some where the seven-fold gates of Thebes ascend—
The Cadmian realm, where they with fatal might
Strove for the flocks of Œdipus in fight.
Some war in navies led to Troy's far shore;
O'er the great space of sea their course they bore,
For sake of Helen with the beauteous hair:
And death for Helen's sake o'erwhelmed them there.
Them on earth's utmost verge the god assigned
A life, a seat, distinct from human kind:
Beside the deepening whirlpools of the main,
In those blest isles where Saturn holds his reign,
Apart from Heaven's immortals: calm they share
A rest unsullied by the clouds of care:
And yearly thrice with sweet luxuriance crowned
Springs the ripe harvest from the teeming ground.

Oh would that nature had denied me birth
Midst this fifth race, this iron age of earth:
That long before within the grave I lay,
Or long hereafter could behold the day!
Corrupt the race, with toils and griefs opprest,
Nor day nor night can yield a pause of rest.
Still do the gods a weight of care bestow,
Though still some good is mingled with the woe.
Jove on this race of many-languaged man,
Speeds the swift ruin which but slow began;
For scarcely spring they to the light of day
Ere age untimely strews their temples gray.
No fathers in the sons their features trace:
The sons reflect no more the father's face:
The host with kindness greets his guest no more,
And friends and brethren love not as of yore.
Reckless of heaven's revenge, the sons behold
The hoary parents wax too swiftly old,
And, impious, point the keen dishonouring tongue
With hard reproofs and bitter mockeries hung:
Nor grateful in declining age repay
The nurturing fondness of their better day.
Now man's right hand is law: for spoil they wait,
And lay their mutual cities desolate:
Unhonoured he, by whom his oath is feared,
Nor are the good beloved, the just revered.
With favour graced the evil-doer stands,
Nor curbs with shame nor equity his hands:
With crooked slanders wounds the virtuous man,
And stamps with perjury what hate began.
Lo! ill-rejoicing Envy, winged with lies,
Scattering calumnious rumours as she flies,
The steps of miserable men pursue
With haggard aspect, blasting to the view,
Till those fair forms in snowy raiment bright
Leave the broad earth and heaven-ward soar from sight:
Justice and Modesty from mortals driven,
Rise to th' immortal family of heaven:
Dread sorrows to forsaken man remain;
No cure of ills: no remedy of pain.

—C. A. Elton.

gold
silver
bronze
hero
iron

OF PLANTING

The lesson to be learned from the realization of evil is work. The latter part of the poem is concerned with advice and precepts on agriculture.

When, Atlas-born, the Pleiad stars arise
Before the sun above the dawning skies,
'Tis time to reap; and when they sink below
The morn-illumined west, 'tis time to sow.
Know too they set, immerged into the sun,
While forty days entire their circle run;
And with the lapse of the revolving year,
When sharpened is the sickle, re-appear.
Law of the fields, and known to every swain
Who turns the fallow soil beside the main;
Or who, remote from billowy ocean's gales,
Tills the rich glebe of inland-winding vales.
Plough naked still, and naked sow the soil,
And naked reap, if kindly to thy toil
Thou hope to gather all that Ceres yields,
And view thy crops in season crown the fields;
Lest thou to strangers' gates penurious rove,
And every needy effort fruitless prove:
E'en as to me thou cam'st; but hope no more
That I shall give or lend thee of my store.
Oh foolish Perses! be the labours thine
Which the good gods to earthly man assign;
Lest with thy spouse, thy babes, thou vagrant ply,
And sorrowing crave those alms which all deny.
Twice may thy plaints benignant favour gain,
And haply thrice may not be poured in vain;
If still persisting plead thy wearying prayer,
Thy words are nought, thy eloquence is air.
Did exhortation move, the thought should be,
From debt releasement, days from hunger free.
A house, a woman, and a steer provide,
Thy slave to tend the cows, but not thy bride.
Within let all fit implements abound,
Lest with refused entreaty wandering round,
Thy wants still press, the season glide away,
And thou with scanted labour mourn the day.
Thy task defer not till the morn arise,
Or the third sun th' unfinished work surprise.
The idler never shall his garners fill,
Nor he that still defers and lingers still.
Lo! diligence can prosper every toil;
The loiterer strives with loss and execrates the soil.

When rests the keen strength of th' o'erpowering sun
From heat that made the pores in rivers run;
When rushes in fresh rains autumnal Jove,
And man's unburthened limbs now lighter move;
(For now the star of day with transient light
Rolls o'er our heads and joys in longer night;)
When from the worm the forest boles are sound,
Trees bud no more, but earthward cast around
Their withering foliage, then remember well
The timely labour, and thy timber fell.
Hew from the wood a timber of three feet;
Three cubits may the pestle's length complete;
Seven feet the fittest axle-tree extends;
If eight the log, the eighth a mallet lends.
Cleave many curvèd blocks thy wheel to round,
And let three spans its outmost orbit bound,
Whereon slow-rolling thy suspended wain,
Ten spans in breadth, may traverse firm the plain.
If hill or field supply a holm-oak bough
Of bending figure like the downward plough,
Bear it away: this durable remains
While the strong steers in ridges cleave the plains:
If with fine nails thy artist join the whole,
Affix the share-beam, and adapt the pole.
Two ploughs provide, on household works intent,
This art-compacted, that of native bent:
A prudent fore-thought: one may crashing fail,
The other, instant yoked, shall prompt avail.
Of elm or bay the draught-pole firm endures,
The plough-tail holm, the share-beam oak secures.
Two males procure: be nine their sum of years:
Then hale and strong for toil the sturdy steers:
Nor shall they head-strong-struggling spurn the soil,
And snap the plough and mar th' unfinished toil.
In forty's prime thy ploughman: one with bread
Of four-squared loaf in double portions fed.
He steadily shall cut the furrow true,
Nor towards his fellows glance a rambling view,
Still on his task intent: a stripling throws
Heedless the seed, and in one furrow strows
The lavish handful twice: while wistful stray
His longing thoughts to comrades far away.
Mark yearly when among the clouds on high
Thou hear'st the shrill crane's migratory cry,
Of ploughing-time the sign and wintry rains:
Care gnaws his heart who destitute remains
Of the fit yoke: for then the season falls
To feed thy hornèd steers within their stalls.

Easy to speak the word, "beseech thee friend!
Thy wagon and thy yoke of oxen lend:"
Easy the prompt refusal; "nay, but I
Have need of oxen, and their work is nigh."
Rich in his own conceit, he then too late
May think to rear the waggon's timbered weight:
Fool! nor yet knows the complicated frame
A hundred seasoned blocks may fitly claim:
These let thy timely care provide before,
And pile beneath thy roof the ready store.
Improve the season: to the plough apply
Both thou and thine; and toil in wet and dry:
Haste to the field with break of glimmering morn,
That so thy grounds may wave with thickening corn.
In spring upturn the glebe: and break again
With summer tilth the iterated plain.
It shall not mock thy hopes: be last thy toil,
Raised in light ridge, to sow the fallowed soil:
The fallowed soil bids execration fly,
And brightens with content the infant's eye.
Jove subterrene, chaste Ceres claim thy vow,
When, grasping first the handle of the plough,
O'er thy broad oxen's backs thy quickening hand
With lifted stroke lets fall the goading wand,
Whilst yoked and harnessed by the fastening thong,
They slowly drag the draught-pole's length along.
So shall the sacred gifts of earth appear,
And ripe luxuriance clothe the plenteous ear.
A boy should tread thy steps: with rake o'erlay
The buried seed, and scare the birds away:
(Good is the apt economy of things,
While evil management its mischief brings:)
Thus, if aerial Jove thy cares befriend,
And crown thy tillage with a prosperous end,
Shall the rich ear in fulness of its grain
Nod on the stalk and bend it to the plain.
So shalt thou sweep the spider's films away,
That round thy hollow bins lie hid from day;
I ween, rejoicing in the foodful stores
Obtained at length, and laid within thy doors:
For plenteousness shall glad thee through the year
Till the white blossoms of the spring appear:
Nor thou on others' heaps a gazer be,
But others owe their borrowed store to thee.
If, ill-advised, thou turn the genial plains
His wintry tropic when the sun attains,
Thou, then, may'st reap, and idle sit between;
Mocking thy grip the meagre stalks are seen:

Whilst, little joyful, gather'st thou in bands
The corn whose chaffy dust bestrews thy hands.
In one scant basket shall thy harvest lie,
And few shall pass thee, then, with honouring eye.
Now thus, now otherwise is Jove's design;
To men inscrutable the ways divine:
But if thou late upturn the furrowed field,
One happy chance a remedy may yield.
O'er the wide earth when men the cuckoo hear
From spreading oak-leaves first delight their ear,
Three days and nights let heaven in ceaseless rains
Deep as thy ox's hoof o'erflow the plains;
So shall an equal crop thy time repair
With his who earlier launched the shining share.
Lay all to heart: nor let the blossomed hours
Of spring escape thee; nor the timely showers.
  Pass by the brazier's forge where loiterers meet,
Nor saunter in the portico's thronged heat,
When in the wintry season rigid cold
Invades the limbs and binds them in its hold;
Lo! then th' industrious man with thriving store
Improves his household management the more:
And this do thou: lest intricate distress
Of winter seize, and needy cares oppress:
Lest, famine-smitten, thou at length be seen
To grip thy tumid foot with hand from hunger lean.
Pampering his empty hopes, yet needing food,
On ill designs behold the idler brood:
Sit in the crowded portico and feed
On that ill hope, while starving with his need.
Thou in mid-summer to thy labourers cry,
"Make now your nests," for summer hours will fly.

—C. A. Elton.

IV. THE EPIC OF THE GODS: HESIOD'S THEOGONY

THE BATTLE OF THE TITANS

The battle of the Titans represents the struggle for mastery between the generation that was born of Heaven and Earth on the one hand and Zeus the son of Cronos on the other.

  When Heaven, their sire, 'gainst Cottus, Briareus,
And Gyges, felt his moody anger chafe

Within him, sore amazèd at their strength
Immeasurable, their aspect fierce, and bulk
Gigantic, with a chain of iron force
He bound them down; and fixed their dwelling-place
Beneath the spacious ground: beneath the ground
They dwelt in pain and durance: in th' abyss
There sitting, where earth's utmost bound'ries end.
Full long oppressed with mighty grief of heart
They brooded o'er their woes: but them did Jove
Saturnian, and those other deathless gods
Whom fair-haired Rhea bare to Saturn's love,
By policy of Earth, lead forth again
To light. For she successive all things told:
How with the giant brethren they should win
Conquest and splendid glory. Long they fought
With toil soul-harrowing, they the deities
Titanic and Saturnian, each to each
Opposed, in valour of promiscuous war.
From Othrys' lofty summit warred the host
Of glorious Titans: from Olympus they,
The band of gift-dispensing deities
Whom fair-haired Rhea bore to Saturn's love.
So waged they war soul-harrowing: each with each
Ten years and more the furious battle joined,
Unintermitted: nor to either host
Was issue of stern strife or end: alike
Did either stretch the limit of the war.
  But now when Jove had set before his powers
All things befitting, the repast of gods,
The nectar and ambrosia, in each breast
The heroic spirit kindled: and now all
With nectar and with sweet ambrosia filled,
Thus spake the father of the gods and men:
"Hear me! illustrious race of Earth and Heaven!
That what the spirit in my bosom prompts
I now may utter. Long, and day by day
Confronting each the other, we have fought
For conquest and dominion: Titan gods,
And we the seed of Saturn. Still do ye,
Fronting the Titans in funereal war,
Show mighty strength; invulnerable hands;
Remembering that mild friendship, and those pangs
Remembering, when ye trod the upward way
Back to the light, and by our counsels broke
The burthening chain, and left the murky gloom."
  He spake: and Cottus brave of soul replied:
"Oh Jove august! not darkly hast thou said:
Nor know we not how excellent thou art

In counsel and in knowledge: thou hast been
Deliverer of immortals from a curse
Of horror: by thy wisdom have we risen,
Oh kingly son of Saturn! from dark gloom
And bitter bonds, unhoping of relief.
Then with persisting spirit and device
Of prudent warfare, shall we still assert
Thy empire midst the fearful fray, and still
In hardy conflict brave the Titan foe."
He said: the gods, the givers of all good,
Heard with acclaim: nor ever till that hour
So burned each breast with ardor to destroy.
All on that day stirred up the mighty strife,
Female and male: Titanic gods, and sons
And daughters of old Saturn; and that band
Of giant brethren, whom, from forth th' abyss
Of darkness under earth, deliverer Jove
Sent up to light: grim forms and strong, with force
Gigantic: arms of hundred-handed grip
Burst from their shoulders: fifty heads upsprang,
Cresting their muscular limbs. They thus opposed
In dreadful conflict 'gainst the Titans stood,
In all their sinewy hands wielding aloft
Precipitous rocks. On th' other side, alert,
The Titan phalanx closed: then hands of strength
Joined prowess, and showed forth the works of war.
Th' immeasurable sea tremendous dashed
With roaring; earth re-echoed; the broad heaven
Groaned shattering: vast Olympus reeled throughout
Down to its rooted base beneath the rush
Of those immortals: the dark chasm of hell
Was shaken with the trembling, with the tramp
Of hollow footsteps and strong battle-strokes,
And measureless uproar of wild pursuit.
So they against each other through the air
Hurled intermixed their weapons, scattering groans
Where'er they fell. The voice of armies rose
With rallying shout through the starred firmament,
And with a mighty war-cry both the hosts
Encountering closed. Nor longer then did Jove
Curb down his force; but sudden in his soul
There grew dilated strength, and it was filled
With his omnipotence: his whole of might
Broke from him, and the godhead rushed abroad.
The vaulted sky, the mount Olympus, flashed
With his continual presence; for he passed
Incessant forth, and lightened where he trod.
Thrown from his nervous grasp the lightnings flew
Reiterated swift; the whirling flash

Cast sacred splendour, and the thunder-bolt
Fell. Then on every side the foodful earth
Roared in the burning flame, and far and near
The trackless depth of forests crashed with fire.
Yea—the broad earth burned red, the floods of Nile
Glowed, and the desert waters of the sea.
Round and around the Titans' earthy forms
Rolled the hot vapour, and on fiery surge
Streamed upward, swathing in one boundless blaze
The purer air of heaven. Keen rushed the light
In quivering splendour from the writhen flash:
Strong though they were, intolerable it smote
Their orbs of sight, and with bedimming glare
Scorched up their blasted vision. Through the void
Of Erebus, the preternatural flame
Spread, mingling fire with darkness. But to see
With human eye and hear with ear of man
Had been, as on a time the heaven and earth
Met hurtling in mid-air: as nether earth
Crashed from the centre, and the wreck of heaven
Fell ruining from high. Not less, when gods
Grappled with gods, the shout and clang of arms
Commingled, and the tumult roared from heaven.
Shrill rushed the hollow winds, and roused throughout
A shaking and a gathering dark of dust,
Crushing the thunders from the clouds of air,
Hot thunderbolts and flames, the fiery darts
Of Jove: and in the midst of either host
They bore upon their blast the cry confused
Of battle, and the shouting. For the din
Tumultuous of that sight-appalling strife
Rose without bound. Stern strength of hardy proof
Wreaked there its deeds, till weary sank the fight.
But first, arrayed in battle, front to front,
Full long they stood, and bore the brunt of war.

—C. A. Elton

TARTARUS

The struggle between the gods and the giants resulted in the hurling of the giants into Tartarus. The poet delights in the awful and the horrible, and takes occasion to enter into a description of the world of torture.

Amid the foremost, towering in the van,
The war-unsated Gyges, Briareus,

And Cottus, bitterest conflict waged: for they
Successive thrice a hundred rocks in air
Hurled from their sinewy grasp: with missile storm
The Titan host o'ershadowing, them they drove,
Vain-glorious as they were, with hands of strength
O'ercoming them, beneath th' expanse of earth
And bound with galling chains, so far beneath
This earth, as earth is distant from the sky:
So deep the space to darksome Tartarus.
A brazen anvil rushing from the sky
Through thrice three days would toss in airy whirl,
Nor touch this earth, till the tenth sun arose:
Or down earth's chasm precipitate revolve,
Nor till the tenth sun rose attain the verge
Of Tartarus. A fence of massive brass
Is forged around: around the pass is rolled
A night of triple darkness; and above
Impend the roots of earth and barren sea.
There the Titanic gods in murkiest gloom
Lie hidden: such the cloud-assembler's will:
There in a place of darkness, where vast earth
Has end: from thence no egress open lies:
Neptune's huge hand has closed with brazen gates
The mouth: a wall environs every side.
There Gyges, Cottus, high-souled Briareus,
Dwell vigilant: the faithful sentinels
Of Ægis-bearer Jove. Successive there
The dusky Earth, and darksome Tartarus,
The sterile Ocean, and the starry Heaven,
Arise and end, their source and boundary.
A dread and ghastly wilderness, abhorred
E'en by the gods; a vast vacuity:
Might none the space of one slow-circling year
Touch the firm soil, that portal entered once,
But him the whirls of vexing hurricanes
Toss to and fro. E'en by immortals loathed
This prodigy of horror. There too stand
The mansions drear of gloomy Night, o'erspread
With blackening vapours: and before the doors
Atlas upholding heaven his forehead rears,
And indefatigable hands. There Night
And Day, near passing, mutual greeting still
Exchange, alternate as they glide athwart
The brazen threshold vast. This enters, that
Forth issues; nor the two can one abode
At once constrain. This passes forth and roams
The round of earth; that in the mansion waits,
Till the due season of her travel come.

Lo! from the one the far-discerning light
Beams upon earthly dwellers; but a cloud
Of pitchy blackness veils the other round:
Pernicious Night: aye-leading in her hand
Sleep, Death's half-brother: sons of gloomy Night
There hold they habitation, Death and Sleep;
Dread deities: nor them the shining Sun
E'er with his beam contemplates, when he climbs
The cope of heaven, or when from heaven descends.
Of these the one glides gentle o'er the space
Of earth and broad expanse of ocean waves,
Placid to man. The other has a heart
Of iron; yea, the heart within his breast
Is brass, unpitying: whom of men he grasps
Stern he retains: e'en to immortal gods
A foe. The hollow-sounding palaces
Of Pluto strong, the subterranean god,
And stern Proserpina, there full in front
Ascend: a grisly dog, implacable,
Holds watch before the gates: a stratagem
Is his, malicious: them who enter there,
With tail and bended ears he fawning soothes:
But suffers not that they with backward step
Repass: whoe'er would issue from the gates
Of Pluto strong and stern Proserpina,
For them with marking eye he lurks; on them
Springs from his couch, and pitiless devours.
There, odious to immortals, dreadful Styx
Inhabits, refluent Ocean's eldest-born:
She from the gods apart forever dwells
In far-re-echoing mansions, with arched roofs
Of loftiest rock o'erhung: and all around
The silver columns lean upon the skies.
Swift-footed Iris, nymph of Thaumas born,
Takes with no frequent embassy her way
O'er the broad main's expanse, when haply strife
Be risen, and midst the gods dissension sown:
And if there be among th' Olympian race
Who falsehood utters, Jove sends Iris down
To bring the great oath in a golden ewer,
The far-famed water, from steep, sky-capped rock
Distilling in cold stream. Beneath wide Earth
Abundant from the sacred river-head,
Through shades of blackest night, the Stygian horn
Of ocean flows: a tenth of all the stream
To the dread oath allotted. In nine stream
Circling the round of earth and the broad seas,
With silver whirlpools twined in many a maze,

It falls into the deep: one stream alone
Flows from the rock; a mighty bane to gods.
Who of immortals, that inhabit still
Olympus topped with snow, libation pours
And is forsworn, he one whole year entire
Lives reft of breath: nor yet approaches once
The nectared and ambrosial sweet repast:
But still reclines on the spread festive couch
Mute, breathless; and a mortal lethargy
O'erwhelms him: but, his malady absolved
With the great round of the revolving year,
More ills on ills afflictive seize: nine years
From ever-living deities remote
His lot is cast: in council nor in feast
Once joins he, till nine years entire are full:
The tenth again he mingles with the blest
Societies, who fill th' Olympian courts.
So great an oath the deities of heaven
Decreed the water of eternal Styx,
The ancient stream, that sweeps with wandering waves
A rugged region, where of dusky Earth,
And darksome Tartarus, and Ocean waste,
And starry Heaven, the source and boundary
Successive rise and end: a dreary wild
And ghastly: e'en by deities abhorred.
  There gates resplendent rise; the threshold brass;
Immovable; on deep foundations fixed;
Self-framed. Before them the Titanic gods
Abide, without the assembly of the Blest,
Beyond the gulf of darkness. There beneath
The ocean-roots, th' auxiliaries renowned
Of Jove who rolls the hollow-pealing thunder,
Cottus and Gyges in near mansions dwell:
But He that shakes the shores with dashing surge,
Hailing him son, gave Briareus as bride
Cymopolia, prize of brave desert.

—C. A. Elton.

V. THE MOCK EPIC

The epics of Homer led to countless imitations, but they led also to burlesques. The Battle of the Frogs and Mice is an example of such satire on the martial epic.

THE BATTLE OF THE FROGS AND MICE

To fill my rising song with sacred fire,
Ye tuneful Nine, ye sweet celestial quire!
From Helicon's embowering height repair,
Attend my labours, and reward my prayer;
The dreadful toils of raging Mars I write,
The springs of contest, and the fields of fight;
How threatening mice advanc'd with warlike grace,
And wag'd dire combats with the croaking race.
Not louder tumults shook Olympus' towers,
When earth-born giants dar'd immortal powers.
These equal acts an equal glory claim,
And thus the Muse records the tale of Fame.
  Once on a time, fatigu'd and out of breath,
And just escap'd the stretching claws of Death,
A gentle mouse, whom cats pursued in vain,
Fled swift of foot across the neighbouring plain,
Hung o'er a brink, his eager thirst to cool,
And dipp'd his whiskers in the standing pool;
When near a courteous frog advanc'd his head,
And from the waters, hoarse-resounding, said,
  "What art thou, stranger? what the line you boast?
What chance has cast thee panting on our coast?
With strictest truth let all thy words agree,
Nor let me find a faithless mouse in thee.
If worthy friendship, proffer'd friendship take,
And entering view the pleasurable lake;
Range o'er my palace, in my bounty share,
And glad return from hospitable fare:
This silver realm extends beneath my sway,
PUFF JAW And me, their monarch, all its frogs obey.
Great Physignathus I, from Peleus' race, water lady
Begot in fair Hydromede's embrace,
Where, by the nuptial bank that paints his side,
The swift Eridanus delights to glide.
Thee too, thy form, thy strength, and port, proclaim
A scepter'd king, a son of martial fame;
Then trace thy line, and aid my guessing eyes."
Thus ceas'd the frog, and thus the mouse replies.

Crumb snatcher
Spice mill
nicker
Ham gnawher

"Known to the gods, the men, the birds that fly
Through wild expanses of the midway sky,
My name resounds; and if unknown to thee,
The soul of great Psycarpax lives in me,
Of brave Troxartas' line, whose sleeky down
In love compress'd Lychomile the brown.
My mother she, and princess of the plains
Where'er her father Pternotractas reigns.
Born where a cabin lifts its airy shed,
With figs, with nuts, and vary'd dainties fed.
But, since our natures nought in common know,
From what foundation can a friendship grow?
These curling waters o'er thy palace roll:
But man's high food supports my princely soul:
In vain the circled loaves attempt to lie
Conceal'd in flaskets from my curious eye.
In vain the tripe that boasts the whitest hue,
In vain the gilded bacon shuns my view,
In vain the cheeses, offspring of the pail,
Or honey'd cakes, which gods themselves regale;
And as in arts I shine, in arms I fight,
Mix'd with the bravest, and unknown to flight;
Though large to mine the human form appear,
Not man himself can smite my soul with fear;
Sly to the bed with silent steps I go,
Attempt his finger, or attack his toe,
And six indented wounds with dextrous skill,
Sleeping he feels, and only seems to feel.
Yet have we foes which direful dangers cause,
Grim owls with talons arm'd, and cats with claws,
And that false trap, the den of silent Fate,
Where Death his ambush plants around the bait:
All dreaded these, and dreadful o'er the rest
The potent warriors of the tabby vest.
If to the dark we fly, the dark they trace,
And rend our heroes of the nibbling race.
But me, nor stalks nor waterish herbs delight,
Nor can the crimson radish charm my sight,
The lake-resounding frogs' selected fare,
Which not a mouse of any taste can bear."
As thus the downy prince his mind exprest,
His answer thus the croaking king addrest:
"Thy words luxuriant on thy dainties rove,
And, stranger, we can boast of bounteous Jove:
We sport in water, or we dance on land,
And born amphibious, food from both command.
But trust thyself where wonders ask thy view,
And safely tempt those seas, I'll bear thee through:

Ascend my shoulders, firmly keep thy seat,
And reach my marshy court, and feast in state."
He said, and bent his back; with nimble bound
Leaps the light mouse, and clasps his arms around,
Then wondering floats, and sees with glad survey
The winding banks resembling ports at sea.
But when aloft the curling water rides,
And wet with azure wave his downy sides,
His thoughts grow conscious of approaching woe,
His idle tears with vain repentance flow,
His locks he rends, his trembling feet he rears,
Thick beats his heart with unaccustomed fears;
He sighs, and, chill'd with danger, longs for shore:
His tail extended forms a fruitless oar,
Half drench'd in liquid death his prayers he spake,
And thus bemoan'd him from the dreadful lake:
"So pass'd Europa through the rapid sea,
Trembling and fainting all the venturous way;
With oary feet the bull triumphant rode,
And safe in Crete depos'd his lovely load.
Ah, safe at last, may thus the frog support
My trembling limbs to reach his ample court!"
As thus he sorrows, death ambiguous grows,
Lo! from the deep a water-hydra rose;
He rolls his sanguin'd eyes, his bosom heaves,
And darts with active rage along the waves.
Confus'd the monarch sees his hissing foe,
And dives, to shun the sable fates below.
Forgetful frog! the friend thy shoulders bore,
Unskill'd in swimming, floats remote from shore.
He grasps with fruitless hands to find relief,
Supinely falls, and grinds his teeth with grief;
Plunging he sinks, and struggling mounts again,
And sinks, and strives, but strives with Fate in vain.
The weighty moisture clogs his hairy vest,
And thus the prince his dying rage exprest:
"Nor thou, that fling'st me floundering from thy back,
As from hard rocks rebounds the shattering wrack,
Nor thou shalt 'scape thy due, perfidious king!
Pursued by vengeance on the swiftest wing!
At land thy strength could never equal mine,
At sea to conquer, and by craft, was thine.
But Heaven has gods, and gods have searching eyes:
Ye mice, ye mice, my great avengers rise!"
This said, he sighing gasp'd, and gasping dy'd.
His death the young Lychopynax espy'd,
As on the flowery brink he pass'd the day,
Bask'd in the beams, and loiter'd life away.

Loud shrieks the mouse, his shrieks the shore repeat,
The nibbling nation learn their hero's fate:
Grief, dismal grief ensues; deep murmurs sound,
And shriller fury fills the deafen'd ground.
From lodge to lodge, the sacred heralds run
To fix their council with the rising Sun;
Where great Troxartas crown'd in glory reigns,
And winds his lengthening court beneath the plains.
Psycarpax' father, father now no more!
For poor Psycarpax lies remote from shore;
Supine he lies! the silent waters stand,
And no kind billow wafts the dead to land.
When rosy-finger'd morn had ting'd the clouds,
Around their monarch-mouse the nation crowds,
Slow rose the sovereign, heav'd his anxious breast,
And thus the council, fill'd with rage, addrest:
"For lost Psycarpax much my soul endures,
'Tis mine the private grief, the public yours.
Three warlike sons adorn'd my nuptial bed,
Three sons, alas! before their father dead!
Our oldest perish'd by the ravening cat,
As near my court the prince unheedful sat.
Our next, an engine fraught with danger drew,
The portal gap'd, the bait was hung in view,
Dire arts assist the trap, the Fates decoy,
And men unpitying kill'd my gallant boy!
The last, his country's hope, his parent's pride,
Plung'd in the lake by Physignathus dy'd;
Rouse all to war, my friends! avenge the deed;
And bleed that monarch, and his nation bleed."
His words in every breast inspir'd alarms,
And careful Mars supply'd their host with arms.
In verdant hulls despoil'd of all their beans,
The buskin'd warriors stalk'd along the plains:
Quills aptly bound their bracing corselet made,
Fac'd with the plunder of a cat they flay'd:
The lamp's round boss affords them ample shield;
Large shells of nuts their covering helmet yield,
And o'er the region, with reflected rays,
Tall groves of needles for their lances blaze:
Dreadful in arms the marching mice appear;
The wondering frogs perceive the tumult near,
Forsake the waters, thickening form a ring,
And ask, and hearken, whence the noises spring.
When near the crowd, disclos'd to public view,
The valiant chief Embasichytros drew:
The sacred herald's sceptre grac'd his hand,
And thus his word express'd his king's command:

"Ye frogs! the mice, with vengeance fir'd, advance,
And deck'd in armour shake the shining lance:
Their hapless prince by Physignathus slain,
Extends incumbent on the watery plain.
Then arm your host, the doubtful battle try;
Lead forth those frogs that have the soul to die."
The chief retires, the crowd the challenge hear,
And proudly swelling yet perplex'd appear:
Much they resent, yet much their monarch blame,
Who, rising, spoke to clear his tainted fame:
"O friends! I never forc'd the mouse to death,
Nor saw the gasping of his latest breath.
He, vain of youth, our art of swimming try'd,
And, venturous, in the lake the wanton dy'd.
To vengeance now by false appearance led,
They point their anger at my guiltless head;
But wage the rising war by deep device,
And turn its fury on the crafty mice.
Your king directs the way; my thoughts, elate
With hopes of conquest, form designs of fate.
Where high the banks their verdant surface heave,
And the steep sides confine the sleeping wave,
There, near the margin, clad in armour bright,
Sustain the first impetuous shocks of fight:
Then, where the dancing feather joins the crest,
Let each brave frog his obvious mouse arrest;
Each strongly grasping, headlong plunge a foe,
Till countless circles whirl the lake below;
Down sink the mice in yielding waters drown'd;
Loud flash the waters; and the shores resound:
The frogs triumphant tread the conquer'd plain,
And raise their glorious trophies of the slain."
He spake no more, his prudent scheme imparts
Redoubling ardour to the boldest hearts.
Green was the suit his arming heroes chose,
Around their legs the greaves of mallows close;
Green were the beets about their shoulders laid,
And green the colewort, which the target made.
Form'd of the vary'd shells the waters yield,
Their glossy helmets glisten'd o'er the field:
And tapering sea-reeds for the polish'd spear,
With upright order pierc'd the ambient air.
Thus dress'd for war, they take th' appointed height,
Poise the long arms, and urge the promis'd fight.
But now, where Jove's irradiate spires arise,
With stars surrounded in ethereal skies,
(A solemn council call'd) the brazen gates
Unbar; the gods assume their golden seats:

The sire superior leans, and points to show
What wondrous combats mortals wage below:
How strong, how large, the numerous heroes stride,
What length of lance they shake with warlike pride!
What eager fire their rapid march reveals!
So the fierce Centaurs ravag'd o'er the dales;
And so confirm'd, the daring Titans rose,
Heap'd hills on hills, and bid the gods be foes.
  This seen, the Power his sacred visage rears,
He casts a pitying smile on worldly cares,
And asks what heavenly guardians take the list,
Or who the mice, or who the frogs assist?
  Then thus to Pallas: "If my daughter's mind
Have join'd the mice, why stays she still behind?
Drawn forth by savoury steams they wind their way,
And sure attendance round thine altar pay,
Where, while the victims gratify their taste,
They sport to please the goddess of the feast."
  Thus spake the ruler of the spacious skies.
But thus, resolv'd, the blue-ey'd maid replies:
"In vain, my father! all their dangers plead;
To such thy Pallas never grants her aid.
My flowery wreaths they petulantly spoil,
And rob my crystal lamps of feeding oil.
(Ills following ills!) but what afflicts me more,
My veil that idle race profanely tore.
The web was curious, wrought with art divine;
Relentless wretches! all the work was mine!
Along the loom the purple warp I spread,
Cast the light shoot, and crost the silver thread;
In this their teeth a thousand breaches tear,
The thousand breaches skilful hands repair,
For which, vile earthly duns thy daughter grieve
(The gods, that use no coin, have none to give,
And learning's goddess never less can owe;
Neglected learning gains no wealth below).
Nor let the frogs to win my succour sue,
Those clamorous fools have lost my favour too.
For late, when all the conflict ceas'd at night,
When my stretch'd sinews work'd with eager fight,
When spent with glorious toil, I left the field,
And sunk for slumber on my swelling shield;
Lo, from the deep, repelling sweet repose
With noisy croakings half the nation rose:
Devoid of rest, with aching brows I lay,
Till cocks proclaim'd the crimson dawn of day.
Let all, like me, from either host forbear,
Nor tempt the flying furies of the spear;

Lest heavenly blood (or what for blood may flow)
Adorn the conquest of a meaner foe.
Some daring mouse may meet with wondrous odds,
Though gods oppose, and brave the wounded gods.
O'er gilded clouds reclin'd, the danger view,
And be the wars of mortals scenes for you."
  So mov'd the blue-ey'd queen; her words persuade,
Great Jove assented, and the rest obey'd.
  Now front to front the marching armies shine,
Halt ere they meet, and form the lengthening line:
The chiefs conspicuous seen and heard afar,
Give the loud signal to the rushing war;
Their dreadful trumpets deep-mouth'd hornets sound,
The sounding charge remurmurs o'er the ground;
E'en Jove proclaims a field of horrour nigh,
And rolls his thunder through the troubled sky.
  First to the fight large Hypsiboas flew,
And brave Lychenor with a javelin slew.
The luckless warrior, fill'd with generous flame,
Stood foremost glittering in the post of fame;
When, in his liver struck, the javelin hung,
The mouse fell thundering, and the target rung;
Prone to the ground, he sinks his closing eye,
And soil'd in dust his lovely tresses lie.
  A spear at Pelion Troglodytes cast,
The missive spear within the bosom past;
Death's sable shades the fainting frog surround,
And life's red tide runs ebbing from the wound.
Embasichytros felt Scutlæus' dart
Transfix and quiver in his panting heart;
But great Artophagus aveng'd the slain,
And big Scutlæus tumbling loads the plain.
And Polyphonus dies, a frog renown'd
For boastful speech, and turbulence of sound;
Deep through the belly pierc'd, supine he lay,
And breath'd his soul against the face of day.
  The strong Lymnocharis, who view'd with ire
A victor triumph, and a friend expire,
With heaving arms a rocky fragment caught,
And fiercely flung where Troglodytes fought
(A warrior vers'd in arts, of sure retreat,
But arts in vain elude impending fate);
Full on his sinewy neck the fragment fell,
And o'er his eye-lids clouds eternal dwell.
Lychenor (second of the glorious name)
Striding advanc'd, and took no wandering aim;
Through all the frogs the shining javelin flies,
And near the vanquish'd mouse the victor dies.

The dreadful stroke Crambophagus affrights,
Long bred to banquets, less inur'd to fights;
Heedless he runs, and stumbles o'er the steep,
And wildly floundering flashes up the deep;
Lychenor, following with a downward blow,
Reach'd in the lake his unrecover'd foe;
Gasping he rolls, a purple stream of blood
Distains the surface of the silver flood;
Through the wide wound the rushing entrails throng,
And slow the breathless carcass floats along.
Lymnisius good Tyroglyphus assails,
Prince of the mice that haunt the flowery vales;
Lost to the milky fares and rural seat,
He came to perish on the bank of fate.
The dread Pternoglyphus demands the fight
Which tender Calaminthius shuns by flight,
Drops the green target, springing quits the foe,
Glides through the lake, and safely dives below.
But dire Pternophagus divides his way
Through breaking ranks, and leads the dreadful day.
No nibbling prince excell'd in fierceness more;
His parents fed him on the savage boar;
But where his lance the field with blood imbrued,
Swift as he mov'd Hydrocharis pursued,
Till fallen in death he lies; a shattering stone
Sounds on the neck, and crushes all the bone.
His blood pollutes the verdure of the plain,
And from his nostrils bursts the gushing brain.
Lychopinax with Borborocates fights,
A blameless frog, whom humbler life delights;
The fatal javelin unrelenting flies,
And darkness seals the gentle croaker's eyes.
Incens'd Prassophagus, with sprightly bound,
Bears Cnissodioctes off the rising ground,
Then drags him o'er the lake depriv'd of breath,
And, downward plunging, sinks his soul to death.
But now the great Psycarpax shines afar
(Scarce he so great whose loss provok'd the war);
Swift to revenge his fatal javelin fled,
And through the liver struck Pelusius dead;
His freckled corpse before the victor fell,
His soul indignant sought the shades of Hell.
This saw Pelobates, and from the flood
Heav'd with both hands a monstrous mass of mud;
The cloud obscene o'er all the hero flies,
Dishonours his brown face, and blots his eyes.
Enrag'd and wildly sputtering, from the shore
A stone, immense of size, the warrior bore,

A load for labouring Earth, whose bulk to raise,
Asks ten degenerate mice of modern days.
Full on the leg arrives the crushing wound:
The frog, supportless, writhes upon the ground.
Thus flush'd, the victor wars with matchless force,
Till loud Craugasides arrests his course.
Hoarse croaking threats precede! with fatal speed
Deep through the belly ran the pointed reed,
Then, strongly tugg'd, return'd imbrued with gore,
And on the pile his reeking entrails bore.
The lame Sitophagus, oppress'd with pain,
Creeps from the desperate dangers of the plain:
And where the ditches rising weeds supply
To spread their lowly shades beneath the sky,
There lurks the silent mouse reliev'd from heat,
And, safe embower'd, avoids the chance of fate.
But here Troxartas, Physignathus there,
Whirl the dire furies of the pointed spear;
But where the foot around its ankle plies,
Troxartas wounds, and Physignathus flies,
Halts to the pool, a safe retreat to find,
And trails a dangling length of leg behind.
The mouse still urges, still the frog retires,
And half in anguish of the flight expires.
Then pious ardour young Pressæus brings
Betwixt the fortunes of contending kings:
Lank harmless frog! with forces hardly grown,
He darts the reed in combat not his own,
Which faintly tinkling on Troxartas' shield,
Hangs at the point, and drops upon the field.
Now nobly towering o'er the rest appears
A gallant prince that far transcends his years,
Pride of his sire, and glory of his house,
And more a Mars in combat than a mouse:
His action bold, robust his ample frame,
And Meridarpax his resounding name.
The warrior, singled from the fighting crowd,
Boasts the dire honours of his arms aloud;
Then strutting near the lake, with looks elate,
To all its nations threats approaching fate.
And such his strength, the silver lakes around
Might roll their waters o'er unpeopled ground,
But powerful Jove, who shows no less his grace
To frogs that perish, than to human race,
Felt soft compassion rising in his soul,
And shook his sacred head, then shook the pole.
Then thus to all the gazing powers began
The sire of gods, and frogs, and mice, and man:

"What seas of blood I view! what worlds of slain!
An Iliad rising from a day's campaign;
How fierce his javelin o'er the trembling lakes
The black-furr'd hero Meridarpax shakes!
Unless some favouring deity descend,
Soon will the frogs' loquacious empire end.
Let dreadful Pallas wing'd with pity fly,
And make her ægis blaze before his eye:
While Mars refulgent on his rattling car,
Arrests his raging rival of the war."
He ceas'd, reclining with attentive head,
When thus the glorious god of combats said:
"Nor Pallas, Jove! though Pallas take the field,
With all the terrours of her hissing shield;
Nor Mars himself, though Mars in armour bright
Ascend his car and wheel amidst the fight;
Not these can drive the desperate mouse afar,
Or change the fortunes of the bleeding war.
Let all go forth, all Heaven in arms arise,
Or launch thy own red thunder from the skies,
Such ardent bolts as flew that wondrous day,
When heaps of Titans mix'd with mountains lay;
When all the giant race enormous fell,
And huge Enceladus was hurl'd to Hell."
'Twas thus th' armipotent advis'd the gods.
When from his throne the cloud-compeller nods,
Deep-lengthening thunders run from pole to pole,
Olympus trembles as the thunders roll.
Then swift he whirls the brandish'd bolt around,
And headlong darts it at the distant ground;
The bolt discharg'd, inwrapp'd with lightning flies,
And rends its flaming passage through the skies;
Then earth's inhabitants, the nibblers, shake,
And frogs, the dwellers in the waters, quake.
Yet still the mice advanc'd their dread design,
And the last danger threats the croaking line,
Till Jove, that inly mourn'd the loss they bore,
With strange assistants fill'd the frighted shore.
Pour'd from the neighbouring strand, deform'd to view,
They march, a sudden unexpected crew!
Strong suits of armour round their bodies close,
Which, like thick anvils, blunt the force of blows;
In wheeling marches turn'd oblique they go;
With harpy claws their limbs divide below;
Fell shears the passage to their mouth command;
From out the flesh their bones by nature stand;
Broad spread their backs, their shining shoulders rise;
Unnumber'd joints distort their lengthen'd thighs;

With nervous cords their hands are firmly brac'd;
Their round black eye-balls in their bosom plac'd;
On eight long feet the wondrous warriors tread;
And either end alike supplies a head.
These, mortal wits to call the crabs agree,
The gods have other names for things than we.
  Now where the jointures from their loins depend,
The heroes' tails with severing grasps they rend.
Here, short of feet, depriv'd the power to fly,
There, without hands, upon the field they lie.
Wrench'd from their holds, and scatter'd all around,
The bended lances heap the cumber'd ground.
Helpless amazement, fear pursuing fear,
And mad confusion, through their host appear:
O'er the wild waste with headlong flight they go,
Or creep conceal'd in vaulted holes below.
  But down Olympus to the western seas
Far shooting Phœbus drove with fainter rays;
And a whole war (so Jove ordain'd) begun,
Was fought, and ceas'd, in one revolving sun.

—THOMAS PARNELL.

VI. HYMNS TO THE GODS

The *Homeric Hymns* are so called because they were once thought to be the work of the great epic poet. They belong rather to a later age, possibly the seventh century B.C., and were the work of rhapsodists who used them as preludes to their recitations of Homer. The extant collection contains thirty-four.

HYMN TO EARTH THE MOTHER OF ALL

O universal Mother, who dost keep
From everlasting thy foundations deep,
Eldest of things, Great Earth, I sing of thee!
All shapes that have their dwelling in the sea,
All things that fly, or on the ground divine
Live, move, and there are nourished—these are thine;
These from thy wealth thou dost sustain; from thee
Fair babes are born, and fruits on every tree
Hang ripe and large, revered Divinity!

The life of mortal men beneath thy sway
Is held; thy power both gives and takes away!
Happy are they whom thy mild favours nourish;

All things unstinted round them grow and flourish;
For them, endures the life-sustaining field
Its load of harvest, and their cattle yield
Large increase, and their house with wealth is filled.
Such honoured dwell in cities fair and free,
The homes of lovely women, prosperously;
Their sons exult in youth's new budding gladness,
And their fresh daughters free from care and sadness,
With bloom-inwoven dance and happy song,
On the soft flowers the meadow-grass among,
Leap round them sporting—such delights by thee
Are given, rich Power, revered Divinity.

Mother of gods, thou wife of starry Heaven,
Farewell! be thou propitious, and be given
A happy life for this brief melody,
Nor thou nor other songs shall unremembered be.

—Percy Bysshe Shelley.

HYMN TO SELENE

Daughters of Jove, whose voice is melody,
Muses, who know and rule all minstrelsy,
Sing the wide-wingèd Moon! Around the earth,
From her immortal head in Heaven shot forth,
Far light is scattered—boundless glory springs;
Where'er she spreads her many-beaming wings
The lampless air grows round her golden crown.

But when the Moon divine from Heaven is gone
Under the sea, her beams within abide,
Till, bathing her bright limbs in Ocean's tide,
Clothing her form in garments glittering far,
And having yoked to her immortal car
The beam-invested steeds whose necks on high
Curve back, she drives to a remoter sky
A western Crescent, borne impetuously.
Then is made full the circle of her light,
And as she grows, her beams more bright and bright
Are poured from Heaven, where she is hovering then,
A wonder and a sign to mortal men.

The Son of Saturn with this glorious Power
Mingled in love and sleep—to whom she bore

Pandeia, a bright maid of beauty rare
Among the Gods, whose lives eternal are.

Hail Queen, great Moon, white-armed Divinity,
Fair-haired and favourable! thus with thee
My song beginning, by its music sweet
Shall make immortal many a glorious feat
Of demigods, with lovely lips, so well
Which minstrels, servants of the Muses, tell.
—Percy Bysshe Shelley.

HYMN TO ATHENA

I sing the glorious Power with azure eyes,
Athenian Pallas! timeless, chaste, and wise,
Tritogenia, town-preserving Maid,
Revered and mighty; from his awful head
Whom Jove brought forth, in warlike armour dressed,
Golden, all radiant! wonder strange possessed
The everlasting Gods that Shape to see,
Shaking a javelin keen, impetuously
Rush from the crest of Ægis-bearing Jove;
Fearfully Heaven was shaken, and did move
Beneath the might of the Cerulean-eyed;
Earth dreadfully resounded, far and wide;
And, lifted from its depths, the sea swelled high
In purple billows; the tide suddenly
Stood still, and great Hyperion's son long time
Checked his swift steeds, till, where she stood sublime,
Pallas from her immortal shoulders threw
The arms divine; wise Jove rejoiced to view.
Child of the Ægis-bearer, hail to thee,
Nor thine nor others' praise shall unremembered be.
—Percy Bysshe Shelley.

Aristocratic Society: the Lyric

SEVENTH TO FIFTH CENTURIES B.C.

Lyric poetry was probably beginning to assume its definite forms in the epic period, but it did not reach its position of supremacy until the seventh century B.C. Its popularity continued through the sixth and fifth centuries, until it was largely absorbed by the drama.

The reason for the shift from epic to lyric is to be sought in the change that came over Greek society. In place of monarchies there arose oligarchies and tyrannies and the first struggles for democracies. Revolutions were frequent and political interests became more widespread. Partisanship and local patriotism were called more and more into play. It was also a period of widening experience in other lines. Commerce followed rapidly on the heels of exploration and colonization. Travel increased and knowledge deepened. Such circumstances stimulated the transfer of interest from the larger unit of life to the individual and the personal. More and more one examined oneself to find one's place among the changing governments and the broadening conditions of life. The epic form was too extended and cumbersome for the expression of single emotions or of personal experiences. New forms were invented.

The earliest types of lyric poetry were the elegy and the iambic, the former derived directly from epic, and the latter an attempt to reproduce more nearly the common speech. The elegy was found suitable for the expression of patriotism, grief, love, and political and moral instruction. The iambic was used mainly for satire and personal attack, but shared with elegy the field of moralizing on existing evils. Later developments were the Æolian lyric in shorter and more varied meters and more closely associated with the musical accompaniment than the others, and the Dorian choral celebrating public occasions.

Lyric poetry, as the name implies, was accompanied by music. In some cases the poem was intended to be sung, in others it was rather a recitation to the accompaniment of music, and in still others the musical feature was probably restricted to preludes and interludes. The art of music developed rapidly in this period.

I. THE MARTIAL SPIRIT

HOW LONG WILL YE SLUMBER?

CALLINUS

Callinus of Ephesus (about 700 B.C.) is the earliest poet, so far as is known, to use the elegiac meter. The little that survives of his poetry constitutes an appeal to his fellow-citizens to rouse themselves against the invaders of their country.

How long will ye slumber? when will ye take heart
And fear the reproach of your neighbors at hand?
Fie! comrades, to think ye have peace for your part
Whilst the sword and the arrow are wasting our land!
Shame! grasp the shield close! cover well the bold breast!
Aloft raise the spear as ye march on the foe!
With no thought of retreat, with no terror confessed,
Hurl your last dart in dying, or strike your last blow.
Oh, 'tis noble and glorious to fight for our all,—
For our country, our children, the wife of our love!
Death comes not the sooner; no soldier shall fall,
Ere his thread is spun out by the sisters above.
Once to die is man's doom; rush, rush to the fight!
He cannot escape though his blood were Jove's own.
For a while let him cheat the shrill arrow by flight;
Fate will catch him at last in his chamber alone.
Unlamented he dies;—unregretted. Not so,
When, the tower of his country, in death falls the brave;
Thrice hallowed his name amongst all, high or low,
As with blessings alive, so with tears in the grave.

—HENRY NELSON COLERIDGE.

EXHORTATION TO BATTLE

CALLINUS (?)

Rouse, rouse, my youths! the chain of torpor break!
  Spurn idle rest, and couch the glittering lance!
What! does not shame with blushes stain your cheek
  Quick-mantling, as ye catch the warrior's glance?

Ignoble youths! say, when shall valour's flame
  Burn in each breast? here, here, while hosts invade,

And war's wild clangors all your courage claim,
Ye sit, as if still peace embower'd the shade.

But, sure, fair honour crowns th' auspicious deed,
When patriot love impels us to the field;
When, to defend a trembling wife, we bleed,
And when our shelter'd offspring bless the shield.

What time the Fates ordain, pale death appears:
Then with firm step and sword high drawn, depart;
And, marching through the first thick shower of spears
Beneath thy buckler guard th' intrepid heart.

Each mortal, though he boast celestial sires,
Slave to the sovereign destiny of death,
Or mid the carnage of the plain expires,
Or yields unwept at home his coward breath.

Yet sympathy attends the brave man's bier;
Sees on each wound the balmy grief bestow'd;
And, as in death the universal tear,
Through life inspires the homage of a god.

For like a turret his proud glories rise,
And stand, above the rival's reach, alone;
When millions hail, with fond adoring eyes,
The deeds of many a hero meet in one!
—Richard Polwhele.

THE RULES OF VALOUR

Tyrtæus

Tyrtæus, of the late seventh century B.C., is described in legend as a lame schoolmaster sent to Sparta by the Athenians in response to an appeal for a leader in time of war. Nothing is known of his origin, but he achieved great success with his martial songs in inspiring the Spartans to win the war against the Messenians.

Yet are ye Hercules' unconquer'd race—
Remand, heroic tribe, your spirit lost!
Not yet all-seeing Jove averts his face;
Then meet without a fear the thronging host.

Each to the foe his steady shield oppose,
  Accoutred to resign his hateful breath:
The friendly sun a mild effulgence throws
  On valour's grave, though dark the frown of death

Yes! ye have known the ruthless work of war!
  Yes! ye have known its tears—its heavy woe;
When, scattering in pale flight, ye rush'd afar,
  Or chas'd the routed squadrons of the foe.

Of those who dare, a strong compacted band,
  Firm for the fight their warrior-spirits link,
And grapple with the foeman, hand to hand,
  How few, through deadly wounds expiring, sink.

They, foremost in the ranks of battle, guard
  Th' inglorious multitude that march behind;
While shrinking fears the coward's step retard,
  And dies each virtue in the feeble mind.

But 'tis not in the force of words to paint
  What varied ills attend th' ignoble troop,
Who trembling on the scene of glory faint,
  Or wound the fugitives that breathless droop.

Basely the soldier stabs, with hurried thrust,
  The unresisting wretch, that shieldless flies!
At his last gasp dishonour'd in the dust
  (His back transfix'd with spears) the dastard lies!

Thus then, bold youth, the rules of valour learn:
  Stand firm, and fix on earth thy rooted feet:
Bite with thy teeth thy eager lips; and stern
  In conscious strength, the rushing onset meet:

And shelter with thy broad and bossy shield
  Thy thighs and shins, thy shoulders and thy breast;
The long spear ponderous in thy right-hand wield,
  And on thy head high nod the dreadful crest.

Mark well the lessons of the warlike art,
  That teach thee, if the shield with ample round,
Protect thy bosom, to approach the dart,
  Nor choose with timid care the distant ground.

But, for close combat with the fronting foe,
  Elate in valorous attitude draw near;

And aiming, hand to hand, the fateful blow,
Brandish thy temper'd blade or massy spear.

Yes! for the rage of stubborn grapple steel'd,
Grasp the sword's hilt, and couch the long-beat lance;
Foot to the foeman's foot, and shield to shield,
Crest ev'n to crest, and helm to helm, advance.

But ye, light arm'd who, trembling in the rear,
Bear smaller targets, at a distance, throw
The hissing stone, or hurl the polish'd spear,
(Plac'd nigh your panoply) to mar the foe.

—RICHARD POLWHELE.

A GLIMPSE OF BATTLE

ARCHILOCHUS

Archilochus, of the early seventh century B.C., was born at Paros of a noble father and a slave mother. Story tells of his love for Neobule and of how, when the engagement was broken off, he delivered bitter attacks in verse on the girl's family. He was an adventurous spirit—loved, traveled, fought, and committed to verse his varied experiences. His poetry was intensely personal and passionate, perhaps the first of this type, and was much more varied in form than that of other lyric poets of the time. He wrote elegy, and is credited with having invented the iambic for purposes of satire and invective. By the ancients he was reckoned as second to Homer.

Bows will not avail thee,
Darts and slings will fail thee,
When Mars tumultuous rages
On wide-embattled land:
Then with falchions clashing,
Eyes with fury flashing,
Man with man engages
In combat hand to hand.
But most Eubœa's chiefs are known,
Marshalled hosts of spearmen leading
To conflict, whence is no receding,
To make this—war's best art—their own.

—J. H. MERIVALE.

SPOILS OF WAR

Alcæus

Alcæus, of the late seventh century B.C., spent a great part of his life in civil strife at Mytilene, a city of Lesbos, and in exile. He was of the Æolian group of poets who wrote in new forms mainly of personal joys and sorrows, love, grief, hymns, the cup. It is plain from his political poems that, though he was patriotic, he was intensely and narrowly partisan. With so little of his poetry extant on which to base a judgment, the fact that Horace imitated him in so many odes is the best proof we have of his high rank as poet.

Glitters with brass my mansion wide,
The roof is decked on every side
    In martial pride;
With helmets ranged in order bright,
And plumes of horse-hair nodding white,
    A gallant sight—
Fit ornament for warrior's brow—
And 'round the walls in goodly row
    Refulgent glow
Stout greaves of brass like burnished gold,
And corselets there in many a fold
    Of linen rolled;
And shields that in the battle fray
The routed losers of the day
    Have cast away.
Eubœan falchions too are seen,
With rich embroidered belts between
    Of dazzling sheen;
And gaudy surcoats piled around,
And spoils of chiefs in war renowned
    May there be found.
These, and all else that here you see
Are fruits of glorious victory
    Achieved by me.

—J. H. Merivale.

II. THE STATE

RICHES

SOLON

Solon of Athens, who lived from about 640 to about 558 B.C., was not only a poet, but also a statesman and lawgiver. When Archon, he revised the Athenian constitution so successfully that he was afterwards regarded as the founder of the democracy. His poetry reflects the events of his life and his character. His clarity and independence of thought, his balance and sanity, and his great achievements in politics won him rank as one of the Seven Wise Men of Greece. Solon employed mainly elegy, which before the invention of prose was the chief medium of literary expression for didactic and moralizing purposes.

The following selection is the longest extant fragment of his poetry. It sets forth his views on wealth and the relation between wealth and morals. Solon does not, like many other ancient poets, see only evil in great fortunes: the good or evil of riches depends upon how they were acquired. And since they are at best but a chance circumstance of life, they are not to be relied upon for happiness.

Fair offspring of Olympian Zeus and Memory,
  Pierian Muses, hear me as I pray.
Vouchsafe that I be blessed with true prosperity,
  And grant a good report be mine alway.
To trusting friends a welcome savor may I be,
  And bitter in the mouth of enemies.
Desire of honest wealth I have that leaveth me
  Unstained, and bringeth not late penalties.
Such riches as the Gods bestow upon a man remain
  His own, from base to top a structure firm;
But riches sought in pride, which right and wrong disdain,
  Come not as nature's due, nor set a term
To impulse of dishonesty. There comes a burst
  Of folly blind which leads to ruin sure.
Like fire, it starts a single spark, and, small at first,
  It ends in downfall. Works cannot endure
Of wicked men. Zeus watcheth all things to the last.
  Oftimes in spring there starteth up a breeze,
Dispersing clouds, and stirring to its depths the vast
  And surging sea, and laying waste the trees
And plantings fair of farmers in the fruitful fields;
  Then coming to the home of Gods on high,
It bringeth once again the blue: the Sun-Lord yields
  His beauty forth, nor clouds obscure the sky.

God's justice is like such a wind. Not quick to wrath
  Is He, like man, for each offense. But he
Who hath an evil heart can never tread a path
  That's hid from His all-waking eye; men see
His justice clearly at the last. One soon, one late,
  Must pay the price of wrong. If guilty ones
Escape to-day and dodge a little while God's fate,
  In after years it comes, when children's sons
And generations yet unborn, though innocent
  Themselves, must pay for wrong of ancient sire.
All mortal men, the wicked and the good, intent
  To win fair fame, possessed of their desire,
Strain every nerve, until a chance mishap befall
  That, instant, bringeth pain. Like fools, till then
We take our joy of idle dreams. Thus do they call
  Before their eyes a dream of health, what men
The dread diseases hold; the coward fain would think
  That he is brave; the ugly, fair; who spends
His days in toil of poverty is on the brink
  Of winning wealth before his life-span ends.
From different sources seek they wealth. Intent to get
  A profit, one in ships on fishy seas
Sails far and near, and counts his life a slender bet,
  And dares the chances of the fickle breeze.
A second, toiling with the plow, the soil upturns—
  The whole year through he labors like a slave.
To learn Athena's useful arts another burns;
  Hephæstus too may teach one how to save.
Another, by Olympic Muses taught, doth gain
  An understanding sure of sweetest song.
Far-darting Lord Apollo doth a fifth maintain
  With gift of prophecy: from distance long
He sees the evil coming on his fellow-man,
  If Gods attend; yet neither bird averts,
Nor victim of the sacrifice, what Fate doth plan.
  Another is physician and converts
To gain the arts of Pæon knowing many herbs:—
  Success crowns not his work: from trivial pain
There grows great suffering, nor soothing potion curbs
  And brings relief; while he who long has lain,
By cruel sickness overwhelmed, may even still
  Be straightway rendered whole by touch of hand.
To mortal man brings Destiny both good and ill:
  We must accept the gifts the Gods have planned.
And certain danger all the works of men attends:
  None can foresee the issue of his deed.
One man, who, striving earnestly, but good intends,
  Falls unaware upon the direst need;

Upon a second, working ill, the Gods bestow
  Great fortune and from folly sweet release.
Nor is there set a bound to wealth to check its flow:
  The richest strive the more for great increase.
What riches satisfy, though God give fortunes vast?
  Wealth turns to madness, madness ruins all:
When Zeus sends madness as a punishment at last,
  On one and then another doth it fall.

—George Howe.

MAXIMS

Theognis

Theognis, of the late sixth century B.C., was a nobleman of Megara, who because of his vigorous partisanship was forced into exile when his party suffered defeat. The experience colored his writings with extreme bitterness and hatred towards the common people. His verse, restricted to elegy, was addressed to a young nobleman by the name of Cyrnus as a pupil or as one expected to become the leader of the aristocratic party. The extant poems of Theognis formed a collection of maxims for the Athenian schools, and were carefully selected to teach old-time manners and morals.

Lo, I have given thee plumes wherewith to skim
  The unfathomed deep, and lightly hover around
  Earth's huge circumference. Thou shalt be found
At banquets on the breath of pæan and hymn:
To shrill-voiced pipes with lips of seraphim,
  Lovely young men thy rapturous fame shall sound;
  Yea, when thou liest lapped in noiseless ground,
Thy name shall live, nor shall oblivion dim
Thy dawn of splendour. For these lands, these isles,
  These multitudinous waves of refluent seas,
  Shall be thy pleasure ground where-through to roam,
Borne by no steed, but wafted by the smiles
  Of Muses violet-crowned, whose melodies,
  While earth endures, shall make all earth thy home.

—John Addington Symonds.

To rear a child is easy, but to teach
Morals and manners is beyond our reach;
To make the foolish wise, the wicked good,
That science never yet was understood.
  The sons of Esculapius, if their art

Could remedy a perverse and wicked heart,
Might earn enormous wages! But, in fact,
The mind is not compounded and compact
Of precept and example; human art
In human nature has no share or part.
Hatred of vice, the fear of shame and sin,
Are things of native growth, not grafted in:
Else wise and worthy parents might correct
In children's hearts each error and defect:
Whereas we see them disappointed still,
No scheme nor artifice of human skill
Can rectify the passions or the will.

Our commonwealth preserves its former frame,
Our common people are no more the same:
They that in skins and hides were rudely dress'd
Nor dreamt of law, nor sought to be redress'd
By rules of right, but in the days of old
Flock'd to the town, like cattle to the fold,
Are now the brave and wise; and we, the rest,
(Their betters nominally, once the best)
Degenerate, debasèd, timid, mean!
Who can endure to witness such a scene?
Their easy courtesies, the ready smile,
Prompt to deride, to flatter, and beguile!
Their utter disregard of right or wrong,
Of truth or honour!—Out of such a throng
(For any difficulties, any need,
For any bold design or manly deed)
Never imagine you can choose a just
Or steady friend, or faithful in his trust.
  But change your habits! let them go their way!
Be condescending, affable, and gay!

I walk by rule and measure, and incline
To neither side, but take an even line;
Fix'd in a single purpose and design.
With learning's happy gifts to celebrate,
To civilize and dignify the state:
Not leaguing with the discontented crew,
Nor with the proud and arbitrary few.

The generous and the brave, in common fame,
From time to time encounter praise or blame;
The vulgar pass unheeded; none escape
Scandal or insult in some form or shape.
Most fortunate are those, alive or dead,
Of whom the least is thought, the least is said.

Court not a tyrant's favour, nor combine
To further his iniquitous design;
But, if your faith is pledg'd, though late and loth,
If covenants have pass'd between you both,
Never assassinate him! keep your oath!
But should he still misuse his lawless power
To trample on the people, and devour,
Depose or overturn him; anyhow!
Your oath permits it, and the gods allow.

The sovereign single person—what cares he
For love or hate, for friend or enemy?—
His single purpose is utility.

If popular distrust and hate prevail,
If saucy mutineers insult and rail,
Fret not your eager spirit,—take a line
Just, sober, and discreet, the same as mine.

Let no persuasive art tempt you to place
Your confidence in crafty minds and base;—
How can it answer? Will their help avail
When danger presses, and your foes assail?
The blessing which the gods in bounty send,
Will they consent to share it with a friend?
No!—To bestrew the waves with scatter'd grain,
To cultivate the surface of the main,
Is not a task more absolutely vain
Than cultivating such allies as these,—
Fickle and unproductive as the seas.
Such are all baser minds, never at rest,
With new demands importunately press'd,
A new pretension or a new request;
Till, foil'd with a refusal of the last,
They disavow their obligations past.
But brave and gallant hearts are cheaply gain'd,
Faithful adherents, easily retain'd;
Men that will never disavow the debt
Of gratitude, or cancel or forget.

Waste not your efforts, struggle not, my friend,
Idle and old abuses to defend:
Take heed! the very measures that you press
May bring repentance with their own success.

Rash angry words, and spoken out of season,
When passion has usurp'd the throne of reason,
Have ruin'd many.—Passion is unjust,
And, for an idle transitory gust

Of gratified revenge, dooms us to pay
With long repentance at a later day.

The gods send Insolence to lead astray
The man whom Fortune and the Fates betray;
Predestin'd to precipitate decay.
Wealth nurses Insolence, and wealth, we find,
When coupled with a poor and paltry mind,
Is evermore with insolence combin'd.
  Never in anger with the meaner sort
Be mov'd to a contemptuous retort,
Deriding their distresses; nor despise
In hasty speech their wants and miseries.
  Jove holds the balance, and the gods dispense
For all mankind riches and indigence.

Join with the world; adopt with every man
His party views, his temper, and his plan;
Strive to avoid offence, study to please,
Like the sagacious inmate of the seas,
That an accommodating colour brings,
Conforming to the rock to which he clings;
With every change of place changing his hue;
The model for a statesman such as you.

Let not a base calumnious pretence,
Exaggerating a minute offence,
Move you to wrong a friend; if, every time,
Faults in a friend were treated as a crime,
Here upon earth no friendship could have place.
But we, the creatures of a faulty race
Amongst ourselves, offend and are forgiven:
Vengeance is the prerogative of heaven.

Schemes unadvisable and out of reason
Are best adjourn'd—wait for a proper season!
Time and a fair conjuncture govern all.
Hasty ambition hurries to a fall;
A fall predestin'd and ordain'd by heaven:
By a judicial madness madly driven,
Mistaking and confounding good and evil,
Men lose their senses, as they leave their level.

A trusty partisan, faithful and bold,
Is worth his weight in silver or in gold,
For times of trouble.—But the race is rare;
Steady determin'd men, ready to share
Good or ill fortune!—such, if such there are,

Could you survey the world, and search it round,
And bring together all that could be found,
The largest company you could enroll,
A single vessel could embark the whole!—
So few there are! the noble manly minds
Faithful and firm, the men that honour binds;
Impregnable to danger and to pain
And low seduction in the shape of gain.

From many a friend you must withhold your plans;
No man is safe with many partisans,
No secret!—With a party, sure but small,
Of bold adherents, trusty men withal,
You may succeed: else ruin must ensue,
Inevitable, for your friends and you.

An exile has no friends! no partisan
Is firm or faithful to the banish'd man;
A disappointment and a punishment,
Harder to bear, and worse than banishment.

Happy the man, with worldly wealth and ease,
Who, dying in good time, departs in peace.
Nor yet reduc'd to wander as a stranger
In exile and distress and daily danger;
To fawn upon his foes, to risk the trial
Of a friend's faith, and suffer a denial!

No mean or coward heart will I commend
In an old comrade or a party friend:
Nor with ungenerous, hasty zeal decry
A noble-minded gallant enemy.
Not to be born—never to see the sun—
No worldly blessing is a greater one!
And the next best is speedily to die,
And lapt beneath a load of earth to lie!

You, great Apollo, with its walls and towers
Fenc'd and adorn'd of old this town of ours!
Such favour in thy sight Alcathous won,
Of Pelops old the fair and manly son.
Now, therefore, in thy clemency divine,
Protect these very walls, our own and thine!
Guide and assist us, turn aside the boast
Of the destroying haughty Persian host!
 So shall thy people each returning spring
Slay fatted hecatombs, and gladly bring
Fair gifts, with chaunted hymns and lively song,

Dances and feasts, and happy shouts among:
Before thy altar, glorifying thee,
In peace and health and wealth, cheerful and free.
Yet much I fear the faction and the strife,
Throughout our Grecian cities, raging rife,
And their wild councils. But do thou defend
This town of ours, our founder and our friend!
Wide have I wander'd, far beyond the sea,
Even to the distant shores of Sicily,
To broad Eubœa's plentiful domain,
With the rich vineyards in its planted plain;
And to the sunny wave and winding edge
Of fair Eurotas, with its reedy sedge;
Where Sparta stands in simple majesty,
Among her manly rulers, there was I!
Greeted and welcom'd (there and everywhere)
With courteous entertainment, kind and fair;
Yet still my weary spirit would repine,
Longing again to view this land of mine.
Henceforward no design nor interest
Shall ever move me, but the first and best,
With learning's happy gift to celebrate,
To adorn and dignify my native state.
The song, the dance, music and verse agreeing,
Will occupy my life, and fill my being:
Pursuits of elegance and learnèd skill
(With good repute and kindness and good will,
Among the wiser sort) will pass my time
Without an enemy, without a crime;
Harmless and just with every rank of men,
Both the free native and the denizen.

—J. H. Frere.

THE SHIP OF STATE

Alcæus

This poem is generally assumed to be an allegory and the model which Horace imitated in his celebrated ode to the state (I, 14). For Alcæus, see above, p. 135.

Now here, now there the wild waves sweep,
Whilst we, betwixt them o'er the deep
In shattered, tempest-beaten bark
With labouring ropes along are driven,

The billows dashing o'er our dark
Upheavèd deck—in tatters riven
Our sails—whose yawning rents between
The raging sea and sky are seen.
Loose from their hold our anchors burst,
And then the third, the fatal wave,
Comes rolling onward like the first,
And doubles all our toil to save.

—J. H. Merivale.

III. THE INDIVIDUAL

ENDURE!

Archilochus

For Archilochus, see above, p. 134.

Groans rise on griefs, O Pericles! nor they
Who feed the woe in wine or feast are gay.
The billow of the many-roaring deep
Has borne these pleasures in its whelming sweep.
Our grief-swollen hearts, now, draw their breath in pain;
Yet blessings, oh my friend! shall smile again.
The gods reserve for seeming-cureless woe
A balm, and antidotes on grief bestow.
In turn the cure and suffering take their round,
And we now groaning feel the bleeding wound:
Now other breasts the shifting tortures know;
Endure, nor droop thus womanish in woe.

—C. A. Elton.

SELF-CONTROL

Archilochus

Tost on a sea of troubles, Soul, my Soul,
Thyself do thou control,
And to the weapons of advancing foes
A stubborn breast oppose:
Undaunted mid the hostile might
Of squadrons burning for the fight.
Thine be no boasting when the victor's crown
Wins thee deserved renown;

Thine no dejected sorrow, when defeat
  Would urge a base retreat:
Rejoice in joyous things—nor overmuch
  Let grief thy bosom touch
Midst evil, and still bear in mind
How changeful are the ways of human-kind.
—William Hay.

INDEPENDENCE

Archilochus

What's Gyges or his gold to me!
His royal state or rich array?
From envy's taint my breast is free,
I covet no proud tyrant's sway.
I envy not the gods in heaven!
The gods to me my lot have given.
That lot, for good or ill, I'll bear,
And for no other man's I care.
—William Mure.

THE LOST SHIELD[1]

Archilochus

To the Greeks of this period it was a supreme disgrace to lose one's shield and not one's life at the same time. Archilochus, with a good deal of daring, comments on his failure to live up to this tradition, and introduces a new attitude toward it, which set a fashion for numerous later poets.

Some Thracian strutteth with my shield;
  For, being somewhat flurried,
I left it in a wayside bush,
  When from the field I hurried;
A right good targe, but I got off,
  The deuce may take the shield;
I'll get another just as good
  When next I go afield.
—Paul Shorey.

A STORM AT SEA

Archilochus

Behold, my Glaucus! how the deep
  Heaves, while the sweeping billows howl

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[1] From Paul Shorey, *Horace: Odes and Epodes*, Benj. H. Sanborn & Co.

And round the promontory steep
The big black clouds portentous scowl,
With thunder fraught and lightning's glare,
While Terror rules and wild Despair.
—J. H. MERIVALE.

THE GODS DISPOSE

✓

ARCHILOCHUS

Leave the gods to order all things;
Often from the gulf of woe
They exalt the poor man, grovelling
In the gloomy shades below;
Often turn again and prostrate
Lay in dust the loftiest head,
Dooming him through life to wander,
Reft of sense and wanting bread.
—J. H. MERIVALE.

TO APHRODITE[1]

lived in
Lesbos ✓

SAPPHO

Sappho, of the late seventh century B.C., spent most of her life in Mytilene, where she maintained a school of music and poetry for the instruction of maidens. She was of noble birth and as a consequence suffered exile on some occasion of political strife. The story is told that she rejected the poet Alcæus, and that in consequence of an unrequited love for a certain Phaon she committed suicide, but nothing certain is known of her life. She was the only woman of Greece to win a place in the front rank of poets. Like Alcæus, she was the author of Æolian songs set to music, and her main theme was love. Only fragments of her work are extant.

Immortal on thy many-splendored throne,
Hear, Aphrodite Queen, that art
Zeus' witching daughter; and with pain and moan
Break not my heart!
But come, if ever thou hast caught of old
My distant cry and heard my plea,
And left thy father's palaces of gold
To visit me;

---

[1] From *Oxford Book of Greek Verse in Translation*, published at The Clarendon Press, Oxford. Reprinted by permission of the publishers and A. D. Marris.

And yoked thy chariot, and from heaven forth
  Driven thy sparrows fleet and fair
With whirr of wings above the swarthy earth
  Through middle air.
How fast they came! Then, Blessèd One, didst thou
  With lips divinely smiling ask:
"What new mischance is come upon thee now?
  Unto what task
Have I been called? What is the dearest aim
  Of thy mad heart? Who is to be
Persuaded to thy passion? Sappho, name
  Thine enemy!
For whoso flies thee now shall soon pursue;
  Who spurns thy gifts shall give anon;
And whoso loves thee not, whate'er she do,
  Shall love thee soon."
Ah, come then, and release me from alarms
  That crush me: all I long to see
Fulfilled, fulfill! A very mate-in-arms
  Be thou to me.

—William Marris.

A RIVAL OF THE GODS

Sappho

Blest as the immortal gods is he,
The youth whose eyes may look on thee,
Whose ears thy tongue's sweet melody
  May still devour.

Thou smilest too?—sweet smile, whose charm
Has struck my soul with wild alarm,
And, when I see thee, bids disarm
  Each vital power.

Speechless I gaze: the flame within
Runs swift o'er all my quivering skin;
My eyeballs swim; with dizzy din
  My brain reels round;

And cold drops fall; and tremblings frail
Seize every limb; and grassy pale
I grow; and then—together fail
  Both sight and sound.

—J. H. Merivale.

THE MOON

Sappho

The stars around the lovely moon
Their radiant visage hide as soon
As she, full-orbed, appears to sight,
Flooding the earth with silvery light.
—Felton.

SLUMBER

Sappho

Through orchard-plot with fragrance crowned
The clear cold fountain murmuring flows;
And forest leaves with rustling sound
Invite to soft repose.
—J. H. Merivale.

FOREVER DEAD[1]

Sappho

Thou liest dead, and there will be no memory left behind
Of thee or thine in all the earth, for never didst thou bind
The roses of Pierian streams upon thy brow; thy doom
Is writ to flit with unknown ghosts in cold and nameless gloom.
—Edwin Arnold.

GARLANDS[1]

Sappho

Of foliage and flowers love-laden
Twine wreaths for thy flowing hair,
With thine own soft fingers, maiden,
Weave garlands of parsley fair;
For flowers are sweet, and the Graces
On suppliants wreathed with the may
Look down from their heavenly places,
But turn from the crownless away.
—John Addington Symonds.

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[1] From *Sappho*, by Henry Thornton Wharton, London, John Lane, 1896; A. C. McClure & Company, Chicago. Used by permission.

THE DAUGHTER

Sappho

I have a child, a lovely one,
In beauty like the golden sun,
Or like sweet flowers of earliest bloom;
And Claïs is her name, for whom
I Lydia's treasures, were they mine,
Would glad resign.
—J. H. Merivale.

LOVE'S DISTRACTION

Sappho

Oh, my sweet mother, 'tis in vain,
I cannot weave as once I wove,
So wildered is my heart and brain
With thinking of that youth I love.
—Thomas Moore.

LIKE THE SWEET APPLE

Sappho

Like the sweet apple which reddens upon the topmost bough,
A-top on the topmost twig,—which the pluckers forgot, somehow,—
Forgot it not, nay, but got it not, for none could get it till now.
—D. G. Rossetti.

EVENING[1]

Sappho

Hesperus brings all things back
Which the daylight made us lack,
Brings the sheep and goats to rest,
Brings the baby to the breast.
—Edwin Arnold.

TO ANACTORIA IN LYDIA[2]

Sappho

A host of horse or foot may be
To some the fairest sight to see,

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[1] From *ibid.*

[2] From J. M. Edmonds, *Sappho Revocata*, Peter Davies, London, 1928.

To some a fleet of ships; to me
The loved one passes all.
And easy 'tis to prove my case;
She that had the fairest face
Man ever looked on, set her joy
Upon the ravisher of Troy,
And heedless of the call
Of parent dear or sweetest child,
Left her home, by Love beguiled
To give her heart afar.
For ever easy to mislead
Is woman, when she pays no heed
To what is near to her and dear.
Anactory, though far thou'rt gone,
Let us remembered be by one
Whose sweet footfall I'd rather hear,
Whose beaming smile I'd rather see,
Than all the Lydian chariotry
And mighty men of war;
Well wot I no mortal wight
May have the best for his delight;
Yet a one-time happy lot
Is better longed-for than forgot.

—J. M. Edmonds.

TO ALCÆUS

Sappho

Alcæus. I fain would speak, I fain would tell,
But shame and fear my utterance quell.
Sappho. If aught of good, if aught of fair
Thy tongue were laboring to declare,
Nor shame should dash thy glance, nor fear
Forbid thy suit to reach my ear.

—Anon.

SUMMER[1]

Alcæus

For Alcæus, see above, p. 135.

Come all and wet your throats with wine,
The dog-star reigns on high,

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[1] From *The Songs of Alcæus*, by James S. Easby-Smith. Copyright, 1901, by J. Easby-Smith, W. M. Lowdermilk & Company. Used by permission.

The Summer parches tree and vine,
And everything is dry.
Full cheerily the locust sings
Within the leafy shade,
Rasping away beneath his wings
A shrill-toned serenade.
Come all, and drink, the star is up!
Come all and drain the sparkling cup.

The artichokes are all ablow
And all the fields ablaze,
Where Phœbus draws his dazzling bow
And hurls his spreading rays.
The women burn with fierce desire,
The men are dead with heat,
For Sirius sends a baleful fire
And parches head and feet.
Come all, and drink, the star is up!
Come all and drain the sparkling cup.

—J. S. Easby-Smith.

WINTER

Alcæus

Jove descends in sleet and snow,
Howls the vexed and angry deep;
Every stream forgets to flow,
Bound in winter's icy sleep.
Ocean wave and forest hoar
To the blast responsive roar.

Drive the tempest from your door,
Blaze on blaze your hearthstone piling,
And unmeasured goblets pour
Brimful, high with nectar smiling.
Then beneath your poet's head
Be a downy pillow spread.

—J. H. Merivale.

DRINKING SONG

Alcæus

Why wait we for the torches' lights?
Now let us drink while day invites.
In mighty flagons hither bring
The deep-red blood of many a vine.

That we may largely quaff, and sing
The praises of the god of wine,
The son of Jove and Semele
Who gave the jocund wine to be
A sweet oblivion to our woes.
Fill, fill the goblet, one and two;
Let every brimmer, as it flows,
In sportive chase the last pursue.
—J. H. MERIVALE.

THE TYRANT'S DEATH[1]

ALCÆUS

Alcæus in an age of petty princes opposed the type of government that tended invariably towards tyranny. He is in this sense a forerunner of the coming age of democracy.

Now for wine and joy divine,
Myrsilus is dead!
Now 'tis meet the earth to beat
With quick and happy tread.
For Myrsilus is dead!
Myrsilus is dead!
—J. S. EASBY-SMITH.

THE SEA-COCKLE[1]

ALCÆUS

Child of the aged rocks,
Child of the hoary sea,
Thou fillest with joy
The heart of the boy,
O cockle from the sea.
—J. S. EASBY-SMITH.

* * *

OLD AGE

ANACREON

Like many other poets of the lyric period, Anacreon of Teos (late sixth century B.C.) moved about from place to place, sojourning now with one tyrant and now with another, welcome everywhere for his

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[1] From *ibid.*

gifts of song. He is known to later times chiefly through skillful imitations which were long thought to be genuine and which are now called the Anacreontics.

Golden hues of youth are fled;
Hoary locks deform my head.
Bloomy graces, dalliance gay,
All the flowers of life decay.
Withering age begins to trace
Sad memorials o'er my face;
Time has shed its sweetest bloom,
All the future must be gloom!
This awakes my hourly sighing;
Dreary is the thought of dying!
Pluto's is a dark abode,
Sad the journey, sad the road:
And, the gloomy travel o'er,
Ah! we can return no more!
—Thomas Moore.

YOUTH AND PLEASURE

Anacreon

Rich in bliss, I proudly scorn
The stream of Amalthea's horn!
Nor should I ask to call the throne
Of the Tartessian prince my own;
To totter through his train of years,
The victim of declining fears.
One little hour of joy for me
Is worth a dull eternity.
—Thomas Moore.

ANACREONTICS

BEAUTY

Horns to bulls wise Nature lends;
Horses she with hoofs defends;
Hares with nimble feet relieves;
Dreadful teeth to lions gives;
Fishes learn through streams to slide;
Birds through yielding air to glide;
Men with courage she supplies;

But to women these denies.
What then gives she? Beauty, this
Both their arms and armour is:
She, that can this weapon use,
Fire and sword with ease subdues.
—Thomas Stanley.

LOVE, THE CHEAT

Downward was the wheeling Bear
Driven by the Waggoner:
Men by powerful sleep opprest,
Gave their busy troubles rest;
Love, in this still depth of night,
Lately at my house did light;
Where, perceiving all fast lock'd,
At the door he boldly knock'd.
"Who's that," said I, "that does keep
Such a noise and breaks my sleep?"
"Ope," saith Love, "for pity hear;
'Tis a child, thou need'st not fear,
Wet and weary, from his way
Led by this dark night astray."
With compassion this I heard;
Light I struck, the door unbarr'd,
Where a little boy appears,
Who wings, bow, and quiver bears;
Near the fire I made him stand,
With my own I chaf'd his hand,
And with kindly busy care
Wrung the chill drops from his hair.
When well warm'd he was, and dry,
"Now," saith he, " 'tis time to try
If my bow no hurt did get,
For methinks the string is wet."
With that, drawing it, a dart
He let fly that pierc'd my heart;
Leaping then, and laughing said,
"Come, my friend, with me be glad;
For my bow thou seest is sound
Since thy heart has got a wound."
—Thomas Stanley.

ROSES

Roses (Love's delight) let's join
To the red-cheek'd God of Wine;
Roses crown us, while we laugh,
And the juice of Autumn quaff!

Roses of all flowers the king,
Roses the fresh pride o' th' Spring,
Joy of every deity.
Love, when with the Graces he
For the ball himself disposes,
Crowns his golden hair with roses.
Circling then with these our brow,
We'll to Bacchus' temple go:
There some willing beauty lead,
And a youthful measure tread.

—Thomas Stanley.

✓

THE COMBAT

Now will I a lover be;
Love himself commanded me.
Full at first of stubborn pride,
To submit my soul denied;
He his quiver takes and bow,
Bids defiance, forth I go,
Arm'd with spear and shield, we meet;
On he charges, I retreat:
Till perceiving in the fight
He had wasted every flight,
Into me, with fury hot,
Like a dart himself he shot,
And my cold heart melts; my shield
Useless, no defence could yield;
For what boots an outward screen
When, alas, the fight's within!

—Thomas Stanley.

✓

THE SWALLOW

Chattering swallow! what shall we,
Shall we do to punish thee?
Shall we clip thy wings, or cut
Tereus-like thy shrill tongue out?
Who Rhodantha driv'st away
From my dreams by break of day.

—Thomas Stanley.

✓

CAREFREE

I care not for Gyges' sway,
Or the Lydian sceptre weigh;
Nor am covetous of gold,
Nor with envy kings behold;
All my care is to prepare

Fragrant unguents for my hair;
All my care is where to get
Roses for a coronet;
All my care is for to-day;
What's to-morrow who can say?
Come then, let us drink and dice,
And to Bacchus sacrifice,
Ere death come and take us off,
Crying, Hold! th' hast drunk enough.

—THOMAS STANLEY.

THE CUP

All thy skill if thou collect,
Make a cup as I direct:
Roses climbing o'er the brim,
Yet must seem in wine to swim;
Faces too there should be there,
None that frowns or wrinkles wear;
But the sprightly son of Jove,
With the beauteous Queen of Love;
There, beneath a pleasant shade,
By a vine's wide branches made,
Must the Loves, their arms laid by,
Keep the Graces company;
And the bright-hair'd god of day
With a youthful bevy play.

—THOMAS STANLEY.

ALL THINGS DRINK

Fruitful earth drinks up the rain;
Trees from earth drink that again;
The sea drinks the air, the sun
Drinks the sea, and him the moon.
Is it reason then, d'ye think,
I should thirst when all else drink?

—THOMAS STANLEY.

THE PICTURE

Painter, by unmatch'd desert
Master of the Rhodian art,
Come, my absent mistress take,
As I shall describe her: make
First her hair, as black as bright,
And if colours so much right
Can but do her, let it too
Smell of aromatic dew;

Underneath this shade, must thou
Draw her alabaster brow;
Her dark eye-brows so dispose
That they neither part nor close,
But by a divorce so slight
Be disjoin'd, may cheat the sight:
From her kindly killing eye
Make a flash of lightning fly,
Sparkling like Minerva's, yet
Like Cythera's mildly sweet:
Roses in milk swimming seek
For the pattern of her cheek:
In her lip such moving blisses,
As from all may challenge kisses;
Round about her neck (outvying
Parian stone) the Graces flying;
And o'er all her limbs at last
A loose purple mantle cast;
But so ordered that the eye
Some part naked may descry,
An essay by which the rest
That lies hidden, may be guess'd,
  So, to life th' hast come so near,
  All of her, but voice, is here.

—Thomas Stanley.

SPRING

See the Spring herself discloses,
And the Graces gather roses;
See how the becalmèd seas
Now their swelling waves appease;
How the duck swims, how the crane
Comes from winter home again;
See how Titan's cheerful ray
Chaseth the dark clouds away;
Now in their new robes of green
Are the ploughman's labours seen:
Now the lusty teeming Earth
Springs each hour with a new birth;
Now the olive blooms: the vine
Now doth with plump pendants shine;
And with leaves and blossoms now
Freshly bourgeons every bough.

—Thomas Stanley.

OLD I AM

Old I am, yet can (I think)
Those that younger are out-drink;
When I dance no staff I take,
But a well-fill'd bottle shake:
He that doth in war delight,
Come, and with these arms let's fight;
Fill the cup, let loose a flood
Of the rich grape's luscious blood;
Old I am, and therefore may,
Like Silenus, drink and play.
—THOMAS STANLEY.

THE BEE

Love, a Bee that lurk'd among
Roses saw not, and was stung:
Who for his hurt finger crying,
Running sometimes, sometimes flying,
Doth to his fair mother hie,
And, "O help," cries he, "I die;
A winged snake hath bitten me,
Call'd by countrymen a Bee:"
At which Venus, "If such smart
A Bee's little sting impart,
How much greater is the pain,
They, whom thou hast hurt, sustain?"
—THOMAS STANLEY.

THE GRASSHOPPER

Grasshopper thrice-happy! who
Sipping the cool morning dew,
Queen-like chirpest all the day
Seated on some verdant spray;
Thine is all whate'er earth brings,
Or the hours with laden wings;
Thee, the ploughman calls his joy,
'Cause thou nothing dost destroy:
Thou by all art honour'd; all
Thee the spring's sweet prophet call;
By the Muses thou admired,
By Apollo art inspir'd,
Ageless, ever-singing, good,
Without passion, flesh or blood;
Oh how near thy happy state
Comes the gods to imitate!
—THOMAS STANLEY.

YOUTHFUL AGE

Young men dancing, and the old
Sporting I with joy behold;
But an old man gay and free
Dancing most I love to see;
Age and youth alike he shares,
For his heart belies his hairs.
—THOMAS STANLEY.

WINE AND SONG

Bring me hither Homer's lute,
Taught with mirth (not wars) to suit;
Reach a full cup, that I may
All the laws of wine obey,
Drink, and dance, and to the lyre
Sing what Bacchus shall inspire.
—THOMAS STANLEY.

* * *

NIGHT[1]

ALCMAN

Alcman (early seventh century B.C.) was born in Sardis in Lydia, but lived most of his life in Sparta whither he was brought as a slave. He employed his talents in various sorts of short lyric as well as in choral odes and hymns. Of the six books produced by him only very small fragments remain.

Stillness on the mountain-heads and deep abysses,
 The cliffs of ocean and each gloomy cave;
And quiet reigns throughout the craggy forests,
 Where fiercest, wildest beasts are wont to rave!
All living things upon this dark earth nourished,
 Even the swarms of busy bees, are still;
In purple depths of ocean sleep sea-monsters,
 And merry wingèd birds forget to trill.
—T. S. PERRY.

* * *

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[1] From T. S. Perry, *A History of Greek Literature*. Copyright, 1890, by Henry Holt & Company.

RETURN OF SPRING

Ibycus

Ibycus (late sixth century B.C.), of Rhegium in Italy, later moved to the court of Polycrates. While still in Italy he seems to have produced mainly hymns and choral lyrics, but during his stay in Samos he devoted himself to love poetry in the manner of Sappho.

What time soft zephyrs fan the trees
In the blest gardens of th' Hesperides,
Where those bright golden apples glow,
Fed by the fruitful streams that round them flow,
And new-born clusters teem with wine
Beneath the shadowy foliage of the vine;
To me the joyous season brings
But added torture on his sunny wings.
Then Love, the tyrant of my breast,
Impetuous ravisher of joys and rest,
Bursts, furious, from his mother's arms,
And fills my trembling soul with new alarms;
Like Boreas from his Thracian plains,
Cloth'd in fierce lightnings, in my bosom reigns,
And rages still, the madd'ning power—
His parching flames my wither'd heart devour:
Wild Phrensy comes my senses o'er,
Sweet Peace is fled, and Reason rules no more.

—J. H. Merivale.

* * *

THE LONG SLEEP

Simonides

Simonides (about 556 to about 467 B.C.) was born on the island of Ceos, and was finally attracted to the brilliant court of Hiero of Syracuse, where he is thought to have remained until his death. He was a whole-hearted supporter of the Greek struggle for freedom, and his brief epitaphs celebrating the victory over the Persians are his most famous work.

Long, long and dreary is the night
  That waits us in the silent grave;
Few, and of rapid flight,
  The years from Death we save.
Short—ah, how short—that fleeting space;
And when man's little race

Is run, and Death's grim portals o'er him close,
How lasting his repose!

—J. H. Merivale.

SHORTNESS OF LIFE

Mimnermus

Mimnermus (late seventh century B.C.), flute player and elegist, was a native of Colophon in Ionia. In his hands elegy became a form of love poetry, meditative and melancholy in character.

We, like the leaves of many blossomed Spring,
When the sun's rays their sudden radiance fling
In growing strength, on earth, a little while,
Delighted, see youth's blooming flowerets smile.
Not with that wisdom of the Gods endued,
To judge aright of evil and of good.
Two Fates, dark-scowling, at our side attend;
Of youth, of life, each points the destined end,
Old age and death: the fruit of youth remains
Brief, as the sunshine scattered o'er the plains:
And when these fleeting hours have sped away,
To die were better than to breathe the day.
A load of grief the burdened spirit wears;
Domestic troubles rise; penurious cares;
One with an earnest love of children sighs;
The grave is opened and he childless dies:
Another drags in pain his lingering days,
While slow disease upon his vitals preys.
Nor lives there one, whom Jupiter on high
Exempts from years of mixt calamity.

—C. A. Elton.

THE SUN'S GOLDEN BOWL

Mimnermus

Toil is the Sun-god's portion, toil all the livelong day,
Day in, day out, forever; there is no stop, no stay—
So soon as Dawn leaves Ocean, and, rosy-fingered, speeds
Upon her journey skyward—for him, nor for his steeds.

For when his course is ended, back through the dusky deep
A hollow couch goes faring, wherein he lies asleep.
A mighty bowl this couch is, and lovely to behold,
The gift of wise Hephaistos, who wrought it all in gold,
And furnished it with pinions. It darts across the seas,
Skimming the crested waves from the far Hesperides
Back to the ruddy Sun-folk, where steeds and car remain
Till Morning's own dear daughter, the Dawn, comes up again.
The Sun then mounts his chariot, seeks that far western shore
And rushing, rushing onward, gives us the day once more.

—Kirby Flower Smith.

IV. CEREMONIAL SONGS

CHILDREN'S SONG

THE SWALLOW

It was a custom in Rhodes for children to go about from house to house singing the coming of spring. The authorship of the following example of such a song is not known.

She is here, she is here, the swallow!
Fair seasons bringing, fair years to follow!
Her belly is white,
Her back black as night!
From your rich house
Roll forth to us
Tarts, wine, and cheese:
Or if not these,
Oatmeal and barley-cake
The swallow deigns to take.
What shall we have? or must we hence away?
Thanks, if you give; if not, we'll make you pay!
The house-door hence we'll carry;
Nor shall the lintel tarry;
From hearth and home your wife we'll rob;
She is so small,

To take her off will be an easy job!
Whate'er you give, give largess free!
Up! open, open to the swallow's call!
No grave old men, but merry children we!
—John Addington Symonds.

BANQUET SONGS

HARMODIUS AND ARISTOGEITON

Callistratus

Nothing is known of Callistratus aside from the fact that he was the author of this banquet song. The two popular heroes, Harmodius and Aristogeiton, were long celebrated as the deliverers of Athens from the power of the tyrants. They murdered Hipparchus on the occasion of a festival in 514 B.C., and suffered death as a consequence.

In a wreath of myrtle I'll wear my glaive,
Like Harmodius and Aristogeiton brave,
  Who, striking the tyrant down,
  Made Athens a freeman's town.

Harmodius, our darling, thou art not dead!
Thou liv'st in the isles of the blest, 'tis said,
  With Achilles first in speed,
  And Tydides Diomede.

In a wreath of myrtle I'll wear my glaive,
Like Harmodius and Aristogeiton brave,
  When the twain on Athena's day
  Did the tyrant Hipparchus slay.

For aye shall your fame in the land be told,
Harmodius and Aristogeiton bold,
  Who, striking the tyrant down,
  Made Athens a freeman's town.
—John Conington.

THE WARRIOR

Hybrias

The name is all that is known of the author of this banquet song.

My wealth's a burly spear and brand,
And a right good shield of hides untanned,

Which on my arm I buckle:
With these I plough, I reap, I sow,
With these I make sweet vintage flow,
And all around me truckle.
But your wights that take no pride to wield
A massy spear and well-made shield,
Nor joy to draw the sword:
O, I bring those heartless, hapless drones,
Down in a trice on their marrow-bones,
To call me king and lord.

—THOMAS CAMPBELL.

THEOXENOS

PINDAR

Pindar (522 to about 441 B.C.) was born at Thebes of noble family. Little more is known of his life than that he received a very careful training and that he travelled extensively. He was the greatest representative of the Doric, or choral, lyric, as contrasted with the Æolic, or personal, lyric of Alcæus and Sappho. Most of his odes were written in celebration of athletic victories at the great national festivals of Elis, Delphi, and Corinth. The origin and nature of these games, as also the poet's own connection with the worship of Apollo at Delphi, account for the religious quality of the odes. Pindar was a devout follower of the national faith, but he would take no part in promoting the fanciful stories that attributed faulty human conduct to the gods. Of seventeen books of odes known to antiquity only three and fragments of a fourth are now extant.

O soul, 'tis thine in season meet,
To pluck of love the blossom sweet,
When hearts are young:
But he who sees the blazing beams,
The light that from that forehead streams,
And is not stung;—
Who is not storm-tost with desire,—
Lo! he, I ween, with frozen fire,
Of adamant or stubborn steel,
Is forged in his cold heart that cannot feel.

Disowned, dishonoured, and denied
By Aphrodite glittering-eyed,
He either toils
All day for gold, a sordid gain,
Or bent beneath a woman's reign,
In petty broils,
Endures her insolence, a drudge,
Compelled the common path to trudge;

But I, apart from this disease,
Wasting away like wax of holy bees,

Which the sun's splendor wounds, do pine,
Whene'er I see the young-limbed bloom divine
Of boys. Lo! look you well; for here in Tenedos,
Grace and Persuasion dwell in young Theoxenos.
—John Addington Symonds.

* * *

PROCESSIONAL

RETURN OF DEMETRIUS

This is a late example of the processionals which in early times were addressed to the gods and sung by choruses of boys and girls on their way to the shrine. Here Demetrius Poliorcetes (end of the fourth century B.C.) is hailed as a god.

See how the mightiest gods, and best-beloved
  Towards our town are winging!
For lo, Demeter and Demetrius
  This glad day is bringing!
She to perform her daughter's solemn rites;
  Mystic pomps attend her:
He, joyous as a god should be, and blithe,
  Comes with laughing splendor.
Show forth your triumph! Friends all, troop around!
  Let him shine above you!
Be you the stars to circle him with love;
  He's the sun to love you.
Hail, offspring of Poseidon, powerful god,
  Child of Aphrodite!
The other gods keep far away from earth;
  Have no ears, though mighty;
They are not, or they will not hear us wail:
  Thee our eye beholdeth;
Not wood, not stone, but living, breathing, real,
  Thee our prayer enfoldeth.
First give us peace! Give, dearest, for thou canst:
  Thou art Lord and Master!
The Sphinx, who not on Thebes, but on all Greece
  Swoops to gloat and pasture;
The Ætolian, he who sits upon his rock,
  Like that old disaster;
He feeds upon our flesh and blood, and we
  Can no longer labor;

For it was ever thus the Ætolian thief
  Preyed upon his neighbor;
Him punish thou, or if not thou, then send
  Œdipus to harm him,
Who'll cast his Sphinx down from his cliff of pride,
  Or to stone will charm him.

—John Addington Symonds.

DIRGES

DANAË ADRIFT

Simonides

Danaë and her son had been set adrift for the purpose of defeating the fulfilment of an oracle, which had predicted that the king would be slain by his daughter's son. For Simonides, see above, p. 160.

When, in the carven chest,
The winds that blew and waves in wild unrest
Smote her with fear, she, not with cheeks unwet,
Her arms of love round Perseus set,
  And said: "O child, what grief is mine!
But thou dost slumber, and thy baby breast
Is sunk in rest,
Here in the cheerless brass-bound bark,
Tossed amid starless night and pitchy dark.
  Nor dost thou heed the scudding brine
Of waves that wash above the curls so deep,
Nor the shrill winds that sweep,—
Lapped in thy purple robe's embrace,
Fair little face!
But if this dread were dreadful too to thee,
Then wouldst thou lend thy listening ear to me;
Therefore I cry,—Sleep, babe, and sea be still,
And slumber our unmeasured ill!
  Oh, may some change of fate, sire Zeus, from thee
Descend, our woes to end!
But if this prayer, too overbold, offend
Thy justice, yet be merciful to me."

—John Addington Symonds.

ELYSIUM

PINDAR

For Pindar, see above, p. 164.

For them the night all through,
In that broad realm below,
The splendor of the sun spreads endless light;
'Mid rosy meadows bright,
Their city of the tombs with incense-trees,
And golden chalices
Of flowers, and fruitage fair,
Scenting the breezy air,
Is laden. There with horses and with play,
With games and lyres, they while the hours away.

On every side around
Pure happiness is found,
With all the blooming beauty of the world;
There fragrant smoke, upcurled
From altars where the blazing fire is dense
With perfumed frankincense,
Burned unto gods in heaven,
Through all the land is driven,
Making its pleasant places odorous
With scented gales and sweet airs amorous.

—JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

EPITAPHS

THE HEROES OF THERMOPYLÆ

SIMONIDES

For Simonides, see above, p. 160.

Of those who at Thermopylæ were slain,
Glorious the doom, and beautiful the lot;
Their tomb an altar: men from tears refrain
To honor them, and praise, but mourn them not.
Such sepulchre nor drear decay
Nor all-destroying time shall waste; this right have they.
Within their grave the home-bred glory
Of Greece was laid: this witness gives

Leonidas the Spartan, in whose story
A wreath of famous virtue ever lives.
—John Stirling.

SALAMIS

Simonides

Well-watered Corinth was our home before;
We lie on Salamis' Aiantian shore.
The ships of Tyre, the Persian, and the Mede
We routed, and thus holy Greece we freed.
—Lord Neaves.

HEROES OF THE PERSIAN INVASION

Simonides

Noble to die! if that be virtue's crown,
Fortune to us her bounty well displayed.
Striving to make Greece free, we gained renown
That shrouds us where we lie, and ne'er can fade.
—Lord Neaves.

ODES OF VICTORY

THE FIRST OYLMPIAN

Pindar

This ode celebrates the victory won for Hiero, king of Syracuse, by his horse Pherenikos. Woven into the song of victory and praises of the king is the myth of Pelops. This linking of a well known myth with a theme of the moment is characteristic of Pindar's epinicia, or songs of victory, and is one of the charms of his poetry. For Pindar see above, p. 164.

(Strophe 1)

Chiefest is water of all things, for streaming
Therefrom all life and existence came;
And all proud treasure of princes the gleaming
Splendor of gold outshines, as the flame
Of a great fire flings through the night its rays.
But, heart of mine, if thou fain wouldst praise
Triumphs in athlete-contests won,
Search not, when day with his glory is glowing,
For a radiant star more life-bestowing
In the whole void sky, than the kingly sun.

Even so shall we find no brighter crown
Than Olympia giveth whereof to sing;
For thence doth the chant of high renown
O'er the spirits of bards its perfume fling,
When, the praise of Kronion in song resounding,
Unto Hiero's blest hearth wealth-abounding
The hymn of his praise they bring.

(*Antistrophe 1*)

Hiero!—yea for the rod of his power
Is a sceptre of righteousness stretched o'er the land
Of the myriad flocks; and the choice of the flower
Of chivalry ever is plucked by his hand.
Yea, and he also is garlanded,
With the blossom of song enstarring his head,
The song that with gladsome voices now
We singers chant, at the banquet meeting
Of the Prince who giveth us friendship's greeting.
Now, O my Muse, from its rest take thou
The lyre that is strung to the Dorian strain,
If the glory of fleet Pherenikos, he
Who triumphed in Pisa's Olympian plain,
Haply with rapture of song thrilled thee,
When flashed in the course of Alpheus' river
His body by lash or by goad touched never,
And wedded to victory

(*Epode 1*)

His lord, the ruler of Syracuse-town,
The king who joyeth in gallant steeds.
Flasheth afar his name's renown,
Flasheth from Sicily far oversea
Where Pelops, the exile from Lydia's meads,
Founded a hero-colony—
Pelops, beloved of the Earth-enfolder,
Poseidon the strong, when the Fate of the Thread
Drew him resplendent with ivory shoulder
From the undefiled laver, whom men deemed dead.
There be marvels full many; and fables hoary
With inventions manifold broidered o'er
Falsify legend, I wot, with a story
Wherein truth liveth no more.

(*Str. 2*)

But the Grace of Beauty, which aye is weaving
All manner of charm round the souls of men,
Taketh these tales unworthy believing,
And arrays them in honour: so cometh it then
That man with unwavering credence clings
To a false-feigned tale of impossible things.

But the after-days are the witnesses
That be wisest. Reverent speech beseemeth
The mortal who uttereth that which he deemeth
Of the Gods—so shall his reproach be less.
O Tantalus' son, I will speak not as they
Who told thy story in days of old!
But thy father bade thee a guest that day
To a banquet arrayed by the righteous-souled
Upon Sipylus' loved height—so he tendered
To the Gods requital for boons they had rendered.
On a sudden the chariot of gold

(*Ant. 2*)

Of the Lord of the Trident gleaming splendid,
Whose soul was with love for thy youth overcome,
Bare thee, as up through the blue ye ascended,
To imperial Zeus's glory-home,
Whither also came in the after-day
Ganymedes ravished from earth away
In halls celestial the nectar to pour.
But when viewless thus from the earth they had caught thee,
Nor the questers that far and near had sought thee
To the arms of thy mother could thee restore,
Then spake some neighbor in envious spite
A whispered slander of sin and shame,
How that over the boiling water's might
Which hissed in the bronze that bestrode the flame
Did they carve thy flesh with the knife, and seethe it,
And served at the feast, and—dare lips breathe it?—
That the God-guests ate of the same!

(*Ep. 2*)

But impossible it is for me to call
Any Blest One man-eater—with loathing and scorn
I recoil! O, the profit is passing small
That the dealer in slander hath oft times found.
But if ever man on earth was born
Whom the Watchers from Heaven with honour crowned,
That man was Tantalus; yet of their favour
No profit he had, nor of that high bliss.
But the man's proud stomach was drunk with its savour
And gorged with pride; and by reason of this
He drew on him ruin utter-crushing;
For Zeus hung o'er him a huge black scaur,

And he cowers from it aye on his head down-rushing
From happiness exiled far.

(*Str.* 3)

And there unto torment fettered for ever
Living on, living on in eternal despair
He abides with the Three on whom hope dawns never
He who from the feast of the Gods could dare
To steal the ambrosia and nectar whereby
They had given him immortality,
That the guests of his wine-cup might revel thereon!
But who thinketh to hide his evil doing
From God, he errs to his bitter ruing!
So then the Immortals sent back his son
Exiled to earth from the heavenly home,
Thenceforth with the sons of a day to abide.
But in process of time, when Pelops was come
To the flower-bright season of life's springtide,
When the soft rose-tint of his cheek 'gan darken,
To the whisper of love did his spirit hearken,
And he dreamed of the world-famed bride

(*Ant.* 3)

Hippodameia, the glorious daughter
Of the Lord of Pisa, a prize for him
Who could win her. Alone by the surf-white water
Of the sea he stood in the darkness dim.
To the Thunder-voiced he cried o'er the wave,
To the Lord of the Trident mighty to save:
And lo, at his side did the God appear,
And "O Poseidon," he spake imploring,
"If the gifts of the Cyprian Queen's outpouring
To thy spirit, O King, be in any wise dear,
His bronze lance let not Oenomaus lift
To mine hurt, but cause me to Elis to ride
On a god-given chariot passing swift:
There throne thou me by victory's side.
For lovers by that spear merciless-slaying
Have died thirteen, and he still is delaying
To bestow his child as a bride.

(*Ep.* 3)

In the path doth a mighty peril lie;
To the craven soul no welcome it gives.
But, seeing a man must needs once die,
Wherefore should I unto old age screen
From peril a life that only lives,
Sitting nameless and fameless in darkness unseen,

In the deeds of the valiant never sharing?
  Nay, lies at my feet the challenge now:
I will accept it for doing and daring!
  Good speed to mine heart's desire grant thou!"
Not fruitless the cry of his heart's desiring
  Was uttered. The God heard gracious-souled,
And crowned him with honour. Winged steeds
    untiring
  He gave, and a chariot of gold.

(*Str. 4*)

So he won for his bride that maiden peerless;
  For her terrible father he overcame.
And she bare to him six sons battle-fearless,
  Captains of war-hosts, thirsting for fame.
And his portion assured hath Pelops still
Where the priests the blood of the sacrifice spill;
  And unto his tomb resorteth the throng
Of strangers from far who have heard his story.
From his grave-mound his spirit beholdeth the glory
  Of the mighty Olympian strife of the strong
In the course that from Pelops its name hath ta'en,
  Wherein be contending the swift to run
And the thews that be mighty in wrestling-strain.
  And whoso therein hath the victory won,
Thereafter on through his life-days ever
Sweetly his peace shall flow as a river
  Blissfully gliding on

(*Ant. 4*)

For those Games' sake. Yea, the good that unceasing
  On man's lot daily as dew droppeth down
Is that which to each is most well-pleasing.
  Now is it my bounden duty to crown
With a strain wherein hoof-beats triumphant ring
In Æolian moods Sicilia's King.
  And hereof is my spirit assured past doubt
That amidst all men on the wide earth dwelling
There is found no host whom with prouder-swelling
  Notes in many a winding bout
Of noble song I may glorify,
  Yea, none more learned in honour's lore,
None who showeth therein more potency.
  The God who guardeth thee watcheth o'er
Thine hopes and thine aims, that no evil assail thee;
And if—O nay, but he cannot fail thee!—
  I trust ere long once more

(*Ep. 4*)

To chant a triumph than all more sweet,
  Inspiration-wafted, as one that flies

In a chariot, on paths of utterance meet,
Till I win unto Kronos' Hill sunbright;
O yea, in my Muses' quiver lies
A song-arrow winged for stronger flight.
By diverse paths men upward aspire:
Earth's highest summit by kings is attained.
Thou therefore look to attain no higher
Than earth. Be it thine on the height thou hast gained
To pace mid splendour of royal achieving
Thy life through: mine be it no less long
To consort with victors, from Hellas receiving
The world o'er praise for my song.

—A. S. Way. Test

THE THIRD OLYMPIAN

Pindar

This ode celebrates a victory for Theron of Akragas and is a banquet song sung in the temple of Castor and Pollux. Combined with the praises of Theron is the story of the olive, token of victory, brought from Ister's springs by Hercules.

(*Str. 1*)

Oh Tyndarids, lords of all guest-welcoming,
Oh Helen of the tresses beauty-crowned,
Take pleasure in my praises, when I sing
Akragas far-renowned,
Chanting her son's Olympian victory,
The glory of his tireless-footed team.
The Muse hath thrilled me with new harmony
Of wedded song and dance, in revelry
Where Dorian sandals gleam.

(*Ant. 1*)

Garlands of victory twined in Theron's hair
Exact of me this debt that Heaven ordains
For Ainesidamus' son in order fair
To blend the varying strains
Of lyres with voice of flutes and ordering
Of chanted words; and Pisa bids proclaim
His glory—Pisa, poesy's well-spring
Whence, by the Gods inspired, the great songs ring
That give men deathless fame,

(*Ep. 1*)

Even they about whose hair the silvery-gleaming
Adorning of the olive-leaf is laid
By the Ætolian judge's righteous deeming
The victor's brows to shade,

According unto Herakles' ancient hest.
From Ister's shadowy springs he brought this tree,
When fared Amphitryon's son on perilous quest
And gave Olympia's games this fairest, best
Trophy of victory.

(*Str.* 2)

His courteous speech that Norland people swayed—
The folk who serve Apollo—to bestow
To his true-hearted prayer for Zeus's glade,
Whither all Hellenes go,
A shadowing tree, a universal boon,
A wreath for prowess of the mighty given.
When hallowed were Zeus' altars, lo, the Moon
Of midmonth flashed her splendour plenilune
Full in the face of Even.

(*Ant.* 2)

Then for those great Games he ordained for ever
Just judgment and a Five-year Festival
By the steep banks of Alpheus' hallowed river.
But of fair trees and tall
In Kronian Pelops' glen, that chosen place,
His garden-close, was as a desert bare.
Him-seemed it lay unscreened beneath the blaze
Of scorching Helios' arrow-darting rays.
Wherefore he yearned to fare

(*Ep.* 2)

To Ister's land, where She of the swift horses,
Queen Leto's Child, received him graciously
When from the hills and winding water-courses
He came of Arcady,
Sped on Eurystheus' mission forth to find—
By his sire's doom, wherefrom is no appeal—
The Orthian Wood-queen's golden-antlered hind,
Vowed to her by Taygete, and signed
With consecration's seal.

(*Str.* 3)

And in that chase he looked upon the land
That sheltered lies behind the North-wind cold,
And saw its olive-trees. There did he stand
And marvelled to behold,
And dearly yearned to enring with those same trees
The goal round which twelve times swift horses
strain.
Graciously still to these festivities
He comes: with him be godlike presences,
Even Leda's scions twain.

(*Ant.* 3)

These charged he with the Great Games' ordering

Ere hence he passed to heavenly halls afar,
The struggle of strong men, the sweep and swing
Of the swift-rushing car.
"The Emmenids and Theron Fame hath crowned
This day!" my soul constraineth me to cry,
"Fame given by Tyndareus' Sons the steed-renowned,
Since unto these of all men most they abound
In hospitality,

(*Ep.* 3)

With hearts of reverence rendering due measure
Of service to the Gods for ever blest."
As water chiefest is, and of all treasure
Gold is held goodliest,
So Glory's pinnacle doth Theron gain
By his high prowess: yea, his fame hath won
To Herakles' pillars! Farther to attain
Wise and unwise all fruitlessly should strain,
Nor press I vainly on.

—A. S. Way.

THE SECOND PYTHIAN

Pindar

The subject celebrated is a victory in a chariot race won for Hiero of Syracuse at Thebes. The myth of Ixion and the moral lessons to be derived from it are interwoven with the praises of Hiero.

(*Str.* 1)

O Syracuse, city in greatness excelling,
Precinct of Ares through gulfs of war
Who plungeth, O nurse of the warrior and steed
That in clash of the steel of battle-weed
Exult, from radiant Thebes do I speed
Bearing a song of the great race, telling
Of the swift earth-shaking four-horsed car,
The race wherein Hiero triumphward riding
Flashed down the course with his glorious team,
And crowned with garlands that glowed far-seen
Ortygia, the haunt of the River-queen
Artemis—aided of her, I ween,
His hands as with spells of enchantment were guiding
Those steeds with a bridle of rainbow-gleam;

(*Ant.* 1)

For she, the arrow-triumphant Maiden,
And Hermes the Ruler of Contests, bring—
Yea, the gifts of the Gods' linked hands they are—
These harness-adornings that glitter afar

When he yokes strong steeds to his shining car
And its wheels rein-piloted, victory-laden,
Invoking the wide-ruling Trident-king.
The prowess-guerdon of song sweet-ringing
From the lips of many a bard shall swell
To the feet of lords that o'er far lands reign;
As the Cyprian bards in triumphant strain
Chant Kinyras' praises once and again,
Aphrodite's priestly minion singing
Whom Apollo the golden-haired loved well;

(*Ep. 1*)

For their gratitude's praise for his kindness is gushing
From the hearts in loving reverence bowed.
O Deinomenes' son, the Lokrian maid
In the far west sings at her door unafraid
The delivering might of thine arm, that stayed
War's march of afflictions spirit-crushing,
That her eyes no longer are terror-cowed.
In old-time legend it stands recorded
That Ixion, the while on the fire-winged wheel
By the sentence of Gods he is endlessly whirled,
Ever shrieketh his warning, a cry that is hurled
Unto men's ears up from the underworld—
"Be the kindness of thy benefactors rewarded
With all the love that thine heart can reveal!"

(*Str. 2*)

That lesson he learned in uttermost measure;
For, though he received a life of bliss
Mid the Children of Kronos, the gracious-souled,
He contented him not with its joys untold,
But for Hera he lusted frenzy-bold,
Of Zeus's couch the inviolate treasure;
For presumption drave him on into this
His overweening infatuation.
But swiftly he reaped meet harvest of sin
To suffer of all hell's torments the worst:
For his twofold transgression earned the Accurst
That vengeance—the one, that he was the first
Who stained mankind with contamination
Of the treacherous spilling of blood of kin;

(*Ant. 2*)

The other, that in the recesses most holy
Of the bride-bower of Zeus did he make essay
Of the Queen of Heaven! Meet is it to know
Our mortality's limits, meet to forego
The lawless loves that their victim throw
Into gulfs of destruction. Such was his folly;

For with nought but a cloud it was that he lay,
Unknowing all, to his own confusion
Lured on by a sweetly-beckoning lie;
For the cloud-wrought image the semblance bare
Of Kronos' Child, Heaven's fairest fair;
For the hands of Zeus had fashioned the snare,
The beautiful bane, for his soul's delusion.
So he compassed his own dire doom thereby,

(*Ep.* 2)

Outstretched on the wheel's arms crucifying,
Tangled in bonds whence escape is none,
Shrieking that warning the whole world o'er.
And his cloud-mate, unblessed of the Graces, bore
A monstrous child—such dam never more
Nor such offspring shall be, 'neath a black curse lying
Of menfolk, of godfolk—a thing to shun!
And the cloud-mother reared that evil abortion
And named Kentaurus. By Pelion's foot
In Magnesia he mated with many a mare;
And a horde of monsters was born of them there
Wondrous to see, for the likeness they bare
Of either parent; the upper portion
As man was shapen, the nether as brute.

(*Str.* 3)

What purpose soever God conceiveth
He accomplisheth; none his intent may defy—
God, who o'ertaketh the eagle's wing,
Who outstrippeth the dolphin, o'er waves though it spring,
And the pride of man to the dust can bring,
While unto the lowly one glory he giveth
That waxeth not old as the years fleet by.
But for me it is well that I lack not discretion
From slander's viper-fangs to refrain.
Ay, venomous-tongued Archilochus' fate
Have I known from of old, and his low estate
Who with rancorous speech fed fat his hate.
Of all things that Fortune can give in possession
Riches with wisdom are best to attain.

(*Ant.* 3)

These blessings be thine, may all see plainly;
And this thou showest, O liberal-souled,
O princely ruler of many a street
Fair-circled with towers where thy squadrons meet;
And such riches and honour thy weal complete
That in fantasy's folly he striveth vainly
Who saith that any surpassed thee of old

Among Hellene lords that be famed in story.
On the prow of my galley with flowers hung round
Will I take my stand as the praises I sing
Of thy prowess. Young hearts win strengthening
From courage when trumpets for onset ring.
Yea, thou, I proclaim it, hast won thee glory
Therefrom, a glory that knows no bound,

(*Ep.* 3)

Now warring mid horsemen battleward racing,
And now mid warriors afoot that fight.
And thy wisdom now when thy locks be grey
Is of all gainsaying unperilled—O yea,
It giveth me fullest assurance aye
For extolling thy name with manifold praising.
All hail! This song o'er the sea-foam white
Like Tyrian merchandise lo, I have brought thee.
Let thine eyes then smile on the Kastor-strain
That my fingers from chords Æolian drew:
O greet it thou with the honour due
To the seven-stringed lute. To thyself be true,
To the royal wisdom the years have taught thee.
'Tis from children alone that the ape doth gain

(*Str.* 4)

The praise of beauty, is beauteous ever!
Rhadamanthus is homed in the Isles of the Blest,
For the fruit of his soul was uncankered of guile:
No pleasure he hath in the treacherous wile
Of the whisperer working by calumnies vile.
The secret speakings of slander never
Can be openly fought and forever repressed.
There is nothing of man in them—nay, 'tis the slinking
Spirit of foxes they show; and yet
From his cunning what gain doth the sly fox reap?
As for me—while the rest of the net-tackle deep
In the briny darkness doth toilsomely sweep
The sea-floor—I, like the float unsinking
Am riding the waves high over the net.

(*Ant.* 4)

In a city of honest men unavailing
Is the trickster's babble, yet still he essays,
Fawning on all men, the toils to twine
Of his subtlety. Never his vaunt shall be mine—
"To a friend be I friend, to a foe malign!
As a wolf will I covertly track him, assailing
This side and that side, by crooked ways."
In what state soever a people be dwelling,
'Tis the man of straightforward speech alway
That unto the foremost place attains;

Whether it be where a despot reigns,
Or where the rabble hot-headed strains
Against use and wont, or where sages excelling
  In wisdom the helm of the commonweal sway.

(*Ep. 4*)

Strive not against God, who exalts at his pleasure
  Now one, now setteth another on high.
Yet doth not even His will seem right
Unto envious ones, but they strain over-tight
The line, and their own hearts so do they smite
With a wound whose bitterness none may measure,
  Ere the prize be gained for the which they sigh.
Nay, better it is that a man bear lightly
  The yoke of Fate on his neck that lies.
But he makes for his feet a perilous road
Who backward lashes against the goad.
But on me be this fair fortune bestowed,
To dwell among them which walk uprightly,
  And to be well-pleasing in good men's eyes.

—A. S. Way.

PRAISE OF PEACE

Bacchylides

Bacchylides (early fifth century B.C.) of Ceos, nephew of Simonides of Ceos, was reckoned by the ancients among the foremost of poets. Recent discoveries have restored his work to us in part. He wrote dithyrambs, pæans, and odes of victory after the manner of Pindar. Like Pindar, he visited the court of Hiero of Syracuse and celebrated some of the same victories recounted by Pindar.

To mortal men Peace giveth these good things:
Wealth, and the flowers of honey-throated song;
The flame that springs
On carven altars from fat sheep and kine,
Slain to the gods in heaven; and, all day long,
Games for glad youths, and flutes, and wreaths,
    and circling wine.
Then in the steely shield swart spiders weave
Their web and dusky woof:
Rust to the pointed spear and sword doth cleave;
The brazen trump sounds no alarms;
Nor is sleep harried from our eyes aloof,
But with sweet rest my bosom warms:
The streets are thronged with lovely men and young,
And hymns in praise of boys like flames to heaven
    are flung.

—John Addington Symonds.

Democratic Society: Prose and Drama

FIFTH AND FOURTH CENTURIES B.C.

In the sixth century the conquering power of Persia had pushed forward through Asia Minor to the shores of the Ægean, subjecting all the Greek cities in her path. Two attempts the barbarians made then on Greece itself. The one failed at Marathon before the Athenian citizen-soldier; the other, at Thermopylæ, at Salamis, and at Platæa. Victory brought growth. Mingled feelings of relief at the repelling of the awful danger, of joy in so thorough a decision of the struggle, led to a quickening of the Greek spirit along many lines of endeavor.

To repel the invader the Greeks had then united. One might have imagined that the intense feelings of national consciousness aroused by the wars would have fostered a more permanent political union of all Greece. But union did not result, although combinations of states were often arranged. Democratic forms of government however were certainly promoted. The people had won the wars; the people would run the government. But, as of old, each little city-state with its few thousand inhabitants and its few square miles of territory, would have its complete independence. Within such little political entities the growth of democracy took place. It is a phenomenon peculiarly Greek. Toward the end of this period Aristotle stated that a successful democracy should not contain over 10,000 citizens, that is, grown men with full political rights. His theory was that a larger number would prove unwieldy in a government in which the citizens met (somewhat as in New England town-meetings) to pass laws directly, and often to handle matters which today the executive would control. Athens developed an unlimited democracy of all full citizens, which, in foreign relations at any rate, worked very well when skilled leaders such as Pericles guided the state, and worked infinitely ill, when demagogues won control of the people.

Athens, because of her naval strength, had emerged from the Persian wars as the natural protector of the Greeks on the Ægean. Under her presidency a league, offensive and defensive, was formed, and for years expeditions in Asia Minor, and even in Egypt, were undertaken against Persia. During these years Athens promoted her own position so vigorously that she gradually transformed her leadership into supreme power over the league. She made herself also treasurer, and used the funds of the league to enlarge her own navy and to embellish her acropolis with wonderful buildings.

Jealousy of her commanding position in the Greek world finally brought about a coalition against her in which Sparta took the lead. For some twenty-seven years (431-404 B.C.), with some interruptions, the struggle lasted, and ended with the fall of Athens. Supreme in folly, as in many a better quality, the democracy had needlessly exhausted its powers by a vain attempt to subdue Syracuse and Sicily in the far West. After disaster there the outcome of the war was never uncertain. Sparta then became the chief power of Greece for a time. Her power yielded to a revival of the strength of Thebes. Athens regained a modicum of her former power. Meantime in the North the half-Greek kingdom of Macedon was quietly extending its sway. Athens finally awoke to the threat of danger for all Greece; but too late. The Battle of Chæronea (338 B.C.) put an end to real freedom in Greece forever.

Within the limits of a period beginning with the repulse of Persia (479 B.C.) and ending with the subjugation of Greece by Philip of Macedon (338 B.C.) the tide of Greek civilization reached its height. In government democracies developed to their utmost possibilities direct rule by the full citizenry. In literature prose appeared as a highly perfected form. Oratory, always flourishing under democratic patronage, reached its culmination in the speeches of a Demosthenes. In the pages of a Thucydides and a Herodotus was pictured the history of the Greek. Philosophy, a development only of high culture, was marvelously expressed in the studies of a Plato. Drama, growing with the people from crude beginnings, in the plays of the great trio of tragedians presented profound studies of life and its problems. The comedies of Aristophanes mirror for modern readers aspects of civilization, political, social, literary, and prove, better than a historian could, how absolutely complete freedom of speech was allowed in fifth-century Athens even in time of war. Of the art of the period in various branches splendid remains still testify today to a beauty and perfection almost absolute. And in every department of civilization and culture it was Athens which took first place.

I. TALES OF A TRAVELER: HERODOTUS

Herodotus (about 484 to about 425 B.C.), the Father of History, was a native of Halicarnassus in Asia Minor. Political strife caused him to leave his native city and turn traveler, in which capacity he collected a mass of material at first hand for use in his great history. He was the first to give artistic form to what hitherto had been a mere jumble of unconnected stories, or a dry annalistic recital of events. Though capable of great credulity, he often shows clear signs of critical thinking. He indulged in delightful digressions which are more of the nature of gossip than of history, and colored all he wrote with the imagination of an epic poet. He was in fact strongly influenced by the great epics of Greece. Like Homer, to diversify his narrative, he uses not only digressions, but makes the chief characters speak in their own persons. The history, which is extant entire, tells of the affairs of Greek and of Persian, beginning with the time of Crœsus, king at Sardis, about the middle of the sixth century B.C. and extending through the period of the Persian wars to 478 B.C. Diffuse as it may seem, it is built upon an artistic plan. A first section, of three books, relates the rise of Persia to great power; the second section, of three books, pictures a struggle between Greeks and Persians marked by many successes and failures; the final section, also of three books, describes the utter defeat of Persia.

CRŒSUS OF LYDIA

[From Book I]

The author's prime interest in this story is clearly in the speculative question of what constitutes happiness. It has been suggested that Crœsus and Solon are brought into contrast as representatives of the conflict between the Oriental and the Greek points of view. Certainly political institutions and events are kept in the background as compared with the description of characters and the exposition of their ideas.

On the death of Alyattes, Crœsus, his son, who was in his thirty-fifth year, succeeded to the throne. Of the Greek cities, Ephesus was the first that he attacked. The Ephesians, when he laid siege to the place, made an offering of their city to Diana, by stretching a rope from the town wall to the temple of the Goddess, which was distant from the ancient city, then besieged by Crœsus, a space of seven furlongs. They were, as I said, the first Greeks whom he attacked. Afterwards, on some pretext or other, he made war in turn upon every Ionian and Æolian state, bringing forward, where he could, a substantial ground of complaint; where such failed him, advancing some poor excuse.

In this way he made himself master of all the Greek cities in Asia, and forced them to become his tributaries; after which he began to think of building ships, and attacking the islanders. Everything had been got ready for this purpose, when Bias of Priene (or, as some say, Pittacus the Mytilenean) put a stop to the project. The king had made inquiry of this person, who was lately arrived at Sardis, if there were any news from Greece; to which he answered. "Yes, sire, the islanders are gathering ten thousand horse, designing an expedition against thee and against thy capital." Crœsus, thinking he spake seriously, broke out, "Ah, might the gods put such a thought into their minds as to attack the sons of the Lydians with cavalry!" "It seems, oh king!" rejoined the other, "that thou desirest earnestly to catch the islanders on horseback on the mainland,—thou knowest well what would come of it. But what thinkest thou the islanders desire better, now that they hear thou art about to build ships and sail against them, than to catch the Lydians at sea, and there revenge on them the wrongs of their brothers upon the mainland, whom thou holdest in slavery?" Crœsus was charmed with the turn of the speech; and thinking there was reason in what was said, gave up his shipbuilding and concluded a league of amity with the Ionians of the isles.

Crœsus afterwards, in the course of many years, brought under his sway almost all the nations to the west of the Halys. The Lycians and Cilicians alone continued free; all the other tribes he reduced and held in subjection. They were the following: the Lydians, Phrygians, Mysians, Mariandynians, Chalybians, Paphlagonians, Thynian and Bithynian Thracians, Carians, Ionians, Dorians, Æolians and Pamphylians.

When all these conquests had been added to the Lydian empire, and the prosperity of Sardis was now at its height, there came thither, one after another, all the sages of Greece living at the time, and among them Solon, the Athenian. He was on his travels, having left Athens to be absent ten years, under the pretense of wishing to see the world, but really to avoid being forced to repeal any of the laws which, at the request of the Athenians, he had made for them. Without his sanction the Athenians could not repeal them, as they had bound themselves under a heavy curse to be governed for ten years by the laws which should be imposed on them by Solon.

On this account, as well as to see the world, Solon set out upon his travels, in the course of which he went to Egypt to the court of Amasis, and also came on a visit to Crœsus at Sardis. Crœsus received him as his guest, and lodged him in the royal palace. On the third or fourth day after, he bade his servants conduct Solon over his treasuries, and show him all their greatness and magnificence. When he had seen them all, and, so far as time allowed, inspected them, Crœsus addressed this question to him: "Stranger of Athens, we have heard much of thy wisdom and of thy travels through many lands, from love of knowledge and a wish to see the world. I am curious therefore to inquire of thee, whom, of all the men that thou hast seen, thou deemest the most happy?" This he asked because he thought himself the happiest of mortals: but Solon answered him without flattery, according to his true sentiments, "Tellus of Athens, sire." Full of astonishment at what he heard, Crœsus demanded sharply, "And wherefore dost thou deem Tellus happiest?" To which the other replied, "First, because his country was flourishing in his days, and he himself had sons both beautiful and good, and he lived to see children born to each of them, and these children all grew up; and further because, after a life spent in what our people look upon as comfort, his end was surpassingly glorious. In a battle between the Athenians and their neighbours near Eleusis, he came to the assistance of his countrymen, routed the foe, and died upon the field most gallantly. The Athenians gave him a public funeral on the spot where he fell, and paid him the highest honours."

Thus did Solon admonish Crœsus by the example of Tellus, enumerating the manifold particulars of his happiness. When he had ended, Crœsus inquired a second time, who after Tellus seemed to him the happiest, expecting that, at any rate, he would be given the second place. "Cleobis and Bito," Solon answered; "they were of Argive race: their fortune was enough for their wants, and they were besides endowed with so much bodily strength that they had both gained prizes at the Games. Also this tale is told of them:—There was a great festival in honour of the goddess Juno at Argos, to which their mother must needs be taken in a car. Now the oxen did not come home from the field in time: so the youths, fearful of being too late, put the yoke on their own necks, and themselves drew the car in which their mother rode. Five and forty furlongs did they draw her, and stopped before the temple. This deed of theirs was witnessed by the whole assembly of worshippers, and then their life closed in the best possible way. Herein, too, God showed forth most evidently, how much better a thing for man death is than life. For the Argive men stood thick around the car and extolled the vast strength of the youths; and the Argive women extolled the mother who was blessed with such a pair of sons; and the mother herself, overjoyed at the deed and at the praises it won, standing straight before the image, besought the goddess to bestow on Cleobis and Bito, the sons who had so mightily honoured her, the highest blessing to which mortals can attain. Her prayer ended, they offered sacrifice, and partook of the holy banquet, after which the two youths fell asleep in the temple. They never woke more, but so passed from the earth. The Argives, looking on them as among the best of men, caused statues of them to be made, which they gave to the shrine at Delphi."

When Solon had thus assigned these youths the second place, Crœsus broke in angrily, "What, stranger of Athens, is my happiness, then, so utterly set at nought by thee, that thou dost not even put me on a level with private men?"

"Oh! Crœsus," replied the other, "thou askedst a question concerning the condition of man, of one who knows that the power above us is full of jealousy, and fond of troubling our lot. A long life gives one to witness much, and experience much oneself, that one would not choose. Seventy years I regard as the limit of the life of man. In these seventy years are contained, without reckoning intercalary months, twenty-five thousand and two hundred days. Add an intercalary month to every other year, that the seasons may come round at the right time, and there will be, besides the seventy years, thirty-five such months, making an addition of one thousand and fifty days. The whole number of the days contained in the seventy years will thus be twenty-six thousand two hundred and fifty, whereof not one but will produce events unlike the rest. Hence man is wholly accident. For thyself, oh Crœsus! I see that thou art wonderfully rich, and art the lord of many nations; but with respect to that whereon thou questionest me, I have no answer to give, until I hear that thou hast closed thy life happily. For assuredly he who possesses great store of riches is no nearer happiness than he who has what suffices for his daily needs, unless it so hap that luck attend upon him, and so he continue in the enjoyment of all good things to the end of life. For many of the wealthiest men have been unfavoured of fortune, and many whose means were moderate have had excellent luck. Men of the former class excel those of the latter but in two respects; these last excel the former in many. The wealthy man is better able to content his desires, and to bear up against a sudden buffet of calamity. The other has less ability to withstand these evils (from which, however, his good luck keeps him clear), but he enjoys all these following blessings: he is whole of limb, a stranger to disease, free from misfortune, happy in his children, and comely to look upon. If, in addition to all this, he end his life well, he is of a truth the man of whom thou art in search, the man who may rightly be termed happy. Call him, however, until he die, not happy but fortunate. Scarcely, indeed, can any man unite all these advantages: as there is no country which contains within it all that it needs, but each, while it possesses some things, lacks others, and the best country is that which contains most, so no single human being is complete in every respect—something is always lacking. He who unites the greatest number of advantages, and retaining them to the day of his death, then dies peaceably, that man alone, sire, is, in my judgment, entitled to bear the name of 'happy.' But in every matter it behoves us to mark well the end; for oftentimes God gives men a gleam of happiness and then plunges them into ruin."

Such was the speech which Solon addressed to Crœsus, a speech which brought him neither largess nor honour. The king saw him depart with much indifference, since he thought that a man must be an arrant fool who made no account of present good, but bade men always wait and mark the end. . . .

After this Crœsus, having resolved to propitiate the Delphic god with a magnificent sacrifice, offered up three thousand of every kind of sacrificial beast, and besides made a huge pile, and placed upon it couches coated with silver and with gold, and golden goblets, and robes and vests of purple; all which he burnt in the hope of thereby making himself more secure of the favour of the god. Further he issued orders to all the people of the land to offer a sacrifice according to their means. When the sacrifice was ended, the king melted down a vast quantity of gold, and ran it into ingots, making them six palms long, three palms broad, and one palm in thickness. The number of ingots was a hundred and seventeen, four being of refined gold, in weight two talents and a half; the others of pale gold, and in weight two talents. He also caused a statue of a lion to be made in refined gold, the weight of which was ten talents. At the time when the temple of Delphi was burnt to the ground, this lion fell from its place upon the ingots; it now stands in the Corinthian treasury, and weighs only six talents and a half, having lost three talents and a half by the fire.

On the completion of these works Crœsus sent them away to Delphi, and with them two bowls of an enormous size, one of gold, the other of silver, which used to stand, the latter upon the right, the former upon the left, as one entered the temple. They too, were moved after the fire; and now the golden one is in the Clazomenian treasury, and weighs eight talents and forty-two minæ; the silver one stands in the corner of the ante-chapel, and holds six hundred amphoræ. This is known, because the Delphians fill it at the time of the Theophania. It is said by the Delphians to be a work of Theodore the Samian, and I think that they say true, for assuredly it is the work of no common artist. Crœsus sent also four silver casks, which are in the Corinthian treasury, and two lustral vases, a golden and a silver one. On the former is inscribed the name of the Lacedæmonians, and they claim it as a gift of theirs, but wrongly, since it was really given by Crœsus. The inscription upon it was cut by a Delphian, who wished to pleasure the Lacedæmonians. His name is known to me, but I forbear to mention it. The boy, through whose hand the water runs, is (I confess) a Lacedæmonian gift, but they did not give either of the lustral vases. Besides these various offerings, Crœsus sent to Delphi many others of less account, among the rest a number of round silver basins. Also he dedicated a female figure in gold, three cubits high, which is said by the Delphians to be the statue of his baking-woman; and further, he presented the necklace and the girdles of his wife.

These were the offerings sent by Crœsus to Delphi. To the shrine of Amphiaraus, with whose valour and misfortune he was acquainted, he sent a shield entirely of gold, and a spear, also of solid gold, both head and shaft. They were still existing in my day at Thebes, laid up in the temple of Ismenian Apollo.

The messengers who had the charge of conveying these treasures to the shrines, received instructions to ask the oracles whether Crœsus should go to war with the Persians, and if so, whether he should strengthen himself by the forces of an ally. Accordingly, when they had reached their destination and presented the gifts, they proceeded to consult the oracles in the following terms:—"Crœsus, king of Lydia and other countries, believing that these are the only real oracles in all the world, has sent you such presents as your discoveries deserved, and now inquires of you whether he shall go to war with the Persians, and if so, whether he shall strengthen himself by the forces of a confederate." Both the oracles agreed in the tenor of their reply, which was in each case a prophecy that if Crœsus attacked the Persians, he would destroy a mighty empire, and a recommendation to him to look and see who were the most powerful of the Greeks, and to make alliance with them.

At the receipt of these oracular replies Crœsus was overjoyed, and feeling sure now that he would destroy the empire of the Persians, he sent once more to Pytho, and presented to the Delphians, the number of whom he had ascertained, two gold staters apiece. In return for this the Delphians granted to Crœsus and the Lydians the privilege of precedency in consulting the oracle, exemption from all charges, the most honourable seat at the festivals, and the perpetual right of becoming at pleasure citizens of their town.

After sending these presents to the Delphians, Crœsus a third time consulted the oracle, for having once proved its truthfulness, he wished to make constant use of it. The question whereto he now desired an answer was—"Whether his kingdom would be of long duration?" The following was the reply of the Pythoness:

> "Wait till the time shall come when a mule is monarch of Media;
> Then, thou delicate Lydian, away to the pebbles of Hermus;
> Haste, oh! haste thee away, nor blush to behave like a coward."

Of all the answers that had reached him, this pleased him far the best, for it seemed incredible that a mule should ever come to be king of the Medes, and so he concluded that the sovereignty would never depart from himself or his seed after him. Afterwards he turned his thoughts to the alliance which he had been recommended to contract, and sought to ascertain by inquiry which was the most powerful of the Grecian states. His inquiries pointed out to him two states as pre-eminent above the rest. These were the Lacedæmonians and the Athenians, the former of Doric, the latter of Ionic blood. . . .

Cyrus had captured this Astyages, who was his mother's father, and kept him prisoner, for a reason which I shall bring forward in another part of my history. This capture formed the ground of quarrel between Cyrus and Crœsus, in consequence of which Crœsus sent his servants to ask the oracle if he should attack the Persians; and when an evasive answer came, fancying it to be in his favour, carried his arms into the Persian territory. When he reached the river Halys, he transported his army across it, as I maintain, by the bridges which exist there at the present day; but, according to the general belief of the Greeks, by the aid of Thales the Milesian. The tale is, that Crœsus was in doubt how he should get his army across, as the bridges were not made at that time, and that Thales, who happened to be in the camp, divided the stream and caused it to flow on both sides of the army instead of on the left only. This he effected thus:—

Beginning some distance above the camp, he dug a deep channel, which he brought round in a semicircle, so that it might pass to rearward of the camp; and that thus the river, diverted from its natural course into the new channel at the point where this left the stream, might flow by the station of the army, and afterwards fall again into the ancient bed. In this way the river was split into two streams, which were both easily fordable. It is said by some that the water was entirely drained off from the natural bed of the river. But I am of a different opinion; for I do not see how, in that case, they could have crossed it on their return.

Having passed the Halys, with the forces under his command, Crœsus entered the district of Cappadocia which is called Pteria. It lies in the neighbourhood of the city of Sinope upon the Euxine, and is the strongest position in the whole country thereabouts. Here Crœsus pitched his camp, and began to ravage the fields of the Syrians. He besieged and took the chief city of the Pterians, and reduced the inhabitants to slavery: he likewise made himself master of the surrounding villages. Thus he brought ruin on the Syrians, who were guilty of no offence towards him. Meanwhile, Cyrus had levied an army and marched against Crœsus, increasing his numbers at every step by the forces of the nations that lay in his way. Before beginning his march he had sent heralds to the Ionians, with an invitation to them to revolt from the Lydian king: they, however, had refused compliance. Cyrus, notwithstanding, marched against the enemy, and encamped opposite them in the district of Pteria, where the trial of strength took place between the contending powers. The combat was hot and bloody, and upon both sides the number of the slain was great; nor had victory declared in favour of either party, when night came down upon the battle-field. Thus both armies fought valiantly.

Crœsus laid the blame of his ill success on the number of his troops, which fell very short of the enemy; and as on the next day Cyrus did not repeat the attack, he set off on his return to Sardis, intending to collect his allies and renew the contest in the spring. . . .

Cyrus, however, when Crœsus broke up so suddenly from his quarters after the battle at Pteria, conceiving that he had marched away with the intention of disbanding his army, considered a little, and soon saw that it was advisable for him to advance upon Sardis with all haste, before the Lydians could get their forces together a second time. Having thus determined, he lost no time in carrying out his plan. He marched forward with such speed that he was himself the first to announce his coming to the Lydian king. That monarch, placed in the utmost difficulty by the turn of events which had gone so entirely against all his calculations, nevertheless led out the Lydians to battle. In all Asia there was not at that time a braver or more warlike people. Their manner of fighting was on horseback; they carried long lances, and were clever in the management of their steeds.

The two armies met in the plain before Sardis. It is a vast flat, bare of trees, watered by the Hyllus and a number of other streams, which all flow into one larger than the rest, called the Hermus. This river rises in the sacred mountain of the Dindymenian Mother, and falls into the sea near the town of Phocæa.

When Cyrus beheld the Lydians arranging themselves in order of battle on this plain, fearful of the strength of their cavalry, he adopted a device which Harpagus, one of the Medes, suggested to him. He collected together all the camels that had come in the train of his army to carry the provisions and the baggage, and taking off their loads, he mounted riders upon them accoutred as horsemen. These he commanded to advance in front of his other troops against the Lydian horse; behind them were to follow the foot soldiers, and last of all the cavalry. When his arrangements were complete, he gave his troops orders to slay all the other Lydians who came in their way without mercy, but to spare Crœsus and not kill him, even if he should be seized and offer resistance. The reason why Cyrus opposed his camels to the enemy's horse was, because the horse has a natural dread of the camel, and cannot abide either the sight or the smell of that animal. By this stratagem he hoped to make Crœsus's horse useless to him, the horse being what he chiefly depended on for victory. The two armies then joined battle, and immediately the Lydian war-horses, seeing and smelling the camels, turned round and galloped off; and so it came to pass that all Crœsus's hopes withered away. The Lydians, however, behaved manfully. As soon as they understood what was happening, they leaped off their horses, and engaged with the Persians on foot. The combat was long; but at last, after a great slaughter on both sides, the Lydians turned and fled. They were driven within their walls, and the Persians laid siege to Sardis.

Thus the siege began. . . . The following is the way in which Sardis was taken. On the fourteenth day of the siege Cyrus bade some horsemen ride about his lines, and make proclamation to the whole army that he would give a reward to the man who should first mount the wall. After this he made an assault, but without success. His troops retired, but a certain Mardian, Hyrœades by name, resolved to approach the citadel and attempt it at a place where no guards were ever set. On this side the rock was so precipitous, and the citadel (as it seemed) so impregnable, that no fear was entertained of its being carried in this place. Here was the only portion of the circuit round which their old King Meles did not carry the lion which his leman bore to him. For when the Telmessians had declared that if the lion were taken round the defences, Sardis would be impregnable, and Meles, in consequence, carried it round the rest of the fortress where the citadel seemed open to attack, he scorned to take it round this side, which he looked on as a sheer precipice, and therefore absolutely secure. It is on that side of the city which faces Mount Tmolus. Hyrœades, however, having the day before observed a Lydian soldier descend the rock after a helmet that had rolled down from the top, and having seen him pick it up and carry it back, thought over what he had witnessed, and formed his plan. He climbed the rock himself, and other Persians followed in his track, until a large number had mounted to the top. Thus was Sardis taken, and given up entirely to pillage.

With respect to Crœsus himself, this is what befell him at the taking of the town. He had a son, of whom I made mention above, a worthy youth, whose only defect was that he was deaf and dumb. In the days of his prosperity Crœsus had done the utmost that he could for him, and among other plans which he had devised, had sent to Delphi to consult the oracle on his behalf. The answer which he had received from the Pythoness ran thus:—

"Lydian, wide-ruling monarch, thou wondrous simple Crœsus,
Wish not ever to hear in thy palace the voice thou hast prayed for
Utt'ring intelligent sounds. Far better thy son should be silent!
Ah! woe worth the day when thine ear shall first list to his accents."

When the town was taken, one of the Persians was just going to kill Crœsus, not knowing who he was. Crœsus saw the man coming, but under the pressure of his affliction, did not care to avoid the blow, not minding whether or no he died beneath the stroke. Then this son of his, who was voiceless, beholding the Persian as he rushed towards Crœsus, in the agony of his fear and grief burst into speech, and said, "Man, do not kill Crœsus." This was the first time that he had ever spoken a word, but afterwards he retained the power of speech for the remainder of his life.

Thus was Sardis taken by the Persians, and Crœsus himself fell into their hands, after having reigned fourteen years, and been besieged in his capital fourteen days; thus too did Crœsus fulfil the oracle, which said that he should destroy a mighty empire,—by destroying his own. Then the Persians who had made Crœsus prisoner brought him before Cyrus. Now a vast pile had been raised by his orders, and Crœsus, laden with fetters, was placed upon it, and with him twice seven of the sons of the Lydians. . . . Crœsus was already on the pile, when it entered his mind in the depth of his woe that there was a divine warning in the words which had come to him from the lips of Solon, "No one while he lives is happy." When this thought smote him he fetched a long breath, and breaking his deep silence, groaned out aloud, thrice uttering the name of Solon. Cyrus caught the sounds, and bade the interpreters inquire of Crœsus who it was he called on. They drew near and asked him, but he held his peace, and for a long time made no answer to their questionings, until at length, forced to say something, he exclaimed, "One I would give much to see converse with every monarch." Not knowing what he meant by this reply, the interpreters begged him to explain himself; and as they pressed for an answer, and grew to be troublesome, he told them how, a long time before, Solon, an Athenian, had come and seen all his splendour, and made light of it; and how whatever he had said to him had fallen out exactly as he foreshowed, although it was nothing that especially concerned him, but applied to all mankind alike, and most to those who seemed to themselves happy. Meanwhile, as he thus spoke, the pile was lighted, and the outer portion began to blaze. Then Cyrus, hearing from the interpreters what Crœsus had said, relented, bethinking himself that he too was a man, and that it was a fellow-man, and one who had once been as blessed by fortune as himself, that he was burning alive; afraid, moreover, of retribution, and full of the thought that whatever is human is insecure. So he bade them quench the blazing fire as quickly as they could, and take down Crœsus and the other Lydians, which they tried to do, but the flames were not to be mastered.

Then, the Lydians say that Crœsus, perceiving by the efforts made to quench the fire that Cyrus had relented, and seeing that all was in vain, and that the men could not get the fire under, called with a loud voice upon the god Apollo, and prayed him, if he had ever received at his hands any acceptable gift, to come to his aid, and deliver him from his present danger. As thus with tears he besought the god, suddenly, though up to that time the sky had been clear and the day without a breath of wind, dark clouds gathered, and the storm burst over their heads with rain of such violence, that the flames were speedily extinguished. Cyrus, convinced by this that Crœsus was a good man and a favourite of heaven, asked him after he was taken off the pile, "Who it was that had persuaded him to lead an army into his country, and so become his foe rather than continue his friend?" to which Crœsus made answer as follows: "What I did, oh! king, was to thy advantage and to my own loss. If there be blame, it rests with the god of the Greeks, who encouraged me to begin the war. No one is so foolish as to prefer to peace war, in which, instead of sons burying their fathers, fathers bury their sons. But the gods willed it so."

Thus did Crœsus speak. Cyrus then ordered his fetters to be taken off, and made him sit down near himself, and paid him much respect, looking upon him, as did also the courtiers, with a sort of wonder.

—George Rawlinson.

BABYLON

[From Book I]

The Greeks were wide awake and intensely curious about how the rest of the world lived. Babylon was a land of romance and mystery to them.

Assyria possesses a vast number of great cities, whereof the most renowned and strongest at this time was Babylon, whither, after the fall of Nineveh, the seat of government had been removed. The following is a description of the place:—The city stands on a broad plain, and is an exact square, a hundred and twenty furlongs each way, so that the entire circuit is four hundred and eighty furlongs. While such is its size, in magnificence there is no other city that approaches to it. It is surrounded, in the first place, by a broad and deep moat, full of water, behind which rises a wall fifty royal cubits in width, and two hundred in height. (The royal cubit is longer by three fingers' breadth than the common cubit.)

And here I may not omit to tell the use to which the mould dug out of the great moat was turned, nor the manner wherein the wall was wrought. As fast as they dug the moat the soil which they got from the cutting was made into bricks, and when a sufficient number were completed they baked the bricks in kilns. Then they set to building, and began with bricking the borders of the moat, after which they proceeded to construct the wall itself, using throughout for their cement hot bitumen, and interposing a layer of wattled reeds at every thirtieth course of the bricks. On the top, along the edges of the wall, they constructed buildings of a single chamber facing one another, leaving between them room for a four-horse chariot to turn. In the circuit of the wall are a hundred gates, all of brass, with brazen lintels and side-posts. The bitumen used in the work was brought to Babylon from the Is, a small stream which flows into the Euphrates at the point where the city of the same name stands, eight days' journey from Babylon. Lumps of bitumen are found in great abundance in this river.

The city is divided into two portions by the river which runs through the midst of it. This river is the Euphrates, a broad, deep, swift stream, which rises in Armenia, and empties itself into the Erythræan sea. The city wall is brought down on both sides to the edge of the stream: thence from the corners of the wall, there is carried along each bank of the river a fence of burnt bricks. The houses are mostly three and four stories high; the streets all run in straight lines, not only those parallel to the river, but also the cross streets which lead down to the waterside. At the river end of these cross streets are low gates in the fence that skirts the stream, which are, like the great gates in the outer wall, of brass, and open on the water.

The outer wall is the main defence of the city. There is, however, a second inner wall, of less thickness than the first, but very little inferior to it in strength. The centre of each division of the town was occupied by a fortress. In the one stood the palace of the kings, surrounded by a wall of great strength and size: in the other was the sacred precinct of Jupiter Belus, a square enclosure two furlongs each way, with gates of solid brass; which was also remaining in my time. In the middle of the precinct there was a tower of solid masonry, a furlong in length and breadth, upon which was raised a second tower, and on that a third, and so on up to eight. The ascent to the top is on the outside, by a path which winds round all the towers. When one is about half way up, one finds a resting place and seats, where persons are wont to sit some time on their way to the summit. On the topmost tower there is a spacious temple and inside the temple stands a couch of unusual size, richly adorned, with a golden table by its side. There is no statue of any kind set up in the place, nor is the chamber occupied of nights by any one but a single native woman, who, as the Chaldæans, the priests of this god, affirm, is chosen for himself by the deity out of all the women of the land.

They also declare—but I for my part do not credit it—that the god comes down in person into this chamber, and sleeps upon the couch. This is like the story told by the Egyptians of what takes place in their city of Thebes, where a woman always passes the night in the temple of the Theban Jupiter. In each case the woman is said to be debarred all intercourse with men. It is also like the custom at Patara, in Lycia, where the priestess who delivers the oracles, during the time that she is so employed—for at Patara there is not always an oracle—is shut up in the temple every night.

Below, in the same precinct, there is a second temple, in which is a sitting figure of Jupiter, all of gold. Before the figure stands a large golden table, and the throne whereon it sits, and the base on which the throne is placed, are likewise of gold. The Chaldæans told me that all the gold together was eight hundred talents' weight. Outside the temple are two altars, one of solid gold, on which it is only lawful to offer sucklings; the other a common altar, but of great size, on which the full-grown animals are sacrificed. It is also on the great altar that the Chaldæans burn the frankincense, which is offered to the amount of a thousand talents' weight, every year, at the festival of the god. In the time of Cyrus there was likewise in this temple the figure of a man, twelve cubits high, entirely of solid gold. I myself did not see this figure, but I relate what the Chaldaeans report concerning it. Darius, the son of Hystaspes, plotted to carry the statue off, but had not the hardihood to lay his hands upon it. Xerxes, however, the son of Darius, killed the priest who forbade him to move the statue, and took it away. Besides the ornaments which I have mentioned, there are a large number of private offerings in this holy precinct. . . .

But little rain falls in Assyria, enough, however, to make the corn begin to sprout, after which the plant is nourished and the ears formed by means of irrigation from the river. For the river does not, as in Egypt, overflow the corn-lands of its own accord, but is spread over them by the hand, or by the help of engines. The whole of Babylonia is, like Egypt, intersected with canals. The largest of them all, which runs towards the winter sun, and is impassable except in boats, is carried from the Euphrates into another stream, called the Tigris, the river upon which the town of Nineveh formerly stood. Of all the countries that we know there is none which is so fruitful in grain. It makes no pretension indeed of growing the fig, the olive, the vine, or any other tree of the kind; but in grain it is so fruitful as to yield commonly two-hundred-fold, and when the production is the greatest, even three-hundred-fold. The blade of the wheat-plant and barley-plant is often four fingers in breadth. As for the millet and the sesame, I shall not say to what height they grow, though within my own knowledge; for I am not ignorant that what I have already written concerning the fruitfulness of Babylonia must seem incredible to those who have never visited the country. The only oil they use is made from the sesame-plant. Palm-trees grow in great numbers over the whole of the flat country, mostly of the kind which bears fruit, and this fruit supplies them with bread, wine, and honey. They are cultivated like the fig-tree in all respects, among others in this. The natives tie the fruit of the male-palms, as they are called by the Greeks, to the branches of the date-bearing palm, to let the gall-fly enter the dates and ripen them, and to prevent the fruit from falling off. The male-palms, like the wild fig-trees, have usually the gall-fly in their fruit.

But the greatest wonder of all that I saw in the land, after the city itself, I will now proceed to mention. The boats which come down the river to Babylon are circular, and made of skins. The frames, which are of willow, are cut in the country of the Armenians above Assyria, and on these, which serve for hulls, a covering of skins is stretched outside, and thus the boats are made, without either stem or stern, quite round like a shield. They are then entirely filled with straw, and their cargo is put on board, after which they are suffered to float down the stream. Their chief freight is wine, stored in casks made of wood of the palm-tree. They are managed by two men who stand upright in them, each plying an oar, one pulling and the other pushing. The boats are of various sizes, some larger, some smaller; the biggest reach as high as five thousand talents' burthen. Each vessel has a live ass on board, those of larger size have more than one. When they reach Babylon, the cargo is landed and offered for sale; after which the men break up their boats, sell the straw and the frames, and loading their asses with the skins, set off on their way back to Armenia. The current is too strong to allow a boat to return up-stream, for which reason they make their boats of skins rather than wood. On their return to Armenia they build fresh boats for the next voyage.

—George Rawlinson.

STORIES OF EGYPT

[From Books II and III]

Herodotus found that Egypt differed more widely from Greece in its people, its customs, its climate, its appearance than any other country *visited in his wanderings. He was particularly interested in the religious foundations on which its whole civilization was reared.*

Now the Nile, when it overflows, floods not only the Delta, but also the tracts of country on both sides the stream which are thought to belong to Libya and Arabia, in some places reaching to the extent of two days' journey from its banks, in some even exceeding that distance, but in others falling short of it.

Concerning the nature of the river, I was not able to gain any information either from the priests or from others. I was particularly anxious to learn from them why the Nile, at the commencement of the summer solstice, begins to rise, and continues to increase for a hundred days—and why, as soon as that number is past, it forthwith retires and contracts its stream, continuing low during the whole of the winter until the summer solstice comes round again. On none of these points could I obtain any explanation from the inhabitants, though I made every inquiry, wishing to know what was commonly reported—they could neither tell me what special virtue the Nile has which makes it so opposite in its nature to all other streams, nor why, unlike every other river, it gives forth no breezes from its surface.

Some of the Greeks, however, wishing to get a reputation for cleverness, have offered explanations of the phenomena of the river, for which they have accounted in three different ways. Two of these I do not think it worth while to speak of, further than simply to mention what they are. One pretends that the Etesian winds cause the rise of the river by preventing the Nile-water from running off into the sea. But in the first place it has often happened, when the Etesian winds did not blow, that the Nile has risen according to its usual wont; and further, if the Etesian winds produced the effect, the other rivers which flow in a direction opposite to those winds ought to present the same phenomena as the Nile, and the more so as they are all smaller streams, and have a weaker current. But these rivers, of which there are many both in Syria and Libya, are entirely unlike the Nile in this respect.

The second opinion is even more unscientific than the one just mentioned, and also, if I may say so, more marvelous. It is that the Nile acts so strangely, because it flows from the ocean, and that the ocean flows all round the earth.

The third explanation, which is very much more plausible than either of the others, is positively the furthest from the truth; for there is really nothing in what it says, any more than in the other theories. It is that the inundation of the Nile is caused by the melting of snows. Now, as the Nile flows out of Libya, through Ethiopia, into Egypt, how is it possible that it can be formed of melted snow, running, as it does, from the hottest regions of the world into cooler countries? Many are the proofs whereby any one capable of reasoning on the subject may be convinced that it is most unlikely this should be the case. The first and strongest argument is furnished by the winds, which always blow hot from these regions. The second is, that rain and frost are unknown there. Now, whenever snow falls, it must of necessity rain within five days; so that, if there were snow, there must be rain also in those parts. Thirdly, it is certain that the natives of the country are black with the heat, that the kites and the swallows remain there the whole year, and that the cranes, when they fly from the rigours of a Scythian winter, flock thither to pass the cold season. If then, in the country where the Nile has its source, or in that through which it flows, there fell ever so little snow, it is absolutely impossible that any of these circumstances could take place.

As for the writer who attributes the phenomenon to the ocean, his account is involved in such obscurity, that it is impossible to disprove it by argument. For my part I know of no river called Ocean, and I think that Homer, or one of the earlier poets, invented the name, and introduced it into his poetry.

Perhaps, after censuring all the opinions that have been put forward on this obscure subject, one ought to propose some theory of one's own. I will therefore proceed to explain what I think to be the reason of the Nile's swelling in the summer time. During the winter, the sun is driven out of his usual course by the storms, and removes to the upper parts of Libya. This is the whole secret in the fewest possible words; for it stands to reason that the country to which the Sun-god approaches the nearest, and which he passes most directly over, will be scantest of water, and that there the streams which feed the rivers will shrink the most.

To explain, however, more at length, the case is this. The sun, in his passage across the upper parts of Libya, affects them in the following way. As the air in those regions is constantly clear, and the country warm through the absence of cold winds, the sun in his passage across them acts upon them exactly as he is wont to act elsewhere in summer, when his path is in the middle of heaven—that is, he attracts the water. After attracting it, he again repels it into the upper regions, where the winds lay hold of it, scatter it, and reduce it to a vapour, whence it naturally enough comes to pass that the winds which blow from this quarter—the south and south-west—are of all winds the most rainy. And my own opinion is that the sun does not get rid of all the water which he draws year by year from the Nile, but retains some about him. When the winter begins to soften, the sun goes back again to his old place in the middle of the heaven, and proceeds to attract water equally from all countries. Till then the other rivers run big, from the quantity of rain-water which they bring down from countries where so much moisture falls that all the land is cut into gullies; but in summer, when the showers fail, and the sun attracts their water, they become low. The Nile, on the contrary, not deriving any of its bulk from rains, and being in winter subject to the attraction of the sun, naturally runs at that season, unlike all other streams, with a less burthen of water than in the summer time. For in summer it is exposed to attraction equally with all other rivers, but in winter it suffers alone. The sun, therefore, I regard as the sole cause of the phenomenon. . . .

Concerning Egypt itself I shall extend my remarks to a great length, because there is no country that possesses so many wonders, nor any that has such a number of works which defy description. Not only is the climate different from that of the rest of the world, and the rivers unlike any other rivers, but the people also, in most of their manners and customs, exactly reverse the common practice of mankind. The women attend the markets and trade, while the men sit at home at the loom; and here, while the rest of the world works the woof up the warp, the Egyptians work it down; the women likewise carry burthens upon their shoulders, while the men carry them upon their heads. They eat their food out of doors in the streets, but retire for private purposes to their houses, giving as a reason that what is unseemly, but necessary, ought to be done in secret, but what has nothing unseemly about it should be done openly. A woman cannot serve the priestly office, either for god or goddess, but men are priests to both; sons need not support their parents unless they choose, but daughters must, whether they choose or no.

In other countries the priests have long hair, in Egypt their heads are shaven; elsewhere it is customary, in mourning, for near relations to cut their hair close; the Egyptians, who wear no hair at any other time, when they lose a relative, let their beards and the hair of their heads grow long. All other men pass their lives separate from animals, the Egyptians have animals always living with them; others make barley and wheat their food, it is a disgrace to do so in Egypt, where the grain they live on is spelt, which some call *zea*. Dough they knead with their feet, but they mix mud, and even take up dirt, with their hands. They are the only people in the world—they at least, and such as have learnt the practice from them—who use circumcision. Their men wear two garments apiece, their women but one. They put on the rings and fasten the ropes to sails inside, others put them outside. When they write or calculate, instead of going, like the Greeks, from left to right; they move their hand from right to left; and they insist, notwithstanding, that it is they who go to the right, and the Greeks who go to the left. They have two quite different kinds of writing, one of which is called sacred, the other common.

They are religious to excess, far beyond any other race of men, and use the following ceremonies:—They drink out of brazen cups, which they scour every day: there is no exception to this practice. They wear linen garments, which they are specially careful to have always fresh washed. They practice circumcision for the sake of cleanliness, considering it better to be cleanly than comely. The priests shave their whole body every other day, that no lice or other impure thing may adhere to them when they are engaged in the service of the gods. Their dress is entirely of linen, and their shoes of the papyrus plant: it is not lawful for them to wear either dress or shoes of any other material. They bathe twice every day in cold water, and twice each night. Besides which they observe, so to speak, thousands of ceremonies. They enjoy, however, not a few advantages. They consume none of their own property, and are at no expense for anything; but every day bread is baked for them of the sacred corn, and a plentiful supply of beef and of goose's flesh is assigned to each, and also a portion of wine made from the grape. Fish they are not allowed to eat; and beans—which none of the Egyptians ever sow, or eat, if they come up of their own accord, either raw or boiled—the priests will not even endure to look on, since they consider it an unclean kind of pulse. Instead of a single priest, each god has the attendance of a college, at the head of which is a chief priest; when one of these dies, his son is appointed in his room.

Male kine are reckoned to belong to Epaphus, and are therefore tested in the following manner:—One of the priests appointed for the purpose searches to see if there is a single black hair on the whole body, since in that case the beast is unclean. He examines him all over, standing on his legs, and again laid upon his back; after which he takes the tongue out of his mouth, to see if it be clean in respect of the prescribed marks (what they are I will mention elsewhere); he also inspects the hairs of the tail, to observe if they grow naturally. If the animal is pronounced clean in all these points, the priest marks him by twisting a piece of papyrus round his horns, and attaching thereto some sealing-clay, which he then stamps with his own signet-ring. After this the beast is led away; and it is forbidden, under the penalty of death, to sacrifice an animal which has not been marked in this way.

The following is their manner of sacrifice:—They lead the victim, marked with their signet, to the altar where they are about to offer it, and setting the wood alight, pour a libation of wine upon the altar in front of the victim, and at the same time invoke the god. Then they slay the animal, and cutting off his head, proceed to flay the body. Next they take the head, and heaping imprecations on it, if there is a market-place and a body of Greek traders in the city, they carry it there and sell it instantly; if, however, there are no Greeks among them, they throw the head into the river. The imprecation is to this effect:—They pray that if any evil is impending either over those who sacrifice, or over universal Egypt, it may be made to fall upon that head. These practices, the imprecations upon the heads, and the libations of wine, prevail all over Egypt, and extend to victims of all sorts; and hence the Egyptians will never eat the head of any animal. . . .

About the time when Cambyses arrived at Memphis, Apis appeared to the Egyptians. Now Apis is the god whom the Greeks call Epaphus. As soon as he appeared, straightway all the Egyptians arrayed themselves in their gayest garments, and fell to feasting and jollity: which when Cambyses saw, making sure that these rejoicings were on account of his own ill success, he called before him the officers, who had charge of Memphis, and demanded of them,—"Why, when he was in Memphis before, the Egyptians had done nothing of this kind, but waited until now, when he had returned with the loss of so many of his troops?" The officers made answer, "That one of their gods had appeared to them, a god who at long intervals of time had been accustomed to show himself in Egypt—and that always on his appearance, the whole of Egypt feasted and kept jubilee." When Cambyses heard this, he told them that they lied, and as liars he condemned them all to suffer death.

When they were dead, he called the priests to his presence, and questioning them received the same answer; whereupon he observed, "That he would soon know whether a tame god had really come to dwell in Egypt"—and straightway, without another word, he bade them bring Apis to him. So they went out from his presence to fetch the god. Now this Apis, or Epaphus, is the calf of a cow which is never afterwards able to bear young. The Egyptians say that fire comes down from heaven upon the cow, which thereupon conceives Apis. The calf which is so called has the following marks:—He is black, with a square spot of white upon his forehead, and on his back the figure of an eagle; the hairs in his tail are double, and there is a beetle upon his tongue.

When the priests returned bringing Apis with them, Cambyses, like the hare-brained person that he was, drew his dagger, and aimed at the belly of the animal, but missed his mark, and stabbed him in the thigh. Then he laughed, and said to the priests:—"Oh! blockheads, and think ye that gods become like this, of flesh and blood, and sensible to steel? A fit god indeed for Egyptians, such an one! But it shall cost you dear that you have made me your laughing-stock." When he had so spoken, he ordered those whose business it was to scourge the priests, and if they found any of the Egyptians keeping festival to put them to death. Thus was the feast stopped throughout the land of Egypt. Apis, wounded in the thigh, lay some time pining in the temple; at last he died of his wound, and the priest buried him secretly without the knowledge of Cambyses.

—GEORGE RAWLINSON.

II. WAR AND POLITICS

THE PERSIAN INVASIONS: HERODOTUS

MARATHON

[From Book VI]

The battle of Marathon (490 B.C.) was the climax of the first Persian invasion. For Herodotus, see above, p. 182.

Thus did war rage between the Eginetans and Athenians. Meantime the Persian pursued his own design, from day to day exhorted by his servant to "remember the Athenians," and likewise urged continually by the Pisistratidæ, who were ever accusing their countrymen. Moreover, it pleased him well to have a pretext for carrying war into Greece, that so he might reduce all those who had refused to give him earth and water. As for Mardonius, since his expedition had succeeded so ill, Darius took the command of the troops from him, and appointed other generals in his stead, who were to lead the host against Eretria and Athens; to wit, Datis, who was by descent a Mede, and Artaphernes, the son of Artaphernes, his own nephew. These men received orders to carry Athens and Eretria away captive, and to bring the prisoners into his presence.

So the new commanders took their departure from the court and went down to Cilicia, to the Aleian plain, having with them a numerous and well-appointed land army. Encamping here, they were joined by the sea force which had been required of the several states, and at the same time by the horse-transports which Darius had, the year before, commanded his tributaries to make ready. Aboard these the horses were embarked, and the troops were received by the ships of war; after which the whole fleet, amounting in all to six hundred triremes, made sail for Ionia. Thence, instead of proceeding with a straight course along the shore to the Hellespont and to Thrace, they loosed from Samos and voyaged across the Icarian sea through the midst of the islands; mainly, as I believe, because they feared the danger of doubling Mount Athos, where the year before they had suffered so grievously on their passage; but a constraining cause also was their former failure to take Naxos.

When the Persians, therefore, approaching from the Icarian sea, cast anchor at Naxos, which, recollecting what there befell them formerly, they had determined to attack before any other state, the Naxians, instead of encountering them, took to flight, and hurried off to the hills. The Persians however succeeded in laying hands on some, and them they carried away captive, while at the same time they burnt all the temples together with the town. This done, they left Naxos, and sailed away to the other islands.

While the Persians were thus employed, the Delians likewise quitted Delos, and took refuge in Tenos. And now the expedition drew near, when Datis sailed forward in advance of the other ships; which he commanded, instead of anchoring at Delos, to rendezvous at Rhenea, over against Delos, while he himself proceeded to discover whither the Delians had fled, after which he sent a herald to them with this message:—

"Why are ye fled, O holy men? Why have ye judged me so harshly and so wrongfully? I have surely sense enough, even had not the king so ordered, to spare the country which gave birth to the two gods,—to spare, I say, both the country and its inhabitants. Come back therefore to your dwellings, and once more inhabit your island." Such was the message which Datis sent by his herald to the Delians. He likewise placed upon the altar three hundred talents' weight of frankincense, and offered it.

After this he sailed with his whole host against Eretria, taking with him both Ionians and Æolians. When he was departed, Delos (as the Delians told me) was shaken by an earthquake, the first and last shock that has been felt to this day. And truly this was a prodigy whereby the god warned men of the evils that were coming upon them. For in the three following generations of Darius the son of Hystaspes, Xerxes the son of Darius, and Artaxerxes the son of Xerxes, more woes befell Greece than in the twenty generations preceding Darius;—woes caused in part by the Persians, but in part arising from the contentions among their own chief men respecting the supreme power. Wherefore it is not surprising that Delos, though it had never before been shaken, should at that time have felt the shock of an earthquake. And indeed there was an oracle, which said of Delos—

> "Delos' self will I shake, which never yet has been shaken."

Of the above names Darius may be rendered "Worker," Xerxes "Warrior," and Artaxerxes "Great Warrior." And so we might call these kings in our own language with propriety.

The barbarians, after loosing from Delos, proceeded to touch at the other islands, and took troops from each, and likewise carried off a number of the children as hostages. Going thus from one to another, they came at last to Carystus; but here the hostages were refused by the Carystians, who said they would neither give any, nor consent to bear arms against the cities of their neighbours, meaning Athens and Eretria. Hereupon the Persians laid siege to Carystus, and wasted the country round, until at last the inhabitants were brought over and agreed to do what was required of them.

Meanwhile the Eretrians, understanding that the Persian armament was coming against them, besought the Athenians for assistance. Nor did the Athenians refuse their aid, but assigned to them as auxiliaries the four thousand landholders to whom they had allotted the estates of the Chalcidean Hippobatæ. At Eretria, however, things were in no healthy state; for though they had called in the aid of the Athenians, yet they were not agreed among themselves how they should act; some of them being minded to leave the city and to take refuge in the heights of Eubœa, while others, who looked to receiving a reward from the Persians, were making ready to betray their country. So when these things came to the ears of Æschines, the son of Nothon, one of the first men in Eretria, he made known the whole state of affairs to the Athenians who were already arrived, and besought them to return home to their own land, and not perish with his countrymen. And the Athenians hearkened to his counsel, and crossing over to Oropus, in this way escaped the danger.

The Persian fleet now drew near and anchored at Tamynæ, Chœreæ, and Ægilia, three places in the territory of Eretria. Once masters of these posts, they proceeded forthwith to disembark their horses, and made ready to attack the enemy. But the Eretrians were not minded to sally forth and offer battle; their only care, after it had been resolved not to quit the city, was, if possible, to defend their walls. And now the fortress was assaulted in good earnest, and for six days there fell on both sides vast numbers, but on the seventh day Euphorbus, the son of Alcimachus, and Philagrus, the son of Cyneas, who were both citizens of good repute, betrayed the place to the Persians. These were no sooner entered within the walls than they plundered and burnt all the temples that there were in the town, in revenge for the burning of their own temples at Sardis; moreover, they did according to the orders of Darius, and carried away captive all the inhabitants.

The Persians, having thus brought Eretria into subjection, after waiting a few days, made sail for Attica, greatly straitening the Athenians as they approached, and thinking to deal with them as they had dealt with the people of Eretria. And because there was no place in all Attica so convenient for their horses as Marathon, and it lay moreover quite close to Eretria, therefore Hippias, the son of Pisistratus, conducted them thither.

When intelligence of this reached the Athenians, they likewise marched their troops to Marathon, and there stood on the defensive, having at their head ten generals of whom one was Miltiades.

Now this man's father, Cimon, the son of Stesagoras, was banished from Athens by Pisistratus, the son of Hippocrates. . . . At the time of Cimon's death, Stesagoras, the elder of his two sons, was in the Chersonese, where he lived with Miltiades his uncle; the younger, who was called Miltiades after the founder of the Chersonesite colony, was with his father in Athens.

It was this Miltiades who now commanded the Athenians, after escaping from the Chersonese, and twice nearly losing his life. First he was chased as far as Imbrus by the Phœnicians, who had a great desire to take him and carry him up to the king; and when he had avoided this danger, and, having reached his own country, thought himself to be altogether in safety, he found his enemies waiting for him, and was cited by them before a court and impeached for his tyranny in the Chersonese. But he came off victorious here likewise, and was thereupon made general of the Athenians by the free choice of the people.

And first, before they left the city, the generals sent off to Sparta a herald, one Pheidippides, who was by birth an Athenian, and by profession and practice a trained runner. This man, according to the account which he gave the Athenians on his return, when he was near Mount Parthenium, above Tegea, fell in with the god Pan, who called him by his name, and bade him ask the Athenians "wherefore they neglected him so entirely, when he was kindly disposed towards them, and had often helped them in times past, and would do so again in time to come?" The Athenians, entirely believing in the truth of this report, as soon as their affairs were once more in good order, set up a temple to Pan under the Acropolis, and, in return for the message which I have recorded, established in his honour yearly sacrifices and a torch-race.

On the occasion of which we speak, when Pheidippides was sent by the Athenian generals, and, according to his own account, saw Pan on his journey, he reached Sparta on the very next day after quitting the city of Athens. Upon his arrival he went before the rulers, and said to them—

"Men of Lacedæmon, the Athenians beseech you to hasten to their aid, and not allow that state, which is the most ancient in all Greece, to be enslaved by the barbarians. Eretria, look you, is already carried away captive, and Greece weakened by the loss of no mean city."

Thus did Pheidippides deliver the message committed to him. And the Spartans wished to help the Athenians, but were unable to give them any present succour, as they did not like to break their established law. It was the ninth day of the first decade, and they could not march out of Sparta on the ninth, when the moon had not reached the full. So they waited for the full of the moon.

The barbarians were conducted to Marathon by Hippias, the son of Pisistratus, who the night before had seen a strange vision in his sleep. He dreamt of lying in his mother's arms, and conjectured the dream to mean that he would be restored to Athens, recover the power which he had lost, and afterwards live to a good old age in his native country. Such was the sense in which he interpreted the vision. He now proceeded to act as guide to the Persians, and in the first place he landed the prisoners taken from Eretria upon the island that is called Ægileia, belonging to the Styreans, after which he brought the fleet to anchor off Marathon, and marshalled the bands of the barbarians as they disembarked. As he was thus employed it chanced that he sneezed and at the same time coughed with more violence than was his wont. Now as he was a man advanced in years, and the greater number of his teeth were loose, it so happened that one of them was driven out with the force of the cough, and fell down into the sand. Hippias took all the pains he could to find it, but the tooth was nowhere to be seen; whereupon he fetched a deep sigh, and said to the bystanders—

"After all the land is not ours, and we shall never be able to bring it under. All my share in it is the portion of which my tooth has possession." So Hippias believed that in this way his dream was out.

The Athenians were drawn up in order of battle in a sacred close belonging to Hercules, when they were joined by the Platæans, who came in full force to their aid. Some time before, the Platæans had put themselves under the rule of the Athenians, and these last had already undertaken many labours in their behalf. . . . And now they were come to Marathon to bear the Athenians aid.

The Athenian generals were divided in their opinions; and some advised not to risk a battle, because they were too few to engage such a host as that of the Medes; while others were for fighting at once, and among these last was Miltiades. He therefore, seeing that opinions were thus divided, and that the less worthy counsel appeared likely to prevail, resolved to go to the polemarch, and have a conference with him. For the man on whom the lot fell to be polemarch at Athens was entitled to give his vote with the ten generals, since anciently the Athenians allowed him an equal right of voting with them. The polemarch at this juncture was Callimachus of Aphidnæ; to him therefore Miltiades went, and said:—

"With thee it rests, Callimachus, either to bring Athens to slavery, or, by securing her freedom, to leave behind thee to all future generations a memory beyond even Harmodius and Aristogeiton. For never since the time that the Athenians became a people were they in so great a danger as now. If they bow their necks beneath the yoke of the Medes, the woes which they will have to suffer when given into the power of Hippias are already determined on; if, on the other hand, they fight and overcome, Athens may rise to be the very first city in Greece. How it comes to pass that these things are likely to happen, and how the determining of them in some sort rests with thee, I will now proceed to make clear. We generals are ten in number, and our votes are divided; half of us wish to engage, half to avoid a combat. Now, if we do not fight, I look to see a great disturbance at Athens which will shake men's resolutions, and then I fear they will submit themselves; but if we fight the battle before any unsoundness show itself among our citizens, let the gods but give us fair play, and we are well able to overcome the enemy. On thee therefore we depend in this matter, which lies wholly in thine own power. Thou hast only to add thy vote to my side and thy country will be free, and not free only, but the first state in Greece. Or, if thou preferrest to give thy vote to them who would decline the combat, then the reverse will follow."

Miltiades by these words gained Callimachus; and the addition of the polemarch's vote caused the decision to be in favour of fighting. Hereupon all those generals who had been desirous of hazarding a battle, when their turn came to command the army, gave up their right to Miltiades. He however, though he accepted their offers, nevertheless waited, and would not fight, until his own day of command arrived in due course.

Then at length, when his own turn was come, the Athenian battle was set in array, and this was the order of it. Callimachus the polemarch led the right wing, for it was at that time a rule to give the right wing to the polemarch. After this followed the tribes, according as they were numbered, in an unbroken line; while last of all came the Platæans, forming the left wing. And ever since that day it has been a custom with the Athenians, in the sacrifices and assemblies held each fifth year at Athens, for the Athenian herald to implore the blessing of the gods on the Platæans conjointly with the Athenians. Now as they marshalled the host upon the field of Marathon, in order that the Athenian front might be of equal length with the Median, the ranks of the centre were diminished, and it became the weakest part of the line, while the wings were both made strong with a depth of many ranks.

So when the battle was set in array, and the victims showed themselves favourable, instantly the Athenians, so soon as they were let go, charged the barbarians at a run. Now the distance between the two armies was little short of eight furlongs. The Persians, therefore, when they saw the Greeks coming at speed, made ready to receive them, although it seemed to them that the Athenians were bereft of their senses, and bent upon their own destruction; for they saw a mere handful of men coming on at a run without either horsemen or archers. Such was the opinion of the barbarians; but the Athenians in close array fell upon them, and fought in a manner worthy of being recorded. They were the first of the Greeks, so far as I know, who introduced the custom of charging the enemy at a run, and they were likewise the first who dared to look upon the Median garb, and to face men clad in that fashion. Until this time the very name of the Medes had been a terror to the Greeks to hear.

The two armies fought together on the plain of Marathon for a length of time; and in the mid battle, where the Persians themselves and the Sacæ had their place, the barbarians were victorious, and broke and pursued the Greeks into the inner country; but on the two wings the Athenians and the Platæans defeated the enemy. Having so done, they suffered the routed barbarians to fly at their ease, and joining the two wings in one, fell upon those who had broken their own centre, and fought and conquered them. These likewise fled, and now the Athenians hung upon the runaways and cut them down, chasing them all the way to the shore, on reaching which they laid hold of the ships and called aloud for fire.

It was in the struggle here that Callimachus the polemarch, after greatly distinguishing himself, lost his life; Stesilaus too, the son of Thrasilaus, one of the generals, was slain; and Cynægirus, the son of Euphorion, having seized on a vessel of the enemy's by the ornament at the stern, had his hand cut off by the blow of an axe, and so perished; as likewise did many other Athenians of note and name.

Nevertheless the Athenians secured in this way seven of the vessels, while with the remainder the barbarians pushed off, and taking aboard their Eretrian prisoners from the island where they had left them, doubled Cape Sunium, hoping to reach Athens before the return of the Athenians. The Alcmæonidæ were accused by their countrymen of suggesting this course to them; they had, it was said, an understanding with the Persians, and made a signal to them, by raising a shield, after they were embarked in their ships.

The Persians accordingly sailed round Sunium. But the Athenians with all possible speed marched away to the defence of their city, and succeeded in reaching Athens before the appearance of the barbarians; and as their camp at Marathon had been pitched in a precinct of Hercules, so now they encamped in another precinct of the same god at Cynosarges. The barbarian fleet arrived, and lay to off Phalerum, which was at that time the haven of Athens; but after resting awhile upon their oars, they departed and sailed away to Asia.

There fell in this battle of Marathon, on the side of the barbarians, about six thousand and four hundred men; on that of the Athenians, one hundred and ninety-two. Such was the number of the slain on the one side and the other. A strange prodigy likewise happened at this fight. Epizelus, the son of Cyphagoras, an Athenian, was in the thick of the fray, behaving himself as a brave man should, when suddenly he was stricken with blindness, without blow of sword or dart, and this blindness continued thenceforth during the whole of his after life. The following is the account which he himself, as I have heard, gave of the matter: he said that a gigantic warrior, with a huge beard, which shaded all his shield, stood over against him, but the ghostly semblance passed by him, and slew the man at his side. Such, as I understand, was the tale which Epizelus told.

—George Rawlinson.

BRIDGING THE HELLESPONT

[From Book VII]

The crossing of the Hellespont (480 B.C.) marks the beginning of the second invasion of Greece by the Persians.

Xerxes, after this, made preparations to advance to Abydos, where the bridge across the Hellespont from Asia to Europe was lately finished. Midway between Sestos and Madytus in the Hellespontine Chersonese, and right over against Abydos, there is a rocky tongue of land which runs out for some distance into the sea. This is the place where no long time afterwards the Greeks under Xanthippus, the son of Ariphron, took Artayctes the Persian, who was at that time governor of Sestos, and nailed him living to a plank. He was the Artayctes who brought women into the temple of Protesilaus at Elæus, and there was guilty of most unholy deeds.

Towards this tongue of land then, the men to whom the business was assigned, carried out a double bridge from Abydos; and while the Phœnicians constructed one line with cables of white flax, the Egyptians in the other used ropes made of papyrus. Now it is seven furlongs across from Abydos to the opposite coast. When, therefore, the channel had been bridged successfully, it happened that a great storm arising broke the whole work to pieces, and destroyed all that had been done.

So when Xerxes heard of it, he was full of wrath, and straightway gave orders that the Hellespont should receive three hundred lashes, and that a pair of fetters should be cast into it. Nay, I have even heard it said, that he bade the branders take their irons and therewith brand the Hellespont. It is certain that he commanded those who scourged the waters to utter, as they lashed them, these barbarian and wicked words: "Thou bitter water, thy lord lays on thee this punishment because thou hast wronged him without a cause, having suffered no evil at his hand. Verily, King Xerxes will cross thee, whether thou wilt or no. Well dost thou deserve that no man should honour thee with sacrifice; for thou art of a truth a treacherous and unsavoury river." While the sea was thus punished by his orders, he likewise commanded that the overseers of the work should lose their heads.

Then they, whose business it was, executed the unpleasing task laid upon them; and other master-builders were set over the work, who accomplished it in the way which I will now describe.

They joined together triremes and penteconters, 360 to support the bridge on the side of the Euxine Sea, and 314 to sustain the other; and these they placed at right-angles to the Sea, and in the direction of the current of the Hellespont, relieving by these means the tension of the shore cables. Having joined the vessels, they moored them with anchors of unusual size, that the vessels of the bridge towards the Euxine might resist the winds which blow from within the straits, and that those of the more western bridge facing the Ægean might withstand the wind which set in from the south and from the south-east. A gap was left in the penteconters in no fewer than three places, to afford a passage for such light craft as chose to enter or leave the Euxine. When all this was done, they made the cables taut from the shore by the help of wooden capstans. This time, moreover, instead of using the two materials separately, they assigned to each bridge six cables, two of which were of white flax, while four were of papyrus. Both cables were of the same size and quality; but the flaxen were the heavier, weighing not less than a talent the cubit. When the bridge across the channel was thus complete, trunks of trees were sawn into planks, which were cut to the width of the bridge, and these were laid side by side upon the tightened cables, and then fastened on the top. This done, brushwood was brought, and arranged upon the planks, after which earth was heaped upon the brushwood, and the whole trodden down into a solid mass. Lastly a bulwark was set up on either side of this causeway, of such a height as to prevent the sumpter-beasts and the horses from seeing over it and taking fright at the water.

—George Rawlinson.

THE SPARTANS

[From Book VII]

In this and in the following passage the historian makes use of the dramatic poet's method of sketching in the general setting and the characters which are to play the leading rôles in the imminent con-

flict. The device of the report on the Spartans to the Persian king enables him incidentally to picture the Persian character while speaking of the Greek.

Now after Xerxes had sailed down the whole line and was gone ashore, he sent for Demaratus the son of Ariston, who had accompanied him in his march upon Greece, and bespake him thus:—

"Demaratus, it is my pleasure at this time to ask thee certain things which I wish to know. Thou art a Greek, and, as I hear from the other Greeks with whom I converse, no less than from thine own lips, thou art a native of a city which is not the meanest or the weakest in their native land. Tell me, therefore, what thinkest thou? Will the Greeks lift a hand against us? Mine own judgment is, that even if all the Greeks and all the barbarians of the west were gathered together in one place, they would not be able to abide my onset, not being really of one mind. But I would fain know what thou thinkest hereon."

Thus Xerxes questioned; and the other replied in his turn,—"O king, is it thy will that I give thee a true answer, or dost thou wish for a pleasant one?"

Then the king bade him speak the plain truth, and promised that he would not on that account hold him in less favour than heretofore. So Demaratus, when he heard the promise, spake as follows:—

"O king, since thou biddest me at all risks speak the truth, and not say what will one day prove me to have lied to thee, thus I answer. Want has at all times been a fellow-dweller with us in our land, while Valour is an ally whom we have gained by dint of wisdom and strict laws. Her aid enables us to drive out want and escape thraldom. Brave are all the Greeks who dwell in any Dorian land, but what I am about to say does not concern all, but only the Lacedæmonians. First then, come what may, they will never accept thy terms, which would reduce Greece to slavery; and further, they are sure to join battle with thee, though all the rest of the Greeks should submit to thy will. As for their numbers, do not ask how many they are, that their resistance should be a possible thing; for if a thousand of them should take the field, they will meet thee in battle, and so will any number, be it less than this, or be it more."

When Xerxes heard this answer of Demaratus, he laughed and answered,—

"What wild words, Demaratus! A thousand men join battle with such an army as this! Come then, wilt thou—who wert once, as thou sayest, their king—engage to fight this very day with ten men? I trow not. And yet, if all thy fellow citizens be indeed such as thou sayest they are, thou oughtest, as their king, by thine own country's usages, to be ready to fight with twice the number. If then each one of them be a match for ten of my soldiers, I may well call upon thee to be a match for twenty. So wouldst thou assure the truth of what thou hast now said. If, however, you Greeks, who vaunt yourselves so much, are of a truth men like those whom I have seen about my court, as thyself, Demaratus, and the others with whom I am wont to converse,—if, I say, you are really men of this sort and size, how is the speech which thou hast uttered more than a mere empty boast? For, to go to the very verge of likelihood,—how could a thousand men, or ten thousand, or even fifty thousand, particularly if they were all alike free, and not under one lord,—how could such a force, I say, stand against an army like mine? Let them be five thousand, and we shall have more than a thousand men to each one of theirs. If, indeed, like our troops, they had a single master, their fear of him might make them courageous beyond their natural bent, or they might be urged by lashes against an enemy which far outnumbered them. But left to their own free choice, assuredly they will act differently. For mine own part, I believe that if the Greeks had to contend with the Persians only, and the numbers were equal on both sides, the Greeks would find it hard to stand their ground. We too have among us such men as those of whom thou spakest—not many indeed, but still we possess a few. For instance, some of my body-guard would be willing to engage singly with three Greeks. But this thou didst not know, and therefore it was thou talkedst so foolishly."

Demaratus answered him,—"I knew, O king, at the outset, that if I told thee the truth, my speech would displease thine ears. But as thou didst require me to answer thee with all possible truthfulness, I informed thee what the Spartans will do. And in this I speak not from any love that I bear them—for none knows better than thou what my love towards them is likely to be at the present time, when they have robbed me of my rank and my ancestral honours, and made me a homeless exile, whom thy father did receive, bestowing on me both shelter and sustenance. What likelihood is there that a man of understanding should be unthankful for kindness shown him, and not cherish it in his heart? For mine own self, I pretend not to cope with ten men, or with two,—nay, had I the choice, I would rather not fight even with one. But, if need appeared, or if there were any great cause urging me on, I would contend with right good-will against one of those persons who boast themselves a match for any three Greeks. So likewise the Lacedæmonians, when they fight singly, are as good men as any in the world, and when they fight in a body, are the bravest of all. For though they be free men, they are not in all respects free; Law is the master whom they own, and this master they fear more than any subjects fear thee. Whatever he commands they do; and his commandment is always the same: it forbids them to flee in battle, whatever the number of their foes, and requires them to stand firm, and either to conquer or die. If in these words, O king, I seem to thee to speak foolishly, I am content from this time forward evermore to hold my peace. I had not now spoken unless compelled by thee. Certes, I pray that all may turn out according to thy wishes."

Such was the answer of Demaratus, and Xerxes was not angry with him at all, but only laughed, and sent him away with words of kindness.

—George Rawlinson.

THE ATHENIANS

[From Book VII]

The sketch of the Spartans reads as if the author were repeating the estimate of them generally accepted by the Greeks. His account of the Athenians reveals his own opinion, to the effect that the salvation of Greece depended upon them rather than upon the Spartans. Some historians believe that Herodotus unduly magnified the relative importance of the Athenians in the great war.

The expedition of the Persian king, though it was in name directed against Athens, threatened really the whole of Greece. And of this the Greeks were aware some time before, but they did not all view the matter in the same light. Some of them had given the Persian earth and water, and were bold on this account, deeming themselves thereby secured against suffering hurt from the barbarian army; while others, who had refused compliance, were thrown into extreme alarm. For whereas they considered all the ships in Greece too few to engage the enemy, it was plain that the greater number of states would take no part in the war, but warmly favoured the Medes.

And here I feel constrained to deliver an opinion, which most men, I know, will mislike, but which, as it seems to me to be true, I am determined not to withhold. Had the Athenians, from fear of the approaching danger, quitted their country, or had they without quitting it submitted to the power of Xerxes, there would certainly have been no attempt to resist the Persians by sea; in which case, the course of events by land would have been the following. Though the Peloponnesians might have carried ever so many breastworks across the Isthmus, yet their allies would have fallen off from the Lacedæmonians, not by voluntary desertion, but because town after town must have been taken by the fleet of the barbarians; and so the Lacedæmonians would at last have stood alone, and, standing alone, would have displayed prodigies of valour, and died nobly. Either they would have done thus, or else, before it came to that extremity, seeing one Greek state after another embrace the cause of the Medes, they would have come to terms with King Xerxes;—and thus, either way Greece would have been brought under Persia. For I cannot understand of what possible use the walls across the Isthmus could have been, if the king had had the mastery of the sea. If then a man should now say that the Athenians were the saviours of Greece, he would not exceed the truth. For they truly held the scales, and whichever side they espoused must have carried the day. They too it was who, when they had determined to maintain the freedom of Greece, roused up that portion of the Greek nation which had not gone over to the Medes, and so, next to the gods, *they* repulsed the invader. Even the terrible oracles which reached them from Delphi, and struck fear into their hearts, failed to persuade them to fly from

Greece. They had the courage to remain faithful to their land, and await the coming of the foe.

When the Athenians, anxious to consult the oracle, sent their messengers to Delphi, hardly had the envoys completed the customary rites about the sacred precinct, and taken their seats inside the sanctuary of the god, when the Pythoness, Aristonice by name, thus prophesied—

"Wretches, why sit ye here? Fly, fly to the ends of creation,
Quitting your homes, and the crags which your city crowns with her circlet.
Neither the head, nor the body is firm in its place, nor at bottom
Firm the feet, nor the hands, nor resteth the middle uninjur'd.
All—all ruined and lost, since fire and impetuous Ares,
Speeding along in a Syrian chariot, haste to destroy her.
Not alone shalt thou suffer; full many the towers he will level,
Many the shrines of the gods he will give to a fiery destruction.
Even now they stand with dark sweat horribly dripping,
Trembling and quaking for fear, and lo! from the high roofs trickleth
Black blood, sign prophetic of hard distresses impending.
Get ye away from the temple, and brood on the ills that await ye!"

When the Athenian messengers heard this reply, they were filled with the deepest affliction: whereupon Timon, the son of Androbulus, one of the men of most mark among the Delphians, seeing how utterly cast down they were at the gloomy prophecy, advised them to take an olive-branch, and entering the sanctuary again, consult the oracle as suppliants. The Athenians followed this advice, and going in once more, said—"O King, we pray thee reverence these boughs of supplication which we bear in our hands, and deliver to us something more comforting concerning our country. Else we will not leave your sanctuary, but will stay here till we die." Upon this the priestess gave them a second answer, which was the following:—

"Pallas has not been able to soften the lord of Olympus,
Though she has often prayed him, and urged him with excellent counsel,
Yet once more I address thee in words than adamant firmer.
When the foe shall have taken whatever the limit of Cecrops
Holds within it, and all which divine Cithæron shelters,
Then far-seeing Jove grants this to the prayers of Athene:
Safe shall the wooden wall continue for thee and thy children.
Wait not the tramp of the horse nor the footmen mightily moving
Over the land, but turn your back to the foe, and retire ye.
Yet shall a day arrive when ye shall meet him in battle.
Holy Salamis, thou shalt destroy the offspring of women
When men scatter the seed, or when they gather the harvest."

This answer seemed, as indeed it was, gentler than the former one; so the envoys wrote it down, and went back with it to Athens. When, however, upon their arrival, they produced it before the people, and inquiry began to be made into its true meaning, many and various were the interpretations which men put upon it; two, more especially, seemed to be directly opposed to one another. Certain of the old men were of opinion that the god meant to tell them that the citadel would escape; for this was anciently defended by a palisade; and they supposed that barrier to be the "wooden wall" of the oracle. Others maintained that the fleet was what the god pointed at; and their advice was that nothing should be thought of except the ships, which had best be at once got ready. Still such as said the "wooden wall" meant the fleet, were perplexed by the last two lines of the oracle—

> "Holy Salamis, thou shalt destroy the offspring of women,
> "When men scatter the seed, or when they gather the harvest."

These words caused great disturbance among those who took the wooden wall to be the ships; since the interpreters understood them to mean, that, if they made preparations for a sea-fight, they would suffer a defeat off Salamis.

Now there was at Athens a man who had lately made his way into the first rank of citizens; his true name was Themistocles, but he was known more generally as the son of Neocles. This man came forward and said, that the interpreters had not explained the oracle altogether aright—"for if," he argued, "the clause in question had really respected the Athenians, it would not have been expressed so mildly; the phrase used would have been 'Luckless Salamis,' rather than 'Holy Salamis,' had those to whom the island belonged been about to perish in its neighbourhood. Rightly taken, the response of the god threatened the enemy, much more than the Athenians." He therefore counselled his countrymen to make ready to fight on board their ships, since *they* were the wooden wall in which the god told them to trust. When Themistocles had thus cleared the matter, the Athenians embraced his view, preferring it to that of the interpreters. The advice of these last had been against engaging in a sea-fight; "all the Athenians could do," they said, "was, without lifting a hand in their defence, to quit Attica, and make a settlement in some other country."

Themistocles had before this given a counsel which prevailed very seasonably. The Athenians, having a large sum of money in their treasury, the produce of the mines at Laureium, were about to share it among the full-grown citizens, who would have received ten drachmas apiece, when Themistocles persuaded them to forbear the distribution, and build with the money two hundred ships, to help them in their war against the Eginetans. It was the breaking out of the Eginetan war which was at this time the saving of Greece, for hereby were the Athenians forced to become a maritime power. The new ships were not used for the purpose for which they had been built, but became a help to Greece in her hour of need. And the Athenians had not only these vessels ready before the war, but they likewise set to work to build more; while they determined, in a council which was held after the debate upon the oracle, that, according to the advice of the god, they would embark their whole force aboard the ships, and with such Greeks as chose to join them, give battle to the barbarian invader. Such, then, were the oracles which had been received by the Athenians.

—George Rawlinson.

THE PERSIAN HOST

[From Book VII]

Number is added to number in thoroughly epic fashion. The greater the host of the enemy, the greater the achievement of the Greeks in the final issue of events.

As far as this point then, and on land, as far as Thermopylæ, the armament of Xerxes had been free from mischance; and the numbers were still, according to my reckoning, of the following amount. First there was the ancient complement of the twelve hundred and seven vessels which came with the king from Asia—the contingents of the nations severally—amounting, if we allow to each ship a crew of two hundred men, to 241,400. Each of these vessels had on board, besides native soldiers, thirty fighting men, who were either Persians, Medes, or Sacans; which gives an addition of 36,210. To these two numbers I shall further add the crews of the penteconters; which may be reckoned, one with another, at fourscore each. Of such vessels there were (as I said before) three thousand; and the men on board them accordingly would be 240,000. This was the sea force brought by the king from Asia; and it amounted in all to 517,610 men. The number of the foot soldiers was 1,700,000; that of the horsemen 80,000; to which must be added the Arabs who rode on camels, and the Libyans who fought in chariots, whom I reckon at 20,000. The whole number, therefore, of the land and sea forces added together amounts to 2,317,610 men. Such was the force brought from Asia, without including the camp followers, or taking any account of the provision-ships and the men whom they had on board.

To the amount thus reached we have still to add the forces gathered in Europe, concerning which I can only speak from conjecture. The Greeks dwelling in Thrace, and in the islands off the coast of Thrace, furnished to the fleet one hundred and twenty ships; the crews of which would amount to 24,000 men. Besides these, footmen were furnished by the Thracians, the Pæonians, the Eordians, the Bottiæans, by the Chalcidean tribes, by the Brygians, the Pierians, the Macedonians, the Perrhæbians, the Enianians, the Dolopians, the Magnesians, the Achæans, and by all the dwellers upon the Thracian sea-board; and the forces of these nations amounted, I believe, to three hundred thousand men. These numbers, added to those of the force which came out of Asia, make the sum of the fighting men 2,641,610.

Such then being the number of the fighting men, it is my belief that the attendants who followed the camp, together with the crews of the corn-barks, and of the other craft accompanying the army, made up an amount rather above than below that of the fighting men. However I will not reckon them as either fewer or more, but take them at an equal number. We have therefore to add to the sum already reached an exactly equal amount. This will give 5,283,220 as the whole number of men brought by Xerxes, the son of Darius, as far as Sepias and Thermopylæ.

Such then was the amount of the entire host of Xerxes. As for the number of the women who ground the corn, of the concubines, and the eunuchs, no one can give any sure account of it; nor can the baggage-horses and other sumpter-beasts, nor the Indian hounds which followed the army, be calculated, by reason of their multitude. Hence I am not at all surprised that the water of the rivers was found too scant for the army in some instances; rather it is a marvel to me how the provisions did not fail, when the numbers were so great. For I find on calculation that if each man consumed no more than a chœnix of corn a-day, there must have been used daily by the army 110,340 medimni, and this without counting what was eaten by the women, the eunuchs, the sumpter-beasts, and the hounds. Among all this multitude of men there was not one who, for beauty and stature, deserved more than Xerxes himself to wield so vast a power.

—George Rawlinson.

THERMOPYLÆ

[From Book VII]

To the Greeks Thermopylæ (480 B.C.) was a material defeat but a spiritual victory.

King Xerxes pitched his camp in the region of Malis called Trachinia, while on their side the Greeks occupied the straits. These straits the Greeks in general call Thermopylæ (the Hot Gates); but the natives and those who dwell in the neighbourhood call them Pylæ (the Gates). Here then the two armies took their stand; the one master of all the region lying north of Trachis, the other of the country extending southward of that place to the verge of the continent.

The Greeks who at this spot awaited the coming of Xerxes were the following:—From Sparta, three hundred men-at-arms: from Arcadia, a thousand Tegeans and Mantineans, five hundred of each people; a hundred and twenty Orchomenians, from the Arcadian Orchomenus; and a thousand from other cities; from Corinth, four hundred men: from Phlius, two hundred: and from Mycenæ, eighty. Such was the number from the Peloponnese. There were also present, from Bœotia, seven hundred Thespians and four hundred Thebans.

Besides these troops, the Locrians of Opus and the Phocians had obeyed the call of their countrymen, and sent, the former all the force they had, the latter a thousand men. For envoys had gone from the Greeks at Thermopylæ among the Locrians and Phocians, to call on them for assistance, and to say—"They were themselves but the vanguard of the host, sent to precede the main body, which might every day be expected to follow them. The sea was in good keeping, watched by the Athenians, the Eginetans, and the rest of the fleet. There was no cause why they should fear; for after all the invader was not a god but a man; and there never had been, and never would be, a man who was not liable to misfortunes from the very day of his birth, and those greater in proportion to his own greatness. The assailant, therefore, being only a mortal, must needs fall from his glory." Thus urged, the Locrians and the Phocians had come with their troops to Trachis.

The various nations had each captains of their own under whom they served; but the one to whom all especially looked up, and who had the command of the entire force, was the Lacedæmonian, Leonidas. Now Leonidas was the son of Anaxandridas, who was the son of Leo, who was the son of Eurycratidas, who was the son of Anaxander, who was the son of Eurycrates, who was the son of Polydorus, who was the son of Alcamenes, who was the son of Telecles, who was the son of Archelaus, who was the son of Agesilaus, who was the son of Doryssus, who was the son of Labotas, who was the son of Echestratus, who was the son of Agis, who was the son of Eurysthenes, who was the son of Aristodemus, who was the son of Aristomachus, who was the son of Cleodæus, who was the son of Hyllus, who was the son of Hercules.

Leonidas had come to be king of Sparta quite unexpectedly. Having two elder brothers, Cleomenes and Dorieus, he had no thought of ever mounting the throne. However when Cleomenes died without male offspring, as Dorieus was likewise deceased, having perished in Sicily, the crown fell to Leonidas, who was older than Cleombrotus, the youngest of the sons of Anaxandridas, and, moreover, was married to the daughter of Cleomenes. He had now come to Thermopylæ, accompanied by the three hundred men which the law assigned him, whom he had himself chosen from among the citizens, and who were all of them fathers with sons living. On his way he had taken the troops from Thebes, whose number I have already mentioned, and who were under the command of Leontiades the son of Eurymachus. The reason why he made a point of taking troops from Thebes and Thebes only was, that the Thebans were strongly suspected of being well inclined to the Medes. Leonidas therefore called on them to come with him to the war, wishing to see whether they would comply with his demand, or openly refuse, and disclaim the Greek alliance. They, however, though their wishes leant the other way, nevertheless sent the men.

The force with Leonidas was sent forward by the Spartans in advance of their main body, that the sight of them might encourage the allies to fight, and hinder them from going over to the Medes, as it was likely that they might have done had they seen Sparta backward. They intended presently, when they had celebrated the Carneian festival, which was what now kept them at home, to leave a garrison in Sparta, and hasten in full force to join the army. The rest of the allies also intended to act similarly; for it happened that the Olympic festival fell exactly at this same period. None of them looked to see the contest at Thermopylæ decided so speedily; wherefore they were content to send forward a mere advanced guard. Such accordingly were the intentions of the allies.

The Greek forces at Thermopylæ, when the Persian army drew near to the entrance of the pass, were seized with fear, and a council was held to consider about a retreat. It was the wish of the Peloponnesians generally that the army should fall back upon the Peloponnese, and there guard the Isthmus. But Leonidas, who saw with what indignation the Phocians and Locrians heard of this plan, gave his voice for remaining where they were, while they sent envoys to the several cities to ask for help, since they were too few to make a stand against an army like that of the Medes.

While this debate was going on, Xerxes sent a mounted spy to observe the Greeks, and note how many they were, and what they were doing. He had heard, before he came out of Thessaly, that a few men were assembled at this place, and that at their head were certain Lacedæmonians, under Leonidas, a descendant of Hercules. The horseman rode up to the camp, and looked about him, but did not see the whole army; for such as were on the further side of the wall (which had been rebuilt and now was carefully guarded) it was not possible for him to behold; but he observed those on the outside, who were encamped in front of the rampart. It chanced that at this time the Lacedæmonians held the outer guard, and were seen by the spy, some of them engaged in gymnastic exercises, others combing their long hair. At this the spy greatly marvelled, but he counted their number, and when he had taken accurate note of everything, he rode back quietly; for no one pursued after him, or paid any heed to his visit. So he returned and told Xerxes all that he had seen.

Upon this, Xerxes, who had no means of surmising the truth—namely, that the Spartans were preparing to do or die manfully—but thought it laughable that they should be engaged in such employments, sent and called to his presence Demaratus the son of Ariston, who still remained with the army. When he appeared, Xerxes told him all that he had heard, and questioned him concerning the news, since he was anxious to understand the meaning of such behaviour on the part of the Spartans. Then Demaratus said—

"I spake to thee, O king, concerning these men long since, when we had but just begun our march upon Greece; thou, however, didst only laugh at my words, when I told thee of all this, which I saw would come to pass. Earnestly do I struggle at all times to speak the truth to thee, sire; and now listen to it once more. These men have come to dispute the pass with us, and it is for this that they are now making ready. 'Tis their custom, when they are about to hazard their lives, to adorn their heads with care. Be assured, however, that if thou canst subdue the men who are here and the Lacedæmonians who remain in Sparta, there is no other nation in all the world which will venture to lift a hand in their defence. Thou hast now to deal with the first kingdom and town in Greece, and with the bravest men."

Then Xerxes, to whom what Demaratus said seemed altogether to surpass belief, asked further, "how it was possible for so small an army to contend with his?"

"O king," Demaratus answered, "let me be treated as a liar, if matters fall not out as I say."

But Xerxes was not persuaded any the more. Four whole days he suffered to go by, expecting that the Greeks would run away. When, however, he found on the fifth that they were not gone, thinking that their firm stand was mere impudence and recklessness, he grew wroth, and sent against them the Medes and Cissians, with orders to take them alive and bring them into his presence. Then the Medes rushed forward and charged the Greeks, but fell in vast numbers: others however took the places of the slain, and would not be beaten off, though they suffered terrible losses. In this way it became clear to all, and especially to the king, that though he had plenty of combatants, he had but very few warriors. The struggle, however, continued during the whole day.

Then the Medes, having met so rough a reception, withdrew from the fight; and their place was taken by the band of Persians under Hydarnes, whom the king called his "Immortals": they, it was thought, would soon finish the business. But when they joined battle with the Greeks, 'twas with no better success than the Median detachment—things went much as before—the two armies fighting in a narrow space, and the barbarians using shorter spears than the Greeks, and having no advantage from their numbers. The Lacedæmonians fought in a way worthy of note, and showed themselves far more skillful in fight than their adversaries, often turning their backs, and making as though they were all flying away, on which the barbarians would rush after them with much noise and shouting, when the Spartans at their approach would wheel round and face their pursuers, in this way destroying vast numbers of the enemy. Some Spartans likewise fell in these encounters, but only a very few. At last the Persians, finding that all their efforts to gain the pass availed nothing, and that whether they attacked by divisions or in any other way, it was to no purpose, withdrew to their own quarters.

During these assaults, it is said that Xerxes, who was watching the battle, thrice leaped from the throne on which he sat, in terror for his army.

Next day the combat was renewed, but with no better success on the part of the barbarians. The Greeks were so few that the barbarians hoped to find them disabled, by reason of their wounds, from offering any further resistance; and so they once more attacked them. But the Greeks were drawn up in detachments according to their cities, and bore the brunt of the battle in turns,—all except the Phocians, who had been stationed on the mountain to guard the pathway. So when the Persians found no difference between that day and the preceding, they again retired to their quarters.

Now, as the king was in a great strait, and knew not how he should deal with the emergency, Ephialtes, the son of Eurydemus, a man of Malis, came to him and was admitted to a conference. Stirred by the hope of receiving a rich reward at the king's hands, he had come to tell him of the pathway which led across the mountain to Thermopylæ; by which disclosure he brought destruction on the band of Greeks who had there withstood the barbarians. This Ephialtes afterwards, from fear of the Lacedæmonians, fled into Thessaly; and during his exile, in an assembly of the Amphictyons held at Pylæ, a price was set upon his head by the Pylagoræ. When some time had gone by, he returned from exile, and went to Anticyra, where he was slain by Athenades, a native of Trachis. Athenades did not slay him for his treachery, but for another reason, which I shall mention in a later part of my history: yet still the Lacedæmonians honoured him none the less. Thus then did Ephialtes perish a long time afterwards.

Besides this there is another story told, which I do not at all believe —to wit, that Onetas the son of Phanagoras, a native of Carystus, and Corydallus, a man of Anticyra, were the persons who spoke on this matter to the king, and took the Persians across the mountain. One may guess which story is true, from the fact that the deputies from the Greeks, the Pylagoræ, who must have had the best means of ascertaining the truth, did not offer the reward for the heads of Onetas and Corydallus, but for that of Ephialtes of Trachis; and again from the flight of Ephialtes, which we know to have been on this account. Onetas, I allow, although he was not a Malian, might have been acquainted with the path, if he had lived much in that part of the country; but as Ephialtes was the person who actually led the Persians round the mountain by the pathway, I leave his name on record as that of the man who did the deed.

Great was the joy of Xerxes on this occasion; and as he approved highly of the enterprise which Ephialtes undertook to accomplish, he forthwith sent upon the errand Hydarnes, and the Persians under him. The troops left the camp about the time of the lighting of the lamps. The pathway along which they went was first discovered by the Malians of these parts, who soon afterwards led the Thessalians by it to attack the Phocians, at the time when the Phocians fortified the pass with a wall, and so put themselves under covert from danger. And ever since the path has always been put to an ill use by the Malians.

The course which it takes is the following:—Beginning at the Asopus, where that stream flows through the cleft in the hills, it runs along the ridge of the mountain (which is called, like the pathway over it, Anopæa), and ends at the city of Alpenus—the first Locrian town as you come from Malis—by the stone called Melampygus and the seats of the Cercopians. Here it is as narrow as at any other point.

The Persians took this path, and crossing the Asopus, continued their march through the whole of the night, having the mountains of Œta on their right hand, and on their left those of Trachis. At dawn of day they found themselves close to the summit. Now the hill was guarded, as I have already said, by a thousand Phocian men-at-arms, who were placed there to defend the pathway, and at the same time to secure their own country. They had been given the guard of the mountain path, while the other Greeks defended the pass below, because they had volunteered for the service, and had pledged themselves to Leonidas to maintain the post.

The ascent of the Persians became known to the Phocians in the following manner:—During all the time that they were making their way up, the Greeks remained unconscious of it, inasmuch as the whole mountain was covered with groves of oak; but it happened that the air was very still, and the leaves which the Persians stirred with their feet made, as it was likely they would, a loud rustling, whereupon the Phocians jumped up and flew to seize their arms. In a moment the barbarians came in sight, and perceiving men arming themselves, were greatly amazed; for they had fallen in with an enemy when they had expected no opposition. Hydarnes, alarmed at the sight, and fearing lest the Phocians might be Lacedæmonians, enquired of Ephialtes to what nation these troops belonged. Ephialtes told him the exact truth, whereupon he arrayed his Persians for battle. The Phocians, galled by the showers of arrows to which they were exposed, and imagining themselves the special object of the Persian attack, fled hastily to the crest of the mountain, and there made ready to meet death; but while their mistake continued, the Persians, with Ephialtes and Hydarnes, not thinking it worth their while to delay on account of Phocians, passed on and descended the mountain with all possible speed.

The Greeks at Thermopylæ received the first warning of the destruction which the dawn would bring on them from the seer Megistias, who read their fate in the victims as he was sacrificing. After this deserters came in, and brought the news that the Persians were marching round by the hills: it was still night when these men arrived. Last of all, the scouts came running down from the heights, and brought in the same accounts, when the day was just beginning to break. Then the Greeks held a council to consider what they should do, and here opinions were divided: some were strong against quitting their post, while others contended to the contrary. So when the council had broken up, part of the troops departed and went their ways homeward to their several states; part however resolved to remain, and to stand by Leonidas to the last.

It is said that Leonidas himself sent away the troops who departed, because he tendered their safety, but thought it unseemly that either he or his Spartans should quit the post which they had been especially sent to guard. For my own part, I incline to think that Leonidas gave the order, because he perceived the allies to be out of heart and unwilling to encounter the danger to which his own mind was made up. He therefore commanded them to retreat, but said that he himself could not draw back with honour; knowing that, if he stayed, glory awaited him, and that Sparta in that case would not lose her prosperity. For when the Spartans, at the very beginning of the war sent to consult the oracle concerning it, the answer which they received from the Pythoness was, "that either Sparta must be overthrown by the barbarians, or one of her kings must perish." The prophecy was delivered in hexameter verse, and ran thus:—

"Oh! ye men who dwell in the streets of broad Lacedæmon,
Either your glorious town shall be sacked by the children of Perseus,
Or, in exchange, must all through the whole Laconian country
Mourn for the loss of a king, descendant of great Heracles.
He cannot be withstood by the courage of bulls or of lions,
Strive as they may; he is mighty as Jove; there is nought that shall stay him,
Till he have got for his prey your king, or your glorious city."

The remembrance of this answer, I think, and the wish to secure the whole glory for the Spartans, caused Leonidas to send the allies away. This is more likely than that they quarrelled with him, and took their departure in such unruly fashion.

To me it seems no small argument in favour of this view, that the seer also who accompanied the army, Megistias, the Acarnanian,—said to have been of the blood of Melampus, and the same who was led by the appearance of the victims to warn the Greeks of the danger which threatened them,—received orders to retire (as it is certain he did) from Leonidas, that he might escape the coming destruction. Megistias, however, though bidden to depart, refused, and stayed with the army; but he had an only son present with the expedition, whom he now sent away.

So the allies, when Leonidas ordered them to retire, obeyed him and forthwith departed. Only the Thespians and the Thebans remained with the Spartans; and of these the Thebans were kept back by Leonidas as hostages, very much against their will. The Thespians, on the contrary, stayed entirely on their own accord, refusing to retreat, and declaring that they would not forsake Leonidas and his followers. So they abode with the Spartans, and died with them. Their leader was Demophilus, the son of Diadromes.

At sunrise Xerxes made libations, after which he waited until the time when the forum is wont to fill, and then began his advance. Ephialtes had instructed him thus, as the descent of the mountain is much quicker, and the distance much shorter, than the way round the hills, and the ascent. So the barbarians under Xerxes began to draw nigh; and the Greeks under Leonidas, as they now went forth determined to die, advanced much further than on previous days, until they reached the more open portion of the pass. Hitherto they had held their station within the wall, and from this had gone forth to fight at the point where the pass was the narrowest. Now they joined battle beyond the defile, and carried slaughter among the barbarians, who fell in heaps. Behind them the captains of the squadrons, armed with whips, urged their men forward with continual blows. Many were thrust into the sea, and there perished; a still greater number were trampled to death by their own soldiers; no one heeded the dying. For the Greeks, reckless of their own safety and desperate, since they knew that, as the mountains had been crossed, their destruction was nigh at hand, exerted themselves with the most furious valour against the barbarians.

By this time the spears of the greater number were all shivered, and with their swords they hewed down the ranks of the Persians; and here, as they strove, Leonidas fell fighting bravely, together with many other famous Spartans, whose names I have taken care to learn on account of their great worthiness, as indeed I have those of all the three hundred. There fell too at the same time very many famous Persians: among them, two sons of Darius, Abrocomes and Hyperanthes, his children by Phratagune, the daughter of Artanes. Artanes was brother of King Darius, being a son of Hystaspes, the son of Arsames; and when he gave his daughter to the king, he made him heir likewise of all his substance; for she was his only child.

Thus two brothers of Xerxes here fought and fell. And now there arose a fierce struggle between the Persians and the Lacedæmonians over the body of Leonidas, in which the Greeks four times drove back the enemy, and at last by their great bravery succeeded in bearing off the body. This combat was scarcely ended when the Persians with Ephialtes approached; and the Greeks, informed that they drew nigh, made a change in the manner of their fighting. Drawing back into the narrowest part of the pass, and retreating even behind the cross wall, they posted themselves upon a hillock, where they stood all drawn up together in one close body, except only the Thebans. The hillock whereof I speak is at the entrance of the straits, where the stone lion stands which was set up in honour of Leonidas. Here they defended themselves to the last, such as still had swords using them, and the others resisting with their hands and teeth; till the barbarians who in part had pulled down the wall and attacked them in front, in part had gone round and now encircled them upon every side, overwhelmed them and buried the remnant left beneath showers of missile weapons.

Thus nobly did the whole body of Lacedæmonians and Thespians behave, but nevertheless one man is said to have distinguished himself above all the rest, to wit, Dieneces the Spartan. A speech which he made before the Greeks engaged the Medes, remains on record. One of the Trachinians told him, "such was the number of the barbarians, that when they shot forth their arrows the sun would be darkened by their multitude." Dieneces, not at all frightened at these words, but making light of the Median numbers, answered, "Our Trachinian friend brings us excellent tidings. If the Medes darken the sun, we shall have our fight in the shade." Other sayings too of a like nature are said to have been left on record by this same person.

Next to him two brothers, Lacedæmonians, are reputed to have made themselves conspicuous: they were named Alpheus and Maro, and were the sons of Orsiphantus. There was also a Thespian who gained greater glory than any of his countrymen: he was a man called Dithyrambus, the son of Harmatidas.

The slain were buried where they fell; and in their honour, nor less in honour of those who died before Leonidas sent the allies away, an inscription was set up, which said,—

"Here did four thousand men from Pelops' land
Against three hundred myriads bravely stand."

This was in honour of all. Another was for the Spartans alone:—

"Go, stranger, and to Lacedæmon tell
That here, obeying her behest, we fell."

This was for the Lacedæmonians. The seer had the following:—

"The great Megistias' tomb you here may view,
Whom slew the Medes, fresh from Spercheius' fords.
Well the wise seer the coming death foreknew,
Yet scorned he to forsake his Spartan lords."

These inscriptions, and the pillars likewise, were all set up by the Amphictyons, except that in honour of Megistias, which was inscribed to him (on account of their sworn friendship) by Simonides, the son of Leoprepes.

—George Rawlinson.

SALAMIS

[From Book VIII]

Salamis (480 B.C.) was the denouement of the drama. Persia's naval power was crushed. Xerxes withdrew to Asia Minor, but left a large army in Greece. The next year witnessed the defeat of this force at the decisive battle of Platæa.

So the Greeks at the Isthmus toiled unceasingly as though in the greatest peril; since they never imagined that any great success would be gained by the fleet. The Greeks at Salamis, on the other hand, when they heard what the rest were about, felt greatly alarmed; but their fear was not so much for themselves as for the Peloponnese. At first they conversed together in low tones, each man with his fellow, secretly, and marvelled at the folly shown by Eurybiades; but presently the smothered feeling broke out, and another assembly was held; whereat the old subjects provoked much talk from the speakers, one side maintaining that it was best to sail to the Peloponnese and risk battle for that, instead of abiding at Salamis and fighting for a land already taken by the enemy; while the other, which consisted of the Athenians, Eginetans, and Megarians, was urgent to remain and have the battle fought where they were.

Then Themistocles, when he saw that the Peloponnesians would carry the vote against him, went out secretly from the council, and instructing a certain man what he should say, sent him on board a merchant ship to the fleet of the Medes. The man's name was Sicinnus; he was one of Themistocles' household slaves, and acted as tutor to his sons; in after times, when the Thespians were admitting persons to citizenship, Themistocles made him a Thespian, and a rich man to boot. The ship brought Sicinnus to the Persian fleet, and there he delivered his message to the leaders in these words:—

"The Athenian commander has sent me to you privily, without the knowledge of the other Greeks. He is a well-wisher to the king's cause, and would rather success should attend on you than on his countrymen; wherefore he bids me tell you, that fear has seized the Greeks and they are meditating a hasty flight. Now then it is open to you to achieve the best work that ever ye wrought, if only ye will hinder their escaping. They no longer agree among themselves, so that they will not now make any resistance—nay, 'tis likely ye may see a fight already begun between such as favour and such as oppose your cause." The messenger, when he had thus expressed himself, departed and was seen no more.

Then the captains, believing all that the messenger had said, proceeded to land a large body of Persian troops on the islet of Psyttaleia, which lies between Salamis and the mainland; after which, about the hour of midnight, they advanced their western wing towards Salamis, so as to inclose the Greeks. At the same time the force stationed about Ceos and Cynosura moved forward, and filled the whole strait as far as Munychia with their ships. This advance was made to prevent the Greeks from escaping by flight, and to block them up in Salamis, where it was thought that vengeance might be taken upon them for the battles fought near Artemisium. The Persian troops were landed on the islet of Psyttaleia, because as soon as the battle began, the men and wrecks were likely to be drifted thither, as the isle lay in the very path of the coming fight,—and they would thus be able to save their own men and destroy those of the enemy. All these movements were made in silence, that the Greeks might have no knowledge of them; and they occupied the whole night, so that the men had no time to get their sleep.

I cannot say that there is no truth in prophecies, or feel inclined to call in question those which speak with clearness, when I think of the following—

"When they shall bridge with their ships to the sacred strand of Diana
Girt with the golden falchion, and eke to marine Cynosura,
Mad hope swelling their hearts at the downfall of beautiful Athens—

Then shall godlike Right extinguish haughty Presumption,
Insult's furious offspring, who thinketh to overthrow all things.
Brass with brass shall mingle, and Mars shall with blood empurple
Ocean's waves. Then—then shall the day of Grecia's freedom
Come from Victory fair, and Saturn's son all-seeing."

When I look to this, and perceive how clearly Bacis spoke, I neither venture myself to say anything against prophecies, nor do I approve of others impugning them.

Meanwhile, among the captains at Salamis, the strife of words grew fierce. As yet they did not know that they were encompassed, but imagined that the barbarians remained in the same places where they had seen them before.

In the midst of their contention, Aristides, the son of Lysimachus, who had crossed from Egina, arrived in Salamis. He was an Athenian, and had been ostracised by the commonalty; yet I believe, from what I have heard concerning his character, that there was not in all Athens a man so worthy or so just as he. He now came to the council, and standing outside, called for Themistocles. Now Themistocles was not his friend, but his most determined enemy. However, under the pressure of the great dangers impending, Aristides forgot their feud, and called Themistocles out of the council, since he wished to confer with him. He had heard before his arrival of the impatience of the Peloponnesians to withdraw the fleet to the Isthmus. As soon therefore as Themistocles came forth, Aristides addressed him in these words:—

"Our rivalry at all times, and especially at the present season, ought to be a struggle, which of us shall most advantage our country. Let me then say to thee, that so far as regards the departure of the Peloponnesians from this place, much talk and little will be found precisely alike. I have seen with my own eyes that which I now report; that, however much the Corinthians or Eurybiades himself may wish it, they cannot now retreat; for we are enclosed on every side by the enemy. Go in to them and make this known."

"Thy advice is excellent," answered the other, "and thy tidings are also good. That which I earnestly desired to happen, thine eyes have beheld accomplished. Know that what the Medes have now done was at my instance; for it was necessary, as our men would not fight here at their own free will, to make them fight whether they would or no. But come now, as thou hast brought the good news, go in and tell it. For if I speak to them, they will think it a feigned tale, and will not believe that the barbarians have enclosed us around. Therefore do thou go to them, and inform them how matters stand. If they believe thee, 'twill be for the best; but if otherwise, it will not harm. For it is impossible that they should now flee away, if indeed we are shut in on all sides, as thou sayest."

Then Aristides entered the assembly, and spoke to the captains: he had come, he told them, from Egina, and had but barely escaped the blockading vessels—the Greek fleet was entirely inclosed by the ships of Xerxes—and he advised them to get themselves in readiness to resist the foe. Having said so much, he withdrew. And now another contest arose, for the greater part of the captains would not believe the tidings.

But while they still doubted, a Tenian trireme, commanded by Panætius the son of Sosimenes, deserted from the Persians and joined the Greeks, bringing full intelligence. For this reason the Tenians were inscribed upon the tripod at Delphi among those who overthrew the barbarians. With this ship, which deserted to their side at Salamis, and the Lemnian vessel, which came over before at Artemisium, the Greek fleet was brought to the full number of 380 ships; otherwise it fell short by two of that amount.

The Greeks now, not doubting what the Tenians told them, made ready for the coming fight. At the dawn of day, all the men-at-arms were assembled together, and speeches were made to them, of which the best was that of Themistocles; who throughout contrasted what was noble with what was base, and bade them, in all that came within the range of man's nature and constitution, *always* to make choice of the nobler part. Having thus wound up his discourse, he told them to go at once on board their ships, which they accordingly did; and about this time the trireme, that had been sent to Egina for the Æacidæ, returned; whereupon the Greeks put to sea with all their fleet.

The fleet had scarce left the land when they were attacked by the barbarians. At once most of the Greeks began to back water, and were about touching the shore, when Ameinias of Pallene, one of the Athenian captains, darted forth in front of the line, and charged a ship of the enemy. The two vessels became entangled, and could not separate, whereupon the rest of the fleet came up to help Ameinias, and engaged with the Persians. Such is the account which the Athenians give of the way in which the battle began; but the Eginetans maintain that the vessel which had been to Egina for the Æacidæ, was the one that brought on the fight. It is also reported, that a phantom in the form of a woman appeared to the Greeks, and, in a voice that was heard from end to end of the fleet, cheered them on to the fight; first, however, rebuking them, and saying—"Strange men, how long are ye going to back water?"

Against the Athenians, who held the western extremity of the line towards Eleusis, were placed the Phœnicians; against the Lacedæmonians, whose station was eastwards towards the Piræus, the Ionians. Of these last a few only followed the advice of Themistocles, to fight backwardly; the greater number did far otherwise. I could mention here the names of many trierarchs who took vessels from the Greeks, but I shall pass over all excepting Theomestor the son of Androdamas, and Phylacus the son of Histiæus, both Samians. I show this preference to them, inasmuch as for this service Theomestor was made tyrant of Samos by the Persians, while Phylacus was enrolled among the king's benefactors, and presented with a large estate in land. In the Persian tongue the king's benefactors were called *Orosangs.*

Far the greater number of the Persian ships engaged in this battle were disabled—either by the Athenians or by the Eginetans. For as the Greeks fought in order and kept their line, while the barbarians were in confusion and had no plan in anything that they did, the issue of the battle could scarce be other than it was. Yet the Persians fought far more bravely here than at Eubœa, and indeed surpassed themselves; each did his utmost through fear of Xerxes, for each thought that the king's eye was upon himself.

What part the several nations, whether Greek or barbarian, took in the combat, I am not able to say for certain; Artemisia, however, I know, distinguished herself in such a way as raised her even higher than she stood before in the esteem of the king. For after confusion had spread throughout the whole of the king's fleet, and her ship was closely pursued by an Athenian trireme, she, having no way to fly, since in front of her were a number of friendly vessels, and she was nearest of all the Persians to the enemy, resolved on a measure which in fact proved her safety. Pressed by the Athenian pursuer, she bore straight against one of the ships of her own party, a Calyndian, which had Damasithymus, the Calyndian king, himself on board. I cannot say whether she had had any quarrel with the man while the fleet was at the Hellespont, or no—neither can I decide whether she of set purpose attacked his vessel, or whether it merely chanced that the Calyndian ship came in her way—but certain it is that she bore down on his vessel and sank it, and that thereby she had the good fortune to procure herself a double advantage. For the commander of the Athenian trireme, when he saw her bear down on one of the enemy's fleet, thought immediately that her vessel was a Greek, or else had deserted from the Persians, and was now fighting on the Greek side; he therefore gave up the chase, and turned away to attack others.

Thus in the first place she saved her life by the action, and was enabled to get clear off from the battle; while further, it fell out that in the very act of doing the king an injury she raised herself to a greater height than ever in his esteem. For as Xerxes beheld the fight, he remarked (it is said) the destruction of the vessel, whereupon the bystanders observed to him—"Seest thou, master, how well Artemisia fights, and how she has just sunk a ship of the enemy?" Then Xerxes asked if it were really Artemisia's doing; and they answered, "Certainly; for they knew her ensign": while all made sure that the sunken vessel belonged to the opposite side. Every thing, it is said, conspired to prosper the queen—it was especially fortunate for her, that not one of those on board the Calyndian ship survived to become her accuser. Xerxes, they say, in reply to the remarks made to him, observed—"My men have behaved like women, and my women like men!"

There fell in this combat Ariabignes, one of the chief commanders of the fleet, who was son of Darius and brother of Xerxes, and with him perished a vast number of men of high repute, Persians, Medes, and allies. Of the Greeks there died only a few; for as they were able to swim, all those that were not slain outright by the enemy escaped from the sinking vessels and swam across to Salamis. But on the side of the barbarians more perished by drowning than in any other way, since they did not know how to swim. The great destruction took place when the ships which had been first engaged began to fly; for they who were stationed in the rear, anxious to display their valour before the eyes of the king, made every effort to force their way to the front, and thus became entangled with such of their own vessels as were retreating.

In this confusion the following event occurred: certain Phœnicians belonging to the ships which had thus perished made their appearance before the king, and laid the blame of their loss on the Ionians, declaring that they were traitors, and had wilfully destroyed the vessels. But the upshot of this complaint was, that the Ionian captains escaped the death which threatened them, while their Phœnician accusers received death as their reward. For it happened that, exactly as they spoke, a Samothracian vessel bore down on an Athenian and sank it, but was attacked and crippled immediately by one of the Eginetan squadron. Now the Samothracians were expert with the javelin, and aimed their weapons so well, that they cleared the deck of the vessel which had disabled their own, after which they sprang on board, and took it. This saved the Ionians. Xerxes, when he saw the exploit, turned fiercely on the Phœnicians—(he was ready, in his extreme vexation, to find fault with any one)—and ordered their heads to be cut off, to prevent them, he said, from casting the blame of their own misconduct upon braver men. During the whole time of the battle Xerxes sate at the base of the hill called Ægaleos, over against Salamis; and whenever he saw any of his own captains perform any worthy exploit he inquired concerning him; and the man's name was taken down by his scribes, together with the names of his father and his city. Ariaramnes too, a Persian, who was a friend of the Ionians, and present at the time whereof I speak, had a share in bringing about the punishment of the Phœnicians.

When the rout of the barbarians began, and they sought to make their escape to Phalerum, the Eginetans, awaiting them in the channel, performed exploits worthy to be recorded. Through the whole of the confused struggle the Athenians employed themselves in destroying such ships as either made resistance or fled to shore, while the Eginetans dealt with those which endeavoured to escape down the straits; so that the Persian vessels were no sooner clear of the Athenians than straightway they fell into the hands of the Eginetan squadron.

It chanced here that there was a meeting between the ship of Themistocles, which was hasting in pursuit of the enemy, and that of Polycritus, son of Crius the Eginetan, which had just charged a Sidonian trireme. The Sidonian vessel was the same that captured the Eginetan guard-ship off Sciathus, which had Pytheas, the son of Ischenous, on board—that Pytheas, I mean, who fell covered with wounds, and whom the Sidonians kept on board their ships, from admiration of his gallantry. This man afterwards returned in safety to Egina, for when the Sidonian vessel with its Persian crew fell into the hands of the Greeks, he was still found on board. Polycritus no sooner saw the Athenian trireme, than knowing at once whose vessel it was, as he observed that it bore the ensign of the admiral, he shouted to Themistocles jeeringly, and asked him, in a tone of reproach, if the Eginetans did not show themselves rare friends to the Medes. At the same time, while he thus reproached Themistocles, Polycritus bore straight down on the Sidonian. Such of the barbarian vessels as escaped from the battle fled to Phalerum, and there sheltered themselves under the protection of the land army.

The Greeks who gained the greatest glory of all in the sea-fight of Salamis were the Eginetans, and after them the Athenians. The individuals of most distinction were Polycritus the Eginetan, and two Athenians, Eumenes of Anagyrus, and Ameinias of Pallene; the latter of whom had pressed Artemisia so hard. And assuredly, if he had known that the vessel carried Artemisia on board, he would never have given over the chase till he had either succeeded in taking her, or else been taken himself. For the Athenian captains had received special orders touching the queen, and moreover a reward of ten thousand drachmas had been proclaimed for any one who should make her prisoner, since there was great indignation felt that a woman should appear in arms against Athens. However, as I said before, she escaped; and so did some others whose ships survived the engagement; and these were all now assembled at the port of Phalerum.

The Athenians say that Adeimantus, the Corinthian commander, at the moment when the two fleets joined battle, was seized with fear, and being beyond measure alarmed, spread his sails, and hasted to fly away; on which the other Corinthians, seeing their leader's ship in full flight, sailed off likewise. They had reached in their flight that part of the coast of Salamis where stands the temple of Minerva Sciras, when they met a light bark, a very strange apparition: it was never discovered that any one sent it to them, and till it appeared they were altogether ignorant how the battle was going. That there was something beyond nature in the matter they judged from this—that when the men in the bark drew near to their ships they addressed them, saying—"Adeimantus, while thou playest the traitor's part, by withdrawing all these ships, and flying away from the fight, the Greeks whom thou hast deserted are defeating their foes as completely as they ever wished in their prayers." Adeimantus, however, would not believe what the men said; whereupon they told him, "he might take them with him as hostages, and put them to death if he did not find the Greeks winning." Then Adeimantus put about, both he and those who were with him; and they rejoined the fleet when the victory was already gained. Such is the tale which the Athenians tell concerning them of Corinth; these latter however do not allow its truth. On the contrary, they declare that they were among those who distinguished themselves most in the fight. And the rest of Greece bears witness in their favour.

In the midst of the confusion Aristides, the son of Lysimachus, the Athenian, of whom I lately spoke as a man of the greatest excellence, performed the following service. He took a number of the Athenian heavy-armed troops, who had previously been stationed along the shore of Salamis, and landing with them on the islet of Psyttaleia, slew all the Persians by whom it was occupied.

As soon as the sea-fight was ended, the Greeks drew together to Salamis all the wrecks that were to be found in that quarter, and prepared themselves for another engagement, supposing that the king would renew the fight with the vessels which still remained to him. Many of the wrecks had been carried away by a westerly wind to the coast of Attica, where they were thrown upon the strip of shore called Colias. Thus not only were the prophecies of Bacis and Musæus concerning this battle fulfilled completely, but likewise, by the place to which the wrecks were drifted, the prediction of Lysistratus, an Athenian sooth-sayer, uttered many years before these events, and quite forgotten at the time by all the Greeks, was fully accomplished. The words were:—

"Then shall the sight of the oars fill Colian dames with amazement."

Now this must have happened as soon as the king was departed.

Xerxes, when he saw the extent of his loss, began to be afraid lest the Greeks might be counselled by the Ionians, or without their advice might determine, to sail straight to the Hellespont and break down the bridges there; in which case he would be blocked up in Europe, and run great risk of perishing. He therefore made up his mind to fly; but as he wished to hide his purpose alike from the Greeks and from his own people, he set to work to carry a mound across the channel to Salamis, and at the same time began fastening a number of Phœnician merchant ships together, to serve at once for a bridge and a wall. He likewise made many warlike preparations, as if he were about to engage the Greeks once more at sea. Now, when these things were seen, all grew fully persuaded that the king was bent on remaining, and intended to push the war in good earnest. Mardonius, however, was in no respect deceived; for long acquaintance enabled him to read all the king's thoughts. Meanwhile, Xerxes, though engaged in this way, sent off a messenger to carry intelligence of his misfortune to Persia.

—George Rawlinson.

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PRIMITIVE GREECE[1]

THUCYDIDES

[From Book I]

Thucydides, born an Athenian about 460 B.C., was the greatest of the ancient historians. He had served as a general in the early part of the Peloponnesian war which he described, had suffered banishment on some charge, possibly that of incompetency, and had used the long period of his exile in travel and in gathering information at first hand for his history. Thus he became the first writer of strictly contemporary history. He was enabled as a result of these experiences to view the conflict from the standpoint of the Spartans as well as that of the Athenians, and to treat his subject with a degree of impartiality very rare in ancient historians. He worked with the method and in the spirit of the scientific investigator, acquiring his materials from original sources, carefully and impartially weighing the evidence, avoiding the haphazard and the supernatural, and arranging his matter in logical sequence.

Like Herodotus, Thucydides introduced speeches into his narrative, but made them a great deal more than a dramatic embellishment. By this device he was able to present effectively the causes of events, the circumstances surrounding them, and the ideas, the prejudices, and the passions of the time. He tells us that when possible he gave in the speeches the substance of what was actually said, but when this was impossible, he gave what was suited to the occasion. The method enabled the historian like a dramatist to keep himself in the background, while the characters spoke for themselves. After Thucydides the use of speeches became a part of the historian's stock in trade.

Unlike Herodotus, Thucydides seldom made use of digression, and when he did, it was always with a definite, serious purpose. At the beginning of his history of the Sicilian expedition, for example, he pauses to introduce a very succinct account of the Greek settlements in the island, and of the rivalries which led Athens to see an opening for conquest.

Thucydides' plan was to write simply the history of the Peloponnesian war in chronological order, grouping the materials by campaigns year by year. He carried the narrative from the beginning of the war down into the year 411, but the last seven years of the war he did not relate. Probably he died while engaged on the work. Xenophon later in his Hellenica *completed the account.*

The author's purpose in this review of primitive times is to give the reader a right understanding of the importance and meaning of the Peloponnesian war in Greek history. Nothing reveals more clearly

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[1] From *Thucydides*, by Benjamin Jowett, 1900, Oxford, at the Clarendon Press. Used by permission.

Thucydides' historical sense than his discriminating use of Homer as evidence. By the average Greek Homer was accepted as a final authority; Thucydides realized that allowance must be made for the poet's fancy and imagination.

Thucydides, an Athenian, wrote the history of the war in which the Peloponnesians and the Athenians fought against one another. He began to write when they first took up arms, believing that it would be great and memorable above any previous war. For he argued that both states were then at the full height of their military power, and he saw the rest of the Hellenes either siding or intending to side with one or other of them. No movement ever stirred Hellas more deeply than this; it was shared by many of the Barbarians, and might be said even to affect the world at large. The character of the events which preceded, whether immediately or in more remote antiquity, owing to the lapse of time cannot be made out with certainty. But, judging from the evidence which I am able to trust after most careful enquiry, I should imagine that former ages were not great either in their wars or in anything else.

The country which is now called Hellas was not regularly settled in ancient times. The people were migratory, and readily left their homes whenever they were overpowered by numbers. There was no commerce, and they could not safely hold intercourse with one another either by land or sea. The several tribes cultivated their own soil just enough to obtain a maintenance. But they had no accumulations of wealth, and did not plant the ground; for, being without walls, they were never sure that an invader might not come and despoil them. Living in this manner and knowing that they could anywhere obtain a bare subsistence, they were always ready to migrate; so that they had neither great cities nor any considerable resources. The richest districts were most constantly changing their inhabitants; for example, the countries which are now called Thessaly and Bœotia, the greater part of the Peloponnesus with the exception of Arcadia, and all the best parts of Hellas. For the productiveness of the land increased the power of individuals; this in turn was a source of quarrels by which communities were ruined, while at the same time they were more exposed to attacks from without. Certainly Attica, of which the soil was poor and thin, enjoyed a long freedom from civil strife, and therefore retained its original inhabitants. And a striking confirmation of my argument is afforded by the fact that Attica through immigration increased in population more than any other region. For the leading men of Hellas, when driven out of their own country by war or revolution, sought an asylum at Athens; and from the very earliest times, being admitted to rights of citizenship, so greatly increased the number of inhabitants that Attica became incapable of containing them, and was at last obliged to send out colonies to Ionia.

The feebleness of antiquity is further proved to me by the circumstance that there appears to have been no common action in Hellas before the Trojan War. And I am inclined to think that the very name was not as yet given to the whole country, and in fact did not exist at all before the time of Hellen, the son of Deucalion; the different tribes, of which the Pelasgian was the most widely spread, gave their own names to different districts. But when Hellen and his sons became powerful in Phthiotis, their aid was invoked by other cities, and those who associated with them gradually began to be called Hellenes, though a long time elapsed before the name prevailed over the whole country. Of this Homer affords the best evidence; for he, although he lived long after the Trojan War, nowhere uses this name collectively, but confines it to the followers of Achilles from Phthiotis, who were the original Hellenes; when speaking of the entire host he calls them Danaans, or Argives, or Achæans. Neither is there any mention of Barbarians in his poems, clearly because there were as yet no Hellenes opposed to them by a common distinctive name. Thus the several Hellenic tribes (and I mean by the term Hellenes those who, while forming separate communities, had a common language, and were afterwards called by a common name), owing to their weakness and isolation, were never united in any great enterprise before the Trojan War. And they only made the expedition against Troy after they had gained considerable experience of the sea.

Minos is the first to whom tradition ascribes the possession of a navy. He made himself master of a great part of what is now termed the Hellenic sea; he conquered the Cyclades, and was the first coloniser of most of them, expelling the Carians and appointing his own sons to govern in them. Lastly, it was he who, from a natural desire to protect his growing revenues, sought, as far as he was able, to clear the sea of pirates.

For in ancient times both Hellenes and Barbarians, as well the inhabitants of the coast as of the islands, when they began to find their way to one another by sea had recourse to piracy. They were commanded by powerful chiefs, who took this means of increasing their wealth and providing for their poorer followers. They would fall upon the unwalled and straggling towns, or rather villages, which they plundered, and maintained themselves by the plunder of them; for, as yet, such an occupation was held to be honourable and not disgraceful. This is proved by the practice of certain tribes on the mainland who, to the present day, glory in piratical exploits, and by the witness of the ancient poets, in whose verses the question is invariably asked of newly-arrived voyagers, whether they are pirates; which implies that neither those who are questioned disclaim, nor those who are interested in knowing censure the occupation. The land too was infested by robbers; and there are parts of Hellas in which the old practices still continue, as for example among the Ozolian Locrians, Ætolians, Acarnanians, and the adjacent regions of the continent. The fashion of wearing arms among these continental tribes is a relic of their old predatory habits. For in ancient times all Hellenes carried weapons because their homes were undefended and intercourse was unsafe; like the Barbarians they went armed in their every-day life. And the continuance of the custom in certain parts of the country proves that it once prevailed everywhere.

The Athenians were the first who laid aside arms and adopted an easier and more luxurious way of life. Quite recently the old-fashioned refinement of dress still lingered among the elder men of their richer class, who wore under-garments of linen, and bound back their hair in a knot with golden clasps in the form of grasshoppers; and the same customs long survived among the elders of Ionia, having been derived from their Athenian ancestors. On the other hand, the simple dress which is now common was first worn at Sparta; and there, more than anywhere else, the life of the rich was assimilated to that of the people. The Lacedæmonians too were the first who in their athletic exercises stripped naked and rubbed themselves over with oil. But this was not the ancient custom; athletes formerly, even when they were contending at Olympia, wore girdles about their loins, a practice which lasted until quite lately, and still prevails among Barbarians, especially those of Asia, where the combatants at boxing and wrestling matches wear loin cloths. And many other customs which are now confined to the Barbarians might be shown to have existed formerly in Hellas.

In later times, when navigation had become general and wealth was beginning to accumulate, cities were built upon the sea-shore and fortified; peninsulas too were occupied and walled-off with a view to commerce and defence against the neighbouring tribes. But the older towns both in the islands and on the continent, in order to protect themselves against the piracy which so long prevailed, were built inland. For the piratical tribes plundered, not only one another, but all those who, without being sailors, lived on the sea-coast.

The islanders were even more addicted to piracy than the inhabitants of the mainland. They were mostly Carian or Phœnician settlers. This is proved by the fact that when the Athenians purified Delos during the Peloponnesian War and the tombs of the dead were opened, more than half of them were found to be Carians. They were known by the fashion of their arms which were buried with them, and by their mode of burial, the same which is still practised among them.

After Minos had established his navy, communication by sea became more general. For, he having expelled the pirates when he colonised the greater part of the islands, the dwellers on the sea-coast began to grow richer and to live in a more settled manner; and some of them, finding their wealth increase beyond their expectations, surrounded their towns with walls. The love of gain made the weaker willing to serve the stronger, and the command of wealth enabled the more powerful to subjugate the lesser cities. This was the state of society which was beginning to prevail at the time of the Trojan War.

I am inclined to think that Agamemnon succeeded in collecting the expedition, not because the suitors of Helen had bound themselves by oath to Tyndareus, but because he was the most powerful king of his time. Those Peloponnesians who possess the most accurate traditions say that originally Pelops gained his power by the great wealth which he brought with him from Asia into a poor country, whereby he was enabled, although a stranger, to give his name to the Peloponnesus; and that still greater fortune attended his descendants after the death of Eurystheus, king of Mycenæ, who was slain in Attica by the Heraclidæ. For Atreus the son of Pelops was the maternal uncle of Eurystheus, who, when he went on the expedition, naturally committed to his charge the kingdom of Mycenæ. Now Atreus had been banished by his father on account of the murder of Chrysippus. But Eurystheus never returned; and the Mycenæans, dreading the Heraclidæ, were ready to welcome Atreus, who was considered a powerful man and had ingratiated himself with the multitude. So he succeeded to the throne of Mycenæ and the other dominions of Eurystheus. Thus the house of Pelops prevailed over that of Perseus.

And it was, as I believe, because Agamemnon inherited this power and also because he was the greatest naval potentate of his time that he was able to assemble the expedition; and the other princes followed him, not from good-will, but from fear. Of the chiefs who came to Troy, he, if the witness of Homer be accepted, brought the greatest number of ships himself, besides supplying the Arcadians with them. In the "Handing down of the Sceptre" he is described as "The king of many islands, and of all Argos." But, living on the mainland, he could not have ruled over any except the adjacent islands (which would not be "many") unless he had possessed a considerable navy. From this expedition we must form our conjectures about the character of still earlier times.

When it is said that Mycenæ was but a small place, or that any other city which existed in those days is inconsiderable in our time, this argument will hardly prove that the expedition was not as great as the poets relate and as is commonly imagined. Suppose the city of Sparta to be deserted, and nothing left but the temples and the ground-plan, distant ages would be very unwilling to believe that the power of the Lacedæmonians was at all equal to their fame. And yet they own two-fifths of the Peloponnesus, and are acknowledged leaders of the whole, as well as of numerous allies in the rest of Hellas. But their city is not regularly built, and has no splendid temples or other edifices; it rather resembles a straggling village like the ancient towns of Hellas, and would therefore make a poor show. Whereas, if the same fate befell the Athenians, the ruins of Athens would strike the eye, and we should infer their power to have been twice as great as it really is. We ought not then to be unduly sceptical. The greatness of cities should be estimated by their real power and not by appearances. And we may fairly suppose the Trojan expedition to have been greater than any which preceded it, although according to Homer, if we may once more appeal to his testimony, not equal to those of our own day. He was a poet, and may therefore be expected to exaggerate; yet, even upon his showing, the expedition was comparatively small. For it numbered, as he tells us, twelve hundred ships, those of the Bœotians carrying one hundred and twenty men each, those of Philoctetes fifty; and by these numbers he may be presumed to indicate the largest and the smallest ships; else why in the catalogue is nothing said about the size of any others? That the crews were all fighting men as well as rowers he clearly implies when speaking of the ships of Philoctetes; for he tells us that all the oarsmen were likewise archers. And it is not to be supposed that many who were not sailors would accompany the expedition, except the kings and principal officers; for the troops had to cross the sea, bringing with them the materials of war, in vessels without decks, built after the old piratical fashion. Now if we take a mean between the crews, the invading forces will appear not to have been very numerous when we remember that they were drawn from the whole of Hellas.

The cause of the inferiority was not so much the want of men as the want of money; the invading army was limited by the difficulty of obtaining supplies to such a number as might be expected to live on the country in which they were to fight. After their arrival at Troy, when they had won a battle (as they clearly did, for otherwise they could not have fortified their camp), even then they appear not to have used the whole of their force, but to have been driven by want of provisions to the cultivation of the Chersonese and to pillage. And in consequence of this dispersion of their forces, the Trojans were enabled to hold out against them during the whole ten years, being always a match for those who remained on the spot. Whereas if the besieging army had brought abundant supplies, and, instead of betaking themselves to agriculture or pillage, had carried on the war persistently with all their forces, they would easily have been masters of the field and have taken the city; since, even divided as they were, and with only a part of their army available at any one time, they held their ground. Or, again, they might have regularly invested Troy, and the place would have been captured in less time and with less trouble. Poverty was the real reason why the achievements of former ages were insignificant, and why the Trojan War, the most celebrated of them all, when brought to the test of facts, falls short of its fame and of the prevailing traditions to which the poets have given authority.

Even in the age which followed the Trojan War, Hellas was still in process of ferment and settlement, and had no time for peaceful growth. The return of the Hellenes from Troy after their long absence led to many changes: quarrels too arose in nearly every city, and those who were expelled by them went and founded other cities. Thus in the sixtieth year after the fall of Troy, the Bœotian people, having been expelled from Arne by the Thessalians, settled in the country formerly called Cadmeis, but now Bœotia: a portion of the tribe already dwelt there, and some of these had joined in the Trojan expedition. In the eightieth year after the war, the Dorians led by the Heraclidæ conquered the Peloponnesus. A considerable time elapsed before Hellas became finally settled; after a while, however, she recovered tranquillity and began to send out colonies. The Athenians colonised Ionia and most of the islands; the Peloponnesians the greater part of Italy and Sicily, and various places in Hellas. These colonies were all founded after the Trojan War.

As Hellas grew more powerful and the acquisition became more and more rapid, the revenues of her cities increased, and in most of them tyrannies were established; they had hitherto been ruled by hereditary kings, having fixed prerogatives. The Hellenes likewise began to build navies and to make the sea their element. The Corinthians are said to have first adopted something like the modern style of shipbuilding, and the oldest Hellenic triremes to have been constructed at Corinth. A Corinthian ship-builder, Ameinocles, appears to have built four ships for the Samians; he went to Samos about three hundred years before the end of the Peloponnesian War. And the earliest naval engagement on record is that between the Corinthians and Corcyræans which occurred about forty years later. Corinth, being seated on an isthmus, was naturally from the first a centre of commerce; for the Hellenes within and without the Peloponnese in the old days, when they communicated chiefly by land, had to pass through her territory in order to reach one another. Her wealth too was a source of power, as the ancient poets testify, who speak of "Corinth the rich." When navigation grew more common, the Corinthians, having already acquired a fleet, were able to put down piracy; they offered a market both by sea and land, and with the increase of riches the power of their city increased yet more. Later, in the time of Cyrus, the first Persian king, and of Cambyses his son, the Ionians had a large navy; they fought with Cyrus, and were for a time masters of the sea around their own coasts. Polycrates, too, who was tyrant of Samos in the reign of Cambyses, had a powerful navy and subdued several of the islands, among them Rhenea, which he dedicated to the Delian Apollo. And the Phocæans, when they were colonising Massalia, defeated the Carthaginians in a sea-fight.

These were the most powerful navies, and even these, which came into existence many generations after the Trojan War, appear to have consisted chiefly of fifty-oared vessels and galleys of war, as in the days of Troy; as yet triremes were not common. But a little before the Persian War and the death of Darius, who succeeded Cambyses, the Sicilian tyrants and the Corcyræans had them in considerable numbers. No other maritime powers of any consequence arose in Hellas before the expedition of Xerxes. The Æginetans, Athenians, and a few more had small fleets, and these mostly consisted of fifty-oared galleys. Even the ships which the Athenians built quite recently at the instigation of Themistocles, when they were at war with the Æginetans and in expectation of the Barbarian, even these ships with which they fought at Salamis were not completely decked.

So inconsiderable were the Hellenic navies in recent as well as in more ancient times. And yet those who applied their energies to the sea obtained a great accession of strength by the increase of their revenues and the extension of their dominion. For they attacked and subjugated the islands, especially when the pressure of population was felt by them. By land, however, no conflict of any kind which brought increase of power ever occurred; what wars they had were mere border feuds. Foreign and distant expeditions of conquest the Hellenes never undertook; they were not as yet ranged under the command of the great states, nor did they form voluntary leagues or make expeditions on an equal footing. Their wars were only the wars of the several neighbouring tribes with one another. It was in the ancient conflict between the Chalcidians and the Eretrians that the rest of Hellas was most divided and took the greatest part.

There were different impediments to the progress of different states. The Ionians had attained great prosperity when Cyrus and the Persians, having overthrown Crœsus and subdued the countries between the river Halys and the sea, made war against them and enslaved the cities on the mainland. Some time afterwards, Darius, strong in the possession of the Phœnician fleet, conquered the islands also.

Nor again did the tyrants of the Hellenic cities extend their thoughts beyond their own interest, that is, the security of their persons, and the aggrandisement of themselves and their families. They were extremely cautious in the administration of their government, and nothing considerable was ever effected by them; they only fought with their neighbours, as in Sicily, where their power attained its greatest height. Thus for a long time everything conspired to prevent Hellas from uniting in any great action and to paralyse enterprise in the individual states.

At length the tyrants of Athens and of the rest of Hellas (which had been under their dominion long before Athens), at least the greater number of them, and with the exception of the Sicilian the last who ever ruled, were put down by the Lacedæmonians. For although Lacedæmon, after the conquest of the country by the Dorians who now inhabit it, remained long unsettled, and indeed longer than any country which we know, nevertheless she obtained good laws at an earlier period than any other, and has never been subject to tyrants; she has preserved the same form of government for rather more than four hundred years, reckoning to the end of the Peloponnesian War. It was the excellence of her constitution which gave her power, and thus enabled her to regulate the affairs of other states. Not long after the overthrow of the tyrants by the Lacedæmonians, the battle of Marathon was fought between the Athenians and the Persians; ten years later, the Barbarian returned with the vast armament which was to enslave Hellas. In the greatness of the impending danger, the Lacedæmonians, who were the most powerful state in Hellas, assumed the lead of the confederates. The Athenians, as the Persian host advanced, resolved to forsake their city, broke up their homes, and, taking to their ships, became sailors. The Barbarian was repelled by a common effort; but soon the Hellenes, as well those who had revolted from the king as those who formed the original confederacy, took different sides and became the allies, either of the Athenians or of the Lacedæmonians; for these were now the two leading powers, the one strong by land and the other by sea. The league between them was of short duration; they speedily quarrelled and with their respective allies, went to war. Any of the other Hellenes who had differences of their own now resorted to one or other of them. So that from the Persian to the Peloponnesian War, the Lacedæmonians and the Athenians were perpetually fighting or making peace, either with one another or with their own revolted allies; thus they attained military efficiency, and learned experience in the school of danger.

The Lacedæmonians did not make tributaries of those who acknowledged their leadership, but took care that they should be governed by oligarchies in the exclusive interest of Sparta. The Athenians, on the other hand, after a time deprived the subject cities of their ships and made all of them pay a fixed tribute, except Chios and Lesbos. And the single power of Athens at the beginning of this war was greater than that of Athens and Sparta together at their greatest, while the confederacy remained intact.

Such are the results of my enquiry into the early state of Hellas. They will not readily be believed upon a bare recital of all the proofs of them. Men do not discriminate, and are too ready to receive ancient traditions about their own as well as about other countries. For example, most Athenians think that Hipparchus was actually tyrant when he was slain by Harmodius and Aristogeiton; they are not aware that Hippias was the eldest of the sons of Peisistratus, and succeeded him, and that Hipparchus and Thessalus were only his brothers. At the last moment, Harmodius and Aristogeiton suddenly suspected that Hippias had been forewarned by some of their accomplices. They therefore abstained from attacking him, but, wishing to do something before they were seized, and not to risk their lives in vain, they slew Hipparchus, with whom they fell in near the temple called Leocorium as he was marshalling the Panathenaic procession. There are many other matters, not obscured by time, but contemporary, about which the other Hellenes are equally mistaken. For example, they imagine that the kings of Lacedæmon in their council have not one but two votes each, and that in the army of the Lacedæmonians there is a division called the Pitanate division; whereas they never had anything of the sort. So little trouble do men take in the search after truth; so readily do they accept whatever comes first to hand.

Yet any one who upon the grounds which I have given arrives at the same conclusion as my own about those ancient times, would not be far wrong. He must not be misled by the exaggerated fancies of the poets, or by tales of chroniclers who seek to please the ear rather than to speak the truth. Their accounts cannot be tested by him; and most of the facts in the lapse of ages have passed into the region of romance. At such a distance of time he must make up his mind to be satisfied with conclusions resting upon the clearest evidence which can be had. And, though men will always judge any war in which they are actually fighting to be the greatest at the time, but, after it is over, revert to their admiration of some other which has preceded, still the Peloponnesian, if estimated by the actual facts, will certainly prove to have been the greatest ever known.

As to the speeches which were made either before or during the war, it was hard for me, and for others who reported them to me, to recollect the exact words. I have therefore put into the mouth of each speaker the sentiments proper to the occasion, expressed as I thought he would be likely to express them, while at the same time I endeavoured, as nearly as I could, to give the general purport of what was actually said. Of the events of the war I have not ventured to speak from any chance information, nor according to any notion of my own; I have described nothing but what I either saw myself, or learned from others of whom I made the most careful and particular enquiry. The task was a laborious one, because eye-witnesses of the same occurrences gave different accounts of them, as they remembered or were interested in the actions of one side or the other. And very likely the strictly historical character of my narrative may be disappointing to the ear. But if he who desires to have before his eyes a true picture of the events which have happened, and of the like events which may be expected to happen hereafter in the order of human things, shall pronounce what I have written to be useful, then I shall be satisfied. My history is an everlasting possession, not a prize composition which is heard and forgotten.

The greatest achievement of former times was the Persian War; yet even this was speedily decided in two battles by sea and two by land. But the Peloponnesian War was a protracted struggle, and attended by calamities such as Hellas had never known within a like period of time. Never were so many cities captured and depopulated—some by Barbarians, others by Hellenes themselves fighting against one another; and several of them after their capture were repeopled by strangers. Never were exile and slaughter more frequent, whether in the war or brought about by civil strife. And rumours, of which the like had often been current before, but rarely verified by fact, now appeared to be well grounded. There were earthquakes unparalleled in their extent and fury, and eclipses of the sun more numerous than are recorded to have happened in any former age; there were also in some places great droughts causing famines, and lastly the plague which did immense harm and destroyed numbers of the people. All these calamities fell upon Hellas simultaneously with the war, which began when the Athenians and Peloponnesians violated the thirty years' truce concluded by them after the recapture of Eubœa. Why they broke it and what were the grounds of quarrel I will first set forth, that in time to come no man may be at a loss to know what was the origin of this great war. The real though unavowed cause I believe to have been the growth of the Athenian power, which terrified the Lacedæmonians and forced them into war.

—BENJAMIN JOWETT.

THE ATHENIAN EMPIRE[1]

Thucydides

[From Book I]

Thucydides was not content simply to explain that Athens held the leadership in Greek affairs at the outbreak of the war, but he desired to make clear how she had gradually grown into that position.

How the Athenians attained the position in which they rose to greatness I will now proceed to describe. When the Persians, defeated both by sea and land, had retreated from Europe, and the remnant of the fleet, which had escaped to Mycale, had there perished, Leotychides, the Lacedæmonian king, who had commanded the Hellenes in the battle, returned home with the allies from Peloponnesus. But the Athenians and their allies from Ionia and the Hellespont, who had recently revolted from the king, persevered and besieged Sestos, at that time still in the hands of the Persians. Remaining there through the winter they took the place, which the Barbarians deserted. The allies then sailed back from the Hellespont to their respective homes. Meanwhile the Athenian people, now quit of the Barbarians, fetched their wives, their children, and the remains of their property from the places in which they had been deposited, and set to work, rebuilding the city and the walls. Of the old line of wall but a small part was left standing. Most of the houses were in ruins, a few only remaining in which the chief men of the Persians had lodged.

The Lacedæmonians knew what would happen and sent an embassy to Athens. They would rather themselves have seen neither the Athenians nor any one else protected by a wall; but their main motive was the importunity of their allies, who dreaded not only the Athenian navy, which had until lately been quite small, but also the spirit which had animated them in the Persian War. So the Lacedæmonians requested them not to restore their walls, but on the contrary to join with them in razing the fortifications of other towns outside the Peloponnesus which had them standing. They did not reveal their real wishes or the suspicion which they entertained of the Athenians, but argued that the Barbarian, if he again attacked them, would then have no strong place which he could make his head-quarters as he had lately made Thebes. Peloponnesus would be a sufficient retreat for all Hellas and a good base of operations. To this the Athenians, by the advice of Themistocles, replied, that they would send an embassy of their own to discuss the matter, and so got rid of the Spartan envoys. He then proposed that he should himself start at once for Sparta, and that they should give him colleagues who were not to go immediately, but were to wait until the wall reached the lowest height which could possibly be defended. The whole people, men, women, and children, should join in the work, and they must spare no building, private or public, which could be of use, but demolish them all. Having given these instructions and intimated that he would manage affairs at Sparta, he departed. On his arrival he did not at once present himself officially to the magistrates, but delayed and made excuses; and when any of them asked him "why he did not appear before the assembly," he said "that he was waiting for his colleagues, who had been detained by some engagement; he was daily expecting them, and wondered that they had not appeared."

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[1] From *Thucydides*, by Benjamin Jowett, 1900, Oxford, at the Clarendon Press. Used by permission.

The friendship of the Lacedæmonian magistrates for Themistocles induced them to believe him; but when everybody who came from Athens declared positively that the wall was building and had already reached a considerable height, they did not know what to think. He, aware of their suspicions, desired them not to be misled by reports, but to send to Athens men whom they could trust out of their own number who would see for themselves and bring back word. They agreed; and he at the same time privately instructed the Athenians to detain the envoys as quietly as they could, and not let them go until he and his colleagues had got safely home. For by this time Habronicus the son of Lysicles, and Aristides the son of Lysimachus, who were joined with him in the embassy, had arrived, bringing the news that the wall was of sufficient height; and he was afraid that the Lacedæmonians, when they heard the truth, might not allow them to return. So the Athenians detained the envoys, and Themistocles, coming before the Lacedæmonians, at length declared in so many words that Athens was now provided with walls and could protect her citizens; henceforward, if the Lacedæmonians or their allies wished at any time to negotiate, they must deal with the Athenians as with men who knew quite well what was for their own and the common good. When they boldly resolved to leave their city and go on board ship, they did not first ask the advice of the Lacedæmonians, and, when the two states met in council, their own judgment had been as good as that of any one. And now they had arrived at an independent opinion that it was better far, and would be more advantageous both for themselves and for the whole body of the allies, that the city should have a wall; when any member of a confederacy had not equal military advantages, his counsel could not be of equal weight or worth. Either all the allies should pull down their walls, or they should acknowledge that the Athenians were in the right.

On hearing these words the Lacedæmonians did not openly quarrel with the Athenians; for they professed that the embassy had been designed, not to interfere with them, but to offer a suggestion for the public good; besides at that time the patriotism which the Athenians had displayed in the Persian War had created a warm feeling of friendliness between the two cities. They were annoyed at the failure of their purpose, but they did not show it. And the envoys on either side returned home without any formal complaint.

In such hurried fashion did the Athenians rebuild the walls of their city. To this day the structure shows evidence of haste. The foundations are made up of all sorts of stones, in some places unwrought, and laid just as each worker brought them; there were many columns too, taken from sepulchres, and many old stones already cut, inserted in the work. The circuit of the city was extended in every direction, and the citizens, in their ardour to complete the design, spared nothing.

Themistocles also persuaded the Athenians to finish the Piræus, of which he had made a beginning in his year of office as Archon. The situation of the place, which had three natural havens, was excellent; and now that the Athenians had become sailors, he thought that a good harbour would greatly contribute to the extension of their power. For he first dared to say that "they must make the sea their domain," and he lost no time in laying the foundations of their empire. By his advice, they built the wall of such a width that two waggons carrying the stones could meet and pass on the top; this width may still be traced at the Piræus; inside there was no rubble or mortar, but the whole wall was made up of large stones hewn square, which were clamped on the outer face with iron and lead. The height was not more than half what he had originally intended; he had hoped by the very dimensions of the wall to paralyse the designs of an enemy, and he thought that a handful of the least efficient citizens would suffice for its defence, while the rest might man the fleet. His mind was turned in this direction, as I conceive, from observing that the Persians had met with fewer obstacles by sea than by land. The Piræus appeared to him to be of more real consequence than the upper city. He was fond of telling the Athenians that if they were hard pressed they should go down to the Piræus and fight the world at sea.

Thus the Athenians built their walls and restored their city immediately after the retreat of the Persians.

Pausanias the son of Cleombrotus was now sent from Peloponnesus with twenty ships in command of the Hellenic forces; thirty Athenian ships and a number of the allies sailed with him. They first made an expedition against Cyprus, of which they subdued the greater part; and afterwards against Byzantium, which was in the hands of the Persians, and was taken while he was still in command.

He had already begun to be oppressive, and the allies were offended with him, especially the Ionians and others who had been recently emancipated from the king. So they had recourse to their kinsmen the Athenians and begged them to be their leaders, and to protect them against Pausanias, if he attempted to oppress them. The Athenians took the matter up and prepared to interfere, being fully resolved to manage the confederacy in their own way. In the meantime the Lacedæmonians summoned Pausanias to Sparta, intending to investigate certain reports which had reached them; for he was accused of numerous crimes by Hellenes returning from the Hellespont, and appeared to exercise his command more after the fashion of a tyrant than of a general. His recall occurred at the very time when the hatred which he inspired had induced the allies, with the exception of the Peloponnesians, to transfer themselves to the Athenians. On arriving at Lacedæmon he was punished for the wrongs which he had done to particular persons, but he had also been accused of conspiring with the Persians, and of this, which was the principal charge and was generally believed to be proven, he was acquitted. The government however did not continue him in his command, but sent in his place Dorcis and certain others with a small force. To these the allies refused allegiance, and Dorcis, seeing the state of affairs, returned home. Henceforth the Lacedæmonians sent out no more commanders, for they were afraid that those whom they appointed would be corrupted, as they had found to be the case with Pausanias; they had had enough of the Persian War; and they thought that the Athenians were fully able to lead, and at that time believed them to be their friends.

Thus the Athenians by the good-will of the allies, who detested Pausanias, obtained the leadership. They immediately fixed which of the cities should supply money and which of them ships for the war against the Barbarians, the avowed object being to compensate themselves and the allies for their losses by devastating the King's country. Then was first instituted at Athens the office of Hellenic treasurers, who received the tribute, for so the impost was termed. The amount was originally fixed at 460 talents. The island of Delos was the treasury, and the meetings of the allies were held in the temple.

At first the allies were independent and deliberated in a common assembly under the leadership of Athens. But in the interval between the Persian and the Peloponnesian Wars, by their military success and by policy in dealing with the Barbarian, with their own rebellious allies and with the Peloponnesians who came across their path from time to time, the Athenians made immense strides in power. I have gone out of my way to speak of this period because the writers who have preceded me treat either of Hellenic affairs previous to the Persian invasion or of that invasion itself; the intervening portion of history has been omitted by all of them, with the exception of Hellanicus; and he, where he has touched upon it in his Attic history, is very brief, and inaccurate in his chronology. The narrative will also serve to explain how the Athenian empire grew up.

First of all under the leadership of Cimon, the son of Miltiades, the Athenians besieged and took from the Persians Eion upon the Strymon, and sold the inhabitants into slavery. The same fate befell Scyros, an island in the Ægean inhabited by Dolopes; this they colonised themselves. They also carried on a war with the Carystians of Eubœa, who, after a time, capitulated; the other Eubœans took no part in the war. Then the Naxians revolted, and the Athenians made war against them and reduced them by blockade. This was the first of the allied cities which was enslaved contrary to Hellenic law; the turn of the others came later.

The causes which led to the defections of the allies were of different kinds, the principal being their neglect to pay the tribute or to furnish ships, and, in some cases, failure of military service. For the Athenians were exacting and oppressive, using coercive measures towards men who were neither willing nor accustomed to work hard. And for various reasons they soon began to prove less agreeable leaders than at first. They no longer fought upon an equality with the rest of the confederates, and they had no difficulty in reducing them when they revolted. Now the allies brought all this upon themselves; for the majority of them disliked military service and absence from home, and so they agreed to contribute a regular sum of money instead of ships. Whereby the Athenian navy was proportionally increased, while they themselves were always untrained and unprepared for war when they revolted.

A little later the Athenians and their allies fought two battles, one by land and the other by sea, against the Persians, at the river Eurymedon in Pamphylia. The Athenians, under the command of Cimon, the son of Miltiades, on the same day conquered in both, and took and destroyed Phœnician vessels numbering in all two hundred. After a while the Thasians revolted; a quarrel had arisen between them and the Athenians about the Thracian market and the mine on the Thracian coast opposite, of which the Thasians received the profits. The Athenians sailed to Thasos and, gaining a victory at sea, landed upon the island. About the same time they sent ten thousand of their own people and of their allies to the Strymon, intending to colonise the place then called the Nine Ways and now Amphipolis. They gained possession of the Nine Ways, which were inhabited by the Edoni, but, advancing into the interior of Thrace, they were destroyed at Drabescus in Edonia by the United Thracians, whose country was threatened by the new settlement.

The Thasians, now defeated and blockaded, had recourse to the Lacedæmonians and entreated them to invade Attica. Unknown to the Athenians they agreed, and were on the point of setting out when the great earthquake occurred and was immediately followed by the revolt of the Helots and the Periœci of Thuria and Æthæa, who seized Ithome. These Helots were mostly descendants of the Messenians who had been enslaved in ancient times, and hence all the insurgents were called Messenians.

While the Lacedæmonians were thus engaged, the Thasians, who had now been blockaded for more than two years, came to terms with the Athenians; they pulled down their walls and surrendered their ships; they also agreed to pay what was required of them whether in the shape of immediate indemnity or of tribute for the future; and they gave up their claim to the mainland and to the mine.

The siege of Ithome proved tedious, and the Lacedæmonians called in, among other allies, the Athenians, who sent to their aid a considerable force under Cimon. The Athenians were specially invited because they were reported to be skillful in siege operations, and the length of the blockade proved to the Lacedæmonians their own deficiency in that sort of warfare; else why had they not taken the place by assault? This expedition of the Athenians led to the first open quarrel between them and the Lacedæmonians. For the Lacedæmonians, not succeeding in storming the place, took alarm at the bold and original spirit of the Athenians. They reflected that they were aliens in race, and fearing that, if they were allowed to remain, they might be tempted by the Helots in Ithome to change sides, they dismissed them, while they retained the other allies. But they concealed their mistrust, and merely said that they no longer needed their services. Now the Athenians saw that their dismissal was due to some suspicion which had arisen and not to the less offensive reason which was openly avowed; they felt keenly that such a slight ought not to have been offered them by the Lacedæmonians; and so, on their return home, they forthwith abandoned the alliance which they had made with them against the Persians and went over to their Argive enemies. At the same time both Argos and Athens bound themselves to Thessaly ~~by a common~~ oath of alliance.

In the tenth year of the siege the defenders of Ithome were unable to hold out any longer, and capitulated to the Lacedæmonians. The terms were as follows: They were to leave Peloponnesus under a safe conduct, and were never again to return; if any of them were taken on Peloponnesian soil, he was to be the slave of his captor. Now an ancient oracle of Delphi was current among the Lacedæmonians, bidding them let the suppliant of Ithomæan Zeus go free. So the Messenians left Ithome with their wives and children; and the Athenians, who now were the avowed enemies of Sparta, gave them a home at Naupactus, a place which they had just taken from the Ozolian Locrians.

The Athenians obtained the alliance of the Megarians, who revolted from the Lacedæmonians because the Corinthians were pressing them hard in a war arising out of a question of frontiers. Thus they gained both Megara and Pegæ; and they built for the Megarians the long walls extending from the city to the port of Nisæa, which they garrisoned themselves. This was the original and the main cause of the intense hatred which the Corinthians entertained towards the Athenians.

Meanwhile Inaros the son of Psammetichus, king of the Libyans who border on Egypt, had induced the greater part of Egypt to revolt from Artaxerxes the King. He began the rebellion at Mareia, a city opposite the island of Pharos, and, having made himself ruler of the country, called in the Athenians. They were just then carrying on war against Cyprus with two hundred ships of their own and of the allies; and, quitting the island, they went to his aid. They sailed from the sea into the Nile, and, getting possession of two-thirds of Memphis, proceeded to attack the remaining part called the White Castle, in which the Persians and Medes had taken refuge, and with them such Egyptians as had not joined in the revolt.

An Athenian fleet made a descent upon Halieis, where a battle took place against some Corinthian and Epidaurian troops; the Athenians gained the victory. Soon afterwards the Athenians fought at sea off Cecryphaleia with a Peloponnesian fleet, which they defeated. A war next broke out between the Æginetans and the Athenians, and a great battle was fought off the coast of Ægina, in which the allies of both parties joined; the Athenians were victorious, and captured seventy of the enemy's ships; they then landed on Ægina and, under the command of Leocrates the son of Strœbus, besieged the town. Thereupon the Peloponnesians sent over to the assistance of the Æginetans three hundred hoplites who had previously been assisting the Corinthians and Epidaurians. The Corinthians seized on the heights of Geraneia, and thence made a descent with their allies into the Megarian territory, thinking that the Athenians, who had so large a force absent in Ægina and in Egypt, would be unable to assist the Megarians; or, if they did, would be obliged to raise the siege of Ægina. But the Athenians, without moving their army from Ægina, sent to Megara under the command of Myronides a force consisting of their oldest and youngest men, who had remained at home. A battle was fought, which hung equally in the balance; and when the two armies separated, they both thought that they had gained the victory. The Athenians, who did however get rather the better, on the departure of the Corinthians erected a trophy. And then the Corinthians, irritated by the reproaches of the aged men in the city, after twelve days' preparation came out again, and, claiming the victory, raised another trophy. Hereupon the Athenians sallied out of Megara, killed those who were erecting the trophy, and charged and defeated the rest of the army.

The Corinthians now retreated, but a considerable number of them were hard pressed, and missing their way got into an enclosure belonging to a private person, which was surrounded by a great ditch and had no exit. The Athenians, perceiving their situation, closed the entrance in front with heavy-armed troops, and, placing their light troops in a circle round, stoned all who had entered the enclosure. This was a great blow to the Corinthians; but still the main body of their army returned home.

About this time the Athenians began to build their long walls extending to the sea, one to the harbour of Phalerum, and the other to the Piræus. The Phocians made an expedition against the Dorians, who inhabit Bœum, Citinium, and Erineum, and are the mother people of the Lacedæmonians; one of these towns they took. Thereupon the Lacedæmonians under the command of Nicomedes the son of Cleombrotus, who was general in the place of the king Pleistoanax the son of Pausanias (he being at that time a minor), came to the assistance of the Dorians with fifteen hundred hoplites of their own, and, of their allies, ten thousand, and compelled the Phocians to make terms and to restore the town. They then thought of returning; but there were difficulties. Either they might go by sea across the Crisæan Gulf, in which case the Athenian fleet would be sure to sail round and intercept them, or they might march over Mount Beraneia; but this seemed dangerous when the Athenians were holding Megara and Pegæ. The pass was not easy, and was always guarded by the Athenians, who were obviously intending to stop them by that route also. So they determined to remain in Bœotia and consider how they could best get home. They had another motive:—Certain Athenians were privately making overtures to them, in the hope that they would put an end to the democracy and the building of the long walls. But the Athenians were aware of their embarrassment, and they also suspected their design against the democracy. So they went out to meet them with their whole force, including a thousand Argives and contingents from the other allies; they numbered in all fourteen thousand men. Among them were some Thessalian cavalry, who came to their aid in accordance with the treaty, but these deserted to the Lacedæmonians during the engagement.

The battle was fought at Tanagra in Bœotia, and the Lacedæmonians and their allies, after great slaughter on both sides, gained the victory. They then marched into the Megarian territory, and, cutting down the fruit-trees, returned home by way of Geraneia and the Isthmus. But on the sixty-second day after the battle, the Athenians made another expedition into Bœotia under the command of Myronides, and there was a battle at Œnophyta, in which they defeated the Bœotians and became masters of Bœotia and Phocis. They pulled down the walls of Tanagra and took as hostages from the Opuntian Locrians a hundred of their richest citizens. They then completed their own long walls. Soon afterwards the Æginetans came to terms with the Athenians, dismantling their walls, surrendering their ships, and agreeing to pay tribute for the future. The Athenians, under the command of Tolmides the son of Tolmæus, sailed round Peloponnesus and burnt the Lacedæmonian dock-yard. They also took the Corinthian town of Chalcis, and, making a descent upon Sicyon, defeated a Sicyonian force.

The Athenians and their allies were still in Egypt, where they carried on the war with varying fortune. At first they were masters of the country. The King sent to Lacedæmon Megabazus a Persian, who was well supplied with money, in the hope that he might persuade the Peloponnesians to invade Attica, and so draw off the Athenians from Egypt. He had no success; the money was being spent and nothing done; so, with what remained of it, he found his way back to Asia. The King then sent into Egypt Megabyzus the son of Zopyrus, a Persian, who marched overland with a large army and defeated the Egyptians and their allies. He drove the Hellenes out of Memphis, and finally shut them up in the island of Prosopitis, where he blockaded them during eighteen months. At length he drained the canal and diverted the water, thus leaving their ships high and dry and joining nearly the whole island to the mainland. He then crossed over with a land force, and took the island.

Thus, after six years' fighting, the cause of the Hellenes in Egypt was lost. A few survivors of their great army found their way through Libya to Cyrene; by far the larger number perished. Egypt again submitted to the Persian yoke, although Amyrtæus, the king in the fens, still held out. He escaped capture owing to the extent of the fens and the bravery of their inhabitants, who are the most warlike of all the Egyptians. Inarus the king of Libya, the chief author of the revolt, was betrayed and impaled. Fifty additional triremes, which had been sent by the Athenians and their allies to relieve their other forces, in ignorance of what had happened, sailed into the Mendesian mouth of the Nile, but they were at once attacked both from the land and from the sea, and the greater part of them destroyed by the Phœnician fleet, a few ships only escaping. Thus ended the great Egyptian expedition of the Athenians and their allies.

About this time Orestes, the exiled son of the Thessalian king Echecratides, persuaded the Athenians to restore him. Taking with them a force of Bœotians and Phocians, who were now their allies, they marched against Pharsalus in Thessaly. They made themselves masters of the country in the neighborhood of their camp, but the Thessalian cavalry stopped any further advance. They could not take the place, and none of their plans succeeded; so they returned and brought back Orestes.

A short time afterwards a thousand Athenians, under the command of Pericles the son of Xanthippus, embarking on board the fleet which they had at Pegæ, now in their possession, coasted along to Sicyon, and there landing, defeated the Sicyonians who came out to meet them. With the least possible delay taking on board Achæan troops and sailing to the opposite coast, they attacked and besieged Œniadæ, a town of Acarnania; but failing to reduce it, they returned home.

After an interval of three years a five years' truce was concluded between the Peloponnesians and the Athenians. The Athenians now abstained from war in Hellas itself, but made an expedition to Cyprus with two hundred ships of their own and of their allies, under the command of Cimon. Sixty ships were detached from the armament and sailed to Egypt, at the request of Amyrtæus the king in the fens; the remainder proceeded to blockade Citium. Here Cimon died, and a famine arose in the country; so the fleet quitted Citium. Arriving off Salamis in Cyprus they fought at sea and also on land with Phœnician and Cilician forces. Gaining a victory in both engagements, they returned home, accompanied by the ships which had gone out with them and had now come back from Egypt. After this the Lacedæmonians engaged in the so-called Sacred War and took possession of the temple of Delphi, which they handed over to the Delphians. But no sooner had they retired than the Athenians sent an expedition and recovered the temple, which they handed over to the Phocians.

Some time afterwards the Athenians, under the command of Tolmides the son of Tolmæus, with a thousand hoplites of their own and contingents of their allies, made an expedition against Orchomenus, Chæronea, and certain other places in Bœotia which were in the hands of oligarchical exiles from different Bœotian towns, and still remained hostile to them. They took Chæronea, and leaving a garrison there, departed. But while they were on their march, the exiles who had occupied Orchomenus, some Locrians, some Eubœan exiles and others of the same party, set upon them at Coronea and defeated them, killing many and taking many prisoners. The Athenians then agreed to evacuate Bœotia upon condition that their prisoners should be restored. And so the Bœotian exiles returned to their homes, and all the Bœotians regained their independence.

Not long afterwards Eubœa revolted from Athens. Pericles had just arrived in the island with an Athenian army when the news came that Megara had likewise revolted, that the Peloponnesians were on the point of invading Attica, and that the Megarians had slaughtered the Athenian garrison, of whom a few only had escaped to Nisæa. The Megarians had introduced a force of Corinthians, Sicyonians, and Epidaurians into the city, and by their help had effected the revolt. Pericles in haste withdrew his army from Eubœa. The Peloponnesians then invaded Attica under the command of Pleistoanax son of Pausanias, the Lacedæmonian king. They advanced as far as Eleusis and Thria but no further, and after ravaging the country, returned home. Thereupon the Athenians under the command of Pericles again crossed over to Eubœa and reduced the whole country; the Hestiæans they ejected from their homes and appropriated their territory; the rest of the island they settled by agreement.

Soon after their return from Eubœa they made a truce for thirty years with the Lacedæmonians and their allies, restoring Nisæa, Pegæ, Troezen, and Achaia, which were the places held by them in Peloponnesus. Six years later the Samians and Milesians fell out about the possession of Priene, and the Milesians, who were getting worsted in the war, came to Athens and complained loudly of the Samians. Some private citizens of Samos, who wanted to overthrow the government, supported their complaint. Whereupon the Athenians, sailing to Samos with forty ships, established a democracy, and taking as hostages fifty boys and fifty men whom they deposited at Lemnos, they returned leaving a garrison. But certain of the Samians who had quitted the island and fled to the mainland entered into an alliance with the principal oligarchs who remained in the city, and with Pissuthnes the son of Hystaspes, then governor of Sardis, and collecting troops to the number of seven hundred they crossed over by night to Samos. First of all they attacked the victorious populace and got most of them into their power; then they stole away the hostages from Lemnos, and finally revolted from Athens. The officers and garrison of the Athenians whom they captured were delivered by them into the hands of Pissuthnes. They at once prepared to make an expedition against Miletus. The Byzantians joined in their revolt.

When the Athenians heard of the insurrection they sailed to Samos with sixty ships. But of this number they sent away sixteen, some towards Caria to keep a look out for the Phœnician fleet, others to summon aid from Chios and Lesbos. With the remaining forty-four ships they fought at sea under the command of Pericles and nine others, near the island of Tragia, against seventy Samian vessels, all sailing from Miletus, of which twenty were transports; the Athenians gained the victory. After receiving a reinforcement of forty ships from Athens and of twenty-five from Chios and Lesbos they disembarked, and having the superiority on shore, invested the city with three walls; they also blockaded it by sea. At the same time Pericles took sixty ships of the blockading force and sailed hastily towards Caunus in Caria, news having arrived that a Phœnician fleet was approaching; Stesagoras and others had already gone with five ships from Samos to fetch it.

Meanwhile the Samians made a sudden sally, and attacking the naval station of the Athenians which was unprotected, destroyed the guard-ships and engaged and defeated the other vessels which put out to meet them. During some fourteen days they were masters of the sea about their own coasts, and carried in and out whatever they pleased. But when Pericles returned, they were again closely blockaded; and there soon arrived from Athens forty additional ships under Thucydides, Hagnon, and Phormio, twenty more under Tlepolemus and Anticles, and thirty from Chios and Lesbos. The Samians made a feeble attempt at a sea-fight, but soon they were unable to resist, and after nine months were forced to surrender. The terms of capitulation were as follows:—They were to raze their walls, give hostages, surrender their ships, and pay a full indemnity by regular instalments. The Byzantians too agreed to return to their allegiance.

Not long afterwards occurred the affairs of Corcyra and Potidæa, which have been already narrated, and the various other circumstances which led to the Peloponnesian War. Fifty years elapsed between the retreat of Xerxes and the beginning of the war; during these years took place all those operations of the Hellenes against one another and against the Barbarian which I have been describing. The Athenians acquired a firmer hold over their empire and the city itself became a great power. The Lacedæmonians saw what was going on, but during most of the time they remained inactive and hardly attempted to interfere. They had never been of a temper prompt to make war unless they were compelled; and they were in some degree embarrassed by enemies near home. But the Athenians were growing too great to be ignored and were laying hands on their allies. They could now bear it no longer: they made up their minds that they must put out all their strength and overthrow the Athenian power by force of arms. And therefore they commenced the Peloponnesian War. They had already voted in their own assembly that the treaty had been broken and that the Athenians were guilty; they now sent to Delphi and asked the god if it would be for their advantage to make war. He is reported to have answered that, if they did their best, they would be conquerors, and that he himself, invited or uninvited, would take their part.

—Benjamin Jowett.

ATHENIANS VS. SPARTANS

THUCYDIDES

[From Book I]

In Greek literature and discussions about the Greeks there are frequent references to Dorians and Ionians, the two largest divisions of the Greek race. The Dorians were so different from the Ionians that some say they were not Greeks. The Dorian character and outlook found its fullest expression in Spartan culture and civilization, whereas the Ionian character and point of view came to its fullest fruition in Athens and her achievement. It will prove helpful in understanding these two civilizations and their achievements to keep in mind the differences in character and outlook between the Dorians and Ionians. The following is Thucydides' delineation of these differences as represented in the Spartans and Athenians.

The Athenians and Peloponnesians had had these previous reasons for lodging complaints against each other: the Corinthians complained because the Athenians were besieging Potidæa, a colony of theirs with Corinthians and Peloponnesians in it, and the Athenians were aggrieved because the Peloponnesians had incited a tax-paying allied city to revolt and had come and fought openly with the Potidæans against them. War, though, had not yet broken out and the truce was still in force; for the Corinthians had acted alone in lodging this complaint.

The Corinthians were aroused by the siege of Potidæa for two reasons: there were Corinthians in the town, and they were alarmed about so strategic a place. They therefore summoned the allies to Sparta immediately, and came to the meeting vociferously asserting that the Athenians had broken the treaty and were encroaching upon the Peloponnesus. The Æginetans did not openly send delegates, since they feared the Athenians, but they secretly did more than the rest to provoke the war, asserting that they were not left autonomous as the treaty stipulated.

The Lacedæmonians then summoned their allies, especially any who claimed they were being wronged in any other way by the Athenians, and after calling one of their regular assemblies, they urged them to speak. The others came forward, each in turn, and made their charges; and the Megarians in particular, after presenting several other grievances, claimed especially that they were being denied access to harbors in Athenian territory and to the Attic market, contrary to the treaty. Last of all, the Corinthians, after allowing the others to provoke the Lacedæmonians, came forward and spoke as follows:

"The trustfulness which characterizes your polity and relations with each other, Lacedæmonians, makes you more distrustful of the rest of us, whenever we voice our feelings and opinions. You gain from such a policy a reputation for moderation and restraint, but it increases your lack of understanding of outside affairs. For, although we constantly warned you of the harm we were sure to suffer from the Athenians, you learned nothing from what we kept trying to show you but suspected rather that we were speaking out of concern for our own private interests. It is this policy which has caused you to call these allies here together only after, rather than before, we are actually attacked; and among these we have the best right to speak, since we have the greatest charges to bring, abused, as we have been, by the Athenians and neglected by you.

"If they were wronging Greece in some covert way, you could be supposed to need additional information on the ground that you did not know about it. But as matters are, what need can there be for extended speaking, when you see them already holding some in slavery and plotting against others, especially our allies, and long ago abundantly prepared if they should have to fight? For they would not otherwise have surreptitiously seized and still be holding Corcyra despite our efforts, nor would they be besieging Potidæa—the latter of which is most excellently situated for use against the coast of Thrace, while the former would have furnished the Peloponnesians with a very great fleet.

"You are responsible for this situation, first of all, because you permitted the Athenians to build up their city's power after the Persian wars and later to build their Long Walls, and because you have up to the present perpetually defrauded of their liberty not only those enslaved by them but now even your own allies. For it is not the enslaving state which is the true enslaver, but the one which, while able to prevent such, looks on but takes no action; and especially is this true for a state which enjoys the magnanimous reputation of being liberator of Greece. It is with difficulty that we have at last come together, and even now we have no clearly defined purpose. We should have been considering by now not whether we are still being wronged, but how we shall redress our wrongs. For men of action lay their plans, and march without delay against those who have not yet come to a decision. We know the procedure the Athenians follow: they encroach on their neighbors little by little. As long as they feel that their success is due to your not perceiving their designs, they will proceed less boldly; but once they know that, even though you understand their intentions, you intend to do nothing about them, they will become vigorously aggressive. For you alone of the Greeks, Lacedæmonians, live in peace and quiet through defending yourselves not by using your power but by seeming about to use it; and you are the only ones who break the power of your enemies not when it is beginning to increase but when it is doubling itself. And yet, you are said to be secure—a reputation greater than the facts warrant. For instance, we ourselves know that the Medes came from the ends of the earth all the way to the Peloponnesus before your forces opposed them in any worthy way; and now, although you see the Athenians close by and not far off as the Medes were, you are doing nothing about it; and instead of attacking them, you prefer to wait and ward off their attack and incur the hazards of fortune by joining battle with much more powerful men, even though you know that the Barbarian tripped over himself more than anything else, and that we have thus far maintained ourselves against these very Athenians more through their mistakes than through any avenging help from you. In fact, hope of help from you has already ruined some who remained unprepared out of trust in you. And let no one of you suppose that this is said out of hostile accusation rather than to make a complaint; for complaints are against friends who have erred, but accusations are against enemies who have committed wrongs.

"Furthermore, we think that we, if any people, have a right to complain against our neighbors, especially since great interests are at stake which you seem to be unaware of. Moreover, you seem never to have considered what sort of people these Athenians are with whom you will be matched in contest, and how exceedingly and totally different they are from you. They are prone to innovation, are keen at conceiving plans, and quick at converting into action whatever they have decided upon, while you are disposed merely to preserve what you have, to plan no additional undertakings, and to stop short of the indispensable minimum when you do act. Indeed, they are bold beyond their power, are venturesome beyond good judgment, and continue cheerfully hopeful in critical circumstances, whereas you never dare as much as your power warrants, do not trust even solidly based judgments, and when in danger despair of being delivered. They are unhesitating, while you hesitate and delay; they stay abroad, while you forever stay at home. They think they stand to reap some gain by being abroad, whereas you suppose that any aggressiveness will imperil what you have. When they defeat their enemies, they press their advantage to the utmost, and when they have conquered, they yield as little as possible. Besides, they devote their bodies as something least their own to the interests of their state but use their minds as peculiarly their own to accomplish something for her. Whatever they plan and fail to carry out, they regard as so much personal loss, and whatever they gain by aggressiveness they regard as small compared to what they intend to gain. And if indeed they try and fail at something, they form fresh hopes and thus make up their loss. For they are the only people who match their hopes with what they plan and get, and all because they swiftly undertake what they determine upon. With constant toil and danger they labor all their lives for all these ends; and they reap least benefit from what they have because they are always trying to acquire something more, and because they think the doing of their duty is their only holiday and regard inactive leisure a greater calamity than painful toil. If, therefore, any one should sum the matter up and say that they are so constituted that they can neither be at peace themselves nor allow others to be, his statement would be correct.

"And yet, with such a state as this opposed to you, Lacedæmonians, you still procrastinate; and instead of remembering that they have peace the longest who, while using their military might and preparation for just ends only, make it clear by their attitude that, if wronged, they will not submit to it, you try to practice fair dealing on the principle of not offending others nor getting hurt yourselves in self-defense. You would find this difficult to carry out, if you lived next to a state with a similar policy; but, as we have just shown, your practices are now old-fashioned compared with those of Athens, and, as in the arts, the new always prevails. For a state that lives in peace, unmodified practices are best; but for states resolved on manifold undertakings, there is need of much progressive improvement. This urge to enterprise is what has caused the Athenian state to change much more than yours.

"Here make an end, then, of your stolid hesitation and delay, and, as you promised, bring aid at once to the Potidæans and the rest by attacking Attica without delay, so as not to hand friends and kinsmen over to their bitterest foes nor force the rest of us out of sheer despair to seek some other alliance. We would be doing nothing unjust, either in the sight of the gods sworn by or in the judgment of men of understanding, if we did that. For treaties are broken not by those who, when deserted, turn for help to others but by those who do not aid whom they have sworn to help. But we will remain loyal, if you are willing to shake off your lethargy; for it would then be an unholy thing for us to change allies, and we could not find any more congenial ones. Therefore, form well your plans with reference to these matters, and try to make the Peloponnesus under your leadership not at all inferior to that bequeathed you by your fathers." Thus spoke the Corinthians.

—P. H. Epps.

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THE FUNERAL ORATION[1]

Thucydides

[From Book II]

Whether this is the speech actually delivered by Pericles in 431 B.C. at the end of the first year of the war, or one written by the historian himself, in keeping with the general practice of presenting the views of statesmen by inserting orations manufactured for the occasion, it is a splendid estimate of Athens as the leader of the world not only in a political but also in a spiritual sense. It is the earliest recognition of

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[1] From *Thucydides*, by Benjamin Jowett, 1900, Oxford, at the Clarendon Press. Used by permission.

her role as the school of Hellas, a view which was later universally accepted by Greek and Roman alike. It is unique in ancient literature as a summary of the function and services of a state.

During the same winter, in accordance with an old national custom, the funeral of those who first fell in this war was celebrated by the Athenians at the public charge. The ceremony is as follows: Three days before the celebration they erect a tent in which the bones of the dead are laid out, and every one brings to his dead any offering which he pleases. At the time of the funeral the bones are placed in chests of cypress wood, which are conveyed on hearses; there is one chest for each tribe. They also carry a single empty litter decked with a pall for all whose bodies are missing, and cannot be recovered after the battle. The procession is accompanied by any one who chooses, whether citizen or stranger, and the female relatives of the deceased are present at the place of interment and make lamentation. The public sepulchre is situated in the most beautiful spot outside the walls; there they always bury those who fall in war; only after the battle of Marathon the dead, in recognition of their pre-eminent valour, were interred on the field. When the remains have been laid in the earth, some man of known ability and high reputation, chosen by the city, delivers a suitable oration over them; after which the people depart. Such is the manner of interment; and the ceremony was repeated from time to time throughout the war. Over those who were the first buried Pericles was chosen to speak. At the fitting moment he advanced from the sepulchre to a lofty stage, which had been erected in order that he might be heard as far as possible by the multitude, and spoke as follows:—

"Most of those who have spoken here before me have commended the lawgiver who added this oration to our other funeral customs; it seemed to them a worthy thing that such an honour should be given at their burial to the dead who have fallen on the field of battle. But I should have preferred that, when men's deeds have been brave, they should be honoured in deed only, and with such an honour as this public funeral, which you are now witnessing. Then the reputation of many would not have been imperilled on the eloquence or want of eloquence of one, and their virtues believed or not as he spoke well or ill. For it is difficult to say neither too little nor too much; and even moderation is apt not to give the impression of truthfulness. The friend of the dead who knows the facts is likely to think that the words of the speaker fall short of his knowledge and of his wishes; another who is not so well informed, when he hears of anything which surpasses his own powers, will be envious and will suspect exaggeration. Mankind are tolerant of the praises of others so long as each hearer thinks that he can do as well or nearly as well himself, but, when the speaker rises above him, jealousy is aroused and he begins to be incredulous. However, since our ancestors have set the seal of their approval upon the practice, I must obey, and to the utmost of my power shall endeavour to satisfy the wishes and beliefs of all who hear me.

"I will speak first of our ancestors, for it is right and becoming that now, when we are lamenting the dead, a tribute should be paid to their memory. There has never been a time when they did not inhabit this land, which by their valour they have handed down from generation to generation, and we have received from them a free state. But if they were worthy of praise, still more were our fathers, who added to their inheritance, and after many a struggle transmitted to us, their sons, this great empire. And we ourselves assembled here to-day, who are still most of us in the vigour of life, have chiefly done the work of improvement, and have richly endowed our city with all things, so that she is sufficient for herself both in peace and war. Of the military exploits by which our various possessions were acquired, or of the energy with which we or our fathers drove back the tide of war, Hellenic or Barbarian, I will not speak; for the tale would be long and is familiar to you. But before I praise the dead, I should like to point out by what principles of action we rose to power, and under what institutions and through what manner of life our empire became great. For I conceive that such thoughts are not unsuited to the occasion, and that this numerous assembly of citizens and strangers may profitably listen to them.

"Our form of government does not enter into rivalry with the institutions of others. We do not copy our neighbours, but are an example to them. It is true that we are called a democracy, for the administration is in the hands of the many and not of the few. But while the law secures equal justice to all alike in their private disputes, the claim of excellence is also recognized; and when a citizen is in any way distinguished, he is preferred in the public service, not as a matter of privilege, but as the reward of merit. Neither is poverty a bar, but a man may benefit his country whatever be the obscurity of his condition. There is no exclusiveness in our public life, and in our private intercourse we are not suspicious of one another, nor angry with our neighbour if he does what he likes; we do not put on sour looks at him which, though harmless, are not pleasant. While we are thus unconstrained in our private intercourse, a spirit of reverence pervades our public acts; we are prevented from doing wrong by respect for authority and for the laws, having an especial regard to those which are ordained for the protection of the injured as well as to those unwritten laws which bring upon the transgressor of them the reprobation of the general sentiment.

"And we have not forgotten to provide for our weary spirits many relaxations from toil; we have regular games and sacrifices throughout the year; at home the style of our life is refined; and the delight which we daily feel in all these things helps to banish melancholy. Because of the greatness of our city the fruits of the whole earth flow in upon us; so that we enjoy the goods of other countries as freely as of our own.

"Then again, our military training is in many respects superior to that of our adversaries. Our city is thrown open to the world, and we never expel a foreigner or prevent him from seeing or learning anything of which the secret if revealed to an enemy might profit him. We rely not upon management or trickery, but upon our own hearts and hands. And in the matter of education, whereas they from early youth are always undergoing laborious exercises which are to make them brave, we live at ease, and yet are equally ready to face the perils which they face. And here is the proof. The Lacedæmonians come into Attica not by themselves, but with their whole confederacy following; we go alone into a neighbour's country; and although our opponents are fighting for their homes and we on a foreign soil, we have seldom any difficulty in overcoming them. Our enemies have never yet felt our united strength; the care of a navy divides our attention, and on land we are obliged to send our own citizens everywhere. But they, if they meet and defeat a part of our army, are as proud as if they had routed us all, and when defeated they pretend to have been vanquished by us all.

"If then we prefer to meet danger with a light heart but without laborious training, and with a courage which is gained by habit and not enforced by law, are we not greatly the gainers? Since we do not anticipate the pain, although, when the hour comes, we can be as brave as those who never allow themselves to rest; and thus too our city is equally admirable in peace and in war. For we are lovers of the beautiful, yet simple in our tastes, and we cultivate the mind without loss of manliness. Wealth we employ, not for talk and ostentation, but when there is a real use for it. To avow poverty with us is no disgrace; the true disgrace is in doing nothing to avoid it. An Athenian citizen does not neglect the state because he takes care of his own household; and even those of us who are engaged in business have a very fair idea of politics. We alone regard a man who takes no interest in public affairs, not as a harmless, but as a useless character; and if few of us are originators, we are all sound judges of a policy. The great impediment to action is, in our opinion, not discussion, but the want of that knowledge which is gained by discussion preparatory to action. For we have a peculiar power of thinking before we act and of acting too, whereas other men are courageous from ignorance but hesitate upon reflection. And they are surely to be esteemed the bravest spirits who, having the clearest sense both of the pains and pleasures of life, do not on that account shrink from danger. In doing good, again, we are unlike others; we make our friends by conferring, not by receiving favours. Now he who confers a favour is the firmer friend, because he would fain by kindness keep alive the memory of an obligation; but the recipient is colder in his feelings, because he knows that in requiting another's generosity he will not be winning gratitude but only paying a debt. We alone do good to our neighbours not upon a calculation of interest, but in the confidence of freedom and in a frank and fearless spirit. To sum up:

I say that Athens is the school of Hellas, and that the individual Athenian in his own person seems to have the power of adapting himself to the most varied forms of action with the utmost versatility and grace. This is no passing and idle word, but truth and fact; and the assertion is verified by the position to which these qualities have raised the state. For in the hour of trial Athens alone among her contemporaries is superior to the report of her. No enemy who comes against her is indignant at the reverses which he sustains at the hands of such a city; no subject complains that his masters are unworthy of him. And we shall assuredly not be without witnesses; there are mighty monuments of our power which will make us the wonder of this and succeeding ages; we shall not need the praises of Homer or of any other panegyrist whose poetry may please for the moment, although his representation of the facts will not bear the light of day. For we have compelled every land and every sea to open a path for our valour, and have everywhere planted eternal memorials of our friendship and of our enmity. Such is the city for whose sake these men nobly fought and died; they could not bear the thought that she might be taken from them; and every one of us who survive should gladly toil on her behalf.

"I have dwelt upon the greatness of Athens because I want to show you that we are contending for a higher prize than those who enjoy none of these privileges, and to establish by manifest proof the merit of these men whom I am now commemorating. Their loftiest praise has been already spoken. For in magnifying the city I have magnified them, and men like them whose virtues made her glorious. And of how few Hellenes can it be said as of them, that their deeds when weighed in the balance have been found equal to their fame! Methinks that a death such as theirs has been gives the true measure of a man's worth; it may be the first revelation of his virtues, but is at any rate their final seal. For even those who come short in other ways may justly plead the valour with which they have fought for their country; they have blotted out the evil with the good, and have benefited the state more by their public services than they have injured her by their private actions. None of these men were enervated by wealth or hesitated to resign the pleasures of life; none of them put off the evil day in the hope, natural to poverty, that a man, though poor, may one day become rich. But, deeming that the punishment of their enemies was sweeter than any of these things, and that they could fall in no nobler cause, they determined at the hazard of their lives to be honourably avenged, and to leave the rest. They resigned to hope their unknown chance of happiness; but in the face of death they resolved to rely upon themselves alone. And when the moment came they were minded to resist and suffer, rather than to fly and save their lives; they ran away from the word of dishonour, but on the battle-field their feet stood fast, and in an instant, at the height of their fortune, they passed away from the scene, not of their fear, but of their glory.

"Such was the end of these men; they were worthy of Athens, and the living need not desire to have a more heroic spirit, although they may pray for a less fatal issue. The value of such a spirit is not to be expressed in words. Any one can discourse to you for ever about the advantages of a brave defence which you know already. But instead of listening to him I would have you day by day fix your eyes upon the greatness of Athens, until you become filled with the love of her; and when you are impressed by the spectacle of her glory, reflect that this empire has been acquired by men who knew their duty and had the courage to do it, who in the hour of conflict had the fear of dishonour always present to them, and who, if ever they failed in an enterprise, would not allow their virtues to be lost to their country, but freely gave their lives to her as the fairest offering which they could present at her feast. The sacrifice which they collectively made was individually repaid to them; for they received again each one for himself a praise which grows not old, and the noblest of all sepulchres—I speak not of that in which their remains are laid, but of that in which their glory survives, and is proclaimed always and on every fitting occasion both in word and deed. For the whole earth is the sepulchre of famous men; not only are they commemorated by columns and inscriptions in their own country, but in foreign lands also there dwells an unwritten memorial of them, graven not on stone but in the hearts of men. Make them your examples, and, esteeming courage to be freedom and freedom to be happiness, do not weigh too nicely the perils of war. The unfortunate who has no hope of a change for the better has less reason to throw away his life than the prosperous who, if he survive, is always liable to a change for the worse, and to whom any accidental fall makes the most serious difference. To a man of spirit, cowardice and disaster coming together are far more bitter than death striking him unperceived at a time when he is full of courage and animated by the general hope.

"Wherefore I do not now commiserate the parents of the dead who stand here; I would rather comfort them. You know that your life has been passed amid manifold vicissitudes; and that they may be deemed fortunate who have gained most honour, whether an honourable death like theirs, or an honourable sorrow like yours, and whose days have been so ordered that the term of their happiness is likewise the term of their life. I know how hard it is to make you feel this, when the good fortune of others will too often remind you of the gladness which once lightened your hearts. And sorrow is felt at the want of those blessings, not which a man never knew, but which were a part of his life before they were taken from him. Some of you are of an age at which they may hope to have other children, and they ought to bear their sorrow better; not only will the children who may hereafter be born make them forget their own lost ones, but the city will be doubly a gainer. She will not be left desolate, and she will be safer. For a man's counsel cannot have equal weight or worth, when he has no children to risk in the general danger. To those of you who have passed their prime, I say: 'Congratulate yourselves that you have been happy during the greater part of your days; remember that your life of sorrow will not last long, and be comforted by the glory of those who are gone. For the love of honour alone is ever young, and not riches, as some say, but honour is the delight of men when they are old and useless.'

"To you who are the sons and brothers of the departed, I see that the struggle to emulate them will be an arduous one. For all men praise the dead, and, however pre-eminent your virtue may be, hardly will you be thought, I do not say to equal, but even to approach them. The living have their rivals and detractors, but when a man is out of the way, the honour and good-will which he receives is unalloyed. And, if I am to speak of womanly virtues to those of you who will henceforth be widows, let me sum them up in one short admonition: To a woman not to show more weakness than is natural to her sex is a great glory, and not to be talked about for good or for evil among men.

"I have paid the required tribute, in obedience to the law, making use of such fitting words as I had. The tribute of deeds has been paid in part; for the dead have been honourably interred, and it remains only that their children should be maintained at the public charge until they are grown up: this is the solid prize with which, as with a garland, Athens crowns her sons living and dead, after a struggle like theirs. For where the rewards of virtue are greatest, there the noblest citizens are enlisted in the service of the state. And now, when you have duly lamented, every one his own dead, you may depart."

—BENJAMIN JOWETT.

PERICLES[1]

THUCYDIDES

[From Book II]

Thucydides presents Pericles only in his capacity as statesman; he has nothing to say about his private life. He would thus seem to draw a sharp line between the function of the historian and that of the biographer. Nevertheless, he makes the personality of a man like Pericles stand out in sharp relief against the background of the Athenian electorate by the very tone of the words which he attributes to him and by his estimate of his policies as compared with the policies of others.

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[1] From *Thucydides*, by Benjamin Jowett, 1900, Oxford, at the Clarendon Press. Used by permission.

After the second Peloponnesian invasion, now that Attica had been once more ravaged, and the war and the plague together lay heavy upon the Athenians, a change came over their spirit. They blamed Pericles because he had persuaded them to go to war, declaring that he was the author of their troubles; and they were anxious to come to terms with the Lacedæmonians. Accordingly envoys were despatched to Sparta, but they met with no success. And now, being completely at their wit's end, they turned upon Pericles. He saw that they were exasperated by their misery and were behaving just as he had always anticipated that they would. And so, being still general, he called an assembly, wanting to encourage them and to convert their angry feelings into a gentler and more hopeful mood. At this assembly he came forward and spoke as follows:—

"I was expecting this outburst of indignation; the causes of it are not unknown to me. And I have summoned an assembly that I may remind you of your resolutions and reprove you for your inconsiderate anger against me, and want of fortitude in misfortune. In my judgment it would be better for individuals themselves that the citizens should suffer and the state flourish than that the citizens should flourish and the state suffer. A private man, however successful in his own dealings, if his country perish is involved in her destruction; but if he be an unprosperous citizen of a prosperous city he is much more likely to recover. Seeing then that states can bear the misfortunes of individuals, but individuals cannot bear the misfortunes of the state, let us all stand by our country and not do what you are doing now, who because you are stunned by your private calamities are letting go the common hope of safety, and condemning not only me who advised, but yourselves who consented to, the war. Yet I with whom you are so angry venture to say of myself, that I am as capable as any one of devising and explaining a sound policy; and that I am a lover of my country, and incorruptible. Now a man may have a policy which he cannot clearly expound, and then he might as well have none at all; or he may possess both ability and eloquence, but if he is disloyal to his country he cannot, like a true man, speak in her interest; or again he may be unable to resist a bribe, and then all his other good qualities will be sold for money. If, when you determined to go to war, you believed me to have somewhat more of the statesman in me than others, it is not fair that I should now be charged with anything like crime.

"I allow that for men who are in prosperity and free to choose it is great folly to make war. But when they must either submit and at once surrender independence, or strike and be free, then he who shuns and not he who meets the danger is deserving of blame. For my own part, I am the same man and stand where I did. But you are changed; for you have been driven by misfortune to recall the consent which you gave when you were yet unhurt, and to think that my advice was wrong because your own characters are weak. The pain is present and comes home to each of you, but the good is as yet unrealised by any one; and your minds have not the strength to persevere in your resolution, now that a great reverse has overtaken you unawares. Anything which is sudden and unexpected and utterly beyond calculation, such a disaster for instance as this plague coming upon other misfortunes, enthralls the spirit of a man. Nevertheless, being the citizens of a great city and educated in a temper of greatness, you should not succumb to calamities, however overwhelming, or darken the lustre of your fame. For if men hate the presumption of those who claim a reputation to which they have no right, they equally condemn the faint-heartedness of those who fall below the glory which is their own. You should lose the sense of your private sorrows and lay fast hold of the common good.

"As to your sufferings in the war, if you fear that they may be very great and after all fruitless, I have shown you already over and over again that such a fear is groundless. If you are still unsatisfied I will indicate one element of your superiority which appears to have escaped you, although it nearly touches your imperial greatness. I too have never mentioned it before, nor would I now, because the claim may seem too arrogant, if I did not see that you are unreasonably depressed. You think that your empire is confined to your allies, but I say that of the two divisions of the world accessible to man, the land and the sea, there is one of which you are absolute master, and have, or may have, the dominion to any extent which you please. Neither the great King nor any nation on earth can hinder a navy like yours from penetrating whithersoever you choose to sail. When we reflect on this great power, houses and lands, of which the loss seems so dreadful to you, are as nothing. We ought not to be troubled about them or to think much of them in comparison; they are only the garden of the house, the superfluous ornament of wealth; and you may be sure that if we cling to our freedom and preserve that, we shall soon enough recover all the rest. But, if we are the servants of others, we shall be sure to lose not only freedom, but all that freedom gives. And where your ancestors doubly succeeded, you will doubly fail. For their empire was not inherited by them from others but won by the labour of their hands, and by them preserved and bequeathed to us. And surely to be robbed of what you have is a greater disgrace than to fail in obtaining more. Meet your enemies therefore not only with spirit but with disdain. Any coward or fortunate fool may brag or vaunt, but he only is capable of disdain whose conviction that he is stronger than his enemy rests, like our own, on grounds of reason. Courage fighting in a fair field is fortified by the intelligence which looks down upon an enemy; an intelligence relying, not on hope, which is the strength of helplessness, but on that surer foresight which is given by reason and observation of facts.

"Once more, you are bound to maintain the imperial dignity of your city in which you all take pride; for you should not covet the glory unless you will endure the toil. And do not imagine that you are fighting about a simple issue, freedom or slavery; you have an empire to lose, and there is the danger to which the hatred of your imperial rule has exposed you. Neither can you resign your power, if, at this crisis, any timorous or inactive spirit is for thus playing the honest man. For by this time your empire has become a tyranny which in the opinion of mankind may have been unjustly gained, but which cannot be safely surrendered. The men of whom I was speaking, if they could find followers, would soon ruin the city, and if they were to go and found a state of their own, would equally ruin that. For inaction is secure only when arrayed by the side of activity; nor is it expedient or safe for a sovereign, but only for a subject state, to be a servant.

"You must not be led away by the advice of such citizens as these, nor be angry with me; for the resolution in favour of war was your own as much as mine. What if the enemy has come and done what he was certain to do when you refused to yield? What too if the plague followed? That was an unexpected blow, but we might have foreseen all the rest. I am well aware that your hatred of me is aggravated by it. But how unjustly, unless to me you also ascribe the credit of any extraordinary success which may befall you! The visitations of heaven should be borne with resignation, the sufferings inflicted by an enemy with manliness. This has always been the spirit of Athens, and should not die out in you. Know that our city has the greatest name in all the world because she has never yielded to misfortunes, but has sacrificed more lives and endured severer hardships in war than any other; wherefore also she has the greatest power of any state up to this day; and the memory of her glory will always survive. Even if we should be compelled at last to abate somewhat of our greatness (for all things have their times of growth and decay), yet will the recollection live, that, of all Hellenes we ruled over the greatest number of Hellenic subjects; that we withstood our enemies, whether single or united, in the most terrible wars, and that we were the inhabitants of a city endowed with every sort of wealth and greatness. The indolent may indeed find fault, but the man of action will seek to rival us, and he who is less fortunate may envy us. To be hateful and offensive has ever been at the time the fate of those who have aspired to empire. But he judges well who accepts unpopularity in a great cause. Hatred does not last long, and, besides the immediate splendour of great actions, the renown of them endures for ever in men's memories. Looking forward to such future glory and present avoidance of dishonour, make an effort now and secure both. Let no herald be sent to the Lacedæmonians, and do not let them know that you are depressed by your sufferings. For the greatest states and the greatest men, when misfortunes come, are the least depressed in spirit and the most resolute in action."

By these and similar words Pericles endeavoured to appease the anger of the Athenians against himself, and to divert their minds from their terrible situation. In the conduct of public affairs, they took his advice, and sent no more embassies to Sparta; they were again eager to prosecute the war. Yet in private they felt their sufferings keenly; the common people had been deprived even of the little which they possessed, while the upper class had lost fair estates in the country with all their houses and rich furniture. Worst of all, instead of enjoying peace, they were now at war. The popular indignation was not pacified until they had fined Pericles; but, soon afterwards, with the usual fickleness of the multitude, they elected him general and committed all their affairs to his charge. Their private sorrows were beginning to be less acutely felt, and for a time of public need they thought that there was no man like him. During the peace while he was at the head of affairs he ruled with prudence; under his guidance Athens was safe, and reached the height of her greatness in his time. When the war began he showed that here too he had formed a true estimate of the Athenian power. He survived the commencement of hostilities two years and six months, and, after his death, his foresight was even better appreciated than during his life. For he had told the Athenians that if they would be patient and would attend to their navy, and not seek to enlarge their dominion while the war was going on, nor imperil the existence of the city, they would be victorious; but they did all that he told them not to do, and in matters which seemingly had nothing to do with the war, from motives of private ambition and private interest they adopted a policy which had disastrous effects in respect both of themselves and of their allies; their measures, had they been successful, would only have brought honour and profit to individuals, and, when unsuccessful, crippled the city in the conduct of the war. The reason of the difference was that he, deriving authority from his capacity and acknowledged worth, being also a man of transparent integrity, was able to control the multitude in a free spirit; he led them rather than was led by them; for, not seeking power by dishonest arts, he had no need to say pleasant things, but, on the strength of his own high character, could venture to oppose and even to anger them. When he saw them unseasonably elated and arrogant, his words humbled and awed them; and, when they were depressed by groundless fears, he sought to reanimate their confidence. Thus Athens, though still in name a democracy, was in fact ruled by her greatest citizen. But his successors were more on an equality with one another, and each one struggling to be first himself, they were ready to sacrifice the whole conduct of affairs to the whims of the people. Such weakness in a great and imperial city led to many errors, of which the greatest was the Sicilian expedition; not that the Athenians miscalculated their enemy's power, but they themselves, instead of consulting for the interests of the expedition which they had sent out, were occupied in intriguing against one another for the leadership of the democracy, and not only grew remiss in the management of the army, but became embroiled, for the first time, in civil strife. And yet after they had lost in the Sicilian expedition the greater part of their fleet and army, and were distracted by revolution at home, still they held out three years not only against their former enemies, but against the Sicilians who had combined with them, and against most of their own allies who had risen in revolt. Even when Cyrus the son of the King joined in the war and supplied the Peloponnesian fleet with money, they continued to resist, and were at last overthrown, not by their enemies, but by themselves and their own internal dissensions. So that at the time Pericles was more than justified in the conviction at which his foresight had arrived, that the Athenians would win an easy victory over the unaided forces of the Peloponnesians.

—BENJAMIN JOWETT.

FACTION IN GREECE

THUCYDIDES

[From Book III]

Thucydides is seldom more incisive and discerning than in his description of the wave of factious strife which swept Greece during the Peloponnesian War (431-404 B.C.). Greek cities became the centers (and victims) of two implacably opposite factions. One was all for the Athenian or democratic set-up, whereas the other uncompromisingly championed the Spartan system. The first demanded political equality before the law for all, and a government chosen and operated by the full citizenry or their representatives. The second insisted that a totalitarian oligarchical regime along Spartan lines was best. The struggle between these factions grew in violence and intensity as the Peloponnesian War progressed. The following is Thucydides' description of the attitudes and results this rivalry and bitterness produced.

When the Corcyreans saw that the Athenian ships were approaching and that those of the enemy were departing, they brought into the city the Messenians who had been just outside, and ordered their own manned ships to sail around into the Hyllaic harbor. These men, while sailing around, killed all their personal enemies they encountered, and put ashore and used to the full those whom they had persuaded to join them. They went into the temple of Hera and persuaded fifty of the suppliants there to submit to trial. These they condemned to death. The majority of the suppliants, who had not yielded to their persuasion, when they saw what was happening, destroyed each other within the sacred enclosure, some being hanged from trees, and others making away with themselves as best they could.

For seven days, while Eurymedon, who had arrived with sixty ships, remained with them, the Corcyreans murdered those who seemed to be their enemies, accusing some of destroying the democracy, and slaying others out of private enmity, while still others were slain by debtors because of the money they had lent them. In fact, every form of murder was resorted to, and, as is wont to happen in such circumstances, there was no crime which did not occur, and in exaggerated form. For fathers slew sons, men were dragged from temples and murdered on the spot, and still others were walled up in the temple of Dionysus and perished there.

To such savage lengths did this factious violence go; and it seemed even more savage because it was among the first of such outbreaks; for it was later that all Greece, so to speak, was convulsed as factions increased everywhere while leaders of the people's party strove to call in the Athenians, and the oligarchs to call in the Spartans. Whereas in time of peace they would have had no pretext for calling in outsiders nor would have dared to go to that extreme, in time of war, when each side was seeking alliances which would at the same time damage their enemies and benefit themselves, those inclined to revolution readily called in outside help.

There fell upon the cities during this period of faction and sedition many dreadful experiences, such as happen and always will happen as long as human nature remains the same—experiences more terrible, milder, or different in character, according as circumstances varied. For in times of peace, when conditions are favorable, both states and individuals exhibit a better frame of mind, since unwelcome necessity has not yet fallen upon them. But war, which takes away the ready procurement of the daily needs of life, is a violent teacher, and begets in the generality of men a temper similar to prevailing circumstances. Factious violence ran its course therefore throughout the cities of Greece; and where it was late in occurring, techniques learned from earlier uprisings were employed, and the invention of new schemes and devices went to exceeding lengths, as the excessive cunning of the attacks and monstrous forms of vengeance shewed.

The generally accepted meaning of words as they related to deeds was changed at will to fit each man's conception of right. Reckless daring was called devotion to one's party, and prudent hesitation was branded as specious cowardice. Moderation was declared a cloak for unmanliness. To exhibit an understanding of all situations was an excuse for not acting in any. Frantic vehemence was accounted the part of a man, whereas deliberation which considered personal safety was thought to be a specious pretext for shirking. The storming firebrand was the one trusted, and anyone opposing him was always suspected. To form a plot and execute it was a mark of intelligence, but to suspect one indicated still greater acumen. Whoever insisted upon plans free from plots was called a disrupter of the party who was panic-stricken before the enemy. In short, that man was praised who beat to the draw one ready to do some evil, as he too was lauded who urged to evil one not yet planning any. The tie of blood became more foreign to one than party loyalty, which was readier to proceed without pretext to any boldness. For party-clubs and alliances were made not for aiding established laws, but for overreaching others contrary to such laws. In fact, faith among party members was grounded on a common lawlessness rather than upon any regard for divine law. Favorable statements by an enemy in power were never received in a generous spirit but with an eye to his deeds and affairs. To get vengeance on another was more important than to keep free of injury. If oaths of reconciliation were anywhere accepted, they were temporary; for, being forced upon each by some exigency of the moment, they lasted only as long as neither party had help from elsewhere. And the one who first caught the other opportunely off guard and was the first to resort to boldness enjoyed his revenge the more because it was gotten through trust rather than through open enmity; for by such a course of action he was assuring himself of safety, and, by getting the upper hand through deception, he was gaining also the prize for superior intelligence. Men found that villainy was considered a mark of craft and shrewdness more readily than disdain of these was thought a mark of goodness. They were ashamed of the latter but gloried in the former.

The cause of all this was government based on greed and ambition, together with the party zeal arising from it and from men cast in factious rivalry. For the leaders in the various cities, each using fair-sounding phrases—with their preference the one for "political equality of the people" and the other for the "moderation of the aristocracy"—while declaring themselves devoted servants of the common good, had as their aim to capture as their prize all that pertained to it. Since each was in every way struggling to gain mastery over the other, they went to the most terrible lengths in their daring and to still greater extremes in vengeance, regarding neither any limits of justice nor the welfare of the state, but determining everything by what happened to please at the time; and having gained power either by violence or by an unjust vote of condemnation, they were ready to sate the contentiousness of the moment. The result was that neither side paid any regard to religious feelings or scruples, and he was most commended who accomplished some odious deed through speciously deceptive language. Moderate and neutral citizens were destroyed by both parties, either because of their refusal to join in the struggle, or through enmity at their surviving.

Thus it was that every sort of character debasement became established in Greece through factious violence; and guileless forthrightness, which noble natures possess to a greater degree than others do, was laughed out of existence and disappeared. Mutual hostility of feeling, combined with distrust, was triumphant and widely prevalent. For there was no language strong enough and no oath terrible enough to afford a basis for reconciliation; and all those in power, convinced of the hopelessness of securing any certain basis for confidence, were unable to trust anyone and devoted themselves to precautions against being wronged. And so, it was the men of cheaper and meaner intellects who most generally won out. For, being afraid, as they were, of their own insufficiency and of the keen-wittedness of their opponents, they took boldly to action, lest they be outwitted and their enemies, through their versatility of mind, should anticipate them in their plots against them. But those who scoffingly asserted that they would be aware in time and that they need not forestall by action what could be effected by sagacity were killed off in greater numbers through being off guard.

It was in Corcyra, then, that most of these crimes were first dared. . . .

—P. H. Epps.

FAILURE OF THE SICILIAN EXPEDITION[1]

Thucydides

[From Book VII]

During a lull in hostilities, Athens undertook, in the years 415 to 413 B.C., to bring Sicily under her dominion, instead of concentrating on preparations for the further prosecution of the war with Sparta. The expedition from beginning to end was but a series of costly blunders, and resulted finally in the downfall of Athens. Thucydides believed in the earlier policy of Pericles, who had advocated the focusing of all efforts on bringing the war to a successful conclusion before undertaking any other enterprise. Yet, when he narrates the story of the expedition, he confines himself strictly and impartially to the sequence of events, refraining from all comment on a matter about which he must have thought and felt very deeply.

The Athenians, seeing the closing of the harbour and inferring the intentions of the enemy, proceeded to hold a council. The generals and officers met and considered the difficulties of their position. The most pressing was the want of food. For they had already sent to Catana, when they intended to depart, and stopped the supplies; and they could get no more unless they recovered the command of the sea. They resolved therefore to quit their lines on the higher ground and to cut off by a cross-wall a space close to their ships, no greater than was absolutely required for their baggage and for their sick; after leaving a guard there they meant to put on board every other man, and to launch all their ships, whether fit for service or not; they would then fight a decisive battle, and, if they conquered, go to Catana; but if not, they would burn their ships, and retreat by land in good order, taking the nearest way to some friendly country, Barbarian or Hellenic. This design they proceeded to execute, and withdrawing quietly from the upper walls, manned their whole fleet, compelling every man of any age at all suitable for service to embark. The entire number of the ships which they manned was about a hundred and ten. They put on board numerous archers and javelin-men, Acarnanians, and other foreigners, and made such preparations for action as the nature of the plan imposed upon them by their necessities allowed. When all was nearly ready Nicias, perceiving that the soldiers were depressed by their severe defeat at sea, which was so new an experience to them, while at the same time the want of provisions made them impatient to risk a battle with the least possible delay, called his men together, and before they engaged exhorted them as follows:

"Soldiers of Athens and of our allies, we have all the same interest in the coming struggle; every one of us as well as of our enemies will now have to fight for his life and for his country, and if only we can win in the impending sea-fight, every man may see his native city and his own home once more. But we must not be faint-hearted, nor behave as if we were mere novices in the art of war, who when defeated in their first battle are full of cowardly apprehensions and continually retain the impress of their disaster. You, Athenians, have had great military experience; and you, allies, are always fighting at our side. Remember the sudden turns of war; let your hope be that fortune herself may yet come over to us; and prepare to retrieve your defeat in a manner worthy of the greatness of your own army which you see before you.

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[1] From *Thucydides*, by Benjamin Jowett, 1900, Oxford, at the Clarendon Press. Used by permission.

"We have consulted the pilots about any improvements which seemed likely to avail against the crowding of ships in the narrow harbour, as well as against the troops on the enemy's decks, which in previous engagements did us so much harm, and we have adopted them as far as we had the means. Many archers and javelin-men will embark, and a great number of other troops, whom if we were going to fight in the open sea we should not employ because they increase the weight of the ships, and therefore impede our skill; but here, where we are obliged to fight a land-battle on shipboard, they will be useful. We have thought of all the changes which are necessary in the construction of our ships, and in order to counteract the thickness of the beams on the enemy's prows, for this did us more mischief than anything else, we have provided iron grapnels, which will prevent the ship striking us from retreating if the marines are quick and do their duty. For, as I tell you, we are positively driven to fight a land-battle on ship-board, and our best plan is neither to back water ourselves nor to allow the enemy to back water after we have once closed with him. Recollect that the shore, except so far as our land-forces extend, is in their hands.

"Knowing all this, you must fight to the last with all your strength, and not be driven ashore. When ship strikes ship refuse to separate until you have swept the enemy's heavy-armed from their decks. I am speaking to the hoplites rather than to the sailors; for this is the special duty of the men on deck. We may still reckon on the superiority of our infantry. The sailors I would exhort, nay I would implore them, not to be paralysed by their disasters; for they will find the arrangements on deck improved, and the numbers of the fleet increased. Some among you have long been deemed Athenians, though they are not; and to them I say, Consider how precious is that privilege, and how worthy to be defended. You were admired in Hellas because you spoke our language and adopted our manners, and you shared equally with ourselves in the substantial advantages of our empire, while you gained even more than we by the dread which you inspired in subject-states and in your security against injustice. You alone have been free partners in that empire; you ought not to betray it now. And so, despising the Corinthians whom you have beaten again and again, and the Sicilians who never dared to withstand us when our fleet was in its prime, repel your enemies, and show that your skill even amid weakness and disaster is superior to the strength of another in the hour of his success.

"Let me appeal once more to you who are Athenians, and remind you that there are no more ships like these in the dockyards of the Piræus, and that you have no more recruits fit for service. In any event but victory your enemies will instantly sail against Athens, while our countrymen at home, who are but a remnant, will be unable to defend themselves against the attacks of their former foes reinforced by the new invaders. You who are in Sicily will instantly fall into the hands of the Syracusans (and you know how you meant to deal with them), and your friends at Athens into the hands of the Lacedæmonians. In this one struggle you have to fight for yourselves and them. Stand firm therefore now, if ever, and remember one and all of you who are embarking that you are both the fleet and army of your country, and that on you hangs the whole state and the great name of Athens: for her sake if any man exceed another in skill or courage let him display them now; he will never have a better opportunity of doing good to himself and saving his country."

Nicias, as soon as he had done speaking, gave orders to man the ships. Gylippus and the Syracusans could see clearly enough from the preparations which the Athenians were making that they were going to fight. But they had also previous notice, and had been told of the iron grapnels; and they took precautions against this as against all the other devices of the Athenians. They covered the prows of their vessels with hides, extending a good way along the upper part of their sides, so that the grapnels might slip and find no hold. When all was ready, Gylippus and the other generals exhorted their men in the following words:—

"That our recent actions have been glorious, and that in the coming conflict we shall be fighting for a glorious prize, most of you, Syracusans and allies, seem to be aware: what else would have inspired you with so much energy? But if any one is not so quick in apprehending these things as he ought to be, he shall hear of them from me. The Athenians came hither intending to enslave first of all Sicily, and then, if they succeeded, Peloponnesus and the rest of Hellas, they having already the largest dominion of any Hellenic power, past or present. But you set mankind the example of withstanding that invincible navy; which you have now defeated in several engagements at sea, and which you will probably defeat in this. For when men are crippled in what they assume to be their strength, any vestige of self-respect is more completely lost than if they had never believed in themselves at all. When once their pride has had a fall they throw away the power of resistance which they might still exert. And this we may assume to be the condition of the Athenians.

"Far otherwise is it with us. The natural courage, which even in the days of our inexperience dared to risk all, is now better assured, and when we go on to reflect that he is the strongest who has overcome the strongest, the hopes of every one are redoubled. And in all enterprises the highest hopes infuse the greatest courage. Their imitation of our modes of fighting will be useless to them. To us they come naturally, and we shall readily adapt ourselves to any arrangement of ours which they have borrowed. But to them the employment of troops on deck is a novelty; they will be encumbered with crowds of hoplites and of javelin-men, Acarnanians and others, who are mere awkward landsmen put into a ship, and will not even know how to discharge their darts when they are required to keep their places. Will they not imperil the ships? And their own movements will be so unnatural to them that they will all fall into utter confusion. The greater number of the enemy's ships will be the reverse of an advantage to him, should any of you fear your inequality in that respect; for a large fleet confined in a small space will be hampered in action and far more likely to suffer from our devices. And I would have you know what I believe on the best authority to be the simple truth. Their misfortunes paralyse them, and they are driven to despair at finding themselves helpless. They have grown reckless, and have no confidence in their own plans. They will take their chance as best they can, and either force a way out to sea, or in the last resort retreat by land; for they know that they cannot in any case be worse off than they are.

"Against such disorder, and against hateful enemies whose good-fortune has run away from them to us, let us advance with fury. We should remember in the first place that men are doing a most lawful act when they take vengeance upon an enemy and an aggressor, and that they have a right to satiate their heart's animosity; secondly, that this vengeance, which is proverbially the sweetest of all things, will soon be within our grasp. I need not tell you that they are our enemies, and our worst enemies. They came against our land that they might enslave us, and if they had succeeded they would have inflicted the greatest sufferings on our men, and the worst indignities upon our wives and children, and would have stamped a name of dishonour upon our whole city. Wherefore let no one's heart be softened towards them. Do not congratulate yourselves at the mere prospect of getting safely rid of them. Even if they conquer they can only depart. But supposing that we obtain, as we most likely shall, the fulness of our desires, in the punishment of the Athenians and in the confirmation to Sicily of the liberties which she now enjoys, how glorious will be our prize! Seldom are men exposed to hazards in which they lose little if they fail, and win all if they succeed."

When Gylippus and the other Syracusan generals had, like Nicias, encouraged their troops, perceiving the Athenians to be manning their ships, they presently did the same. Nicias, overwhelmed by the situation, and seeing how great and how near the peril was (for the ships were on the very point of rowing out), feeling too, as men do on the eve of a great struggle, that all which he had done was nothing, and that he had not said half enough, again addressed the trierarchs, and calling each of them by his father's name, and his own name, and the name of his tribe, he entreated those who had made any reputation for themselves not to be false to it, and those whose ancestors were eminent not to tarnish their hereditary fame. He reminded them that they were the inhabitants of the freest country in the world, and how in Athens there was no interference with the daily life of any man. He spoke to them of their wives and children and their father's Gods, as men will at such a time; for then they do not care whether their commonplace phrases seem to be out of date or not, but loudly reiterate the old appeals, believing that they may be of some service at the awful moment. When he thought that he had exhorted them, not enough, but as much as the scanty time allowed, he retired, and led the land-forces to the shore, extending the line as far as he could, so that they might be of the greatest use in encouraging the combatants on board ship. Demosthenes, Menander, and Euthydemus, who had gone on board the Athenian fleet to take the command, now quitted their own station, and proceeded straight to the closed mouth of the harbour, intending to force their way to the open sea where a passage was still left.

The Syracusans and their allies had already put out with the same number of ships as before. A detachment of them guarded the entrance of the harbour; the remainder were disposed all round it in such a manner that they might fall on the Athenians from every side at once, and that their land-forces might at the same time be able to cooperate wherever the ships retreated to the shore. Sicanus and Agatharchus commanded the Syracusan fleet, each of them a wing; Pythen and the Corinthians occupied the centre. When the Athenians approached the closed mouth of the harbour the violence of their onset overpowered the ships which were stationed there; they then attempted to loosen the fastenings. Whereupon from all sides the Syracusans and their allies came bearing down upon them, and the conflict was no longer confined to the entrance, but extended throughout the harbour. No previous engagement had been so fierce and obstinate. Great was the eagerness with which the rowers on both sides rushed upon their enemies whenever the word of command was given; and keen was the contest between the pilots as they manœuvred one against another. The marines too were full of anxiety that, when ship struck ship, the service on deck should not fall short of the rest; every one in the place assigned to him was eager to be foremost among his fellows. Many vessels meeting—and never did so many fight in so small a space, for the two fleets together amounted to nearly two hundred—they were seldom able to strike in the regular manner, because they had no opportunity of first retiring or breaking the line; they generally fouled one another as ship dashed against ship in the hurry of flight or pursuit. All the time that another vessel was bearing down, the men on deck poured showers of javelins and arrows and stones upon the enemy; and when the two closed, the marines fought hand to hand, and endeavoured to board. In many places, owing to the want of room, they who had struck another found that they were struck themselves; often two or more vessels were unavoidably entangled about one, and the pilots had to make plans of attack and defence, not against one adversary only, but against several coming from different sides. The crash of so many ships dashing against one another took away the wits of the sailors, and made it impossible to hear the boatswains, whose voices in both fleets rose high, as they gave directions to the rowers, or cheered them on in the excitement of the struggle. On the Athenian side they were shouting to their men that they must force a passage and seize the opportunity now or never of returning in safety to their native land. To the Syracusans and their allies was represented the glory of preventing the escape of their enemies, and of a victory by which every man would exalt the honour of his own city. The commanders too, when they saw any ship backing water without necessity, would call the captain by his name, and ask, of the Athenians, whether they were retreating because they expected to be more at home upon the land of their bitterest foes than upon that sea which had been their own so long; on the Syracusan side, whether, when they knew perfectly well that the Athenians were only eager to find some means of flight, they would themselves fly from the fugitives.

While the naval engagement hung in the balance the two armies on shore had great trial and conflict of soul. The Sicilian soldier was animated by the hope of increasing the glory which he had already won, while the invader was tormented by the fear that his fortunes might sink lower still. The last chance of the Athenians lay in their ships, and their anxiety was dreadful. The fortune of the battle varied; and it was not possible that the spectators on the shore should all receive the same impression of it. Being quite close and having different points of view, they would some of them see their own ships victorious; their courage would then revive, and they would earnestly call upon the Gods not to take from them their hope of deliverance. But others, who saw their ships worsted, cried and shrieked aloud, and were by the sight alone more utterly unnerved than the defeated combatants themselves. Others again, who had fixed their gaze on some part of the struggle which was undecided, were in a state of excitement still more terrible; they kept swaying their bodies to and fro in an agony of hope and fear as the stubborn conflict went on and on; for at every instant they were all but saved or all but lost. And while the strife hung in the balance you might hear in the Athenian army at once lamentation, shouting, cries of victory or defeat, and all the various sounds which are wrung from a great host in extremity of danger. Not less agonising were the feelings of those on board. At length the Syracusans and their allies, after a protracted struggle, put the Athenians to flight, and triumphantly bearing down upon them, and encouraging one another with loud cries and exhortations, drove them to land. Then that part of the navy which had not been taken in the deep water fell back in confusion to the shore, and the crews rushed out of the ships into the camp. And the land-forces.

no longer now divided in feeling, but uttering one universal groan of intolerable anguish, ran, some of them to save the ships, others to defend what remained of the wall; but the greater number began to look to themselves and to their own safety. Never had there been a greater panic in an Athenian army than at that moment. They now suffered what they had done to others at Pylos. For at Pylos the Lacedæmonians, when they saw their ships destroyed, knew that their friends who had crossed over into the island of Sphacteria were lost with them. And so now the Athenians, after the rout of their fleet, knew that they had no hope of saving themselves by land unless events took some extraordinary turn.

Thus, after a fierce battle and a great destruction of ships and men on both sides, the Syracusans and their allies gained the victory. They gathered up the wrecks and bodies of the dead, and sailing back to the city, erected a trophy. The Athenians, overwhelmed by their misery, never so much as thought of recovering their wrecks or of asking leave to collect their dead. Their intention was to retreat that very night. Demosthenes came to Nicias and proposed that they should once more man their remaining vessels and endeavour to force the passage at daybreak, saying that they had more ships fit for service than the enemy. For the Athenian fleet still numbered sixty, but the enemy had less than fifty. Nicias approved of his proposal, and they would have manned the ships, but the sailors refused to embark; for they were paralysed by their defeat, and had no longer any hope of succeeding. So the Athenians all made up their minds to escape by land. . . .

When the day dawned Nicias led forward his army, and the Syracusans and the allies again assailed them on every side, hurling javelins and other missiles at them. The Athenians hurried on to the river Assinarus. They hoped to gain a little relief if they forded the river, for the mass of horsemen and other troops overwhelmed and crushed them; and they were worn out by fatigue and thirst. But no sooner did they reach the water than they lost all order and rushed in; every man was trying to cross first, and, the enemy pressing upon them at the same time, the passage of the river became hopeless. Being compelled to keep close together they fell one upon another, and trampled each other under foot: some at once perished, pierced by their own spears; others got entangled in the baggage and were carried down the stream. The Syracusans stood upon the further bank of the river, which was steep, and hurled missiles from above on the Athenians, who were huddled together in the deep bed of the stream and for the most part were drinking greedily. The Peloponnesians came down the bank and slaughtered them, falling chiefly upon those who were in the river. Whereupon the water at once became foul, but was drunk all the same, although muddy and dyed with blood, and the crowd fought for it.

At last, when the dead bodies were lying in heaps upon one another in the water and the army was utterly undone, some perishing in the river, and any who escaped being cut off by the cavalry, Nicias surrendered to Gylippus, in whom he had more confidence than in the Syracusans. He entreated him and the Lacedæmonians to do what they pleased with himself, but not to go on killing the men. So Gylippus gave the word to make prisoners. Thereupon the survivors, not including however a large number whom the soldiers concealed, were brought in alive. As for the three hundred who had broken through the guard in the night, the Syracusans sent in pursuit and seized them. The total of the public prisoners when collected was not great; for many were appropriated by the soldiers, and the whole of Sicily was full of them, they not having capitulated like the troops under Demosthenes. A large number also perished; the slaughter at the river being very great, quite as great as any which took place in the Sicilian war; and not a few had fallen in the frequent attacks which were made upon the Athenians during their march. Still many escaped, some at the time, others ran away after an interval of slavery, and all these found refuge at Catana.

The Syracusans and their allies collected their forces and returned with the spoil, and as many prisoners as they could take with them, into the city. The captive Athenians and allies they deposited in the quarries, which they thought would be the safest place of confinement. Nicias and Demosthenes they put to the sword, although against the will of Gylippus. For Gylippus thought that to carry home with him to Lacedæmon the generals of the enemy, over and above all his other successes, would be a brilliant triumph. One of them, Demosthenes, happened to be the greatest foe, and the other the greatest friend of the Lacedæmonians, both in the same matter of Pylos and Sphacteria. For Nicias had taken up their cause, and had persuaded the Athenians to make the peace which set at liberty the prisoners taken in the island. The Lacedæmonians were grateful to him for the service, and this was the main reason why he trusted Gylippus and surrendered himself to him. But certain Syracusans, who had been in communication with him, were afraid (such was the report) that on some suspicion of their guilt he might be put to the torture and bring trouble on them in the hour of their prosperity. Others, and especially the Corinthians, feared that, being rich, he might by bribery escape and do them further mischief. So the Syracusans gained the consent of the allies and had him executed. For these or the like reasons he suffered death. No one of the Hellenes in my time was less deserving of so miserable an end; for he lived in the practice of every virtue.

Those who were imprisoned in the quarries were at the beginning of their captivity harshly treated by the Syracusans. There were great numbers of them, and they were crowded in a deep and narrow place. At first the sun by day was still scorching and suffocating, for they had no roof over their heads, while the autumn nights were cold, and the extremes of temperature engendered violent disorders. Being cramped for room they had to do everything on the same spot. The corpses of those who died from their wounds, exposure to the weather, and the like, lay heaped one upon another. The smells were intolerable; and they were at the same time afflicted by hunger and thirst. During eight months they were allowed only about half a pint of water and a pint of food a day. Every kind of misery which could befall man in such a place befell them. This was the condition of all the captives for about ten weeks. At length the Syracusans sold them, with the exception of the Athenians and of any Sicilians or Italian Greeks who had sided with them in the war. The whole number of the public prisoners is not accurately known, but they were not less than seven thousand.

Of all the Hellenic actions which took place in this war, or indeed of all Hellenic actions which are on record, this was the greatest—the most glorious to the victors, the most ruinous to the vanquished; for they were utterly and at all points defeated, and their sufferings were prodigious. Fleet and army perished from the face of the earth; nothing was saved, and of the many who went forth few returned home.

Thus ended the Sicilian expedition. . . .

The news was brought to Athens, but the Athenians could not believe that the armament had been so completely annihilated, although they had the positive assurances of the very soldiers who had escaped from the scene of action. At last they knew the truth; and then they were furious with the orators who had joined in promoting the expedition—as if they had not voted it themselves—and with the soothsayers, and prophets, and all who by the influence of religion had at the time inspired them with the belief that they would conquer Sicily. Whichever way they looked there was trouble; they were overwhelmed by their calamity, and were in fear and consternation unutterable. The citizens mourned and the city mourned; they had lost a host of cavalry and hoplites and the flower of their youth, and there were none to replace them. And when they saw an insufficient number of ships in their docks, and no crews to man them, nor money in the treasury, they despaired of deliverance. They had no doubt that their enemies in Sicily, after the great victory which they had already gained, would at once sail against the Piræus. Their enemies in Hellas, whose resources were now doubled, would likewise set upon them with all their might both by sea and land, and would be assisted by their own revolted allies. Still they determined under any circumstances not to give way. They would procure timber and money by whatever means they might, and build a navy. They would make sure of their allies, and above all of Eubœa. Expenses in the city were to be economised, and they were to choose a council of the elder men, who should advise together, and lay before the people the measures which from time to time might be required. After the manner of a democracy, they were very amenable to discipline while their fright lasted. They proceeded to carry out these resolutions. And so the summer ended.

—Benjamin Jowett.

THE BATTLE OF ARGINUSÆ[1]

XENOPHON

[From *Hellenica*, Book I]

Xenophon was born at Athens about 430 and died at Corinth about 355 B.C. After an adventurous life of soldiering he withdrew into the country to devote himself to writing. His experience as a pupil of Socrates led to his Memorabilia *of the great master; his participation, with many other soldiers of fortune typical of the time, in the expedition of Cyrus the Younger resulted in an account of that adventure entitled* Anabasis, *in which he played a leading rôle, and in the* Cyropædia, *a kind of historical novel of Cyrus the Great; and his interest in history found expression in the* Hellenica, *a continuation of the work of Thucydides. He wrote also a number of essays on various subjects, the most important of which is the* Economics, *which deals with household management. Xenophon writes in a simple, graceful, straightforward style which won him many admirers in antiquity; but he can not be compared with Thucydides as a scientific historian, nor with Herodotus as an interesting narrator of events.*

This passage throws strong light on the instability of the Athenian democracy, which gave absolute power to the assembly of the people. While the constitution opened the way to positions of leadership for such statesmen as Themistocles and Pericles, it was at times capable of becoming the tool of mere demagogues. This battle, fought in 406 B.C., was the last victory of Athens in the Peloponnesian war.

Now that the position of affairs, including the blockade, was fully known at Athens, a vote was passed to send out a reinforcement of one hundred and ten ships. Every man of ripe age, whether slave or free, was impressed for this service, so that within thirty days the whole one hundred and ten vessels were fully manned and weighed anchor. Amongst those who served in this fleet were also many of the knights. The fleet at once stood out across to Samos, and picked up the Samian vessels in that island. The muster-roll was swelled by the addition of more than thirty others from the rest of the allies, to whom the same principle of conscription was applied, as also it did to the ships already engaged on foreign service. The actual total, therefore, when all the contingents were collected, was over one hundred and fifty vessels.

Callicratidas, hearing that the relief squadron had already reached Samos, left fifty ships, under command of Eteonicus, in the harbour of Mitylene, and setting sail with the other one hundred and twenty, hove to for the evening meal off Cape Malea in Lesbos, opposite Mitylene. It so happened that the Athenians on this day were supping on the islands of Arginusæ, which lie opposite Lesbos. In the night the Spartan not only saw their watch-fires, but received positive information that "these were the Athenians," and about midnight he got under weigh, intending to fall upon them suddenly. But a violent downpour of rain with thunder and lightning prevented him putting out to sea. By daybreak it had cleared, and he sailed towards Arginusæ. On their side, the Athenian squadron stood out to meet him, with their left wing facing towards the open sea, and drawn up in the following order:—Aristocrates, in command of the left wing, with fifteen ships, led the van; next came Diomedon and fifteen others, and immediately in the rear of Aristocrates and Diomedon respectively, as their supports, came Pericles and Erasinides. Parallel with Diomedon were the Samians, with their ten ships drawn up in single line, under the command of a Samian officer named Hippeus. Next to these came the ten vessels of the taxiarchs, also in single line, and supporting them, the three ships of the navarchs, with any other allied vessels in the squadron. The right wing was entrusted to Protomachus with fifteen ships, and next to him (on the extreme right) was Thrasyllus with another division of fifteen. Protomachus was supported by Lysias with an equal number of ships, and Thrasyllus by Aristogenes. The object of this formation was to prevent the enemy from manœuvring so as to break their line by striking them amidships, since they were inferior in sailing power.

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[1] From *The Works of Xenophon*, by H. G. Dakyns, Macmillan & Co., Ltd., London, 1892. Used by permission.

The Lacedæmonians, on the contrary, trusting to their superior seamanship, were formed opposite with their ships all in single line, with the special object of manœuvring so as either to break the enemy's line or to wheel round them. Callicratidas commanded the right wing in person. Before the battle the officer who acted as his pilot, the Megarian Hermon, suggested that it might be well to withdraw the fleet as the Athenian ships were far more numerous. But Callicratidas replied that Sparta would be no worse off even if he personally should perish, but to flee would be disgraceful. And now the fleets approached, and for a long space the battle endured. At first the vessels were engaged in crowded masses, and later on in scattered groups. At length Callicratidas, as his vessel dashed her beak into her antagonist, was hurled off into the sea and disappeared. At the same instant Protomachus, with his division on the right, had defeated the enemy's left, and then the flight of the Peloponnesians began towards Chios, though a very considerable body of them made for Phocæa, whilst the Athenians sailed back again to Arginusæ. The losses on the side of the Athenians were twenty-five ships, crews and all, with the exception of the few who contrived to reach dry land. On the Peloponnesian side, nine out of the ten Lacedæmonian ships, and more than sixty belonging to the rest of the allied squadron, were lost.

After consultation the Athenian generals agreed that two captains of triremes, Theramenes and Thrasybulus, accompanied by some of the taxiarchs, should take forty-seven ships and sail to the assistance of the disabled fleet and of the men on board, while the rest of the squadron proceeded to attack the enemy's blockading squadron under Eteonicus at Mitylene. In spite of their desire to carry out this resolution, the wind and a violent storm which arose prevented them. So they set up a trophy, and took up their quarters for the night. As to Eteonicus, the details of the engagement were faithfully reported to him by the express despatch-boat in attendance. On receipt of the news, however, he sent the despatch-boat out again the way she came, with an injunction to those on board of her to sail off quickly without exchanging a word with anyone. Then on a sudden they were to return garlanded with wreaths of victory and shouting, "Callicratidas has won a great sea fight, and the whole Athenian squadron is destroyed." This they did, and Eteonicus, on his side, as soon as the despatch-boat came sailing in, proceeded to offer sacrifice of thanksgiving in honour of the good news. Meanwhile he gave orders that the troops were to take their evening meal, and that the masters of the trading ships were silently to stow away their goods on board the merchant ships and make sail as fast as the favourable breeze could speed them to Chios. The ships of war were to follow suit with what speed they might. This done, he set fire to his camp, and led off the land forces to Methymna. Conon, finding the enemy had made off, and the wind had grown comparatively mild, got his ships afloat, and so fell in with the Athenian squadron, which had by this time set out from Arginusæ. To these he explained the proceedings of Eteonicus. The squadron put into Mitylene, and from Mitylene stood across to Chios, and thence, without effecting anything further, sailed back to Samos.

All the above-named generals, with the exception of Conon, were presently deposed by the home authorities. In addition to Conon two new generals were chosen, Adeimantus and Philocles. Of those concerned in the late victory two never returned to Athens: these were Protomachus and Aristogenes. The other six sailed home. Their names were Pericles, Diomedon, Lysias, Aristocrates, Thrasyllus, and Erasinides. On their arrival Archedemus, the leader of the democracy at that date, who had charge of the two obol fund, inflicted a fine on Erasinides, and accused him before the Dicastery of having appropriated money derived from the Hellespont, which belonged to the people. He brought a further charge against him of misconduct while acting as general, and the court sentenced him to imprisonment.

These proceedings in the law court were followed by the statement of the generals before the senate touching the late victory and the magnitude of the storm. Timocrates then proposed that the other five generals should be put in custody and handed over to the public assembly. Whereupon the senate committed them all to prison. Then came the meeting of the public assembly, in which others, and more particularly Theramenes, formally accused the generals. He insisted that they ought to show cause why they had not picked up the shipwrecked crews. To prove that there had been no attempt on their part to attach blame to others, he might point, as conclusive testimony, to the despatch sent by the generals themselves to the senate and the people, in which they attributed the whole disaster to the storm, and nothing else. After this the generals each in turn made a defence, which was necessarily limited to a few words, since no right of addressing the assembly at length was allowed by law. Their explanation of the occurrences was that, in order to be free to sail against the enemy themselves, they had devolved the duty of picking up the shipwrecked crews upon certain competent captains of men-of-war, who had themselves been generals in their time, to wit Theramenes and Thrasybulus, and others of like stamp. If blame could attach to any one at all with regard to the duty in question, those to whom their orders had been given were the sole persons they could hold responsible. "But," they went on to say, "we will not, because these very persons have denounced us, invent a lie, and say that Theramenes and Thrasybulus are to blame, when the truth of the matter is that the magnitude of the storm alone prevented the burial of the dead and the rescue of the living." In proof of their contention, they produced the pilots and numerous other witnesses from among those present at the engagement. By these arguments they were in a fair way to persuade the people of their innocence. Indeed many private citizens rose wishing to become bail for the accused, but it was resolved to defer decision till another meeting of the assembly. It was indeed already so late that it would have been impossible to see to count the show of hands. It was further resolved that the senate meanwhile should prepare a measure, to be introduced at the next assembly, as to the mode in which the accused should take their trial.

Then came the festival of the Apaturia, with its family gatherings of fathers and kinsfolk. Accordingly the party of Theramenes procured numbers of people clad in black apparel, and close-shaven, who were to go in and present themselves before the public assembly in the middle of the festival, as relatives, presumably, of the men who had perished; and they persuaded Callixenus to accuse the generals in the senate. The next step was to convoke the assembly, when the senate laid before it the proposal just passed by their body, at the instance of Callixenus, which ran as follows: "Seeing that both parties to this case, to wit, the prosecutors of the generals on the one hand, and the accused themselves in their defence on the other, have been heard in the late meeting of the assembly; we propose that the people of Athens now record their votes, one and all, by their tribes; that a couple of voting urns be placed for the convenience of each several tribe; and the public crier in the hearing of each several tribe proclaim the mode of voting as follows: 'Let every one who finds the generals guilty of not rescuing the heroes of the late sea fight deposit his vote in urn No. 1. Let him who is of the contrary opinion deposit his vote in urn No. 2. Further, in the event of the aforesaid generals being found guilty, let death be the penalty. Let the guilty persons be delivered over to the Eleven. Let their property be confiscated to the State, with the exception of one tithe, which falls to the goddess.' "

Now there came forward in the assembly a man, who said that he had escaped drowning by clinging to a meal tub. The poor fellows perishing around him had commissioned him, if he succeeded in saving himself, to tell the people of Athens how bravely they had fought for their fatherland, and how the generals had left them there to drown.

Presently Euryptolemus, the son of Peisianax, and others served a notice of indictment on Callixenus, insisting that his proposal was unconstitutional, and this view of the case was applauded by some members of the assembly. But the majority kept crying out that it was monstrous if the people were to be hindered by any stray individual from doing what seemed to them right. And then Lyciscus, embodying the spirit of those cries, formally proposed that if these persons would not abandon their action, they should be tried by the same vote along with the generals: a proposition to which the mob gave vociferous assent; and so these were compelled to abandon their summonses. Again, when some of the Prytanes objected to put a resolution to the vote which was in itself unconstitutional, Callixenus again got up and accused them in the same terms, and the shouting began again. "Yes, summons all who refuse," until the Prytanes, in alarm, all agreed with one exception to permit the voting. This obstinate dissentient was Socrates, the son of Sophroniscus, who insisted that he would do nothing except in accordance with the law. After this Euryptolemus rose and spoke in behalf of the generals. He said:—

"I stand here, men of Athens, partly to accuse Pericles, though he is a close and intimate connection of my own, and Diomedon, who is my friend, and partly to urge certain considerations on their behalf, but chiefly to press upon you what seems to me the best course for the State collectively. I hold them to blame in that they dissuaded their colleagues from their intention to send a despatch to the senate and this assembly, which should have informed you of the orders given to Theramenes and Thrasybulus to take forty-seven ships of war and pick up the shipwrecked crews, and of the neglect of the two officers to carry out those orders. And it follows that though the offence was committed by one or two, the responsibility must be shared by all; and in return for kindness in the past, they are in danger at present of sacrificing their lives to the machinations of these very men, and others whom I could mention. In danger, do I say, of losing their lives? No, not so, if you will suffer me to persuade you to do what is just and right; if you will only adopt such a course as shall enable you best to discover the truth and shall save you from too late repentance, when you find you have transgressed irremediably against heaven and your own selves. In what I urge you there is no trap nor plot whereby you can be deceived by me or any other man; it is a straightforward course which will enable you to discover and punish the offender by whatever process you like, collectively or individually. Let them have, if not more, at any rate one whole day to make what defence they can for themselves; and trust to your own unbiassed judgment to guide you to a right conclusion.

"You know, men of Athens, the exceeding stringency of the decree of Cannonus, which orders that man, whosoever he be, who is guilty of treason against the people of Athens, to be put in irons, and so to meet the charge against him before the people. If he be convicted, he is to be thrown into the Barathron and perish, and the property of such an one is to be confiscated, with the exception of the tithe which falls to the goddess. I call upon you to try these generals in accordance with this decree. Yes, and so help me God—if it please you, begin with my own kinsman Pericles, for base would it be on my part to make him of more account than the whole of the State. Or, if you prefer, try them by that other law, which is directed against robbers of temples and betrayers of their country, which says: if a man betray his city or rob a sacred temple of the gods, he shall be tried before a law court, and if he be convicted, his body shall not be buried in Attica, and his goods shall be confiscated to the State. Take your choice as between these two laws, men of Athens, and let the prisoners be tried by one or other. Let three portions of a day be assigned to each respectively, one portion wherein they shall listen to their accusation, a second wherein they shall make their defence, and a third wherein you shall meet and give your votes in due order on the question of their guilt or innocence. By this procedure the malefactors will receive the desert of their misdeeds in full, and those who are innocent will owe to you, men of Athens, the recovery of their liberty, in place of unmerited destruction.

"On your side, in trying the accused by recognized legal procedure, you will show that you obey the dictates of pious feeling, and can regard the sanctity of an oath, instead of joining hands with our enemies the Lacedæmonians and fighting their battles. For is it not to fight their battles, if you take their conquerors, the men who deprived them of seventy vessels, and at the moment of victory send them to perdition untried and in the teeth of the law? What are you afraid of, that you press forward with such hot haste? Do you imagine that you may be robbed of the power of life and death over whom you please, should you condescend to a legal trial? but that you are safe if you take shelter behind an illegality, like the illegality of Callixenus, when he worked upon the senate to propose to this assembly to deal with the accused by a single vote? But consider, you may actually put to death an innocent man, and then repentance will one day visit you too late. Bethink you how painful and unavailing remorse will then be, and more particularly if your error has cost a fellow-creature his life. What a travesty on justice it would be if in the case of a man like Aristarchus, who first tried to destroy the democracy and then betrayed Œnoe to our enemy the Thebans, you granted him a day for his defence, consulting his wishes, and conceded to him all the benefits of the law; whereas you are now proposing to deprive of these same privileges your own generals, who in every way conformed to your views and defeated your enemies. Do not you, of all men, I implore you, men of Athens, act thus. Why, these laws are your own; to them beyond all else you owe your greatness. Guard them jealously; in nothing, I implore you, act without their sanction.

"But now, turn for a moment and consider with me the actual occurrences which have created the suspicion of misconduct on the part of our late generals. The sea-fight had been fought and won, and the ships had returned to land, when Diomedon urged that the whole squadron should sail out in line and pick up the wrecks and floating crews. Erasinides was in favour of all the vessels sailing as fast as possible to deal with the enemy's forces at Mitylene. And Thrasyllus represented that both objects could be effected, by leaving one division of the fleet there, and with the rest sailing against the enemy; and if this resolution were agreed to, he advised that each of the eight generals should leave three ships of his own division with the ten vessels of the taxiarchs, the ten Samian vessels, and the three belonging to the navarchs. These added together make forty-seven, four for each of the lost vessels, twelve in number. Among the taxiarchs left behind, two were Thrasybulus and Theramenes, the man who in the late meeting of this assembly undertook to accuse the generals. With the remainder of the fleet they were to sail to attack the enemy's fleet. Everything, you must admit, was duly and admirably planned. It is only common justice, therefore, that those whose duty it was to attack the enemy should render an account for all miscarriage of operations against the enemy; while those who were commissioned to pick up the dead and dying should, if they failed to carry out the instructions of the generals, be put on trial to explain the reasons of the failure. This indeed I may say in behalf of both parties. It was really the storm which, in spite of what the generals had planned, prevented anything being done. There are witnesses to attest the truth of this: the men who escaped as by a miracle, and among these one of these very generals, who was on a sinking ship and was saved. And this man, who needed picking up as much as anybody at that moment, is, they insist, to be tried by one and the same vote as those who neglected to perform their orders! Once more, I beg you, men of Athens, to accept your victory and your good fortune, instead of behaving like the desperate victims of misfortune and defeat. Recognize the finger of divine necessity; do not incur the reproach of stony-heartedness by discovering treason where there was merely powerlessness, and condemning as guilty those who were prevented by the storm from carrying out their instructions. Nay! you will better satisfy the demands of justice by crowning these conquerors with wreaths of victory than by punishing them with death at the instigation of wicked men."

At the conclusion of his speech Euryptolemus proposed, as an amendment, that the prisoners should, in accordance with the decree of Cannonus, be tried each separately, as against the proposal of the senate to try them all by a single vote.

At the show of hands the tellers gave the majority in favour of Euryptolemus's amendment, but upon the application of Menecles, who took formal exception to this decision, the show of hands was gone through again, and now the verdict was in favour of the resolution of the senate. At a later date the balloting was made, and by the votes recorded the eight generals were condemned, and the six who were in Athens were put to death.

Not long after, repentance seized the Athenians, and they passed a decree authorizing the public prosecution of those who had deceived the people, and the appointment of proper securities for their persons until the trial was over. Callixenus was one of these committed for trial. There were, besides Callixenus, four others against whom true bills were declared, and they were all five imprisoned by their sureties. But all subsequently effected their escape before the trial, at the time of the sedition in which Cleophon was killed. Callixenus eventually came back when the party in Piræus returned to the city, at the date of the amnesty, but only to die of hunger, an object of universal detestation.

—H. G. Dakyns.

THE FALL OF ATHENS[1]

Xenophon

[From *Hellenica*, Book II]

In the year after the battle of Arginusæ the Athenian fleet was completely defeated at Ægospotami (405 B.C.). The defeat was followed by the siege of Athens and the end of the war in 404 B.C. Although Athens was forced to give up her political supremacy, she retained and even strengthened her intellectual leadership.

But now Alcibiades, from one of his fortresses, could espy the position of his fellow-countrymen, moored on an open beach beyond reach of any city, and forced to send for supplies to Sestos, which was nearly two miles distant, while their enemies were safely lodged in a harbour, with a city adjoining, and everything within reach. The situation did not please him, and he advised them to shift their anchorage to Sestos, where they would have the advantage of a harbour and a city. "Once there," he concluded, "you can engage the enemy whenever it suits you." But the generals, and more particularly Tydeus and Menander, bade him go about his business. "We are generals now—not you," they said; and so he went away. And now for five days in succession the Athenians had sailed out to offer battle, and for the fifth time retired, followed by the same swift vessels of the enemy. But this time Lysander's orders to the vessels so sent in pursuit were, that as soon as they saw the enemy's crew fairly disembarked and dispersed along the shores of the Chersonesus (a practice, it should be mentioned, which had grown upon them from day to day owing to the distance at which eatables had to be purchased, and out of sheer contempt, no doubt, of Lysander, who refused to accept battle), they were to begin their return voyage, and when in mid-channel to hoist a shield. The orders were punctually carried out, and Lysander at once signalled to his whole squadron to put across with all speed, while Thorax, with the land forces, was to march parallel with the fleet along the coast. Aware of the enemy's fleet, which he could see bearing down upon him, Conon had only time to signal to the crews to join their ships and rally to the rescue with all their might. But the men were scattered far and wide, and some of the vessels had only two out of their three banks of rowers, some only a single one, while others again were completely empty. Conon's own ship, with seven others in attendance on him and the *Paralus*, put out to sea, a little cluster of nine vessels, with their full complement of men; but every one of the remaining one hundred and seventy-one vessels were captured by Lysander on the beach. As to the men themselves, the large majority of them were easily made prisoners on the shore, a few only escaping to the small fortresses of the neighbourhood. Meanwhile Conon and his nine vessels made good their escape. For himself, knowing that the fortune of Athens was ruined, he put into Abarnis, the promontory of Lampsacus, and there picked up the great sails of Lysander's ships, and then with eight vessels set sail himself to seek refuge with Evagoras in Cyprus, while the *Paralus* started for Athens with tidings of what had taken place.

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[1] From *The Works of Xenophon*, by H. G. Dakyns, Macmillan & Co., Ltd., London, 1892. Used by permission.

Lysander, on his side, conveyed the ships and prisoners and all other spoil back to Lampsacus, having on board some of the Athenian generals, notably Philocles and Adeimantus. On the very day of these achievements he despatched Theopompus, a Milesian privateersman, to Lacedæmon to report what had taken place. This envoy arrived within three days and delivered his message. Lysander's next step was to convene the allies and bid them deliberate as to the treatment of the prisoners. Many were the accusations here levied against the Athenians. There was talk of crimes committed against the law of Hellas, and of cruelties sanctioned by popular decrees; which, had they conquered in the late sea-fight, would have been carried out; such as the proposal to cut off the right hand of every prisoner taken alive, and lastly the ill-treatment of two captured men-of-war, a Corinthian and an Andrian vessel, when every man on board had been hurled headlong down the cliff. Philocles was the very general who had so ruthlessly destroyed those men. Many other tales were told; and at length a resolution was passed to put all the Athenian prisoners, with the exception of Adeimantus, to death. He alone, it was pleaded, had taken exception to the proposal to cut off the prisoners' hands. On the other hand, he was himself accused by some people of having betrayed the fleet. As to Philocles, Lysander put to him one question, as the officer who had thrown the Corinthians and Andrians down the cliff: What fate did the man deserve to suffer who had embarked on so cruel a course of illegality against Hellenes? and so delivered him to the executioner.

When he had set the affairs of Lampsacus in order, Lysander sailed to Byzantium and Chalcedon, where the inhabitants, having first dismissed the Athenian garrison under a flag of truce, admitted him within their walls. Those citizens of Byzantium, who had betrayed Byzantium into the hands of Alcibiades, fled as exiles into Pontus, but subsequently betaking themselves to Athens, became Athenian citizens. In dealing with the Athenian garrisons, and indeed with all Athenians wheresoever found, Lysander made it a rule to give them safe conduct to Athens, and to Athens only, in the certainty that the larger the number collected within the city and Piræus, the more quickly the want of the necessaries of life would make itself felt. And now, leaving Sthenelaus, a Laconian, as governor-general of Byzantium and Chalcedon, he sailed back himself to Lampsacus and devoted himself to refitting his ships.

It was night when the *Paralus* reached Athens with her evil tidings, on receipt of which a bitter wail of woe broke forth. From Piræus, following the line of the long walls up to the heart of the city, it swept and swelled, as each man to his neighbour passed on the news. On that night no man slept. There was mourning and sorrow for those that were lost, but the lamentation for the dead was merged in even deeper sorrow for themselves, as they pictured the evils they were about to suffer, the like of which they had themselves inflicted upon the men of Melos, who were colonists of the Lacedæmonians, when they mastered them by siege. Or on the men of Histiæa; on Scione and Torone; on the Æginetans, and many another Hellene city. On the following day the public assembly met, and, after debate, it was resolved to block up all the harbours save one, to put the walls in a state of defence, to post guards at various points, and to make all other necessary preparations for a siege. Such were the concerns of the men of Athens.

Lysander presently left the Hellespont with two hundred sail and arrived at Lesbos, where he established a new order of things in Mitylene and the other cities of the island. Meanwhile he despatched Eteonicus with a squadron of ten ships to the northern coasts, where that officer brought about a revolution of affairs which placed the whole region in the hands of Lacedæmon. Indeed, in a moment of time, after the sea-fight, the whole of Hellas had revolted from Athens, with the solitary exception of the men of Samos. These, having massacred the notables, held the state under their control. After a while Lysander sent messages to Agis at Deceleia, and to Lacedæmon, announcing his approach with a squadron of two hundred sail.

In obedience to a general order of Pausanias, the other king of Lacedæmon, a levy in force of the Lacedæmonians and all the rest of Peloponnesus, except the Argives, was set in motion for a campaign. As soon as the several contingents had arrived, the king put himself at their head and marched against Athens, encamping in the gymnasium of the Academy, as it is called. Lysander had now reached Ægina, where, having got together as many of the former inhabitants as possible, he formally reinstated them in their city; and what he did in behalf of the Æginetans, he did also in behalf of the Melians, and of the rest who had been deprived of their countries. He then pillaged the island of Salamis, and finally came to moorings off Piræus with one hundred and fifty ships of the line, and established a strict blockade against all merchant ships entering that harbour.

The Athenians, finding themselves besieged by land and sea, were in sore perplexity what to do. Without ships, without allies, without provisions, the belief gained hold upon them that there was no way of escape. They must now, in their turn, suffer what they had themselves inflicted upon others; not in retaliation, indeed, for ills received, but out of sheer insolence, overriding the citizens of petty states, and for no better reason than that these were allies of the very men now at their gates. In this frame of mind they enfranchised those who at any time had lost their civil rights, and schooled themselves to endurance; and, albeit many succumbed to starvation, no thought of truce or reconciliation with their foes was breathed. But when the stock of corn was absolutely insufficient, they sent an embassage to Agis, proposing to become allies of the Lacedæmonians on the sole condition of keeping their fortification walls and Piræus; and to draw up articles of treaty on these terms. Agis bade them betake themselves to Lacedæmon, seeing that he had no authority to act himself. With this answer the ambassadors returned to Athens, and were forthwith sent on to Lacedæmon. On reaching Sellasia, a town in Laconian territory, they waited till they got their answer from the ephors, who, having learnt their terms (which were identical with those already proposed to Agis), bade them instantly to be gone, and, if they really desired peace, to come with other proposals, the fruit of happier reflection. Thus the ambassadors returned home, and reported the result of their embassage, whereupon despondency fell upon all. It was a painful reflection that in the end they would be sold into slavery; and meanwhile, pending the return of a second embassy, many must needs fall victims to starvation. The razing of their fortifications was not a solution which any one cared to recommend. A senator, Archestratus, had indeed put the question in the senate, whether it were not best to make peace with the Lacedæmonians on such terms as they were willing to propose; but he was thrown into prison. The Laconian proposals referred to involved the destruction of both long walls for a space of more than a mile. And a decree had been passed making it illegal to submit any such proposition about the walls. Things having reached this pass, Theramenes made a proposal in the public assembly as follows: If they would choose to send him as ambassador to Lysander, he would go and find out why the Lacedæmonians were so unyielding about the walls; whether it was they really intended to enslave the city, or merely they wanted a guarantee of good faith. Despatched accordingly, he lingered on with Lysander for three whole months and more, watching for the time when the Athenians, at the last pinch of starvation, would be willing to accede to any terms that might be offered. At last, in the fourth month, he returned and reported to the public assembly that Lysander had detained him all this while, and had ended by bidding him betake himself to Lacedæmon, since he had no authority himself to answer his questions, which must be addressed directly to the ephors. After this Theramenes was chosen with nine others to go to Lacedæmon as ambassador with full powers. Meanwhile Lysander had sent an Athenian exile, named Aristoteles, in company of certain Lacedæmonians, to Sparta to report to the board of ephors how he had answered Theramenes, that they, and they alone, had supreme authority in matters of peace and war.

Theramenes and his companions presently reached Sellasia, and being questioned as to the reason of their visit, replied that they had full powers to treat of peace. After which the ephors ordered them to be summoned to their presence. On their arrival a general assembly was convened, in which the Corinthians and Thebans more particularly, though their views were shared by many other Hellenes also, urged the meeting not to come to terms with the Athenians, but to destroy them. The Lacedæmonians replied that they would never reduce to slavery a city which was itself an integral portion of Hellas, and had performed a great and noble service to Hellas in the most perilous of emergencies. On the contrary, they were willing to offer peace on the terms now specified—namely, "That the long walls and the fortifications of Piræus should be destroyed; that the Athenian fleet, with the exception of twelve vessels, should be surrendered; that the exiles should be restored; and lastly, that the Athenians should acknowledge the leadership of Sparta in peace and war, leaving to her the choice of friends and foes, and following her lead by land and sea." Such were the terms which Theramenes and the rest who acted with him were able to report on their return to Athens. As they entered the city, a vast crowd met them, trembling lest their mission should have proved fruitless. For indeed delay was no longer possible, so long already was the list of victims daily perishing from starvation. On the day following, the ambassadors delivered their report, stating the terms upon which the Lacedæmonians were willing to make peace. Theramenes acted as spokesman, insisting that they ought to obey the Lacedæmonians and pull down the walls. A small minority raised their voice in opposition, but the majority were strongly in favour of the proposition, and the resolution was passed to accept the peace. After that, Lysander sailed into the Piræus, and the exiles were readmitted. And so they fell to levelling the fortifications and walls with much enthusiasm, to the accompaniment of female flute-players, deeming that day the beginning of liberty to Greece.

—H. G. Dakyns.

THE THIRTY TYRANTS[1]

XENOPHON

[From *Hellenica*, Book II]

After the surrender of Athens in 404 B.C., the government was turned over to thirty men, who turned out to be so tyrannical that they have been known since as The Thirty Tyrants. The general character of their regime and policies can be inferred from the following account, and incident.

In the following year the people passed a resolution to choose thirty men who were to draft a constitution based on the ancestral laws of the State. . . . After this, Lysander set sail for Samos; and Agis withdrew the land force from Deceleia and disbanded the troops, dismissing the contingents to the several cities. . . .

The Thirty had been chosen almost immediately after the long walls and the fortifications round Piræus had been razed. They were chosen for the express purpose of compiling a code of laws for the future constitution of the State. The laws were always on the point of being published, yet they were never forthcoming; and the thirty compilers contented themselves meanwhile with appointing a senate and the other magistracies as suited their fancy best. That done, they turned their attention, in the first instance, to such persons as were well known to have made their living as informers under the democracy, and to be thorns in the side of all respectable people. These they laid hold on and prosecuted on the capital charge. The new senate gladly recorded its vote of condemnation against them; and the rest of the world, conscious of bearing no resemblance to them, seemed scarcely vexed. But the Thirty did not stop there. Presently they began to deliberate by what means they could get the city under their absolute control, in order that they might work their will upon it. Here again they proceeded tentatively; in the first instance, they sent (two of their number), Æschines and Aristoteles, to Lacedæmon, and persuaded Lysander to support them in getting a Lacedæmonian garrison despatched to Athens. They only needed it until they had got the "malignants" out of the way, and had established the constitution; and they would undertake to maintain these troops at their own cost. Lysander was not deaf to their persuasions, and by his co-operation their request was granted. A bodyguard, with Callibius as governor, was sent.

And now that they had got the garrison, they fell to flattering Callibius with all servile flattery, in order that he might give countenance to their doings. Thus they prevailed on him to allow some of the guards, whom they selected, to accompany them, while they proceeded to lay hands on whom they would; no longer confining themselves to base folk and people of no account, but boldly laying hands on those who they felt sure would least easily brook being thrust aside, or, if a spirit of opposition seized them, could command the largest number of partisans.

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[1] From H. G. Dakyns, *The Works of Xenophon*, 1892. By permission of The Macmillan Company, Publishers.

These were early days; as yet Critias was of one mind with Theramenes, and the two were friends. But the time came when, in proportion as Critias was ready to rush headlong into wholesale carnage, like one who thirsted for the blood of the democracy, which had banished him, Theramenes balked and thwarted him. It was barely reasonable, he argued, to put people to death who had never done a wrong to respectable people in their lives, simply because they had enjoyed influence and honour under the democracy. "Why, you and I, Critias," he would add, "have said and done many things ere now for the sake of popularity." To which the other (for the terms of friendly intimacy still subsisted) would retort, "There is no choice left to us, since we intend to take the lion's share, but to get rid of those who are best able to hinder us. If you imagine, because we are thirty instead of one, our government requires one whit the less careful guarding than an actual tyrannny, you must be very innocent."

So things went on. Day after day the list of persons put to death for no just reason grew longer. Day after day the signs of resentment were more significant in the groups of citizens banding together and forecasting the character of this future constitution; till at length Theramenes spoke again, protesting:—There was no help for it but to associate with themselves a sufficient number of persons in the conduct of affairs, or the oligarchy would certainly come to an end. Critias and the rest of the Thirty, whose fears had already converted Theramenes into a dangerous popular idol, proceeded at once to draw up a list of three thousand citizens; fit and proper persons to have a share in the conduct of affairs. But Theramenes was not wholly satisfied: "Indeed he must say, for himself, he regarded it as ridiculous, that in their effort to associate the better classes with themselves in power, they should fix on just that particular number, three thousand, as if that figure had some necessary connection with the exact number of gentlemen in the State, making it impossible to discover any respectability outside or rascality within the magic number. And in the second place," he continued, "I see we are trying to do two things, diametrically opposed; we are manufacturing a government, which is based on force, and at the same time inferior in strength to those whom we propose to govern." That was what he said, but what his colleagues did, was to institute a military inspection or review. The Three Thousand were drawn up in the Agora, and the rest of the citizens, who were not included in the list, elsewhere in various quarters of the city. The order to take arms was given; but while the men's backs were turned, at the bidding of the Thirty, the Laconian guards, with those of the citizens who shared their views, appeared on the scene and took away the arms of all except the Three Thousand, carried them up to the Acropolis, and safely deposited them in the temple.

The ground being thus cleared, as it were, and feeling that they had it in their power to do what they pleased, they embarked on a course of wholesale butchery, in which many were sacrificed to the merest hatred, many to the accident of possessing riches. Presently the question arose, How they were to get money to pay their guards? and to meet this difficulty a resolution was passed empowering each of the committee to seize on one of the resident aliens apiece, to put his victim to death, and to confiscate his property. Theramenes was invited, or rather told to seize some one or other. "Choose whom you will, only let it be done." To which he made answer, it hardly seemed to him a noble or worthy course on the part of those who claimed to be the *élite* of society to go beyond the informers in injustice. "Yesterday they, to-day we; with this difference: the victim of the informer must live as a source of income; our innocents must die that we may get their wealth. Surely their method was innocent in comparison with ours."

The rest of the Thirty, who had come to regard Theramenes as an obstacle to any course they might wish to adopt, proceeded to plot against him. They addressed themselves to the members of the senate in private, here a man and there a man, and denounced him as the marplot of the constitution. Then they issued an order to the young men, picking out the most audacious characters they could find, to be present, each with a dagger hidden in the hollow of the armpit; and so called a meeting of the senate. When Theramenes had taken his place, Critias got up and addressed the meeting:

"If," said he, "any member of this council, here seated, imagines that an undue amount of blood has been shed, let me remind him that with changes of constitutions such things can not be avoided. It is the rule everywhere, but more particularly at Athens it was inevitable there should be found a specially large number of persons sworn foes to any constitutional change in the direction of oligarchy, and this for two reasons. First, because the population of this city, compared with other Hellenic cities, is enormously large; and again, owing to the length of time during which the people has battened upon liberty. Now, as to two points we are clear. The first is that democracy is a form of government detestable to persons like ourselves —to us and to you; the next is that the people of Athens could never be got to be friendly to our friends and saviours, the Lacedæmonians. But on the loyalty of the better classes the Lacedæmonians can count. And that is our reason for establishing an oligarchical constitution with their concurrence. That is why we do our best to rid us of every one whom we perceive to be opposed to the oligarchy; and, in our opinion, if one of ourselves should elect to undermine this constitution of ours, he would deserve punishment. Do you not agree? And the case," he continued, "is no imaginary one. The offender is here present —Theramenes. And what we say of him is, that he is bent upon destroying yourselves and us by every means in his power. These are not baseless charges; but if you will consider it, you will find them amply established in his unmeasured censure of the present posture of affairs, and his persistent opposition to us, his colleagues, if ever we seek to get rid of any of these demagogues. Had this been his guiding principle of action from the beginning, in spite of hostility, at least he would have escaped all imputation of villainy. Why, this is the very man who originated our friendly and confidential relations with Lacedæmon. This is the very man who authorized the abolition of the democracy, who urged us on to inflict punishment on the earliest batch of prisoners brought before us. But to-day all is changed; now you and we are out of odour with the people, and he accordingly has ceased to be pleased with our proceedings. The explanation is obvious. In case of a catastrophe, how much pleasanter for him once again to light upon his legs, and leave us to render account for our past performances.

"I contend that this man is fairly entitled to render his account also, not only as an ordinary enemy, but as a traitor to yourselves and us. And let us add, not only is treason more formidable than open war, in proportion as it is harder to guard against a hidden assassin than an open foe, but it bears the impress of a more enduring hostility, inasmuch as men fight their enemies and come to terms with them again and are fast friends; but whoever heard of reconciliation with a traitor? There he stands unmasked; he has forfeited our confidence for evermore. But to show you that these are no new tactics of his, to prove to you that he is a traitor in grain, I will recall to your memories some points in his past history.

"He began by being held in high honour by the democracy; but taking a leaf out of his father's, Hagnon's, book, he next showed a most headlong anxiety to transform the democracy into the Four Hundred, and, in fact, for a time held the first place in that body. But presently, detecting the formation of a rival power to the oligarchs, round he shifted; and we find him next a ringleader of the popular party in assailing them. It must be admitted, he has well earned his nickname 'Buskin.' Yes, Theramenes! clever you may be, but the man who deserves to live should not show his cleverness in leading on his associates into trouble, and when some obstacle presents itself, at once veer round; but like a pilot on shipboard, he ought then to redouble his efforts, until the wind is fair. Else, how in the name of wonderment are those mariners to reach the haven where they would be, if at the first contrary wind or tide they turn about and sail in the opposite direction? Death and destruction are concomitants of constitutional changes and revolution, no doubt; but you are such an impersonation of change, that, as you twist and turn and double, you deal destruction on all sides. At one swoop you are the ruin of a thousand oligarchs at the hands of the people, and at another of a thousand democrats at the hands of the better classes. Why, sirs, this is the man to whom the orders were given by the generals, in the sea-fight off Lesbos, to pick up the crews of the disabled vessels; and who, neglecting to obey orders, turned round and accused the generals, and to save himself murdered them! What, I ask you, of a man who so openly studies the art of self-seeking, deaf alike to the pleas of honour and to the claims of friendship? Would not leniency towards such a creature be misplaced? Can it be our duty at all to spare him? Ought we not rather, when we know the doublings of his nature, to guard against them, lest we enable him presently to practise on ourselves? The case is clear. We therefore hereby cite this man before you, as a conspirator and traitor against yourselves and us. The reasonableness of our conduct, one further reflection may make clear. No one, I take it, will dispute the splendour, the perfection of the Laconian constitution. Imagine one of the ephors there in Sparta, in lieu of devoted obedience to the majority, taking on himself to find fault with the government and to oppose all measures. Do you not think that the ephors themselves, and the whole commonwealth besides, would hold this renegade worthy of condign punishment? So, too, by the same token, if you are wise, do you spare yourselves, not him. For what does the alternative mean? I will tell you. His preservation will cause the courage of many who hold opposite views to your own to rise; his destruction will cut off the last hopes of all your enemies, whether within or without the city."

With these words he sat down, but Theramenes rose and said: "Sirs, with your permission I will first touch upon the charge against me which Critias has mentioned last. The assertion is that as the accuser of the generals I was their murderer. Now I presume it was not I who began the attack upon them, but it was they who asserted that in spite of the orders given me I had neglected to pick up the unfortunates in the sea-fight off Lesbos. All I did was to defend myself. My defence was that the storm was too violent to permit any vessel to ride at sea, much more therefore to pick up the men, and this defence was accepted by my fellow-citizens as highly reasonable, while the generals seemed to be condemned out of their own mouths. For while they kept on asserting that it was possible to save the men, the fact still remained that they abandoned them to their fate, set sail, and were gone.

"However, I am not surprised, I confess, at this grave misconception on the part of Critias, for at the date of these occurrences he was not in Athens. He was away in Thessaly, laying the foundations of a democracy with Prometheus, and arming the Penestæ against their masters. Heaven forbid that any of his transactions there should be re-enacted here. However, I must say, I do heartily concur with him on one point. Whoever desires to exclude you from the government, or to strengthen the hands of your secret foes, deserves and ought to meet with condign punishment; but who is most capable of so doing? That you will best discover, I think, by looking a little more closely into the past and the present conduct of each of us. Well, then! up to the moment at which you were formed into a senatorial body, when the magistracies were appointed, and certain notorious 'informers' were brought to trial, we all held the same views. But later on, when our friends yonder began to hale respectable honest folk to prison and to death, I, on my side, began to differ from them. From the moment when Leon of Salamis, a man of high and well-deserved reputation, was put to death, though he had not committed the shadow of a crime, I knew that all his equals must tremble for themselves, and, so trembling, be driven into opposition to the new constitution. In the same way, when Niceratus, the son of Nicias, was arrested; a wealthy man, who, no more than his father, had never done anything that could be called popular or democratic in his life; it did not require much insight to discover that his compeers would be converted into our foes. But to go a step further: when it came to Antiphon falling at our hands—Antiphon, who during the war contributed two fast-sailing men-of-war out of his own resources, it was then plain to me, that all who had ever been zealous and patriotic must eye us with suspicion. Once more I could not help speaking out in opposition to my colleagues when they suggested that each of us ought to seize some one resident alien. For what could be more certain than that their death-warrant would turn the whole resident foreign population into enemies of the constitution? I spoke out again when they insisted on depriving the populace of their arms; it being no part of my creed that we ought to take the strength out of the city; nor, indeed, as far as I could see, had the Lacedæmonians stept between us and destruction merely that we might become a handful of people, powerless to aid them in the day of need. Had that been their object, they might have swept us away to the last man. A few more weeks, or even days, would have sufficed to extinguish us quietly by famine. Nor, again, can I say that the importation of mercenary foreign guards was altogether to my taste, when it would have been so easy for us to add to our own body a sufficient number of fellow-citizens to ensure our supremacy as governors over those we essayed to govern. But when I saw what an army of malcontents this government had raised up within the city walls, besides another daily increasing host of exiles without, I could not but regard the banishment of people like Thrasybulus and Anytus and Alcibiades as impolitic. Had our object been to strengthen the rival power, we could hardly have set about it better than by providing the populace with the competent leaders whom they needed, and the would-be leaders themselves with an army of willing adherents.

"I ask then is the man who tenders such advice in the full light of day justly to be regarded as a traitor, and not as a benefactor? Surely, Critias, the peacemaker, the man who hinders the creation of many enemies, whose counsels tend to the acquisition of yet more friends, cannot be accused of strengthening the hands of the enemy. Much more truly may the imputation be retorted on those who wrongfully appropriate their neighbour's goods and put to death those who have done no wrong. These are they who cause our adversaries to grow and multiply, and who in very truth are traitors, not to their friends only, but to themselves, spurred on by sordid love of gain.

"I might prove the truth of what I say in many ways, but I beg you to look at the matter thus. With which condition of affairs here in Athens do you think Thrasybulus and Anytus and the other exiles will be the better pleased? That which I have pictured as desirable, or that which my colleagues yonder are producing? For my part I cannot doubt but that, as things now are, they are saying to themselves, 'Our allies muster thick and fast.' But were the real strength, the pith and fibre of the city, kindly disposed to us, they would find it an uphill task even to get a foothold anywhere in the country.

"Then, with regard to what he said of me and my propensity to be for ever changing sides, let me draw your attention to the following facts. Was it not the people itself, the democracy, who voted the constitution of the Four Hundred? This they did, because they had learned to think that the Lacedæmonians would trust any other form of government rather than a democracy. But when the efforts of Lacedæmon were not a whit relaxed, when Aristoteles, Melanthius, and Aristarchus, and the rest of them acting as generals, were plainly minded to construct an intrenched fortress on the mole for the purpose of admitting the enemy, and so getting the city under the power of themselves and their associates; because I got wind of these schemes, and nipped them in the bud, is that to be a traitor to one's friends?

"Then he threw in my teeth the nickname 'Buskin,' as descriptive of an endeavour on my part to fit both parties. But what of the man who pleases neither? What in heaven's name are we to call him? Yes! you—Critias? Under the democracy you were looked upon as the most arrant hater of the people, and under the aristocracy you have proved yourself the bitterest foe of everything respectable. Yes! Critias, I am, and ever have been, a foe of those who think that a democracy cannot reach perfection until slaves and those who, from poverty, would sell the city for a drachma, can get their drachma a day. But not less am I, and ever have been, a pronounced opponent of those who do not think there can possibly exist a perfect oligarchy until the State is subjected to the despotism of a few. On the contrary, my own ambition has been to combine with those who are rich enough to possess a horse and shield, and to use them for the benefit of the State. That was my ideal in old days, and I hold to it without a shadow of turning still. If you can mention when and where, in conjunction with despots or demagogues, I have set my hand to deprive honest gentlefolk of their citizenship, pray speak. If you can convict me of such crimes at present, or can prove my perpetration of them in the past, I admit that I deserve to die, and by the worst of deaths."

With these words he ceased, and the loud murmur of applause which followed marked the favourable impression produced upon the senate. It was plain to Critias, that if he allowed his adversary's fate to be decided by formal voting, Theramenes would escape, and life to himself would become intolerable. Accordingly he stepped forward and spoke a word or two in the ears of the Thirty. This done, he went out and gave an order to the attendants with the daggers to stand close to the bar in full view of the senators. Again he entered and addressed the senate thus: "I hold it to be the duty of a good president, when he sees the friends about him being made the dupes of some delusion, to intervene. That at any rate is what I propose to do. Indeed, our friends here standing by the bar say that if we propose to acquit a man so openly bent upon the ruin of the oligarchy, they do not mean to let us do so. Now there is a clause in the new code forbidding any of the Three Thousand to be put to death without your vote; but the Thirty have power of life and death over all outside that list. Accordingly," he proceeded, "I herewith strike this man, Theramenes, off the list; and this with the concurrence of my colleagues. And now," he continued, "we condemn him to death."

Hearing these words Theramenes sprang upon the altar of Hestia, exclaiming: "And I, sirs, supplicate you for the barest forms of law and justice. Let it not be in the power of Critias to strike off either me, or any one of you whom he will. But in my case, in what may be your case, if we are tried, let our trial be in accordance with the law they have made concerning those on the list. I know," he added, "but too well, that this altar will not protect me; but I will make it plain that these men are as impious towards the gods as they are nefarious towards men. Yet I do marvel, good sirs and honest gentlemen, for so you are, that you will not help yourselves, and that too when you must see that the name of every one of you is as easily erased as mine."

But when he had got so far, the voice of the herald was heard giving the order to the Eleven to seize Theramenes. They at that instant entered with their satellites,—at their head Satyrus, the boldest and most shameless of the body,—and Critias exclaimed, addressing the Eleven, "We deliver over to you Theramenes yonder, who has been condemned according to the law. Do you take him and lead him away to the proper place, and do there with him what remains to do." As Critias uttered the words, Satyrus laid hold upon Theramenes to drag him from the altar, and the attendants lent their aid. But he, as was natural, called upon gods and men to witness what was happening. The senators the while kept silence, seeing the companions of Satyrus at the bar, and the whole front of the senate house crowded with the foreign guards, nor did they need to be told that there were daggers in reserve among those present.

And so Theramenes was dragged through the Agora, in vehement and loud tones proclaiming the wrongs that he was suffering. One word, which is said to have fallen from his lips, I cite. It is this: Satyrus bade him, "Be silent, or he would rue the day"; to which he made answer, "And if I be silent, shall I not rue it?" Also, when they brought him the hemlock, and the time was come to drink the fatal draught, they tell how he playfully jerked out the dregs from the bottom of the cup, like one who plays "Cottabos," with the words, "This to the lovely Critias." These are but "apophthegms" too trivial, it may be thought, to find a place in history. Yet I must deem it an admirable trait in this man's character, if at such a moment, when death confronted him, neither his wits forsook him, nor could the childlike sportiveness vanish from his soul.

So Theramenes met his death; and, now that this obstacle was removed, the Thirty, feeling that they had it in their power to play the tyrant without fear, issued an order forbidding all, whose names were not on the list, to set foot within the city. Retirement in the country districts was no protection; thither the prosecutor followed them, and thence dragged them, that their farms and properties might fall to the possession of the Thirty and their friends. Even Piræus was not safe; of those who sought refuge there, many were driven forth in similar fashion, until Megara and Thebes overflowed with the crowd of refugees. . . .

—H. G. DAKYNS.

III. SPIRITUAL AND MORAL PROBLEMS

Tragedy was an outgrowth of the special form of choral lyric known as the dithyramb, a convivial song associated with the worship of Dionysus. The chorus producing a dithyramb was composed of satyrs, persons clad in goat costume—whence the name "tragedy," meaning "goat song." The first step toward dramatic representation of the subject of the song was taken by Thespis in 534 B.C., when he appeared as a reciter of verses distinct from, but addressed to, the chorus of satyrs. For their parts actors used the Ionic iambic verse, while the chorus still retained the Dorian choral lyric form. The later drama continued this use of the one form for the dialogue and the other for the choral lyrics.

The introduction by Æschylus of a second actor distinct from the chorus was the development which brought about the essential change from song and narrative to drama, since it made possible dialogue and action. Gradually, but rapidly in point of time, the line of demarcation between the chorus on the one hand and the dialogue on the other became more and more pronounced. At first the chorus still carried the major part of the whole production, then it was subordinated to a position secondary to that of the actors, until it finally became little more than an interested hearer and onlooker interrupting the action to comment and interpret. The introduction of a third actor by Sophocles hastened this development, since it increased the opportunity for complex action and dramatic situation and quickened the interchange of dialogue.

Tragedy drew its subject matter from epic, dealing almost exclusively with the well-known myths related in narrative poetry. Occasionally it treated of an historical and contemporary theme, but the dim past of legend and the heroic figures, gods and men, of ancient story were looked upon as the most appropriate material. Tragedy is thus a natural development,

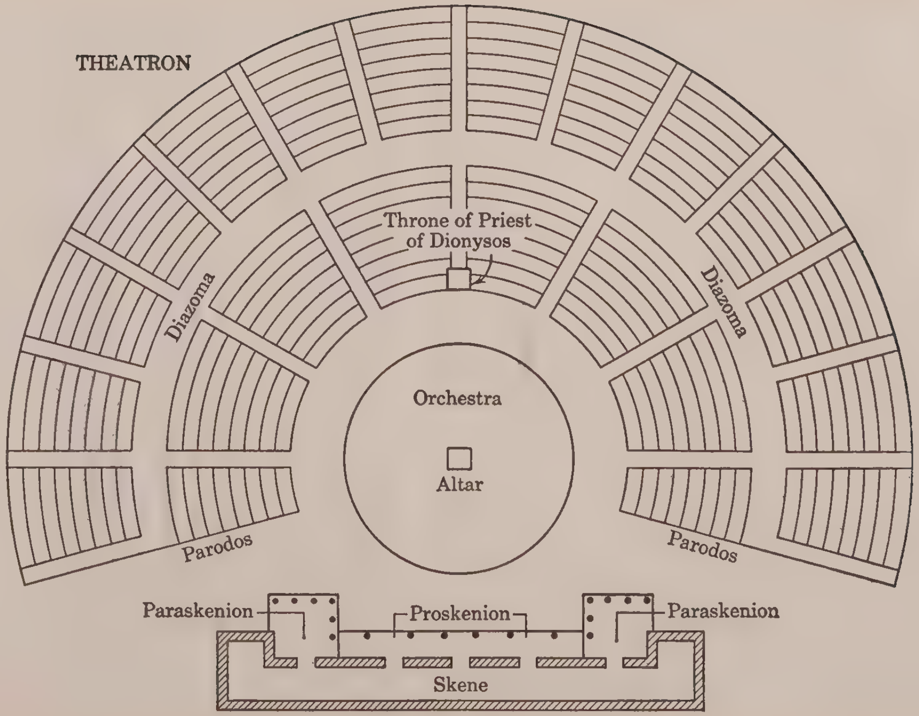
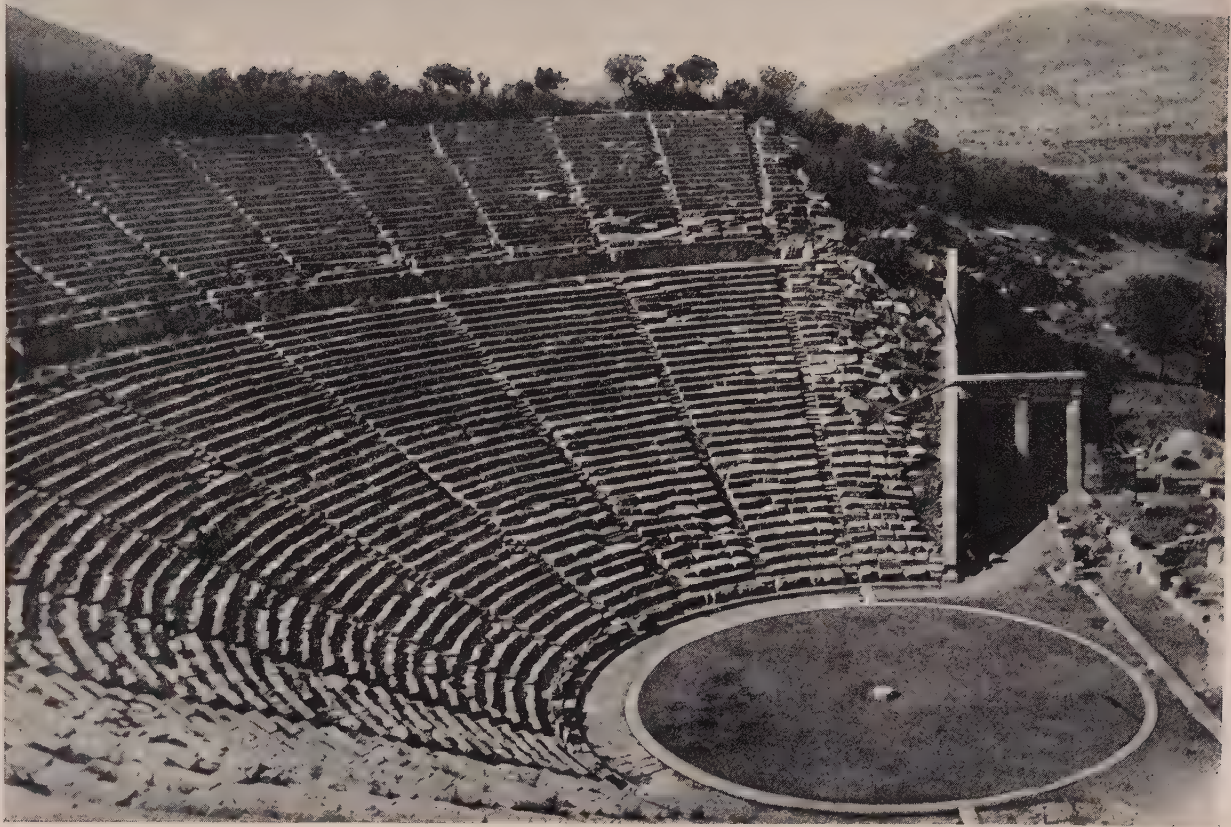


DIAGRAM OF GREEK THEATER



Photograph by J. P. Harland

THEATER AT EPIDAUROS

practically a welding together, into a new form, of the epic, the lyric and choral song of earlier days.

One element in the origin of Greek tragedy was religion. Greek tragic writers gave tragedy a moral and religious significance as well as a highly artistic treatment. Grace and beauty were a definite concern for them; but as they unfolded their stories, not through narration but through the action and speech of living characters, they were inevitably led into questions of the meaning of such action—the relation of man to the gods and to his environment and circumstances. What the Greeks of that era thought about such things can therefore be learned from their tragic poets as clearly as from their philosophers.

AGAMEMNON

Æschylus

Æschylus was born at Eleusis in Attica in 525 B.C. and possibly held some priestly office there. He took part in the Persian War and fought in the battles of Marathon and Salamis. The latter part of his life was spent in Sicily, where he died in 456 B.C. He is called the Father of Tragedy because of the innovations he introduced which made possible that conflict of characters essential to all drama. He was the inventor of the trilogy—a series of three plays dealing with the successive parts of the same legend and together forming a complete unit. The central thought running through all his work is the dependence of man upon the will of God. Æschylus is said to have produced about seventy plays, of which only seven have come down to us.

A Greek tragedy concentrates upon a single theme. It has but one plot to unfold, one issue to resolve, one climax to achieve. The Agamemnon *(458 B.C.) is a perfect example. Not a word is spoken by any of the characters which does not bear more or less directly upon the murder of the king. The tragedy is the first of a trilogy known as the* Oresteia; *its other two members are the* Choëphorœ *(Libation-Bearers) and the* Eumenides *(Furies). The whole represents Æschylus' interpretation of the meaning of sin. Sin is not a matter of chance, or of the whims and jealousies of the gods; it is grounded in the logic of life. Crime begets crime, sin is the child of sin, and the only escape from crime and sin is to be found in complete submission to the divine will.*

Characters

A Watchman
Clytemnestra, *wife*
Cassandra, *a captive prophetess*
A Herald
Agamemnon, *husband*
Ægisthus, *Clytemnestra's paramour*
Chorus *of Argive Elders*

[*When Agamemnon left for Troy, he promised Clytemnestra that, if he took the city, he would inform her the same day through signal fires. A scout was therefore hired to keep watch for the signal fire. The* *moment he saw it he reported to her, whereupon she summoned a group of Argive elders, who form the chorus of the play.*]

The scene is the Palace of Atreus at Mycenæ. In front of the Palace stand statues of the gods, and altars prepared for sacrifices. On the roof of the Palace the WATCHMAN *is wearily waiting for the signal fire to appear.*

WATCHMAN. I beg the gods to free me from this toil,
From this year-watch I keep, lying, chin on hands,
Dog-like, upon the roof of Agamemnon's home.
I have come to know the groups of nightly stars—
Those gleaming lords outstanding in the air—
Know when they wane and rise, and also those
Which bring men heat and those which bring them cold.
I am watching for a token light, for a gleam of fire,
That brings us news of Troy and tidings of its capture.
For so commands the mannish, hoping heart of a woman here.
When on my dewy couch I lie, filled as it is with wanderings,
Attended by no dreams (since fear instead of sleep stands at its side—
The fear to firmly close my eyes in sleep),
And when I feel inclined to hum or sing,
Shredding music in, drug-like, instead of sleep,
Then weep I for this house, groan for its plight,
Not managed best as it was in days gone by.
May a lucky quittance from these toils be mine,
When gleams the night-fire with its joyous tidings.
(*The flame appears*)
Hail! flame of night, yet bringing light of day,
Evoking many bands of dancer-groups
To celebrate through Argos this event. Joy! Joy!
In clear and piercing tones I'll make this known
To Agamemnon's wife, that she may hasten quickly from her couch,
And raise with voice auspicious for this home
A joyous welcome-cry unto this flame, if Troy is taken,
As this announcing beacon-light declares.
Now *I* will execute a prelude dance;
For since this beacon-flame has thrown for me a triple-six,
I'll hold my master's fortunes too have cast a lucky throw.
At any rate, may it be mine to clasp now with this hand
The friendly hand of this home's lord returned.
In all else I am silent. A large ox
Has stepped upon my tongue. This house itself,
Could it acquire a voice, could tell a tale most clear.
But I who freely speak with those who know
Am all forgetfulness to those who don't.

Exit WATCHMAN

climax; of suspense

The CHORUS *of twelve Argive elders enter. Each is leaning on a staff as they chant in unison, beginning in anapests. During their ode,* CLYTEMNESTRA *appears in the background, kindling the offerings on the altars*

CHORUS. It is now the tenth year since the great adversary
'Gainst Priam set out—Agamemnon and Lord
Menelaus, the strong, mighty Atreian pair
Holding power twin-sceptered, twin-thronèd from Zeus.
From this land did they lead forth an aid-bringing army,
A sea-force of Argives a thousand ships strong,
With heart-welling war-cries like eagles excessively
Pained for their offspring, when high o'er their eyrie
They whirl with an oarage of wings and with screaming
At loss of their nest-keeping toil for their young.
But on high some Apollo, some Pan, or some Zeus
Hears the shrill-uttered bird-cry of grief from these metics,
And 'gainst the transgressors is sending Erinys,
The one who brings punishment after the act.
Even so mighty Zeus, the protector of guest-rites,
'Gainst Paris is sending the scions of Atreus,
And bringing to Danaans and Trojans alike
Many limb-tiring wrestlings in preluding battles,
When knees bow in dust and when spear-shafts are splintered
For one sought in marriage by many a man.
Things are now where they are; yet still they are moving,
Their fated fulfillment at last to attain;
For neither by fires, libations, nor tears
Will you charm away wrath so extremely intense
As the anger of offerings refusing to burn.
But we, then dishonored because of our age,
Denied any share in the aiding force sent,
Remain here, supporting with staves such a strength
As but equals a child's. For the marrow of youth, l. 76
Darting up in the breast, is as weak as old age,
Since no war-might's within; while old age at the last,
With its leaf fully withered, no more than a child,
Like a dream in the day, goes the three-footed way.

(*To* CLYTEMNESTRA, *who is lighting the altar fires*)

But you Clytemnestra, queen, daughter of Tyndareus,
What is it? What news? What is it you've learned?
What tidings persuade you to light up the altars,
And send bidding others with gifts make ablaze
The shrines of the gods, one and all, of the town,
Of the fields, of the air, of the earth and the heavens?
One flame from one shrine and one now from another
Streams up heaven-high, well-drugged with the gentle
And guileless persuasion of pure, holy ointment

Of oil from the palace's innermost store.
  Of these things, that which can and is right to be told,
Come tell us, and thereby our healer become
From this care, which at times evil mindedly looms,
And again, as mild hope from the offerings appearing,
Dispels a foreboding insatiate of pains ever gnawing my heart.

(CLYTEMNESTRA *enters the Palace*)

(*Strophe 1*)

  Because my time of life quite naturally
Still breathes persuasively on me heaven's power of song,
I am fitted to tell of the fated might of faultless men,
Made clear by a sign along the way—how the furious bird
Urged forth, with spear and avenging hand,
The harmonious leaders of Grecian youth,
The Achæans' twin-throned might, against the Teucrian land—
How the monarchs of omen birds, one black of tail, one white,
Appeared to the monarch of ships in an all-conspicuous place,
Near the beams on the spear-wielding hand,
While devouring a hare with young unborn,
And cheated of later roamings.
Sing woe! sing woe! but may the good prevail!

(*Antistrophe 1*)

  Then the trusty seer of the army, who had seen
The two-fold spirit of the fighting sons of Atreus,
Discerned in the hare-devourers the conducting chiefs
Of the army, and thus spoke out of the portent:
  "This expedition shall in time hunt Priam's city down;
Before its towers, fate shall with violence seize
The people's abounding wealth, the whole of it,
If only from the gods no envy shall cloud o'er
This mighty curb for Troy—this army sent—
And strike it prematurely down; for out of pity
Holy Artemis grows grudgeful towards the wingèd hounds of Zeus,
For offering up this wretched, cowering hare
Together with her young before their birth.
She loathes the eagles' feast.
Sing woe! sing woe! but may the good prevail!

(*Mesode*)

  "Although so kindly minded, goddess fair,
To the helpless, new-born cubs of mighty lions,
Though you delight in all breast-loving young
Of all field-roaming beasts, we beg you bring
Fulfillment to these omens brought by birds—
These portents both auspicious and foreboding.
  "The healer, Lord Apollo, I invoke,
Lest she for Danaans fashion thwarting winds—
Being eager, as she is, for a sacrifice
Quite different, a lawless one that furnishes no feast,

That fears no man, a born artificer of strife.
For there abides as master of this house
A frightful, child-avenging, treacherous wrath,
Back-striking and remembering evermore."
Such fated ills, along with blessings great,
From birds seen on the way, Calchas declared in store
For the royal house. And in accord with these,
Sing woe! sing woe! but may the good prevail!

(*Str.* 2) 160

If Zeus, whoever he is, is pleased by that name to be called,
By that name I address him; for though I ponder well all things,
I find no comparable thing to Zeus,
If I would truly free my mind of this vain load of care.

(*Ant.* 2)

The one who formerly was great,
Filled with a boldness battling everything,
Though having been, shall not be even mentioned.
He too, who followed next, has met his triple-thrower
And is gone. But that man who with eager mind cries out
Proclaiming Zeus as conquering lord
Shall gain the whole of wisdom; for Zeus it was

(*Str.* 3)

Who set man on the path to thought and wisdom,
And fixed with full authority the law
That man shall learn through suffering;
And so in sleep before the heart there creeps
The memory of painful toil, imparting wisdom unto those
Who wish it not—a favor from gods who somewhere sit
In might upon their august thrones.

(*Ant.* 3)

And then the leader of the Achæan ships—the older chief—
In no wise blamed the seer, but yielded to the sudden stroke of fortune,
As the Achæan host became depressed when impotence to sail
Brought empty stores, while opposite to Chalcis they were held
Within the refluent region known as Aulis.

(*Str.* 4)

For winds from Strymon came; winds bringing hunger
And evil idleness, that make time twice as long, keep men in harbors,
Or keep them out at sea—winds sparing neither ships nor cables,
With their delay were blighting the flower of Argos.
But when the seer, alleging Artemis' wrath,
Shrieked to the chiefs another heavier cure for the bitter storm,
So that the sons of Atreus struck their staves against the ground,
Restraining not their tears, then clearly spoke the elder chief: 204

(*Ant.* 4)

"My fate is heavy if I disobey, and heavy too

If I shall cleave my child, the darling of my home,
And stain a father's hands with streams of blood
From a virgin daughter slain upon an altar.
No choice is offered here without its evil;
For how can I become a fleet-deserter, and fail my allies too?
Moreover, it is right that these should yearn,
Even angrily and with exceeding anger,
For a sacrifice, even for a virgin's blood,
To allay these winds. Well, may it all prove best!"

(*Str.* 5)

When, breathing forth an impious change of heart—
An accursed, unholy change—he thus took on himself necessity's yoke,
Straightway his mind turned to all-daring thoughts.
For it is the wretched swerving aside of the mind,
The forming of base designs, that is first cause of woe
And over-emboldens mortals. At any rate, he dared become
His daughter's sacrificer to gain aid in a woman-avenging war
And as a prelude offering for the ships.

(*Ant.* 5)

Her prayers, her virgin age, and cries to her father,
Those battle-loving judges set at naught. And after prayer,
Her father bade the priests raise her, now wholly swooned
Face down within her robe, above the altar as they would
A she-goat victim, and through a curb upon her lovely lips
Hold back with force and might of muffled bonds

(*Str.* 6)

All speech which might bring curses on his home.
Then pouring to the ground her saffron robe,
Like one that seems to stand forth in a picture and yearns to speak,
She smote with piteous look each sacrificer—
She who within her father's banquet halls
Had oft, as an untouched maid, with holy voice,
In loving honor raised for her dear father
The auspicious pæan at the third libation.

(*Ant.* 6)

What happened next, I neither know nor tell;
But Calchas' prophet-arts came to fulfillment.
To those who have suffered, justice weighs out knowledge.
The future you should hear when it has come; ere that,
Farewell to it. Pre-knowledge is the same as early sorrow;
For clearly will it dawn with beams of day.
At any rate, may what's to come hereafter issue fair,
As is the earnest wish of this sole guard
And nearest bulwark of this Apian land.

(*Re-enter* CLYTEMNESTRA)

I come respecting your power, Clytemnestra;
For right it is that a wife's power be respected

Whenever the throne is orphaned of its lord.
But have you really learned trustworthy news
Which makes you busy now with sacrifice?
Or is it just mere hope of some fair tidings?
This would I gladly learn. Yet, be assured
That I will feel no grudge should you keep silent.
Clytemnestra. "Dawn born of a fair night should bring fair tidings."
So runs the ancient proverb; and you shall learn a joy
Surpassing hope; for Priam's town is captured by the Argives.
Chorus. What's that? I missed that statement out of unbelief.
Clytemnestra. The Achæans now hold Troy! Is that said clearly?
Chorus. Joy calling forth a tear creeps over me.
Clytemnestra. Of course; your eyes bespeak your loyalty.
Chorus. What credits this report? Do you have proof?
Clytemnestra. Of course I have, unless some god has tricked me.
Chorus. Are you revering some dream's persuasive fancies?
Clytemnestra. I couldn't trust the fancy of a mind weighed down with sleep.
Chorus. And has some wingless rumor puffed you up?
Clytemnestra. You mock my mind as though it were some child's.
Chorus. And how long is it since they sacked the city?
Clytemnestra. Since this fair night which gave birth to this day.
Chorus. Who, then, could come so quickly and announce it?
Clytemnestra. Hephæstus, sending forth a gleam from Ida, a courier-flame,
Whence beacon sped on beacon hitherward.
From Ida to the Hermæan cliff on Lemnos first it sped,
And then the Athoon steep was third to relay forth
The great light from that isle. Next, soaring up
To vault the ocean's back, the might of the journeying flame
With gladness came—the torch of pine, with golden sun-like gleam—
And passed the tidings to Macistus' heights.
That height, not overcome by sleep nor in dazed fashion,
Without delay passed on his part as bearer of the message.
The light from the beacon then came to Euripus' streams
And gave the signal to Messapius' guards.
By firing up a heap of aged heather, these guards
Built up their light and passed the tidings on.
This light, with waxing strength and not at all grown dim,
Like some bright moon o'erleaped Asopus' plains,
Came to Cithæron's rock, and roused from sleep
Another receiver for the journeying flame. 3-49
Disowning not the far-conducted light,
This guard by lighting a greater fire than ordered,
Flung forth its light past the Gorgopian inlet;
And, coursing onward to mount Ægiplanctus,

It urged the fiery ordinance not to dally.
There, lighted up with an ungrudging strength,
The mighty beard of fire, aflame, was sent
To leap the headland looking down
On the Saronic gulf, and then to fall,
When it arrived at the Arachnæan steep,
On this town's neighboring heights.
And thence this light, from Ida's not unfathered,
Fell on the roof of the Atreidæ's home.
Such relays our torch-bearers have accomplished,
Receiving thus the flame one from another,
And first and last alike have won the race.
Begin 317
Such proof and token I declare to you
My husband has announced to me from Troy.
CHORUS. I'll pray the gods some other time, O lady.
But now your words, as you would further tell them,
I would hear from first to last and marvel at.
CLYTEMNESTRA. Troy is this day held by Achæan hosts;
And in the town, I think, discordant cries arise conspicuously.
For oil and vinegar, though poured in the same vessel,
You would still describe as still unfriendly sundered.
Even so, a two-fold cry reigns in the city,
That of the conquered and that of those who have won.
Of one, the children, fallen on the bodies
Both of their brothers and their agèd parents,
Bewail from throats no longer free the fate of their most loved.
The others, now, night-wandering toil, ensuing after battle,
Is arranging, hungry, at the city's meals,
In no fixed order, nor by any token,
But just as each has drawn the lot of fortune.
In captured Trojan homes they now are dwelling,
Freed from the frosts and dews of open skies;
And they will sleep, like men of happy fortune,
A guardless sleep throughout the live-long night.
If they revere the city's guardian gods—
The gods and temples of the captured city—
The captors then may not in turn be captured.
Nay more; let no desire fall on the army,
Overcome by gain, to sack things which they shouldn't;
For if they are to return in safety home,
They must both round the goal and double back the course's other leg.
But should the host return free from offense to gods,
The misery of the dead might be awakened,
If it might somewhere fashion some new evil.
Such things you hear from me who am a woman.
O may the good prevail unwaveringly;
For this as my enjoyment have I chosen in place of countless goods.

51

CHORUS. O lady, like a wise man, you speak wisely;
And now that I have heard trustworthy proofs,
I am well prepared to call upon the gods;
For a joy-crowned labor, worthy of all honor, has been wrought.
(*Exit* CLYTEMNESTRA)

O Zeus, king Zeus, and friendly night, winner of glories great, Smp
You have cast the close net on the towers of Troy,
So that neither the old nor the young has leaped out
From the net of enslavement from all-seizing Ate.
I revere great Zeus, the protector of guest-rites,
Who accomplished these things when at Paris he aimed
His bow long ago so the arrow would fall
Not unseasonably soon, nor in vain mid the stars.
(*Str. 1*)

A blow from Zeus is theirs to tell.
That can be traced out clearly. They have fared
As he brought it to pass. Some one has said
The gods deign not to notice those by whom
The grace of holy things is trodden down.
No reverent man was he!
For here the criminal-daring of those homes,
Which breathe out war more fiercely than is just
And teem exceedingly with wealth past what is best,
Is seen awaking to action. Let such wealth be mine
As brings no woe, yet proves enough for one whose mind is wise;
For wealth has no defense for any man
Who insolently treads to nothingness the mighty altar of Justice.
(*Ant. 1*)

Him wretched Persuasion, insufferable child of scheming Ate, 385
Impellingly drives on, and every cure is vain.
His wickedness is hidden not, but stands
Conspicuous forth, a grimly glaring light.
Like faulty bronze beneath the touchstone's rub,
He, tested out, is wont to prove black-smutched;
For, like a child, he chases wingèd birds,
While bringing woe insufferable on his city.
The gods heed not his prayers, but bring to ruin
As an unjust man whoever is conversant with such deeds.
It was as such a person Paris came into Atreidæ's home
And put to shame, by stealing away his wife,
(*Str. 2*)

The guest-fare proffered him; while she unto her townsmen
Left clash of shields and clash of spears Skip
And naval armaments, and brought to Troy
Destruction as a dowry, when lightly through the gates
She passed, daring deeds not to be dared.
The prophets of the homes groaned out aloud:
"Alas! alas for the home! for the home and for the chieftains!

Alas for the empty bed and imaged form loved of her husband!
For one can see the shamed, yet unrebuking, silence
Of those who sit apart in deepest grief.
Such is his yearning for one beyond the sea,
Her fancied image seems queen within his home.
The grace of well-formed statues is hateful to the husband,
And from the lack within his eyes all charm of love has flown.

(*Ant.* 2)

"Sorrowful fancies are his, in dreams appearing,
Thoughts bringing a vain joy. For vain it is,
Whene'er one thinks he sees delightful things,
To find, soon after, the vision slipped away
And gone past hope on paths of wingèd dreams."
At hearths within the homes are woes like these
And heavier still than these. For generally,
From the homes of each of those who went from Greece
A heart-distressing grief stands forth conspicuous.
Yes, many are the things that touch the heart!
For each one knows whom he sent forth; but to the homes of each,
In place of men there come back urns and ashes.

(*Str.* 3)

For Ares, barterer of bodies for gold
And holder of the scales in spear-fought battles,
Sends back from Ilium unto their beloved
A little scorched and sore-wept dust,
Filling with ashes, in place of men, urns easy to be stowed.
Men groan and praise now one as skilled in battle
And now another as nobly fallen in slaughter,
And for another's wife. Some mutter this in silence.
Grief, with resentment charged, creeps stealthily
Upon the sons of Atreus, the avengers. In Troy, around the wall,
Our men of goodly form hold graves of Ilian land,
And foemen's earth has covered those who took it.

(*Ant.* 3)

Dread is the talk of townsmen charged with anger.
It pays the dues of a public-sanctioned curse.
My boding thought awaits to hear some tidings wrapped in night.
For the gods are not regardless of much slaughter.
In time the dark Erinyes make obscure
The man grown fortunate, apart from justice,
By wearing down his life reversed in fortune.
And once amid those seen no more, no aid can help.
To hear oneself well-spoken-of too much is perilous;
For a bolt from Zeus is hurled upon his eyes. I judge as best
A happiness unenvied. O may I never be a city-sacker,
Nor, being captured, see my life beneath the sway of others.

(*Epode*)

Brought by the fire, that bringer of good tidings,
A swift report has spread throughout the city.
But who can know if this be true
Or something somewhat false sent by the gods?
And who so childish is, or reft of sense,
As to have his heart fired by this flame's late tidings
And then pained later through a changed report?
It is conspicuous in a woman's temper to admit a joy
Before it has appeared. Too credulous,
A woman's mental boundary is quickly encroached upon. 489
A woman-proclaimed report is quick to perish.
Now we shall quickly know if this succession
Of fires and torches and light-bringing beacons
Were really true, or if, like dreams, this flame
Has come as a delight and tricked our senses;
For I see yonder coming from the shore
A herald shaded o'er with olive branches.
And thirsty dust, coterminous sister of mud,
Attests to this: nor will he, in some speechless manner
Or lighting up for you some mountain wood,
Make his report to you through smoke or fire.
But either he will plainly urge more joy—
The opposite word to this I shrink from uttering.
To the good which has appeared may good be added!
Whoever for his city prays otherwise,
May he reap himself the fruit of his erring judgment!

Enter HERALD

HERALD. All hail! paternal soil of Argos. I have come to you 503
In this the tenth year's light and thus have chanced
On one of many broken hopes. For never did I think
That when I died I would obtain the burial
Most desired, here in this land of Argos.
Hail now, O land, and hail, O light of the sun!
Hail, Zeus, the land's supreme! Hail, Pythian lord,
No longer pouring forth your arrows on us.
You were hostile enough beside Scamander's stream;
Be healer now and savior, lord Apollo.
I greet also all the assembly gods, and my protector, Hermes,
Herald dear and object too of heralds' reverence.
I invoke the heroes too who sent us forth,
And pray that they will welcome back again,
In kindly mood, the host left by the spear.
Hail, royal homes! dear roofs and seats revered!
And you divinities that face the sun,
If ever in former times you welcomed him,
Now, after a long time, with your bright eyes
Receive with fitting welcome our king.

For Agamemnon, lord, comes bringing you
And all these here a common light in darkness.
And greet him well; for such indeed is fitting
For him who dug down Troy with the mattock
Of justice-bringing Zeus, with which its soil lies cultivated well.
The altars of the gods and all their shrines are blotted out
And all the seed destroyed from the land. For having cast
On Troy such a yoke, the older Atreian lord now comes,
A blessèd man, of living men most worthy to be honored.
For neither Paris nor his partner city
Can boast their deed was greater than their suffering.
Cast in a suit for rapine and for theft,
He lost, and mowed down, land and all,
His father's house with a complete destruction,
And Priam's sons paid doubly for their sins.
Chorus. Joy to you, herald of the Achæan host!
Herald. Joy now is mine; no more is death unwelcome.
Chorus. A yearning for this fatherland harassed you?
Herald. So that from joy tears now suffuse my eyes.
Chorus. This pleasant ailment then affected you.
Herald. How do you mean? Instructed, I will master what you say.
Chorus. Your yearning was for those who yearned for you.
Herald. This land, you say, yearned for its yearning army.
Chorus. So that I often groaned from a troubled mind.
Herald. Whence came this troubled gloominess on the people?
Chorus. I have long considered silence the medicine for harm.
Herald. What mean you? You feared someone while the rulers were away?
Chorus. Just that, and death itself were a great joy.
Herald. Well, all has ended well. And one could say
Of things that happen in a long, long time,
That some prove lucky and some in turn unlucky.
But who, except the gods, is woeless in all matters evermore?
For should I tell our hardships, miserable quarters,
Our scanty landing-places, wretched beds—what did we not
Groan for when not obtaining our portion for the day?
And things on land afforded greater loathing.
Our beds were out before the enemy's walls.
The dews from heaven and off the meadow-land
Wet us continually, and brought about
Sure ruin for our clothes and vermin for our hair.
If one should mention the bird-slaying winter
And how insufferable the snows of Ida made it;
Or summer's heat, when on his windless couch
The billowless sea at noonday fell asleep—
But why bewail these things? The toil is past;
Past too for those who have died and nevermore
Will care to rise again. Why should the living

Reckon up the dead and grieve at spiteful fortune?
I bid us tell our ills a long farewell.
For us, the remnant of the Argive host,
The gainful conquers. Woe does not tip the scales.
So that, for us who have spanned the land and sea,
It is natural to boast to this sun's light:
"An Argive host, having captured Troy at last,
Hung up for gods in temples throughout Greece
These spoils to be a glory from of old."
Those hearing this must praise our state and leaders,
And Zeus' favor which accomplished this
Shall have its honor. You have my whole account.
CHORUS. I won't deny you've won me by your words;
The old always have youth to learn aright. *Enter* CLYTEMNESTRA
Quite naturally these tidings most concern this home
And Clytemnestra; but me too they enrich.
CLYTEMNESTRA. My cry of joy I shouted long ago, l 587
When first appeared the night-fire messenger
Declaring Ilium's capture and destruction.
And some reproved me, saying: "So you believe,
By beacon-fires persuaded, that Troy now is sacked?
How readily a woman's heart inclines unto elation."
Such words as these made me appear deluded;
But I kept on with fitting sacrifices,
While in a womanly strain, throughout the city,
One from one place, another from another
Shrieked out his joy as each one lulled to sleep,
In temples of the gods, the fragrant, sacrifice-devouring flame.
Why must you tell me more of your report?
From my lord's self I will learn the whole account.
But let me hasten best to welcome back
My reverenced husband, now that he's returned.
(What light is sweeter for a wife to see
Than that on which she opens wide the gates
For her husband back from war, saved by some god?)
Go bid him come as quickly as he can,
Being yearned for by the city as he is;
And coming, may he find within his house his faithful wife,
The very sort he left her: a watch-dog for his halls,
Kind unto him but hostile unto all his enemies;
Yes, in all other matters just the same,
With no seal broken in this lapse of time.
With another man I have known no more of joy l–O
Or censuring rumor than of dipping bronze.
Such is my boast, no shameful one, truth-laden,
Such as befits a noble wife to utter. *Exit* CLYTEMNESTRA
CHORUS. This one has spoken thus to you who are learning,
But speciously to those interpreting clearly.

But tell me, herald, (I ask of Menelaus),
If he, dear ruler of this land, is saved
And will he come returning with your group?
HERALD. I cannot so present the false as fair
That friends may reap a long delight therefrom.
CHORUS. Then may you chance to speak as fair what's true;
'Tis hard to hide the fact when these are sundered.
HERALD. The man was ravished from the Achaean host—
Himself and boat. I speak not what is false.
CHORUS. As he set sail in sight of all from Ilium?
Or did some storm, a common bane, disrupt him from the host?
HERALD. Like a skilled bowman, you have hit the mark.
Succinctly you have stated a long woe.
CHORUS. Does news from other seamen hold him dead,
Or claim that he is living?
HERALD. Nobody knows so as to tell us clearly,
Save Helius who nourishes all earth.
CHORUS. How say you came, and then how passed, the storm
That fell upon the ships through wrath of gods?
HERALD. Auspicious days should not be marred
By a tongue that brings bad tidings.
The honor due the gods abhors all such.
But when with gloomy mien a herald brings
To a city grievous woes of an army fallen—
A collective public woe the state has suffered,
When many are driven accursed from many homes
By the double scourge which Ares loves,
Twin-barbed destruction, a blood-reeking pair—
When laden, I say, with woes like these he comes,
Then he should raise the pæan of the Erinyes.
But, coming with good tidings of deliverance to a state
Rejoicing in tranquillity, how shall I mingle good and bad
By telling of the storm brought on the Achæans,
Not apart from wrath of gods?
Begin
650
For fire and sea, though formerly most hostile,
Joined in an oath and showed their plighted faith,
Destroying the wretched Argive host at night.
The evils of a stormy sea had risen,
And Thracian winds were dashing ship 'gainst ship;
Some violently gored with violent storm
And splash of beating rain passed out of sight
By an evil shepherd's whirling them around.
And when the sun's bright light came up,
We saw the Ægean sea aflower with corpses
Of Achæan men and wreckage of their ships.
By taking over the helm, some god, not man,
Stole us away, or else begged off, unharmed, our ship.
And on our ship sat Fortune, a willing savior,
So that no sea-spray entered it at anchor,

Nor did it beach itself on rocky land.
When we had thus escaped a death at sea,
Throughout the day, not crediting our fortune,
We tended in our minds the new disaster
Of an army wearied down and badly pounded.
If any now of them still lives and breathes,
They speak of us as lost. Why shouldn't they?
We think that they have met a similar fate.
May all turn out as well as possible. At any rate,
You surely may expect here Menelaus.
If anywhere the sun's rays look on him,
Still seeing the light through some device of Zeus
Who is yet unwilling to obliterate his race,
There is some hope he will come home again.
Test
In hearing this, know you have heard the truth. *Exit* HERALD

(*Str. 1*)

CHORUS. Who was it named her thus so altogether truly
LO
The spear-wooed, fought-for Helen? (Was it one beyond our vision,
Who luckily guided his tongue with foreknowledge of the fated?)
For she conspicuously became "destruction" unto men,
To ships, and city, when from her delicate, costly curtained home
She sailed before the breeze of mighty Zephyrus,
As sailed too in their oars' unseen wake
Shield-bearing huntsmen, eager to beach their ships
On the leafy shores of Simois for the sake of bloody strife.

(*Ant. 1*)

It was some will-accomplishing wrath that drove to Ilium
This marriage-relationship named rightly grief;
Exacting thus in after-time from those who loudly honored
The bridal song, (the marriage hymn which then
It was the marriage kin's to sing),
Its punishment for dishonor earlier done
To guest-friend's table and hearth-guarding Zeus.
But learning thus another song, woe-laden,
The ancient city of Priam loudly groans
While calling Paris "the terribly wedded one,"
And has endured a wholly ruined, sorrow-laden life
Through the piteous bloodshed of its citizens.

(*Str. 2*)

Even thus within his house one rears a lion's whelp,
Robbed of its mother's milk but still that breast desiring;
In the prelude of its life a gentle thing,
Well-loved by children, and to the old a joy.
Oft was it in their arms like a nursling babe,
With countenance ever brightening toward their hands,
Taught by its stomach's needs to fawn on them.

(*Ant. 2*)

But in time's fullness it at last displays
Its nature true, and like unto its parents.

As grateful payment unto those who nursed it,
It makes a feast, unbidden, with ruinous destruction of the flocks.
The house is stained with blood, and on the household
There comes a grief not to be battled off—
A great much-slaughtering mischief.
From god some priest of Ate was nourished in that home.

(*Str.* 3)

So I would say there came at first to Ilium's city
The spirit of a windless calm, wealth's gentle minion,
Soft glance of eyes, heart-gnawing, full-blown flower of love.
But swerving aside from these, she brought to life
Bitter issues from her marriage; and became
An evil to her dwelling, and to associates evil—
An Erinys, a woe-bringing bride, rushing on
The sons of Priam, by Xenian Zeus conducted.

(*Ant.* 3)

An old, old saying, uttered long ago, is current still:
That mortal bliss, grown great, does not die childless
But yields disastrous offspring; that from good fortune
There blossoms on a race insatiate woe.
My thought in this is far from that of others.
'Tis impious deed that leaves woe-laden offspring
And like unto its kind, while fruits of Righteousness
Are always fair, and without woe for mortals.

(*Str.* 4)

An ancient insolence is wont to engender
In evil mortals, at one time or another,
(Whenever comes the appointed day for birth),
New insolence, one full of youthful spirit,
A demonic kindred power, not to be battled off,
Invincible; an unholy, reckless daring,
Dire ruin unto homes, and like its parent.

(*Ant.* 4)

But justice gladly gleams in smoke-grimed homes
And honors the right-living man,
While houses decked with gold through hands polluted,
With averted eyes she leaves and passes on
To holy ones, and does not honor the power of wealth
False stamped with praise. She guides all to its goal.

(*Enter* AGAMEMNON, CASSANDRA, *and train*)

Come, indeed, O king; come destroyer of Troy.
Stock of Atreus, how am I now to address you?
How revere you without either rising above
Or falling below the due measure of joy?
Every one is prepared to bemoan the unlucky,
Though no bite of the grief ever touches his heart;
They assume like appearance and feign co-rejoicing,
Compelling their unsmiling faces to smile.

But whoever is good at discerning his flock,
The eyes of no man can escape his discernment—
Those eyes which, while seeming of kindly intent,
Are fawning upon him with watery love.
But you, at that time sending armies for Helen,
(I will not conceal it), were pictured by me
As exceedingly far from the taste of the Muses
And wielding unwisely the helm of your mind,
Conveying to men willing rashness to die.
But now, from the depths of its heart and approvingly,
Pleased is the city with deeds well achieved.
But in time you will learn and will know who has justly Begin
And who has unfittingly guarded the state.
AGAMEMNON. It is right that Argos first of all I greet 310
And the gods that dwell herein; who, along *with me*,
Responsible are for our return and for the justice *I*
From Priam's town exacted. For the gods, without tongue-pleadings,
Unwaveringly into the bloody urn
Did cast their vote for Ilium's murderous ruin;
While to the opposite urn, not to be filled,
There drew near only the hope of a voting hand.
The blasts of Ate live. The dying ash sends forth
Rich exhalations from the wealth. For these things,
To the gods must now be paid our much-remembering thanks,
Since we have fenced the city with wrathful snares;
And for a woman's sake the Argive beast,
(Of equine breed, filled with shield-bearing warriors),
Having sprung its leap about the Pleiads' setting,
Has ground the city to dust.
A savage lion has leaped the city's tower,
And lapped sufficiently of royal blood.
Such proem to the gods I have drawn out.
As for those thoughts of yours, I know too well,
And say the same as you; you have me as co-pleader.
For few men have the grace and inborn nature
To reverence without envy fortunate friends.
Ill-wishing poison, seated in one's heart,
Redoubles this grave disease in the possessor,
And he with woes is burdened for himself,
And groans when seeing others fortunate.
I can speak from knowledge; for too well I know
Companionship's mirror, phantom of a shade,
Those seeming very kindly-minded to me.
Odysseus alone, who sailed unwillingly,
When once yoked with me proved a ready team-mate.
Be he alive or dead, I say this of him.
All else pertaining to the gods and city
We'll plan in conclave, when we have arranged

Assemblies shared by all. We must now plan
How what is well shall remain so in the future;
And try by cautery or knife to take disease
From all that stands in need of remedies.
Now will I go into my home and to my household hearth,
And first will greet with raised right hand the gods
Who, having sent us forth, have led us home again.
And victory? May it steadfastly remain as it has followed me.

Enter Clytemnestra *with attendants*

Clytemnestra. Men, citizens, and elders here of Argos,
I now declare to you my husband-loving nature.
Timidity, in time, dies out in one.
Not having learned from others, I will tell you
How long and hard to bear my life here was
What time this man encamped by Ilium's walls.
First of all, it is a dreadful, terrible evil
For a woman to sit deserted in the home,
Far from the male, hearing numerous baleful rumors.
One came, and then another, bringing in another woe
More evil still than evil, and shrieked it in our home.
If he had died as many times as rumors multiplied he had,
He would have been a second Geryon, three-bodied,
And could have boasted he received a triple cloak of earth,
Since he had died once for each form he had.
'Twas such malignant rumors were the cause
Of many hanging nooses others loosed
By force from off my neck already seized.
Because of these reports, our child, Orestes,
The warrant of your plighted faith and mine,
Is not beside us, as he should be, here.
But do not be astonished that he isn't; for he is being reared
By Strophius of Phocis, our kindly minded warrior-friend,
Who warned of double troubles—of the danger to yourself
While off at Ilium, and should folk-clamoring lawlessness
Overthrow the city's council; for it is born in man
To kick the more the mortal who has fallen.
This plea, moreover, bears no taint of guile.
For me, indeed, the gushing founts of tears
Are dried completely up; no drop is left in them.
My eyes, never couched till late at night,
Are damaged too from tears for beacon-torches
Held out for you but always disregarded.
In dreams, the buzzing gnat's slight hummings
Were ever waking me, as I discerned more sufferings for you
Than could have happened within the time I slept.
Now, having borne all this, with grief-freed mind I say
That this man comes as a watch-dog for our halls,
As saving forestay for a ship,

As firm-based pillar for a lofty roof,
As an only-begotten son unto a father,
As land descried by seamen without hope,
As fairest day that follows on a storm,
As flowing fountain to a thirsty traveller.
It is a joy to escape all stress of need.
Such greetings, then, I deem him worthy of.
Let envy stand afar from me, who have suffered all these evils.
Now at my plea, dear one, step from your chariot,
But don't, my lord, put on the ground that foot
That trampled Ilium down. You woman-slaves,
To whom the task is given to strew with spreads
The surface of his path, why your delay?
Let there be straightway strewn a purple path,
That justice now may lead him to a home
He never hoped to see.
All else my never-slumbering thought and care
Shall plan, with god's help, justly, as is fated.
AGAMEMNON. Offspring of Leda, guardian of my home,
You have spoken words befitting to my absence.
You've drawn them out at length. Yet fitting praise?
That meed of honor should come to one from others.
And don't in other matters pamper me in woman's fashion,
Nor, as barbarians do, gape forth prostrate before me
Groveling cries. Make not for me, by strewing it with rugs,
A pathway apt for envy. Such honors are for gods.
For a mortal to walk on beautiful dædal garments
Is never, for me, a thing apart from fear.
I bid you reverence me as man, not as a god.
Fame bruits itself abroad without the aid of footmats
Or variegated cloths. Not to think wrongly
Is the greatest gift of God. Who ends his life
In fair prosperity must be accounted happy.
I am quite content to fare thus in all things.
CLYTEMNESTRA. Now don't say this contrary to my purpose.
AGAMEMNON. Be well assured I will not corrupt my purpose.
CLYTEMNESTRA. Did you vow to gods to act thus out of fear?
AGAMEMNON. If ever mortal did, I thus resolved, and knowingly.
CLYTEMNESTRA. What think you Priam had done, had he accomplished this?
AGAMEMNON. He surely would have walked on dædal garments.
CLYTEMNESTRA. Then feel no longer awe at mankind's censure.
AGAMEMNON. Yet popular clamorous talk is strong, you know.
CLYTEMNESTRA. But the man who isn't envied is never enviable.
AGAMEMNON. It doesn't befit a woman to ever yearn for strife.
CLYTEMNESTRA. It is fitting for the fortunate too to yield.
AGAMEMNON. Do you so value victory in strife?
CLYTEMNESTRA. Yield now; he still is master who yields of his own will.

AGAMEMNON. Very well! If this seems good to you,
Let some one quickly loose my shoes
Which serve, slave-like, the treading of my feet.
And as I tread on this sea-purple carpet,
O may no envy strike from gods far off.
Great shame it is to ruin with one's feet
The wealth and costly weavings of the house.
So much for this. But for this stranger girl,
Bring her with gentle kindness in the house.
God from afar looks kindly on the kindly man of power;
For no one willingly takes upon himself the yoke of slavery.
Thus she, the chosen flower of much wealth,
The army's gift to me, has followed with me here.
Since I'm constrained to heed your wish in this,
I enter the palace treading on the purple *AGAMEMNON goes in*

CLYTEMNESTRA. There is the sea (and who will dry it up?)
Which yields juice wholly new for abundant purple,
The dye for garments and worth its weight in silver.
Through help of gods, my lord, we have a house
To supply us with these things; our house knows not
What it is to be in want. I would have vowed
A walking on many carpets, had it been
Required of me when in oracular homes
I was devising a price for his return.
When there is root, there is foliage on the house
Stretching forth a shade against the scorching hound.
And now that you have come to your home's hearth,
You appear as warmth that comes in winter-time.
When Zeus is fashioning wine from bitter grapes,
Then truly is there coolness in the home,
If the master with full rights frequents his dwelling.
Zeus, Zeus fulfiller, fulfill for me my prayers,
Fulfilling too whatever you intend!

Exit CLYTEMNESTRA with attendants

(*Str. 1*)

CHORUS. Why does this steadfast fear flit fixed before my prophet heart
And prophesy like some unbidden, some unhired song?
And why does not persuasive boldness sit upon my mind's dear throne
To spurn this as it spurns dreams hard to judge?
Time, since the seaman host was urged to Ilium
And cables cast from stern to sandy shore, has passed its prime.

(*Ant. 1*)

A personal witness to it, I have learned with my own eyes
Of their return. And yet, my heart, self-taught within,
Not having in full measure hope's dear boldness,
Keeps hymning the Erinyes' lyreless song.
My inner feelings do not speak in vain, nor does my heart,

Whirled, as it is, by eddies against true thoughts—
Thoughts destined to fulfillment. May all this,
(Far from my expectation), turn out false,
And never be accomplished.

(*Str.* 2)

The limit of abundant health does not rest satisfied;
For disease, always as neighbor and using the same wall,
Leans hard against it; and human fortune, faring straight ahead,
Oft strikes an unseen reef. If with well-measured throw
Fear then flings overboard part of the wealth possessed,
The whole house is not sunk, exceedingly filled with woe;
Nor sinks the ship. Many bounteous gifts from Zeus
And from the yearly furrows keep off famines.

(*Ant.* 2)

But who by incantations can call back
The black death-bringing blood, once it has fallen
To earth before a person? For did not Zeus, as warning,
Check that one, knowing rightly how to bring the dead to life?
Were it not that fixed fates hinder god-sprung fates
From achieving greater power, my heart would have
Outstripped my tongue and poured these bodings out.
But now it moans in darkness, grieved within,
No longer hoping from my burning mind
To wind out anything that's opportune. *Re-enter* Clytemnestra 102

Clytemnestra. You too go in, Cassandra; you I mean, since graciously
Has Zeus appointed you to stand with many slaves
Nearby the altar of Zeus the guard of wealth,
And share in the lustrations of our home.
Come down from off the chariot; be not over-proud.
Alcmena's son, men say, endured being sold,
Despite the servant-fare involved therein.
At any rate, if fate has destined such,
Great blessing is it to obtain as masters
Those who have long been rich.
Those who reap fortunes unexpectedly
Are altogether savage toward their slaves.
From us in proper measure you will have
Such things as custom warrants.

Chorus. Clear are the words she's just quit speaking to you.
Caught, as you are, in the net of fate,
We'd urge you, if you would, to yield.

Clytemnestra. Unless she, like a swallow, has acquired
Some barbarous, unknown kind of speech,
My words must surely reach her and persuade her,
Since what I say is within her mental compass.

Chorus. Go in. What she suggests is best, as matters stand.
Obey her then, and leave your chariot seat.

Clytemnestra. I have no time for dawdling here outside.
The victims stand beside the central hearth, awaiting slaughter;
(A favor come to us past expectation).
You, then, if you'll have part in them, quit your delay.
And if you cannot understand our language,
Speak with your foreign hand instead of voice.
Chorus. A stranger she, and seems in need of some interpreter.
She bears herself like some wild thing just captured.
Clytemnestra. Yes, she is crazed, and now is giving heed
To her disordered mind. Just having left her city newly captured,
She knows not how to bear the curb upon her
Till she has frothed away her strength in blood.
I'll waste no further words to be scorned by her.
Exit Clytemnestra
Chorus. I feel no anger toward her, but pity her, in fact.
Come, leave your carriage, wretched one.
Submit to your new yoke. Yield to necessity.
Cassandra. Otototoi popoi, O earth! Apollo! Apollo!
Chorus. Why break into this wailing to Apollo?
Cassandra. Otototoi popoi, O earth! Apollo! Apollo!
Chorus. Again she cries ill-omened words and calls upon the god
Whose presence is least fitting where there's grief.
Cassandra. Apollo! Apollo! god of thoroughfares and my destroyer,
Quite utterly have you again destroyed me.
Chorus. She seems foretelling evil for herself.
Although enslaved, her prescient power still lingers.
Cassandra. Apollo! Apollo! god of thoroughfares and my destroyer,
Whither have you led me now, and to what sort of house?
Chorus. Unto Atreides' home. If you don't know,
I'll tell you that, and you'll not find me false.
Cassandra. Say rather to a god-detested home, one conscious
Of much murder and beheading of its kin,
A human slaughter-house with blood-stained floors.
Chorus. This stranger seems keen-scented, like a hound,
And now is on a trail replete with murder.
Cassandra. I am persuaded by these witnesses—
Those children there as they bewail their slaughter
And their cooked flesh, a repast for their father.
Chorus. We have heard of your prophetic fame,
But we are not in search of any prophets.
Cassandra. Ah me! Alas! What is it she's devising?
What great new grief is this? Great evil's being schemed
Within this house, one past all remedy,
Unbearable to friends; and help is far away.
Chorus. I recognized her earlier prophecies,
Since all the city rings with them;
But I know nothing of what she is uttering now.
Cassandra. Ah miserable wretch, will you do this?
While freshening up your husband in the bath,

Your husband and the partner of your bed—
How shall I say the rest? Well, it shall quickly happen.
She is stretching forth one hand and then the other.
CHORUS. I don't yet understand. A while ago, 'twas riddles;
Now oracles obscure bewilder me.
CASSANDRA. Ah me! Ah me! What's this appearing now?
Some net of death? His couch-mate is the snare,
The accomplice of the murder. Let faction now,
Insatiate in this race, shriek out its joy
Above a victim to be avenged by stoning.
CHORUS. What sort of Erinys is this that you are bidding
Raise its exultant cry within these halls?
Your comments do not cheer me.
The sallow-colored blood-drop charged my heart
As it does for those who have fallen beneath the spear
When the rays of life are setting, and Ate hurries on.
CASSANDRA. Ah! Ah! Look! Look! Hold back the bull from his mate!
She ensnares him in robes and with lethal device
She strikes, and he falls in a brimming bath.
I warn you of ill-fortune from a stealthily murdering laver.
CHORUS. I cannot boast high skill in prophecy,
But these words sound like harbingers of evil.
But what good news ever came through prophecy?
Its wordy arts make men learn fear through evil.
CASSANDRA. Alas! for the ill-starred fate of wretched me!
I mingle in and cry aloud my suffering with his.
To what end have you led here wretched me?
To any other than to die with him?
CHORUS. You are some frenzied person god-possessed,
And chanting for yourself a woeful tune,
Just as the tawny nightingale, alas, insatiable of mourning,
With piteous mind keeps wailing Itys, Itys,
Throughout a life that flowers out in woe.
CASSANDRA. The lot of the clear-toned nightingale! Ah me!
The gods gave her a wingèd form
And a pleasant task apart from grief,
But cleaving with a two-edged blade is the lot awaiting me.
CHORUS. Whence came on you these vain, fierce pangs of prophecy?
Why are you chanting terrors such as these
In cries hard, hard to utter, and yet in orthian strains?
Whence did you learn the bounds and paths
Of your ill-omened prophecy?
CASSANDRA. Alas for the marriage, the marriage of Paris,
A destruction for his kin!
Alas Scamander, drunk of by my fathers!
Along your banks in days gone by I grew with fostering care.
But now, it seems, I soon shall prophesy
Both by Cocytus and on Acheron's banks.

Chorus. What all too clear a word is this you've spoken?
A new-born babe could understand.
But I am pained as with a pang of death,
When for your grievous lot you moan out plaints
It breaks my heart to hear.
Cassandra. Alas for the toils, the toils of a city, utterly destroyed!
Alas for father's sacrifices for it—
For the slaughter of many pasture-roving cattle!
They brought no help that proved enough
To save the city from suffering as it has.
And I also, my mind aflame, shall soon fall to the ground.
Chorus. These things are like the former ones you've spoken.
Some hostile-minded deity, hard upon you,
Moves you to hymn death-fraught and mournful sufferings.
As for the end, I am hopelessly perplexed.
Cassandra. Well really, my oracles no longer
Shall peer from veils as would a new-wed bride.
They seem about to issue forth like winds
Fresh-blowing toward the rising of the sun
To dash, wave-like, against its rays
A woe far greater than the one just heard.
I will no longer speak in riddling words.
You be my witnesses as now I go along
And scent the trail of crimes done long ago.
There is a choir that never leaves this house—
That sings in concert, not in harmony.
Its words are inauspicious. Yes, and more.
A reveling rout of kindred-born Erinyes,
Having drunk of mortal blood till over-bold,
A band hard to drive out, stay ever in this home.
Perched on this house, they hoarsely chant their hymn,
A primal deed accursed.
They loathe in turn the polluted brother's couch,
Ever hostile unto him frequenting it.
Have I missed the mark, or hit it squarely, like a bowman?
Am I false prophet, a mere babbling beggar?
On oath bear witness that I really know
The sins upon this house, sins old in story.
Chorus. How can an oath-bond, though in honor made,
Bring any healing here? But at you I marvel,
You who, though reared abroad, speak just as truly
Of this a stranger city as though it were your own.
Cassandra. The prophet Apollo endowed me with this gift.
Chorus. Was he, though a god, so struck with love for you?
Cassandra. Till now I was ashamed to speak of this.
Chorus. Of course; for men grow prouder faring well.
Cassandra. He strove to win me, breathing ardent love.
Chorus. And did you ever come to bridal joys?

Cassandra. I promised him, and then refused to yield.
Chorus. Were you then beneath the spell of prophecy?
Cassandra. I augured to my townsmen all their sufferings.
Chorus. How then were you unharmed by Loxias' anger?
Cassandra. When I had offended, I won no further credence.
Chorus. You seem to us to prophesy quite truly.
Cassandra. Ah me! Ah me! Oh, oh! the agony!
Again the dreadful toil of accurate prophecy
Arouses and disturbs me with its preludes.
Do you see them seated there upon the house,
Young ones like forms of dreams?
They seem like children murdered by their kin,
Their hands filled with their flesh which served as food.
Conspicuously they stand, and, with their entrails—
A rueful burden—hold also in their hands
Their vital organs which their father tasted.
For these, I say, some one plots punishment,
A cowardly lion wallowing on the couch,
A stay-at-home, ah me! and watcher for its lord returned,
Yes, for my lord, since I must bear the yoke of slavery.
The lord of ships and Ilium's destroyer
Knows not at all the things this stealthy Ate,
With treacherous tongue and feigning a glad welcome
As would a dog with eager, up-sprung ears,
Has readied here disastrously for him.
Such is her daring. The female is the slayer of the male.
What hostile beast is there that I could call her?
An amphisbæna? Or shall it be some Scylla mid the rocks,
A bane to sailors, a raging dam of death
That breathes a truceless war against her own?
How the audacious woman cried her triumph,
Like men at turn of battle,
While feigning joy upon his safe return!
If I do not persuade you of these things,
It is all the same. Why not?
What is to come will come. And you here present
Shall soon in pity hail me a true prophet.
Chorus. I understand and shudder at Thyestes' feast
Upon his children's flesh, and I am seized with fear
To hear from you no semblance of this tale but very truth.
But as I heard the rest I lost the trail and now am all astray.
Cassandra. I say you'll see the doom of Agamemnon.
Chorus. Lull, wretched one, your speech to reverent silence.
Cassandra. There is at hand no god to heal that statement.
Chorus. Not if it is to be; but may it never happen!
Cassandra. You pray; but they have plans to kill.
Chorus. By what man is this grievous deed prepared?
Cassandra. You failed to comprehend my oracles?

CHORUS. I didn't understand the doer's scheme.
CASSANDRA. And yet I know quite well the speech of Hellas.
CHORUS. Greek are the Pythian oracles, but hard to understand.
CASSANDRA. Ah me! Such fire! And coming now upon me!
Alas! Lycean Apollo! Ah! Ah me!
This lioness, two-footed, couched with a wolf
In the absence of the lion nobly born, shall slay me, wretched me.
As some one brewing a drug, she vows that she
Will put within the draught pay too for me,
While whetting her sword against her lord,
To exact from him death as a punishment
For having brought me here.
Why do I still wear these prophetic trappings—
This staff, these seeress chaplets round my neck—
Which prove a mockery of me?
I will destroy you ere my fated death!
Perdition seize you! Vengeance thus on you!
(*She flings them to the ground and tramples them*)
Enrich instead of me some other ruin!
But look! Apollo it is strips off this prophet garb,
Still seeing me, even in these ornaments,
Forever mocked, though vainly, by friends and foes alike.
In evil plight, like a roaming vagabond,
I endured the life of a wretched, starv'ling beggar.
And now the prophet, who ruined me as prophet,
Has led me into such a fate of death.
Instead of a father's altar, there awaits me
The executioner's block, where in warm slaughter
I am to feel a deadly blow.
Yet not unhonored by the gods I die.
For there shall come another, our avenger,
A mother-murdering offspring, avenger of his father.
Though now a fugitive wanderer, a stranger to this land,
He yet shall come to put upon this home
The capstone of its ruin.
For the gods have sworn a mighty oath proclaiming
The slain and outstretched body of his father
Shall bring him home again.
Why am I groaning here thus piteously
Since I saw Ilium fare as it has fared,
And those who took it come thus to their end
By the judgment of the gods?
I'll go and meet my fate. I'll dare to die.
These gates I now address as Hades' portals.
I pray that I may meet an effective blow
So as to close these eyes without a struggle,
While my life's blood flows out in easy death.

Chorus. O woman, suffering much and skilled in much,
Your speech has been drawn out at length.
If you are sure of the fate awaiting you,
Why do you, like some animal, god-driven,
Walk boldly to the altar?
Cassandra. There's no escape, none, strangers, through lengthening the time.
Chorus. The last in point of time lives somewhat longer.
Cassandra. The day is here; there's little gain in flight.
Chorus. 'Tis your bold heart leads to this wretched fate.
Cassandra. A statement quite unapt for fortunate ones.
Chorus. A glorious death sheds favor upon mortals.
Cassandra. Alas for you, my father, and for your noble sons!
She shrinks in horror
Chorus. What's that? What terror turns you back?
Cassandra. Ah me! Ah me!
Chorus. Why these "ah me's,"
Unless some loathful thought has come to you?
Cassandra. This house breathes forth a scent that reeks of blood.
Chorus. That savor is from the offerings in the house.
Cassandra. 'Tis pungent as the fumes are from a tomb.
Chorus. Do you mean this house has Syrian luxuries in it?
Cassandra. I'll go and wail within my fate and Agamemnon's.
Let this much be sufficient life for me!
Ah! stranger friends, 'tis not for nought that I
Shrink back in fear as a bird shrinks from a bush.
Be you my witnesses when I am dead,
When a woman dies for me who am a woman,
And a man dies for the death of one ill-mated.
I appeal to you as one about to die.
Chorus. O wretched one, your doom moves us to pity.
Cassandra. I crave to speak one other word, or rather my own dirge.
Here in the presence of the sun's last light
I pray my enemies shall pay together
To my avengers the penalty for my slaughter,
When I have died a slave, an easy prey.
Alas for human fortunes! When all is fortunate,
A shadow can overturn them; but if unfortunate,
One stroke of a moistened sponge wipes out the picture.
I pity this much more than I do that. *She enters the palace*
Chorus. Prosperity is by nature insatiable in mortals.
No one forbids or turns it back from halls
Well-known, thus saying: "No longer enter here."
Even so the gods have granted to this man
To capture Priam's city and return, god-honored, home.
But should he now atone for former bloodshed
And, dying himself for those already dead,

Pass on compulsion for yet other deaths, who would not pray,
On hearing this, for birth to a happy lot?

The Chorus *is interrupted by a cry from within*

Agamemnon. Oh! Oh! I am struck an effective blow within!
Chorus. Sh! Who's that cries out he is struck a fatal blow?
Agamemnon. Oh! Oh! I'm struck again a second blow.
Chorus. From the king's outcries it seems the deed is done;
But let us plan safe council, if in any way we may.

At this point the twelve members of the Chorus *seem to give individual opinions*

Member 1. I give you my opinion: shout to the townsmen
To hasten to the palace.
Member 2. My judgement is: fall on them with all haste
And prove their deed by the newly dripping sword.
Member 3. I too share your opinion, and I vote
That we do something. The time brooks no delay.
Member 4. The thing is evident. These are the initial acts
Of those devising tyranny for the state.
Member 5. Yet *we* are dallying, while *their* hands never sleep
But proudly scorn the wisdom that hesitation brings.
Member 6. I don't know any counsel I can give.
It's the doer's task to do also the planning.
Member 7. Such is my feeling too. I have no knowledge
To bring to life again one who has died.
Member 8. Shall we, indeed, to lengthen out our lives,
Yield thus to these as leaders, defilers of this house?
Member 9. That is intolerable; to die is preferable;
For death's a milder lot than tyranny.
Member 10. Shall we surmise (so great his groans)
That he's already dead?
Member 11. Anger for deeds should rest upon clear knowledge,
And surmise is quite different from that.
Member 12. Things multiply on every hand to show
That we know well how the son of Atreus fares.

The palace doors open and the scene shows Clytemnestra *standing over the dead bodies of* Agamemnon *and* Cassandra.

Clytemnestra. Though much was earlier said to suit the moment,
I am not ashamed to speak the opposite now.
How else could one, devising ills for foes
That posed as friends, throw up a fence of woe
So high that they could never overleap it?
This is a crisis in an ancient strife
Long waited for by me and come at last.
I stand here where I struck, with all accomplished.
I planned and did the deed in such a way
—I won't deny it—that he could neither shun
Nor flee his fate. I threw a net about him,

As men net shoals of fish,—an inescapable, fine-wrought,
Fatal garment—and then I struck him twice.
His limbs relaxed upon his second wail,
And when he had fallen I added a third blow,
My vowed thank-offering to subterranean Hades,
Savior of the dead. And when he had thus fallen,
He gasped his life away. As he breathed forth
Swift spurts of gore, the shower of bloody dew
Struck me, and made me no less glad than growing grain
Is glad at heaven-sent rain at budding time.
So stands the situation. You Argive elders here,
Approve the deed or not, as you may like.
I boast and glory in it. Were it considered fitting
To pour libations over dead men's bodies,
It would be just to pour one over this man,
Nay rather, more than just. For he,
After filling the mixing bowl within his house
So full of ills accursed, has come back home
And drunk it dry himself.
Chorus. We are astounded at your speech, and how bold-mouthed you are
To use such boastful language above a husband slain.
Clytemnestra. You are testing me as some mere senseless woman;
But with unquailing heart I bid you know,
(And whether you wish to praise me or to blame me
Is all the same to me), this is my husband, Agamemnon, here,
His death the work of this right hand of mine,
The deed of a just workman. Such the facts.
Chorus. What vicious earth-grown food, or noxious drink
Culled from the sea, have you fed on, O woman,
To bring upon yourself this sacrifice
And curses from the people? You cast him forth;
You cut him off; and shall in turn be banished,
A thing of vehement hate unto your townsmen.
Clytemnestra. Me, now, you doom to exile from the city
And to endure my townsmen's hate and curses,
While to this man you offered no resistance
When, valuing her no more than he would a beast,
Since sheep were plentiful in his fleecy flocks,
He sacrificed his child, my sweetest travailing pain,
As a charm against the opposing Thracian blasts!
Shouldn't you have driven this one from this land
As a punishment for his polluting act?
The moment you get knowledge of my deeds
You pass harsh judgment on me.
Well, here's my word to you:
Go on and make such threats,
Assured that I'm prepared for you to rule,

When you have conquered me on equal terms.
But if god cause the opposite to prevail,
You'll learn, late taught, the wisdom of restraint.

CHORUS. Imperious are your thoughts,
And haughty are the words you have shrieked forth.
Your mind, therefore, is maddened, as it were,
By your blood-reeking deed.
A blood-stain glints conspicuous from your eyes.
Yet must you pay requital blow for blow,
Deprived of every friend.

CLYTEMNESTRA. Hear also now this solemn oath of mine:
By the accomplished Justice for my child,
By Ate and Erinys unto whom I sacrificed this man,
I don't expect to tread the hall of Fear
While my hearth's fire is kindled by Ægisthus,
As loyal unto me as heretofore.
For he to me is a great shield of boldness.
Here lies the ruiner of this wife of his
And darling of each Chryseïs at Troy.
And here she lies, the captive of his spear,
The sooth-saying couch-mate of this man,
His faithful prophet consort,
Who equally shared with him the galley benches.
They have fared as they deserved. For he lies here,
As you see; and she, indeed, having sung, swan-like,
Her last death dirge, lies here this man's beloved,
Adding new relish to the pleasures of my couch.

CHORUS. O that some fate, alas! would quickly come and bring on us,
Without exceeding pain or long bed-ridden anguish,
The everlasting, endless sleep, now that our kindliest guardian,
Who suffered much, and for a woman's sake,
Lies overcome in death, and by a woman.
Oh! Oh! infatuate Helen who, alone,
Destroyed at Troy so many, many lives,
You have decked yourself at last with a final crown,
One long to be remembered for its blood
That won't wash out, you who were in this house
A firm-fixed strife, and woe-fraught for this man.

CLYTEMNESTRA. Don't pray for death, nor let these things depress you;
Nor turn your wrath on Helen as a murderess,
As though she, singly, wrought such monstrous grief
And brought to ruin the lives of many Danaans.

CHORUS. O power that swoops upon the homes and sons
Of Tantalus, through women you are ruling still,
A rule of similar spirit, and one that gnaws my heart.
Here over this body, like a hateful raven,
He stands, and boasts his triumph hymn as lawful.

CLYTEMNESTRA. You have set your thought aright in naming this
The thrice-gorged evil genius of this house;
For 'tis from him that this blood-lapping lust
Is nourished in the maw. New blood is spilled
Before an ancient wrong has spent itself.
CHORUS. This evil genius fixed upon this house
Is a mighty one fraught with exceeding wrath!
Alas! alas! it forms an evil tale,
And one insatiable of baleful fate,
From Zeus—Ah me!—the worker and cause of everything.
What is fulfilled for men apart from Zeus?
What in this present affair is not god-wrought?
O king, O king, how shall I weep for you?
What am I to utter from my loyal heart?
You lie there in that woven spider-web
Your life breathed out in an uncomely death,
Alas! alas! lying on that servile couch,
Subdued by a treacherous fate
From a hand with a two-edged knife.
CLYTEMNESTRA. This deed is mine, you say; but do not think of me
As Agamemnon's wife. In semblance of this dead man's wife,
The ancient, fierce avenger sent on Atreus
Who served that hideous banquet, here has claimed in sacrifice
This full-grown man in payment for those children.
CHORUS. Where is the man will testify that you
Are not responsible for this murder? Where? Where is he?
And yet, the avenging Fury from his father,
Could well have been your helper. For deadly Battle-strife
Compels his way through streams of kindred slaughter,
Wherever he goes exacting penalty for the clotted blood
Of children slain for food.
O king, O king, how shall I weep for you?
What am I to utter from my loyal heart?
You lie there in that woven spider-web
Your life breathed out in an uncomely death,
Alas! alas! lying on that servile couch,
Subdued by a treacherous fate
From a hand with a two-edged knife.
CLYTEMNESTRA. This man, I think, has met no shameful death.
'Twas he brought ruinous Ate on his house.
Now that he has suffered what the deed deserved
He did unto my young child born from him—
To much-wept Iphigenia—let him make
No boast aloud in Hades, since he has paid,
With death by sword, the penalty for his deeds.
CHORUS. Robbed, as I am, of ready-devising thought,
I know not where to turn, now that this house is falling.

I fear the storm's house-shaking, bloody crash.
Do its drops now cease? On other whetstones Fate
Is whetting justice for some other mischief.
O earth! O earth! How I wish you had received me
Before I ever saw this man as tenant
Upon this low-built bed—a bath-tub silver-lined.
Who now shall bury him? Who weep for him?
Will you dare this: mourn loudly above your husband slain,
And for your monstrous deed perform unjustly
A graceless favor for his soul departed?
Who at his tomb, with tears and sincere feelings,
Shall mourn out praises for this god-like man?
Clytemnestra. That duty is no fitting care of yours.
By me he fell, by me he died, and shall by me be buried,
And with no lamentation from his household.
But, as she should, his daughter, Iphigenia,
Shall come to meet her father with glad welcome
At the swift passage over the river of woes,
And kiss him as she throws her arms about him.
Chorus. Here follows taunt on taunt; and to judge aright is hard.
The spoiler is despoiled, and slayers pay the penalty.
While Zeus remains enthroned, this too remains:
That he who does shall suffer for his deed;
For that is settled law. Who could dislodge
The accursèd brood from off this home?
This house is glued to Ate.
Clytemnestra. You have turned with truth to this prophetic saying.
And I am willing now to make a compact
With the evil genius on Pleisthenes' sons
To bear with what is done, though hard to bear,
If he will leave henceforth this house
And wear some other down with kindred murders.
To have a little of its present wealth
Will be for me sufficient,—wholly so,—
If only this mad lust for mutual slaughter
Is sundered from these halls. *Enter* Ægisthus
Ægisthus. O joyful light of day that brings us justice!
I can say henceforth the gods look from above
On mortals' woes and are mankind's avengers,
Now that I see this man, to my delight,
Prostrate in robes which the Erinyes wove,
And paying for his father's scheming deeds.
For Atreus, this land's ruler and his father,
Drove out of home and city Thyestes,
His brother and my father, (to put it clearly),
When he disputed with him for his power.
When wretched Thyestes had returned again
As suppliant to his hearth, he was assured

That he himself would not be put to death
And stain his native soil with his own blood;
While as a token of hospitality,
Atreus, the impious father of this man,
Pretending, with more zeal than friendliness,
That he was going to celebrate with cheer
A day of feasting, made for my father a banquet
With my own father's children's flesh as meat.
As Atreus sat apart, he broke in bits
The foot-parts and the fingers of their hands
So they were undiscerned. Not knowing this,
Thyestes straightway took and ate the food
Fraught, as you see, with curses for this race.
When he discovered the unholy deed,
Thyestes wailed aloud, and, falling back,
Disgorged the slaughtered flesh as he called down
Upon the sons of Pelops a fate unbearable,
And spurned the feast conjointly with the curse:
That thus might perish all Pleisthenes' race.
'Tis from these deeds you see this man here, fallen,
And I am justly the schemer of his murder;
For me he left alive, me the third child,
And with my wretched father drove me out,
Though I was just a babe in swaddling clothes.
But justice brought me home, when grown to manhood;
And while abroad, I set upon this man
By framing against him every evil plan.
And so, for me, to die is even welcome,
Now that I see this man encoiled in justice.
Chorus. To exult, Ægisthus, in one's evil deeds
Is a thing to be abhorred and not approved.
Do you declare you willingly slew this man?
That you alone devised this piteous murder?
I say your head shall justly not escape—be well assured—
The people's curses which shall end in stoning.
Ægisthus. Do you talk thus, you on the lower bench,
When those on the upper one now rule the ship?
Old as you are, you will feel how hard it is
To learn when old, where prudence is the lesson.
Moreover, chains and hunger-pangs prove two
Most eminent healing helpers for the mind
When old age must be taught.
Do you have eyes and yet do not see this?
Don't kick against a goad, lest pain ensue.
Chorus. You woman you, did you, while staying at home
And waiting for those returning home from battle,
Both shame a husband's bed and plot this death
For a man who was a general?

Ægisthus. These words also shall prove a cause for tears.
Your tongue is just the opposite of Orpheus'.
He through his voice drew all in gladness with him,
While you, through riling men with silly snarlings,
Shall be yourself dragged off.
But you'll be milder when you're overpowered.
Chorus. So you're to be a tyrant over the Argives,
You who, although you plotted this man's doom,
Did not dare do the deed with your own hand!
Ægisthus. Of course I didn't; to ensnare him was her task;
For I was proved an enemy long ago.
From this man's means I'll try to rule the people.
The disobedient with heavy yoke I'll curb
And will not treat him as some well-fed trace-colt;
But hateful hunger dwelling mate with darkness,
Shall see him curbed and brought to gentleness.
Chorus. Why didn't you, base as you are, yourself
Slay this man here, but rather let a woman,
An accomplice and pollution of this land
And of its gods, be the one to do the slaying?
Does Orestes still somewhere behold the light
That he may luckily reappear from exile
And prove the powerful murderer of these two?
Ægisthus. Very well! since you are resolved on such a course,
You will learn your lesson quickly. *(Draws his sword)*
Up, friends in arms, here is work at hand to do!
Chorus. Yes, up! Let every man hold ready his drawn sword!
Ægisthus. My sword is drawn, and I don't refuse to die.
Chorus. We welcome the omen given in that statement.
We accept the chance involved.
Clytemnestra. No! dearest one! Let's do no further evil.
What's done already bodes a bitter harvest.
We have enough of woe. Spill no more blood!
Revered old men, go to your destined homes
Before you do and suffer unseasonable deeds.
What's done had to be done. And should this prove
Enough of toils like these, we should accept it,
Clutched as we are in an evil Genius' talons.
Such is my speech, (a woman's, to be sure),
Should any deign to hear.
Ægisthus. To think that these can blossom out in folly,
Blurt out such words, make trial of their fortune,
Yet never attain to wisdom but taunt the one in power!
Chorus. The Argives cannot fawn on wicked men.
Ægisthus. I'll hound you still in days that are to come.
Chorus. Not if his Genius guide Orestes here.
Ægisthus. I know that men in exile feed on hope.
Chorus. Persist! Grow fat polluting justice, since you can.

ÆGISTHUS. Know well you'll pay the penalty for this folly.
CHORUS. Wax bold and swagger like a cock beside his hen.
CLYTEMNESTRA. Pay no attention to these idle yelpings.
We two this house's masters, will order it aright.

—P. H. EPPS.

ŒDIPUS THE KING[1]

SOPHOCLES

Sophocles was born about 495 B.C. in Colonus, near Athens, and died in 406 B.C. He was representative of the highly cultured classes of the time, aristocratic in feeling, possessed of great personal beauty, and enjoyed great popularity throughout his life. The innovations in dramatic art attributed to Sophocles are the introduction of a third actor and the use of painted scenery. He also restricted the function of the chorus, without however depriving it of an integral relation to the dialogue. Harmony, proportion, and restraint are the characteristics of his art. He was more interested in the human motives to action than in the problem of divine law as a determining factor in man's life, and the widening of the scope of the dialogue afforded him greater opportunity to reveal the interplay of character. His material grows out of the conflict of man with man's institutions, rather than, as in Æschylus, out of the conflict of man's will with the divine will. Sophocles wrote more than a hundred plays, but only seven have come down to us.

Like the Agamemnon, *the* Œdipus the King (*about 430 B.C.*) *moves relentlessly forward to the inevitable catastrophe, but the action proceeds rather in successive waves than in a single stream of even current. It is the most perfect example of dramatic irony—the very acts which the king designs to save him from the doom foretold lead surely and logically to that very doom. It may be questioned whether the poet intended the play as the tragedy of an innocent man caught in the toils of destiny, or of a great and good man brought low through the defect of arrogant self-sufficiency.*

Persons

ŒDIPUS
PRIEST
CREON
TEIRESIAS
MESSENGER
SHEPHERD, *of Laius*
SECOND MESSENGER
JOCASTA
CHORUS *of Theban Elders*

ŒD. Children—of ancient Cadmus latest birth—
Why in such eager session sit ye here,

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[1] From *Sophocles,* by Robert Whitelaw. Copyright by Longmans, Green & Co. Reprinted by permission.

With chaplets twined around your suppliant boughs?
And all the city is thick with incense-smoke
And loud with lamentation and with dirge:
Whereof, O children, choosing not to hear
From lips of others, hither I have come—
I, who am called all-famous Œdipus:
Now therefore tell me, thou, whose reverend mien
Proclaims thee spokesman, wherefore are ye come—
What fearing—craving what? In nought would I
Withhold my succour; fearing to be found
Heartless, your suppliant session pitying not.

Priest. Prince of my people, Œdipus the king,
Thou seest us, what tale of years we tell,
Who at thine altars sit, some fledged as yet
For no far flight, and some oppressed with age,
Priests—I of Zeus: and lo, with us, of youths
Our chosen: and the general crowd, white-wreathed,
Sit in our squares, and at the temples twain
Of Pallas, and Ismenus' prescient hearth.
For Thebes, thyself art witness, sinks beneath
The tempest's stress, and lifts no more her head
Out of the drenching of the deadly surge—
Blighted all fruitful blossoms of the land,
Blighted our grazing herds, and barren births
Of women: and withal the god, fire-fraught,
Grim pestilence, strikes with his scourge the city,
Whereby the house of Cadmus is made void,
And rich with sorrow and sighing Death's dark halls.
Thee therefore, not as equalled with the gods,
Suppliant with these children I entreat,
But chief of men, in casualties of life,
And Heaven's visitations, we esteem thee:
Who, at thy coming hither, didst rid the land
Of that fell songster's tribute which we paid,
Albeit of us no knowledge hadst thou gained,
No prompting, but by aidance of a god
We say and think thou didst redeem our life;
And now, revered of all men, Œdipus,
Behold us here thy suppliants: help for us,
Some help contrive, by oracle from heaven
Instructed, or wise counsel of a man:
For oft 'tis seen, that most abiding fruit
Experience bears, when counsellors confer.
O then, uplift our state, thou man of men!
Yea, and beware: for now indeed the land
Hails thee her saviour, for thy former help;
And of thy reign O never be it said,
That thou didst lift us up and cast us down;

But stablish thou our state's prosperity;
And, as before deliverance wrought by thee
Was blest by heaven, so help us now again.
For if thou wilt be king in Thebes, as now,
Better a peopled than a vacant realm:
Since neither tower nor ship avails to help,
Empty of men and tenantless within.
Œᴅ. O woful children, longings known too well
To me you come outpouring. Well I know
Ye all are grieved, and yet, grieve as ye may,
There is not one of you hath grief like mine.
For yours is private sorrow, touching each
Himself and not another, but my heart
Aches all at once for Thebes and me and thee.
Ye do not wake me slumbering and asleep:
But many tears doubt not that I have shed,
And threaded many a labyrinth of the mind.
And the one cure that I by searching found
I put to proof: for Creon, Menœceus' son,
My own wife's brother, to the Delphic shrine
Of Phœbus I have sent, that he might ask
What act or speech of mine should save the state:
And counting o'er the days that he is gone
I marvel how he fares; for overlong
He tarries, past the time that should have served.
But when he comes, base should I be indeed,
Failing to do all that the god requires.
Pʀɪᴇsᴛ. 'Tis seasonably spoken, and ev'n now
I hear it said that Creon hither comes.
Œᴅ. Brightly he looks: O King Apollo, grant
Bright fortune, fraught with safety, he may bring!
Pʀɪᴇsᴛ. Glad news, no doubt, he brings: else had he not
With wealth of fruitful laurel decked his brows.
Œᴅ. Soon we shall know. 'Tis not too far to speak.
Son of Menœceus and my kinsman, prince,
What answer dost thou from the god report?
Cʀᴇ. Good: all our sufferings, if it chance aright,
May turn to our advantage, as I think.
Œᴅ. What says the god? Hearing thy present speech,
I neither hope nor fear before the time.
Cʀᴇ. If thou wilt hear while these are standing by,
Thou shalt: I am ready, or else to go within.
Œᴅ. Speak in the ears of all: since more for these
Than for my own life is the grief I bear.
Cʀᴇ. All that the god hath spoken thou shalt hear.
A plain command Apollo lays on us;
Pollution, harboured in the land, we must
Drive hence, nor harbour irremediably.

Œd. Yea, with what cleansing? How is our plight relieved?
Cre. Some one's to banish, or for blood that's shed
Blood must atone: such guilt disturbs our state.
Œd. Of what man spake the god, so foully slain?
Cre. Laius, O king, was ruler of the land
Aforetime, ere the sceptre fell to thee.
Œd. I know his fame: himself I never saw.
Cre. His death requires our vengeance, and to do
Swift execution on his murderers.
Œd. But where are they? Where shall we look to trace
The faded record of an ancient crime?
Cre. In this land, so he said. Who seek may find:
The careless searcher makes the baffled search.
Œd. In city or in field—or was 't abroad
That Laius encountered with this death?
Cre. Bound, as he said, for Delphi, from his home
He fared, but to his home came not again.
Œd. Was there no messenger—companion, none—
Who saw, and might have told, if one had asked?
Cre. All died save one, who, flying, crazed with fear,
Of all he saw knew but one thing to tell.
Œd. Out then with that! One thing may find out many,
If but a little we take heart to hope.
Cre. Robbers, he said, met with the king and slew him,
Not single-handed, but a company.
Œd. How had a robber so presumed, unless
Traitors from Thebes had lined him with their gold?
Cre. So we surmised: but, Laius being dead,
No one was there to help us in our grief.
Œd. What grief withheld you, not to learn the truth—
The royal house struck down by such a blow?
Cre. The subtle-singing Sphinx compelled our thoughts
Back from the vague doubt to the instant need.
Œd. I will begin again, and find out all.
Phœbus has well fulfilled his part, thou thine,
Spending this trouble for the dead man's sake:
Claim then and find in me no vain ally,
Helping at once this city and the god.
Not on behalf of friends of no account,
But for my own sake, shall I purge this guilt.
For who slew him, by such another blow
Belike may choose to be revenged on me.
So then in helping him I save myself.
But quickly, children, from this altar-foot
Rise ye, and take these suppliant boughs away:
And some one summon hither the Theban folk;
Nought will I leave undone. All hangs on this—
Weal, with the help of heaven, or woe to Thebes.

Priest. Children, let us be gone: for to obtain
Ev'n what this man announces, came we hither.
Come, who didst send these oracles, Apollo,
To save and heal us of our sickness, thou! *Exeunt omnes*

(*Str. 1*)

Chor. Sweet-sounding answer of Zeus, what art thou, that comest from Pytho,
To glorious Thebes from the golden shrine?
Low at thy feet I am laid, with my heart in a flutter of fear,
Delian, Healer Apollo!
Filled full of wonder and dread,
What stern requirement thou wilt enact for us,
What word of doom, or new or old,
Come with revolving seasons back—
O tell us, daughter of golden Hope.

(*Ant. 1*)

Immortal Voice!
Daughter of Zeus, thee first I invoke, immortal Athene;
Our city's champion, thy sister, next,
Artemis high o'er the Agora's circle in glory enthroned,
Thee too, Far-shooter, Apollo!
Threefold averters of doom,
O now from heav'n come forth to deliver us,
If ever, when hung o'er our heads
Menace of woe, at your behest
The flaming ruin was rolled away,
Visit us now!

(*Str. 2*)

Unnumbered woes, alas, are mine to bear:
I see the sickness sweep our ranks along,
Nor weapon hath my thought,
That can its breath avert:
For neither of the goodly earth
Prosper the springing fruits,
Nor women from the lamentable pangs
Of childbirth rise again:
But one upon another shalt thou see
Like flocks of feather'd birds,
Swifter than fire that no man tames,
Swept onward to the shore,
Far west, of Pluto and the night.

(*Ant. 2*)

Unnumbered dead! a city perishing!
For children unregarded in the streets
Lie, tainting the air with death,
Unwept: and gentle wives,
And grey-haired mothers, pressing round,
Their sad petitions pour,

Where the great altar lifted o'er the crowd
Stands like a seaward cliff:
And high and clear with flutes in solemn dirge
The wailing voices blend:—
O golden goddess, child of Zeus,
Have pity and send us Help,
Fair-visaged Help, with eyes benign.

(*Str.* 3)

And this fierce Ares, who,
Not now with brazen shields,
But with the blasting of his fiery breath,
Wakes worse than din of battle in our midst,
I pray that he, far from my country's shores,
Backward at headlong speed may turn and flee,
Either to Amphitrite's western bower
Under the great salt sea,
Or those inhospitable tides that rave
On rock-bound shores of Thrace:
For, what the ravin'd night at last lets go,
Day makes of this his prey:
But, O our Father, Zeus,
Lord of the lightning's flaming might,
Slay with thy bolt the dreaded foe.

(*Ant.* 3)

Lyceius, lord of light,
Showered from thy golden string
Fain would I see thy shafts invincible
Fly forth, each shaft a champion winged with help,
And see in either hand of Artemis
The splendour of a torch that flames afar,
Wherewith the Lycian hills she ranges o'er:
And, lustrous as the juice
Of thine own vines, named of this Theban land,
Bacchus, I cry to thee—
Crowned with a golden diadem, and girt
With shouting Mænads round,
Come to our rescue now,
With blazing pinebrand all aglow,
Against the god whom gods disown.

Enter ŒDIPUS

ŒD. Thou askest: as thou askest, if thou wilt
Be serviceable and hearken to my words,
Help thou shalt have and respite of thine ills—
Words I shall speak, a stranger to the tale,
A stranger to the deed: else had I tracked it,
And not gone far, ere I had found some clue.
But I was then no citizen of Thebes;
Now therefore, Thebans, hear me, all of you.

Whoever among you knows by what man's hand
Died Laius the son of Labdacus,
I bid him speak to me, and tell me all:
Speak though he fears, and clear us of the guilt,
Yea, and accuse himself: for he shall suffer
Nought worse than to depart out of the land
Unscathed: or, if he knows the murderer
Some stranger come to Thebes, yet let him speak:
I will reward and give him thanks to boot.
But, if ye hide this thing, and one, afraid
For his own sake or friend's sake, slights my words,
How then concludes my purpose, ye shall hear.
I charge all dwellers in the land, whereof
Sceptre and sovereignty are mine, to yield
That man, whoe'er he be, nor speech nor shelter:
No man must pray or sacrifice with him,
Or of the lustral water let him share:
To him all doors be barred, whose presence breeds
In Thebes pollution: as the oracle,
From Delphi newly brought, reveals to me.
So stands my purpose: to the god such help
I dedicate and to the murdered man:
And for the murderer, whether alone
He hides his guilt or has accomplices,
May he unblest wear out his guilty life!
And for myself I pray, my hearth and home
With my consent if ever he should share,
This doom I doomed for others fall on me!
And all these things I charge you to perform,
For my sake, and the god, and for this land,
Blighted and banned and ruined as ye see.
For even if this thing were not from heaven,
Ye should not thus have left such guilt unpurged,
The murder of your noblest and a king,
But sought the slayer: and now, because on me
There hath devolved succession to his throne,
And to his couch withal and fruitful wife,
From whom had sprung, had not his offspring failed,
A common race of children, his and mine—
But on his head this sudden mischief leapt—
Therefore, as son for father, I will fight
For him, and nothing spare, and shrink from nought,
Seeking the murderer of your king, whose sire
Was Labdacus, as Polydorus his,
From Cadmus sprung, son of Agenor old:
And, who'll not help in this, I pray the gods
Neither to yield them harvest of their fields,
Nor children of their wives, but let them perish

Slain by this present plague or worse than this.
But you the rest, good Thebans all, who cleave
To my consent, be Justice your ally,
And all the gods befriend you evermore.
Chor. King, as thy curse constrains me, I will speak—
I neither did the deed, nor can declare
The doer. Phœbus, he alone, who laid
This quest on us, could name the guilty one.
Œd. True, but to wrest a secret from the gods,
Against their will, passes all power of men.
Chor. Yet, if not this, there is a second-best.
Œd. Second or third-best, speak: withhold it not.
Chor. Teiresias with Phœbus, seer with seer,
I know more than all men like-gifted: ask
Of him, O king, and thou shalt learn the truth.
Œd. This also, friends, I have not left undone.
I sent two messengers, when Creon spoke:
Long since I marvel that he is not here.
Chor. Enough: mere dull stale talk, no doubt, all else.
Œd. What talk mean you? I question every hint.
Chor. By travellers we heard the king was slain.
Œd. And I: but gone from sight is he who saw it.
Chor. Yet, if he knows what fear is, rest assured
He'll not endure, hearing thy grievous curse.
Œd. From deeds who shrinks not, him no words affright.
Chor. There's one who shall convict him: hither led
Comes even now the seer, the man inspired,
Whose eyes, of all men's most, behold the truth.
Œd. Teiresias, master-seer, who understandest
All mysteries and all knowledge, things in heaven
And things on earth, thou seest not but knowest
What plague afflicts our state: whereof we find
No champion and no saviour, sage, but thee.
For Phœbus, if indeed the messengers
Told thee not, to our sending sent reply,
No riddance of this sickness should we have,
Until the murderers of Laius
Were found and slain, or banished from the land.
Now therefore grudge neither thine auguries,
Nor any divinations that thou hast,
But save thyself and city, and save me,
And make us clean from all blood-guiltiness.
On thee we hang: and for a man to help
With all he has and can, is noblest toil.
Teir. Alas, how sore a burden is the knowledge
That profits not the knower. This I knew,
But had forgotten: else had I not come hither.
Œd. Why with thy looks so downcast art thou come?

Teir. Let me go hence: most easily will be
Performed my part and thine, if thou consent.
Œd. 'Twere treason and ingratitude to Thebes,
Thy mother, thus to lock from her thy counsel.
Teir. Nay, for thy speech, I see, toward no good end
Is making; and I would not likewise err.
Œd. By heaven, if aught thou knowest, all we here
Thy suppliants pray, turn not thy face from us.
Teir. Ay, for ye all know nought: urge me no more,
Lest my tale prove—an evil tale for thee.
Œd. How? dost thou know and wilt not tell, but rather
Betray thy people and destroy thy town?
Teir. I'll neither grieve myself nor thee. In vain
Thou dost importune me: my lips are sealed.
Œd. What, miscreant—for the patience of a stone
Thou'dst anger—not a word thou'lt speak, but keep
Thy stubborn and impracticable mood?
Teir. Thou dost reprove my temper, but thine own,
Lodged in thy breast, thou seest not, blaming me.
Œd. Who could refrain his anger, hearing now
Such words, wherewith thou dost dishonour Thebes?
Teir. Too soon the blow will fall, howe'er I hide it.
Œd. What blow will fall, I should be warned by thee.
Teir. I'll speak no more. Now bluster, if thou wilt:
The fiercest of thine anger let me feel.
Œd. This shall my anger do: what I perceive,
I'll speak. For know that now I understand,
Thou didst contrive, nay thou hast done, this deed—
All save to deal the blow: and, couldst thou see,
Then surely I had said 'twas wholly thine.
Teir. Is't come to this? I charge thee to obey
Thine own commandment, and from this day forth
Speak neither to this people nor to me:
Thou art unclean: for thee we are accursed.
Œd. Such words, unblenching, blurtest thou at me?
How dost thou deem thou shalt escape for this?
Teir. Nay, I am safe. 'Tis true; and truth is strong.
Œd. Truth taught by whom? Not surely by thine art.
Teir. By thee: my lips, unwilling, thou hast opened.
Œd. What saidst thou? Speak again: I'll mark thee better.
Teir. Was my speech dark? or say'st thou this to prove me?
Œd. Perchance I understood not: speak again.
Teir. Him, of whose death thou askest, thou didst slay.
Œd. Not twice, unpunished, shall thy tongue offend.
Teir. More wilt thou hear, to be incensed the more?
Œd. Say what thou wilt: 'twill be but wasted breath.
Teir. Consorting with thy nearest, to thy shame,
Thou knowest not, nor seest what plight is thine.

Œd. Shalt thou say this, and triumph to the end?
Teir. If there is any potency in truth.
Œd. There is, except for thee. For thee there's none,
Blind as thou art, in ears and mind and eyes.
Teir. I pity thee, flinging the taunts, which soon
There's no one here will spare to fling at thee.
Œd. One lifelong night's thy portion; so that me
Thou canst not harm, nor any man who sees.
Teir. 'Tis not appointed thee by me to fall:
Sufficient is Apollo—he will do it.
Œd. By thee, or Creon, was this plot contrived?
Teir. Nay, Creon harms thee not: thou harm'st thyself.
Œd. O wealth and kingly state and sovereign art,
All art excelling, of our high-placed life—
What jealousy ye have in store for us;
When for this sceptre's sake, which Thebes to me
Intrusted—a free gift, by me unsought—
Creon from first to last the faithful friend,
Seeks to dethrone me, springing unawares,
And has suborned a cunning sorcerer,
A cheating juggler, one who for his gains
Has eyes to see, but in his art is blind.
For, tell me, sirrah, when wast thou true prophet?
Why, when the chanting hound was at your doors,
Didst thou not save thy people by a word?
And yet to read such riddle was no task
For common men, but asked a prophet's skill:
But thou wast found with no such lore by birds
Instructed or by gods inspired:—then came
I, who knew nothing, Œdipus, and freed you,
Taught not by birds, but by my mind's sure guess;
Whom now thou wouldst thrust out, in hope to stand
By the right hand of Creon on his throne.
Methinks ye both should rue your precious plot
Of cleansing thus the land: thou'rt old, I think—
Else hadst thou learnt—plagued with thine own inventions.
Chor. In anger spoken to our conjecture seems
Both this man's words, O Œdipus, and thine.
But other need is ours, to ponder well,
What heaven decrees, how best we may perform.
Teir. Though thou'rt a king, an equal right I claim
To give thee word for word: I too may speak—
No slave to thee—but slave to Loxias;
Not needing therefore, for a patron, Creon.
Blind thou didst call me, taunting me; I tell thee,
Thou seest and seest not what plight is thine,
Nor where thy home is, nor with whom 'tis shared.
Knowest thou whence thou art? and thou hast been

Foe to thy friends, unknowing, alive and dead;
And from this land of mother and of sire
The twofold curse shall drive thee with fierce feet,
Seeing with thine eyes, light now, but darkness then:
And then, responsive to thine outcries wild,
What haven, what Kithæron will not ring,
Those nuptials known, that fatal harbour-home,
Wherein thy bark was moored, fair winds to help?
And many another grief hast thou to learn,
Both to thyself made equal and thy children.
Now upon Creon and these words of mine
Heap insults if thou wilt. There waits for no man
More swift and sure perdition than for thee.
ŒD. These things from him can I endure to hear?
Hence to destruction! hence and tarry not,
But void these doors, and from my sight be gone!
TEIR. I had not come, but thou didst summon me.
ŒD. I knew not that thou wouldst speak foolishness,
Else had I made small haste to bring thee hither.
TEIR. Let it be so: I am a fool for thee—
Wise enough for the father who begat thee.
ŒD. What father?—Stay: tell me, whose son am I?
TEIR. This day shall both beget thee and destroy.
ŒD. Thou dark'nest counsel still with riddling words.
TEIR. In reading riddles famous is thy skill.
ŒD. Ay—find what makes me great and sneer at that!
TEIR. This same success however has undone thee.
ŒD. But, if it saved the city, what care I?
TEIR. 'Tis time that I were gone. Boy, lead me hence.
ŒD. So let him lead. A hindrance and offence
Thou art, being present: gone, thou'lt plague no more.
TEIR. But first I'll speak my errand, unafraid,
Out to thy face: thy frown can nowise slay.
Hear then: this man, whom thou with threats requirest,
And makest inquisition for the blood
Of Laius slain, he is amongst us here,
Lodged in our midst, an alien, as we deemed—
Now to be proved true Theban with the best—
No glad surprise: for blind, who now boasts sight,
Who now has wealth, a beggar, staff in hand,
To a strange land shall he grope forth his way.
Then shall he of the children round his hearth
Brother be proved and sire; both son and husband
Of her who bare him; having usurped the couch
O' the father whom he slew. Get thee within,
And meditate these things: if they prove false,
Say then my prophet's skill has taught me nothing.

Exeunt omnes

(*Str. 1*)

Chor. What man is he,
Whom the prophetic Delphian cliff denounces,
With blood-stained hands
Doer of deeds inexpiable, nameless?
Now, now let him flee with feet
Than storm-footed steeds more swift
Far, far from the sunlight.
For with the fire of his lightnings leaps on him,
Armed, the Avenger, the Son of the Highest:
And the Fates, the relentless,
Track him, not to be baffled.

(*Ant. 1*)

For, late revealed,
Forth from the snow-capt summits of Parnassus
Flashed there a voice,
"Seek ye the sinner! from his hiding place drag him!"
For through the wild woodland ways,
O'er rocks, and in mountain caves,
He roams, as a bull might,
Restless, joyless, far from his fellows,
Shunning the oracles pealed from earth's centre,
But for ever he hears them,
Deathless, hovering round him.

(*Str. 2*)

Sorely, most sorely, is my mind perplexed,
By the wise augur's word:
I cannot yet believe, nor dare deny—
I know not what to say.
'Twixt hope and fear I hover doubtfully:
The present and the future—both are dark.
What quarrel had the son of Polybus
With Laius or his house,
I neither heard before, nor now have learnt
Aught that should make me challenge to the proof
The general praise of Œdipus the king,
For Laius moved with zeal,
And his mysterious end.

(*Ant. 2*)

Wise are the gods: Apollo knows, and Zeus,
What things are done on earth:
But what know I? and prophets are but men,
And, if this seer's voice
Be more than mine there is no man who knows.
Yet one man's wit another's may surpass.
Still, let them talk, I will not say " 'Tis so,"
Until I see the proof.
Once in our sight he met the wingèd Pest;

We saw him wise, we proved him sweet to Thebes:
And of this guilt my thoughts
Shall not condemn him now.

Enter CREON

CRE. Friends and my townsmen, hither, having heard
With what hard words King Œdipus assails me,
I come impatient. For, in this distress
If aught in word or deed importing harm
He thinks that he has suffered at my hand,
I have no pleasure to prolong my days,
Laden with this reproach. No single loss
The danger of such charge imports to me,
But loss of all, if base by Thebes, and base
By thee and by my friends, I shall be called.
CHOR. Belike this accusation rather came,
Forced from his lips by anger, than believed.
CRE. What proof had he, that, what the prophet spoke,
He falsely spoke, induced by my suggestion?
CHOR. This charge was made: what prompted it, I know not.
CRE. With steadfast eyes and mind unfaltering
Against me was this accusation launched?
CHOR. I know not: what kings do, I do not see.
But from the palace look you where he comes.

Enter ŒDIPUS

ŒD. Sirrah, how cam'st thou hither? Hast thou such
A face of boldness, to confront me here,
Being, as well appears, my murderer,
And of my sovereign place convicted thief?
I prithee, say, what cowardice having seen
Or folly in me, hast thou devised this deed?
Its stealthy coming-on didst thou suppose
I should not mark, nor, if I marked, withstand?
Foolish I rather deem thy rash attempt,
Unhelped by numbers or by friends, to snatch
At power, that friends and wealth alone can win.
CRE. King, be advised. As thou hast said thy say,
Hear me say mine, and having heard consider.
ŒD. Thou hast more skill to speak than I to hear
Thee, having found thee bitter and unkind.
CRE. Even of this hear first what I shall say.
ŒD. This, that thou art no traitor, tell me not.
CRE. If mere self-will, divorced from reason, seems
A precious thing to thee, thou art deceived.
ŒD. If wronging thus a kinsman thou dost think
Thou'lt 'scape the reckoning, thou art deceived.
CRE. That this is justly said, I do confess:
But tell me what's the wrong that thou hast suffered?
ŒD. Didst thou advise or no, that I should send

Some one to bring this reverend man, the prophet?
Cre. The counsel that I gave, I'd give again.
Œd. Say now what time has passed since Laius—
Cre. Since he did what? I know not what thou askest.
Œd. Vanished from hence, slain by a murderous blow?
Cre. The time grows old: 'tis many years agone.
Œd. And did this prophet then profess his art?
Cre. Wise was he then as now, honoured no less.
Œd. And made he any mention then of me?
Cre. Whilst I was standing by to hear him, none.
Œd. But did ye not inquire who slew your king?
Cre. We asked, as we were bound: but asked in vain.
Œd. Why did not this wise prophet help you then?
Cre. I know not: things beyond me, I let be.
Œd. But this thou knowest; and if thou'rt wise, wilt own.
Cre. What is it? what I know, I'll not deny.
Œd. That had he not conspired with thee, the blood
Of Laius to my charge he had not laid.
Cre. What he hath said, thou knowest: but I claim
To question thee, as thou hast questioned me.
Œd. Ask on: thou wilt not fix this guilt on me.
Cre. What then? Hast thou my sister to thy wife?
Œd. What thou hast asked, I may not well deny.
Cre. Reigns she with thee, the partner of thy power?
Œd. Her will is mine: nought is withheld from her.
Cre. Equalled with you twain am not I, the third?
Œd. How false a friend thou art, appears in this.
Cre. Not so, if to thyself thou 'dst put my case.
Consider first—who, thinkest thou, would choose
To be a king with dreams of evil cheer,
When he might sleep secure, and reign no less?
Think not, I am so much ambition's fool,
I'd rather be a king than do like one—
So would not I, nor any prudent man.
Now without fear I have all things from thee;
But, were I king, I might not please myself.
How should I crave the name of king, who have
The power and kingliness without the pain?
I am not yet so senseless to misprise
An honourable lot that costs me nought.
Now all men greet me, I am friends to all,
And those who'd speak with thee, call me aside;
'Tis the sure way to prosper in their suit:
And dost thou think I'd change my place for thine?
I needs must be a fool to be a traitor.
But neither of such treachery am I fain,
Nor to another's plots would I consent.
For proof—get thee to Delphi first, and ask,

Did I report the oracle aright?
This too—if thou dost find that with the seer
In aught I have conspired, pronounce my death,
Not with one voice but two, both thine and mine.
But on mere vague surmise condemn me not.
Unjust alike are random trust and blame,
To reckon false men true, or true men false:
And one had better lose, what he loves best,
His life, than throw away a faithful friend.
In time this lesson thou shalt surely learn:
For time alone can show the honest man,
But in a single day a knave is known.
CHOR. One who walked warily, O king, might own,
He argued well: swift judgments are not sure.
ŒD. When secret foes are sudden in attack,
Swiftly to meet them must my plans be laid.
If I sit still and wait, the moment's gone—
His plans have prospered, mine are frustrated.
CRE. What wilt thou do then? Wilt thou banish me?
ŒD. Not banishment, but death, shall be thy doom.
CRE. When men have seen, and gauged, a tyrant's spite?
ŒD. Wilt thou defy me, and dispute my will?
CRE. I see thy judgment errs.
ŒD. I guard my own.
CRE. Have I no rights as well?
ŒD. Thou art a traitor.
CRE. If thou 'rt mistaken?
ŒD. Yet I must be king.
CRE. Not if thou rul'st unjustly.
ŒD. Hear him, Thebes!
CRE. I have a voice in Thebes, as well as thou.
CHOR. Princes, forbear: for hither in good time
Comes forth the queen, Jocasta, from the house:
The feud that is between you, she may heal.
JOC. What means this senseless din of warring tongues?
Unhappy men, have ye no shame, to voice
Your private wrongs, when Thebes is sick to death?
Go thou within, and, Creon, get thee home,
Make no more mountains of your mole-hill griefs.
CRE. Sister, this man, thy husband, Œdipus,
Claims to propound to me a bitter choice—
To be driv'n from my country, or to die.
ŒD. 'Tis true: for I have found him, good my queen,
Contriving with base arts against my life.
CRE. May I not thrive, but be accurst, and perish,
If I have done aught that thou dost pretend!
JOC. O by the gods, believe him, Œdipus,
Revering both this oath which he has sworn,

And me, and all this friendly company.
Chor. Hear us, O king, we entreat,
With goodwill, and a prudent mind.
Œd. In what, then, shall I yield to you?
Chor. Have thou regard to this man,
Who never before was foolish, and now
In the strength of his oath is strong.
Œd. Know ye, for what ye ask?
Chor. I know.
Œd. Say, what?
Chor. The friend, who binds his conscience with an oath,
On bare suspicion tax not nor disgrace.
Œd. But, when ye ask me this, be well assured
That death or banishment ye ask for me.
Chor. By Helios, no—chief of the hosts of heaven!
Godless and friendless, if I wish thee ill,
To deepest depths of ruin let me fall!
But, seeing all the city perishing,
My spirit fails within me, if indeed
New ills to former ills your strife shall add.
Œd. Well—let him go: and let me die outright,
Or else be thrust dishonoured from the land.
Thy mournful pleading moves me: therefore thee,
Not him, I pity; him my hate shall follow.
Cre. Ungraciously thou yieldest: but for this
Thou wilt be sorry when the fit is past.
'Tis just, such tempers most should plague themselves.
Œd. Wilt thou not hold thy peace and go?
Cre. I go,
Stranger'd by thee, but friended by my friends.
Chor. Lady, why tarriest thou,
To shut the doors upon thy lord?
Joc. Not till ye tell me what has chanced.
Chor. Words have been angrily spoken,
Suspicious, impatient, ignorant words,
Unjust—but they carry a sting.
Joc. From both did they proceed?
Chor. Yes.
Joc. What was spoken?
Chor. Thebes has enough to bear: where the strife rests,
There let it end; and let no more be said.
Œd. See, with thy friendliness what thou hast done,
My will unbent, and blunted my resolve.
Chor. King, I have said it and will say it again—
Ill-counselling nor for wise counsels apt
Should I be proved, if thee I now renounce,
Who with a straight course home didst safely bring
The storm-tossed vessel of my people's hope—

And now again comfort us, if thou canst!
Joc. I pray thee, king, hide not from me the cause,
That to such fierce displeasure thou art moved.
Œd. Yea, for I honour thee, queen, more than these—
What Creon hath planned against me, thou shalt hear.
Joc. Thy ground of quarrel let me clearly know.
Œd. By me he says that Laius was slain.
Joc. As knowing it of himself, or from another?
Œd. A lying prophet he has set to say it;
Nor speaks one word that may commit himself.
Joc. Why, think no more then of what troubles thee.
Listen to me; I tell thee, there is not
Any such thing as prophecy on earth.
And, what I speak, I'll shortly prove it true.
There came to Laius once an oracle,
I say not from the god, but from his servants,
That fate would bring to pass that he should die
Slain by his son, whom I should bear to him.
But Laius, in a place where three roads meet,
As rumour went, robbers and strangers slew:
And from the child's birth ere three days had passed,
Binding his feet with cords, by hands of others
On the lone mountain-side his father flung him.
So failed Apollo's word that he should slay
His father, and that Laius (the fate
He feared so much) should by his son be slain.
So prophets order the affairs of men;
Whom heed not thou: for, knowledge that the god
Seeks to impart, he will himself reveal.
Œd. Bewilderment, O lady, fills my soul,
Hearing thy word, and troubles all my thoughts.
Joc. What sudden doubt hath so surprised thy mind?
Œd. Methought I heard thee say that in a place
Where three roads met was Laius overthrown.
Joc. 'Twas rumoured so, and so is still believed.
Œd. Where is the spot, where this disaster chanced?
Joc. The land is Phocian, and the branching roads
From Delphi and from Daulis thither lead.
Œd. And how long is it since these things were done?
Joc. A little ere we hailed thee king of Thebes—
So long ago came tidings of the deed.
Œd. O Zeus, what is thy will concerning me?
Joc. What is it that so moves thee, Œdipus?
Œd. Ask me not yet: but tell me first, how looked
This Laius—how far was his manhood spent?
Joc. Tall, and his hair a little mixed with grey,
And in his looks not all unlike to thee.
Œd. Ah me unhappy! a grievous curse, not knowing,

Upon myself it seems that I have laid.
Joc. What dost thou say? O king, I fear thy face.
Œd. I much misdoubt the seer indeed can see.
But tell me one thing more, and I shall know.
Joc. I fear, but what thou askest I will tell.
Œd. How went he—with a slender company,
Or with a goodly following, like a king?
Joc. Five men were all that followed him, and one
A herald: and one chariot bore the king.
Œd. It is enough: there is no doubt. But, lady,
What man was he who told this tale in Thebes?
Joc. A servant, who alone escaped alive.
Œd. About the palace now may he be found?
Joc. Not so: for when, come hence, he saw thee throned
King in the room of Laius who was dead,
He touched my hand, and prayed that I would send him
Into the fields, that he might tend the flocks,
As far from sight of Thebes as he could go;
And so he went: he was an honest slave,
And greater boon than this had well deserved.
Œd. Let him come hither again without delay.
Joc. He can be called. But what wouldst thou with him?
Œd. More than I should, I fear what I myself
Have uttered, and would speak with him of this.
Joc. The man shall come. But have not I a right
To learn, O king, what so disquiets thee?
Œd. What dark forebodings weigh upon my soul,
I will not hide from thee. Who if not thou
Should share the knowledge of the path I tread?
Polybus, king of Corinth, was my father,
My mother Dorian Merope. No peer
Had I in Corinth, till upon a day
An incident befell, worthy indeed
Of wonder, but not worth the heed I paid it.
For at a feast a man, heated with wine,
Called me a foundling, not my father's son.
And I, indignant, till that day had passed
Hardly endured, and on the next I taxed
My parents face to face; and they, incensed
Against the slanderer, brooked not that reproach.
So was I satisfied by them, and yet
The rumour grew, and stung me night and day,
Till I without my parents' knowledge came
To Delphi. But in vain: Apollo deigned
No answer to the question that I asked:
But what a tale instead, as from his lips,
I heard—of woe and horror and despair!
That I was doomed to marry with my mother,

And show the world a sight intolerable,
The children of that union; and to be
The murderer of the father who begat me.
And hearing this I fled—fled through the night—
Away from Corinth, never to return—
Shaping my course by starlight—to a land
Where I should never see my life fulfil
The shameful presage of that dreaded doom.
So came I to the very place whereat
I hear thee say the king, thy lord, was slain.
Queen, I will tell thee all. When, journeying,
I drew near to the meeting of the ways,
There did a herald meet me, and a man
Rode in a colt-drawn chariot, as thou sayest.
They met me face to face: and from the path
Servant and master both essayed to force me.
Then I in wrath struck at the charioteer,
Who turned me back: but, when the old man saw it,
Waiting until I passed, with double goad
Full on the head he smote me from above.
Heavily he paid for it. For in a minute
The good staff in my hand dealt such a blow,
Backward from the mid-car he reeled and fell.
I slew them every one. But, if this stranger
Was any kinsman of the king that's dead,
Who is more miserable than I this day?
What man could be more hated by the gods?
Whom, citizen or stranger, no one must
Receive under his roof, or speak to me,
But thrust me from his doors. And it was I,
No other, who laid this curse upon myself.
And these foul hands, that did the murder, stain
The bed o' the murdered man. Am I not vile—
Unclean, from head to foot? who must pass hence
Exiled, and passing not reseek my home,
Not tread my native soil, or fear that curst
Incestuous marriage, and to slay my sire,
Polybus—from whom I sprang, who reared my youth?
Should not one justly tax the heavens with spite,
That rained down such afflictions on my head?
Let me not live, ye high and holy gods,
Not live to see that day, but pass away
From sight of all men first, and not behold
The blot of evil, blackening all my life!

CHOR. O king, this troubles us indeed: but, till
Thou hear'st from him who saw, hope for the best.

ŒD. Why, so much hope in truth is mine, to wait
The shepherd's coming: this, and only this.

Joc. And should he come—what makes thine eagerness?
Œd. I'll tell thee: if his tale agrees with thine,
Then I am free; there's nought for me to fear.
Joc. What in my story squared not with thy deed?
Œd. Thou saidst he spake of robbers—of a band,
Who slew the king. If the same number still
He shall report, it is not I who slew him.
One man is not mistaken for a host.
But let him speak of one sole traveller—
That turns the scale: plainly the deed was mine.
Joc. Doubt not, he told the tale as I have said,
And what he spoke he cannot now reject,
For all the city heard, not I alone.
But should he swerve aught from his former speech,
Yet nowise, king, the death of Laius
Shall he show true to promise, whom the god
Foredoomed to die, slain by his babe and mine.
Yet never did that child, the hapless boy,
Slay him—but died himself before his sire;
That never again should I take pains to look
This way or that, for fear of prophecy.
Œd. I hold with thee in that. But yet send one
To bid the hind come hither: omit not this.
Joc. I'll send with speed. But go we now within:
For I will nothing do but what thou wouldst.

Exeunt omnes

(*Str. 1*)

Chor. O may my constant feet not fail,
Walking in paths of righteousness,
Sinless in word and deed—
True to those eternal laws
That scale forever the high steep
Of heaven's pure ether, whence they sprang:
For only in Olympus is their home,
Nor mortal wisdom gave them birth,
And, howsoe'er men may forget,
They will not sleep;
For the might of the god within them grows not old.

(*Ant. 1*)

Rooted in pride, the tyrant grows;
But pride that with its own too-much
Is rashly surfeited,
Heeding not the prudent mean,
Down the inevitable gulf
From its high pinnacle is hurled,
Where use of feet or foothold there is none.
But, O kind gods, the noble strength,
That struggles for the state's behoof,

Unbend not yet:
In the gods have I put my trust—I will not fear.

(*Str.* 2)

But whoso walks disdainfully,
In act or word,
And fears not justice, nor reveres
The thronèd gods, him let misfortune slay
For his ill-starred wantoning,
Should he heap unrighteous gains,
Nor from unhallowed paths withhold his feet,
Or reach rash hands to pluck forbidden fruit.
Who shall do this, and boast
That yet his soul is proof
Against the arrows of offended Heaven?
If honour crowns such deeds as these,
Not song, but silence, then for me!

(*Ant.* 2)

To Earth's dread centre, unprofaned
By mortal touch,
No more with awe will I repair,
Nor Abæ's shrine,
Nor the Olympian plain,
If the truth stands not confessed,
Pointed at by all the world.
O Zeus supreme, if rightly thou art called—
Lord over all—let not these things escape
Thee and thy timeless sway!
For now men set at nought
Apollo's word, and cry "Behold, it fails!"
His praise is darkened with a doubt;
And faith is sapped, and Heaven defied.

Enter JOCASTA

JOC. Elders of Thebes, 'twas borne upon my mind,
Shrines of the gods to visit, and to bring
These garlands and this incense in my hands.
The soul of Œdipus is idly stirred
With manifold misgivings; and, whereas
Wise men conclude things present from things past,
Him the last speaker sways—who speaks of fear.
Now therefore, since my counsel nought avails,
To thee, Lyceian Apollo, who art most nigh,
With these entreaties suppliant I am come,
That thou wouldst cleanse and make us free from guilt.
For now our hearts wax faint, beholding him,
The pilot of our ship, distraught with fear.

Enter MESSENGER

MESS. Friends, might I of your courtesy inquire
Where is the house of Œdipus the king?

Or, better, where is he—if this ye know?
Chor. These are his doors, O friend, and he within;
And this his wife, the mother of his children.
Mess. Blessings on her, and blessings on her house
For ever—being a perfect wife to him!
Joc. I wish thee back thy wishes: for no less
Deserves thy courteous speech. But wherefore, friend,
Art thou come hither—with what news to tell?
Mess. Good news, queen, to thy house, and to thy lord.
Joc. What news? And by whose sending art thou come?
Mess. I come from Corinth. Tidings I shall tell—
Joyful past doubt, yet haply sorrowful.
Joc. What tidings—sweet and bitter in a breath?
Mess. The people of the Isthmian land are purposed—
So there 'twas said—to have him for their king.
Joc. How? Doth not the aged Polybus still reign?
Mess. Not he: for death has laid him in the tomb.
Joc. What sayest thou? Polybus, old man, is dead?
Mess. Let me not live, if I have spoken falsely.
Joc. Lose not a moment, sirrah; to thy lord
Go, tell this news. O oracles of the gods,
Where are ye now? Fearing to slay this man
Did Œdipus flee from his home—who now
In nature's course, not by his act, is dead.

Enter Œdipus

Œd. O dearest presence of my wife Jocasta,
Why hast thou called me hither from the house?
Joc. Hear this man's news; hear, and perceive, to what
The boasted oracles of the gods are come.
Œd. Who is this man? what tidings does he bring?
Joc. From Corinth he reports that Polybus,
Thy father, lives no longer, but is dead.
Œd. How, sirrah? From thine own lips let me hear it.
Mess. If first thou'dst have the certainty of this
Doubt not, but know, that Polybus is dead.
Œd. Visited by sickness, or by treason slain?
Mess. The lives of old men hang upon a thread.
Œd. Poor soul, 'twas sickness, then, that took him off?
Mess. That, and the length of years which weighed him down.
Œd. Alas, why then, O queen, should men regard
The Delphian hearth prophetic, or the birds
That scream i' the air; by whose direction I
Was to have slain my father—but he is dead
And in his grave, and I remain, whose hand
No sword came near; unless for love of me
He pined away—and so I caused his death?—
But certainly this prophecy at least
Is with the dead man buried, out of mind.

Joc. Said I not from the first this would be so?
Œd. Ay, so thou didst: but me my fears misled.
Joc. Bid now thy fears farewell: despond no more.
Œd. My mother's couch how can I cease to fear?
Joc. Why should men fear, who see that chance rules all,
And forecast of the future there is none?
Careless to live, as best one can, is best.
And this unnatural union fear not thou:
For many a man ere now, aghast, has dreamed
Of coupling with a mother. But who sets
At naught such fancies, bears life's burden best.
Œd. All this indeed were well and wisely spoken,
Did not my mother live: but, while she lives,
How true soe'er thy words, I needs must fear.
Joc. Is not thy father's death new sight to thee?
Œd. Ay, there I see: yet dread the living mother.
Mess. What woman is it of whom ye are afraid?
Œd. The wife of Polybus, Merope, old man.
Mess. And what see ye in her that tends to fear?
Œd. A dreadful prophecy the god has uttered.
Mess. May it be spoken? Or must no man know it?
Œd. Nay, thou shalt hear. To marry with my mother—
This doom hath Loxias pronounced for me,
And with these hands to shed my father's blood.
And therefore far from Corinth many a day
My life was passed; and this was well—and yet
Into their parents' eyes men love to look.
Mess. Was this the fear that banished thee from thence?
Œd. This—and my father's murderer not to be.
Mess. What hinders then, that, as I came thy friend,
I from this fear, king, should deliver thee?
Œd. I should not prove a niggard of my thanks.
Mess. Indeed to this end chiefly did I come,
That I might profit by thy coming home.
Œd. Beneath my parents' roof I may not come.
Mess. 'Tis plain, my son, thou know'st not what thou dost.
Œd. What meanest thou, old man? I prithee, speak.
Mess. If for this cause thou dost avoid thy home.
Œd. Yea, for I fear lest the god's word come true.
Mess. Pollution from thy parents dost thou fear?
Œd. This ever—this, old man, makes me afraid.
Mess. Then dost thou know thou startest at a shadow?
Œd. How, if these were my parents, I their son?
Mess. Because no kin was Polybus to thee.
Œd. What dost thou tell me? was he not my father?
Mess. As much—no more than I who speak to thee.
Œd. Thou'rt nought to me—how then my father's equal?
Mess. Neither from his loins didst thou spring, nor mine.

Œd. How did he let me then be called his son?
Mess. From my hands he received thee as a gift.
Œd. And yet a foundling he so greatly loved?
Mess. Persuaded by his former childlessness.
Œd. Bought by thy gold was I, or found by chance?
Mess. Among Kithæron's wooded folds I found thee.
Œd. What errand led thee to the mountain ways?
Mess. The sheep upon the mountain were my charge.
Œd. Wast thou a vagrant and a hireling shepherd?
Mess. But on that day, my son, I rescued thee.
Œd. In what distress, forsaken, didst thou find me?
Mess. Thy bruisèd feet may testify of this.
Œd. Ha, thou hast harped upon an ancient grief!
Mess. I loosed thy feet, pierced through and bound with cords.
Œd. O dread memorial of my childhood's shame!
Mess. So that from this misfortune thou wast named.
Œd. By father or mother was this done? O say!
Mess. Not I, but he who gave thee, should know this.
Œd. Thou didst receive me, then, and didst not find me?
Mess. Nay, from another shepherd's hands I had thee.
Œd. Who was he? Dost thou know how to describe him?
Mess. He fed the sheep of Laius as I heard.
Œd. Of him who was aforetime king of Thebes?
Mess. Ay, that was he: his feeder this man was.
Œd. Is that man still alive, that I may see him?
Mess. That should be best known to your Theban folk.
Œd. Is any one among the standers-by
  Who knows about this hind, of whom he speaks—
  Has seen him, in the city or the fields?
  Speak out: the time has come to find the truth.
Chor. I think he is none other than the man
  Whose presence from the fields thou didst desire:
  But the queen best can tell if this be so.
Œd. Lady, thou mindest him, whom we erewhile
  Bade summon hither? Spake this man of him?
Joc. What skills of whom he spake? Heed not his talk:
  Vainly it were remembered: let it pass.
Œd. This cannot be, that having found this clue
  I should not bring my parentage to light.
Joc. As thou dost love thy life, inquire no more—
  I charge thee by the gods: my grief's enough.
Œd. Nay, never fear; for, though three mothers back
  Should stamp me thrice a slave, thou shalt not blush.
Joc. Yet be advised, I pray thee, and forbear.
Œd. I'll not consent not to learn all the truth.
Joc. Ah, yet in prudence I advise the best.
Œd. Too long thou dost torment me with this best.
Joc. O may'st thou never know what man thou art!

Œd. Will some one go and bring the shepherd hither?
And let this woman of rich kinsmen boast.
Joc. Woe to thee, miserable! no other word
Have I for thee—now or for evermore! *She goes out*
Chor. What sudden frenzy, Œdipus, of grief
Swept hence the queen? To mischief, much I fear,
Her passion, from this silence, will break forth.
Œd. Break forth to what it will—yet I will choose
To trace, though mean, the sources of my blood.
Perchance this woman, more than women proud,
Of my ignoble lineage is ashamed.
But I am not dishonoured, since I deem
Myself a child of Fortune, ever kind.
She truly is my mother, and the months,
Her children too, have made me small and great.
This, which I am, I cannot cease to be,
That I should fear the secret of my birth.

(*Str. 1*)

Chor. If with my human wit
The future I can read—
Olympus, hear me swear,
That of Kithæron, all the moonlit night,
When next the moon's at full,
Our praises shall not fail—
Of Œdipus compatriot true,
And nurse, and mother proved:
Nor shall the mountain miss
Due meed of dance and song
For kindness rendered to our Lord the king.
O Phœbus, hear our cry,
And let our prayer with thee acceptance find!

(*Ant. 1*)

Thy mother, O fair son—
Some mountain nymph was she,
In fadeless beauty clad,
Whom Pan upon the mountain saw and loved?
Or her to his embrace
Did Loxias woo and win?
For well our pastoral lawns he loves:
Or else Kyllene's lord,
Or Bacchus, who delights
The mountain-peaks to haunt—
Did some fair nymph o' the Heliconian train
(His playmates best-beloved)
Leave on the hills his babe for him to find?
Œd. If I may make conjecture, friends, of one
Whose face I never saw, here comes methinks
The shepherd of our quest. For, full of years,

Chimes with this man the measure of his age:
Besides, my servants lead him, whom I know—
My own: yet may my knowledge be surpassed
Perchance by thine, who hast this shepherd seen.
CHOR. I know him, doubtless. No more trusty fellow
Had Laius for a herdsman, sire, than he.
ŒD. Thee, sir, who art from Corinth, first I ask,
Is this the man?
MESS. This, whom thine eyes behold.
ŒD. Now, aged sir, for thee: look hither and speak
To what I ask: Didst thou serve Laius?
SERV. Not bought, but of his household born and bred.
ŒD. Minding what task—to what employment bound?
SERV. Most of my time I followed with the flocks.
ŒD. And whereabouts didst thou thy shepherding?
SERV. Now 'twas Kithæron, now some neighbor hill.
ŒD. Hadst thou with this man any dealings there?
SERV. What did he there? Of what man dost thou ask?
ŒD. Who stands before thee: hast thou met him ever?
SERV. I can not on this instant call to mind.
MESS. No marvel, sire, if he forgets: but soon
Clearly he shall remember. Well I know
He knows the time when on Kithæron's slopes
He fed two flocks together; while with one
From springtime till Arcturus, year by year,
Three times, each time six months, I was his neighbour:
Then, for the winter, home we drove our sheep,
He to the folds of Laius, I to mine:
Sounds this like truth, or have I dreamed it all?
SERV. No dream, but truth, though it is long since then.
MESS. A child thou gavest me—dost thou remember?
A tender babe, to nurse him for my own.
SERV. What wouldst thou have? Why dost thou ask me this?
MESS. The child became a man: look where he stands!
SERV. Hence to perdition—go; and cease thy prate!
ŒD. Ah, do not chide, old man, his speaking: thine
Of such reproof stands more in need than his.
SERV. Most gracious sire, wherein do I offend?
ŒD. Not speaking of the child of whom he asks.
SERV. This trail is false: he speaks he knows not what.
ŒD. In kindness thou'lt not speak: perforce thou shalt.
SERV. Me, who am old, I pray thee, do not harm!
ŒD. Let some one bind me, quick, this fellow's arms.
SERV. Alas, for what? what more wouldst thou be told?
ŒD. Thou gavest him this child of whom he asks?
SERV. Would I had died that day! but so I did.
ŒD. Thou'lt come to this, not speaking all the truth.
SERV. Much more, if I shall speak, I am undone.

ŒD. This man, it seems, will palter with us yet.
SERV. What paltering? Said I not, I gave the child?
ŒD. Whose was the babe? another's or thine own?
SERV. Nay, none of mine: one gave him to my hands.
ŒD. Which of these Thebans gave—where dwelt the man?
SERV. No more: by heaven, O king, ask me no more.
ŒD. Thou art undone, if I must ask again.
SERV. Born in the house of Laius was the child.
ŒD. And of the king's blood was he, or a slave?
SERV. Now, now, ah me, the fatal words to speak.
ŒD. Fatal for me to hear: but I must hear it.
SERV. His child 'twas called indeed: but one within,
Thy queen, can best attest if this was so.
ŒD. She gave thee, then, the babe?
SERV. My lord, she did.
ŒD. And wherefore did she so?
SERV. That it might die.
ŒD. O cruel mother!
SERV. Dire prophecies she feared.
ŒD. What were they?
SERV. That the child should slay his sire.
ŒD. How then gav'st thou the child to this old man?
SERV. For pity, O master: to another land
Thinking that he would bear it, whence he came.
O woful life, ill-saved! For, if thou art
What this man says, thou art most miserable.
ŒD. Out and alas! so all at last comes true!
Here let me look my last upon the sun,
That sees me father'd, mother'd, wived amiss,
And, whom I should not, sees that I have slain.

Exeunt omnes

(*Str. 1*)

CHOR. O generations of the race of men,
How all as if ye were not I account
This human life ye live.
For which, O which of you may hope to win
Of bliss a larger share,
Than just enough to seem,
Then from that seeming to decline?
I, with thy fate for proof,
Thine, thine, O hapless Œdipus,
May deem no mortal blest:

(*Ant. 1*)

Who as a master-bowman cleft the mark,
And all-admired prosperity he won—
O Zeus, and is this he?—
Against that maiden with her vulture claws,
And subtle songs of doom,

He rose, a tower of strength,
And slew her, and our lives redeemed:
We hailed him then our king,
Our worship at his feet we laid:
This mighty Thebes he ruled.

(*Str.* 2)

Now what name sounds more lamentable than his?
Or who, in life's reverse,
With fierce calamity hath dwelt,
And anguish, like to this?
Where is his glory now,
Whom, entering rash that chamber, son with sire,
The same wide harbour hath received?
How could, how could, O hapless Œdipus,
The furrows of thy father's field
So long in silence bear with thee?

(*Ant.* 2)

But now all-seeing Time hath found and doomed
This thine unconscious sin—
In guilty union linked with one,
Thy mother, and thy wife.
O son of Laius, thee
I would that never, never I had seen!
No measure of my grief I know,
Nor how my cries to stint. For, sooth to tell,
Thou didst my life renew, and now
Because of thee my days are dark.

Enter MESSENGER

MESS. O ye most honoured ever of this land,
What deeds your ears, your eyes, what grief your souls
Shall know, if for the race of Labdacus
Ye from your hearts are careful as of old.
Not Ister's flood, nor Phasis, as I think,
With pure ablution could make clean this house—
Such guilt it hides—and other guilt full soon,
Willing and not unwilling, shall disclose:
Worst grief of all, when men afflict themselves.
CHOR. That which we knew before lacked not to be
Most lamentable; what hast thou more to tell?
MESS. Word soonest told and soonest heard is this—
The godlike presence of the queen is dead.
CHOR. Unhappy lady, what cause had she to die?
MESS. Her own rash act: the worst of what was done
Thou canst not know, not having it to see,
But yet, far as my memory may serve,
The tale of her undoing thou shalt hear.
Soon as in that fierce mood she came inside
The porch of the house, straight to her nuptial couch

She hied, with all the strength of both her hands
Rending her hair, and violently she closed
The doors upon herself, and called aloud
On Laius, her dead lord, and made her moan
Of that her ancient childbed, whence he gat
A son that slew himself—and died and left
That mother to that son, quick-wombed to bear
Offspring accursed: O hateful marriage-bed,
Twice fruitful, whence to her, ill-starred, there sprang
Husband from husband, children from her child!
So much I know, but know not how she died:
For in there burst, with outcries loud, the king,
And filled my sight: her end I might not see.
But him my eyes still followed where he roamed,
Now here, now there, craving of us a sword,
And where to find that wife, no wife indeed,
Mother and wife in one, a field twice-tilled,
That bore himself for fruit, and fruit to him.
So as he raved, some god directed him—
No man at least, of us who watched him there:
And with a dreadful cry he leapt against
The folded doors, as one had led the way,
And from their sockets burst the bending bolts,
And entered. Hanging there—the queen we saw
Tight in the death-grip of a pendent cord.
With one dread voice of horror at that sight
He loosed the hanging noose, and on the ground
Laid down the piteous corse: and then we saw
A dreadful sight: for, tearing from her robe
The golden clasp that pinned its folds aright,
He smote and stabbed the circles of his eyes,
Exclaiming, that on him they should not look,
What things he suffered and what things he did;
Nor see henceforth whom not to see behoved—
See and mistake those whom he craved to know.
Such burden chanting, he full many a time
With lifted hand struck at his eyes: and both
Their bleeding orbs rained forth unceasingly
Great drops of oozing gore that drenched his beard,
Two pelting showers together of dark red hail.
Such sudden doom, not single, his and hers,
On both, by act of both, hath broken forth.
Gone is the former bliss, which, while it was,
Was bliss indeed: a day, and all is changed,
Wailing and woe are here, and death, and shame,
And all are here, all evils that are named.

CHOR. From grief, poor soul, what respite finds he now?

MESS. Loudly he bids unbolt the doors, and let

All eyes in Thebes look on the parricide,
Who with his mother—unhallowed deeds he names
Nameless for me!—then from the land he will
Banish himself, nor here abide the curse
Himself invoked. But strength he lacks, and one
To lead him: his affliction else is more
Than he can bear. Look for thyself. I hear
The bolts undraw. A sight thou shalt behold,
Should wring compassion even from his foes.

Enter ŒDIPUS

CHOR. O woful plight for men to see,
Most woful sight that ever I have seen!
What madness, O unhappy king,
Possessed thee? On thine ill-starred life,
A leap beyond all measure of how far,
What god hath leapt?
I cannot bear to look on thee,
Albeit of many things I fain would ask,
Of many things my ears, my eyes inform:
Such shuddering takes hold of me.
ŒD. Alas, alas unhappy that I am!
Whither I wend, I know not; and my voice
To the four winds of heaven is idly borne.
Whereunto hath this fierce fate leapt on me?
CHOR. To horror, neither to be heard nor seen.
ŒD. O thou thick cloud of darkness,
That on my life hast settled,
Abominable, unutterable,
Indomitable,
By pitiless winds swept hitherward on me;
Alas!
And yet again, alas, and woe is me!
Such maddening pain
Of those sharp daggers at my eyes,
Blent with remembrance of my misery,
Pierces my inmost soul.
CHOR. No marvel if, in such extremity,
Thy grief is twofold, as thy suffering is.
ŒD. O my good friend,
I am not then forsaken yet by thee?
O constant friend, who of thy love for me
Yet weariest not though I am blind!—Ah me!
Ah woe is me!
Spite of this darkness, yet I know thee well,
Hearing thy voice: a friend hath no disguise.
CHOR. O rash and overbold, how didst thou dare
Mar thus thy sight? What god stirred thee to this?
ŒD. Apollo, O my friends,

Apollo on my life
This evil doom, this evil doom hath laid;
But no hand dealt,
No hand save mine alone, the grievous blow:
For what to me did eyes avail,
Who seeing had no pleasant sight to see?
Chor. Even as thou sayest, so it was.
Œd. What should my eyes behold,
Or heart desire, or ears
Take pleasure any more
Of human speech, O friends, to hear?
Convey me hence as quickly as ye may,
Hence, O my friends, from all men's sight,
Me, most pernicious—me,
Of mortals most accurst,
And hated by the gods of all men most.
Chor. Would god that I had never seen thy face,
In wisdom as in fortune all unblest!
Œd. Perish the man who found me
On the wild mountain-side,
And from the cruel cords that bound my feet
Loosed me, and rescued me, and saved from death,
A kindness most unkind:
For then should I have died,
Not lived, to grieve my friends and vex myself.
Chor. My wish in this consents to thine.
Œd. So had I not my father slain,
And not been called by all the world
Husband of her from whom I sprang:
Now I am godless—son of an impious race—
Wedded, O miserable, with her from whom I sprang.
All misery that misery exceeds
Hath Œdipus obtained.
Chor. I know not how to say thou hast counselled well:
Better thou hadst not been than blind to live.
Œd. That I have done what was not best to do,
Instruct me not, nor counsel any more.
I know not with what eyes I should have met
My father face to face in the halls of death,
Or viewed my wretched mother—having done
Wrongs worse than hanging both to him and her.
But was the sight of children then so dear,
For me to see them, born as they were born?
Nay, to my eyes no welcome sight were they,
Nor yet this city, not these towers of Thebes,
Nor sacred shrines o' the gods, wherefrom I, wretched
Who once most nobly lived of all in Thebes,
Debarred myself, myself charging all men

To drive me forth, the impious one, by heaven
Proclaimed unclean—and son of Laius.
How, having brought home to myself such guilt,
With steadfast eyes this people could I face?
Nay but, the fount of hearing in mine ears
Could I have choked withal, I had not spared
This miserable body to seal up,
That sight nor sound had reached me: could my soul
So dwell, fenced round from evil, that were bliss.
Why did Kithæron nurse me? Why not rather
Take me and slay me there, never to show
The shuddering world the secret of my birth?
O Polybus, O Corinth, and O home
That once I deemed my sire's, what festering sore
Lurked underneath your love that showed so fair!
Vile of a vile race I am found the son.
O triple ways, and dark mysterious dell,
Where 'neath the copse the three roads straitly met,
O ye that from my hands drank deep my blood,
My father's that I shed, do ye remember
What deed ye saw me do, ere hither I came,
And did what deeds again? O marriage-bed
My bed of birth, that bore me, and again
By that self seed requickened gave to view
The father, brother, son, one blood with her,
That bride, both wife and mother: O horrid sight
Of deeds most shameful that on earth are done!
But, since of things ill done 'tis ill to speak,
Now by the gods make haste and hale me forth
And hide me hence, or slay, or in the deep
Fling me where ye shall see me never more.
Shrink not to touch me, wretched that I am:
Fear nothing, but consent. For this my load
Of sorrow none may bear but I alone.

Enter CREON

CHOR. Lo, timely to thine asking, even now,
To do and to advise, comes Creon—he,
Who single in thy stead protects the land.
ŒD. Ah me, what speech to him shall I address?
What plea shall now suffice me? for to him
All that I said before is found unjust.
CRE. I am not come to mock thee, Œdipus,
Nor to reproach thee with the former wrong.
But ye—grown reckless that the sons of men
Should see such sight unblest, yet to the beam,
All-quickening, of the Sun-god fear to show,
Unveiled, a man impure, whom earth rejects,
And rain that drops from heaven, and holy light.

Into the house conduct him speedily.
Most right it is, the evils of their kin
Kinsmen should see and hear, and none but they.
ŒD. By heaven, for thou hast plucked my fears away,
With nobleness requiting me most vile,
Grant, for thy sake, not mine, the boon I crave.
CRE. With what request dost thou importune me?
ŒD. Make haste to banish me out of this land,
Where none shall see me, none shall speak to me.
CRE. Surely ere now I had done this, but first
I wished to learn the pleasure of the god.
ŒD. One voice we heard from him, to let me perish,
The parricide, the impious that I am.
CRE. It was reported so: but in this need
'Twere best we should learn further what to do.
ŒD. Will ye inquire for one so miserable?
CRE. 'Tis time that even thou shouldst trust the gods.
ŒD. Thou therefore do my bidding, and consent:—
Bury indeed the woman in the house
According to thy pleasure: 'tis thy right,
For she is thine: but doom not me alive
Here in my father's city to abide:
Out on the mountain yonder let me dwell,
Kithæron called, and mine, that living tomb
My parents gave me once to be my own:
So shall their murderous will at last be done.
And yet I know no sickness and no harm
Could touch me then: else had I not been saved
Out of that death, but to fulfil my doom.
So be that doom fulfilled, whate'er it be.
But for my children, Creon—for the boys
No need that thou shouldst care: for they are men,
And cannot starve, wherever they may be—
But of my daughters twain, poor helpless maids,
Whose place at board was ever at my side,
One board for me and them, one fare for both,
And nothing that I touched they might not share—
Care thou for them: and let me, if I may,
Touch them but once, and weep, and bid farewell.
Grant this, O prince,
Out of thy noble heart. For, might I touch them,
My own, as when I saw them, they would seem.—
What do I say?
O heaven, do I not hear my darlings somewhere
Weeping, and Creon has had pity on me,
And brought them here, my children, my beloved?
Is it not so?
CRE. I brought them here indeed, thee having seen

In former days delighted even as now.
Œᴅ. O for this meeting be thou blest, and safe
In heaven's good keeping rest, more safe than I!
Children, where are ye? Come hither and draw near,
To these fraternal hands, my hands that have
A goodly sight provided you to see,
Your father's eyes, dark now, that once were bright,
Since you I gat whence I myself was born,
Seeing and knowing not what now appears.
Children, I see you not, but weep for you,
Of your sad life's remainder when I think,
What life abhorred by men ye both shall lead.
Into what concourse or what festival
Of Thebans shall ye come, nor thence go home
Blind with your tears, that festal sight unseen?
And, when at last for marriage ye are ripe,
Who will consent, O children, who will dare
Such scathing taunts to meet as then shall light
Both on my parents and on yours no less?
For what reproach is wanting? I, your father,
My father slew, and with the mother couched
From whom my life began; and, from the womb
That bare your sire, ye to your sire were born.
Such taunts shall ye endure. Who then will wed you?
No man, my daughters, none; but certainly
Unwedded and unfruitful ye shall pine.
Son of Menœceus, then—for thou art left
Sole father that they have—since parents both
They both have lost—O leave them not to wander
Begging their bread, unhusbanded, thy kin;
Let them not in misfortune rival me:
But pity them, seeing their tender years
Left destitute and friendless, but for thee.
Lay hand in mine; be noble, and consent.
And you, my children, could ye mark my words,
Much had I counselled: now, pray this for me,
To live where chance will have me—but that you
A better than your father's life may find.
Cʀᴇ. Thou hast had enough of weeping: now within the house begone.
Œᴅ. I must do, though hard, thy bidding.
Cʀᴇ. All things are, in season, best.
Œᴅ. On what terms I go, thou knowest?
Cʀᴇ. Let me hear, then I shall know.
Œᴅ. From the land I must be banished.
Cʀᴇ. With the god thy asking rests.
Œᴅ. Am I not of gods most hated?
Cʀᴇ. Therefore thou shalt have thy wish.

ŒD. Is it promised?
CRE. I have said it: what I say shall be performed.
ŒD. 'Tis enough; now hence conduct me.
CRE. Loose thy daughters, then, and go.
ŒD. Do not take from me my children.
CRE. Something be content to yield:
More thou hast obtained already than thy life had well deserved.
CHOR. Look and learn, all Theban people, and this Œdipus behold,
This, that read the famous riddle, and we hailed him chief of men,
And his glory and his fortune was no Theban but admired—
Now upon his head the billows of disaster dire are poured.
Therefore, waiting still and watching for that final day of all,
On no mortal man the verdict 'He is happy' we pronounce,
Till his goal of life he passes, clear of sorrow to the close.

—ROBERT WHITELAW.

MEDEA[1]

EURIPIDES

Euripides was born on the island of Salamis in 480 B.C., the year—tradition says, on the very day—of the famous battle of Salamis against the Persians. He preferred the life of retirement and study to that of public affairs, and spent the closing years of his life in Macedonia, where he died in 406 B.C. The remark of Sophocles that he had painted men as they ought to be while Euripides painted them as they are indicates the most important change wrought by the last of the great tragedians in the Greek drama. It was at once a change to the romantic and to the realistic—romantic in its novelties, its surprises, its use of the pathetic; and realistic in bringing the characters of heroic legends down to earth to feel and act as ordinary mortals. Plot became more intricate, dialogue more subtle, and the chorus more of a conventional interlude. The new conception of tragedy was the natural result of the changed conditions in Athens after the fear of Persian conquest had been removed, when wealth and luxury, along with earlier philosophic and "scientific" findings, had begun to undermine traditional morality, and when sophistry and dialectic had begun to subject all things to skeptical questioning. Eighteen of the ninety plays which Euripides wrote are extant.

Euripides characteristically prefers a story of human passion and its immediate consequences to problems of hereditary sin or of destiny. Medea is the personification of jealousy, and our interest is centered

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[1] From *Euripides*, by Arthur S. Way, William Heinemann, and Harvard University Press, 1928. Used by permission.

solely on the manifestations of that passion. The tragedy of Medea's situation consists not only in Jason's treatment of her, but also in the conflict within her own heart between her maternal love and her hatred for Jason. The play was produced in 432 B.C.

Dramatis Personæ

Nurse of Medea's Children
Children's Guardian
Medea
Chorus of Corinthian Ladies
Creon, *King of Corinth*
Jason
Ægeus, *King of Athens*
Messenger
Children of Medea

The Scene is in front of Jason's *house at Corinth*
Enter Nurse of Medea's Children

Nurse. Would God that Argo's hull had never flown
Through those blue Clashing Rocks to Colchis-land,
Nor that the axe-hewn pine in Pelion's glens
Ever had fallen, nor filled with oars the hands
Of hero-princes, who at Pelias' hest
Quested the Golden Fleece! My mistress then,
Medea, ne'er had sailed to Iolcos' towers
With love for Jason thrilled through all her soul,
Nor had on Pelias' daughters wrought to slay
Their sire, nor now in this Corinthian land
Dwelt with her lord and children, gladdening
By this her exile them whose land received her,
Yea, and in all things serving Jason's weal,
Which is the chief salvation of the home,
When wife stands not at variance with her lord.
Now all is hatred: love is sickness-stricken.
For Jason, traitor to his babes and her,
My mistress, weddeth with a child of kings,
Daughter of Creon ruler of the land.
And, slighted thus, Medea, hapless wife,
Cries on the oaths, invokes that mightiest pledge
Of the right hand, and calls the Gods to witness
What recompense from Jason she receives.
Fasting, with limbs in grief's abandonment
Flung down, she weeps and wastes through all the days
Since first she knew her lord's wrong done to her,
Never uplifting eye, nor turning ever
From earth her face. No more than rock or sea-wave
Hearkeneth she to friends that counsel her;
Saving at whiles, when lifting her white neck,
To herself she wails her father once beloved,
Her land, her home, forsaking which she came
Hither with him who holds her now contemned.

Alas for her! she knows, by affliction taught,
How good is fatherland unforfeited.
She loathes her babes, joys not beholding them.
And what she may devise I dread to think.
Grim is her spirit, one that will not brook
Mishandling: yea, I know her, and I fear
Lest to her bridal bower she softly steal,
And through her own heart thrust the whetted knife,
Or slay the king and him that weds his child,
And get herself some doom yet worse thereby;
For dangerous is she: who begins a feud
With her, not soon shall sing the triumph-song.
But lo, her boys, their racing-sport put by,
Draw near, all careless of their mother's wrongs,
For the young heart loves not to brood in grief.

Enter Children's Guardian *with boys*

Children's Guardian. O ancient chattel of my mistress' home,
Why at the gates thus lonely standest thou,
Thyself unto thyself discoursing ills?
How wills Medea to be left of thee?
Nurse. O grey attendant thou of Jason's sons,
The hearts of faithful servants still are touched
By ill-betiding fortunes of their lords.
For I have sunk to such a depth of grief,
That yearning took me hitherward to come
And tell to earth and heaven my lady's plight.
Children's Guardian. Ceaseth not yet the hapless one from moan?
Nurse. Cease!—her pain scarce begun, far from its height!
Children's Guardian. Ah fool!—if one may say it of his lords—
Little she knoweth of the latest blow.
Nurse. What is it, ancient? Grudge not thou to tell me.
Children's Guardian. Naught: I repent me of the word that 'scaped me.
Nurse. Nay, by thy beard, hide not from fellow-thrall—
Silence, if need be, will I keep thereof.
Children's Guardian. I heard one saying—feigning not to hear,
As I drew near the old stone seats, where sit
The ancients round Peirene's hallowed fount,—
"Creon, this land's lord, is at point to banish
Mother and sons from soil Corinthian."
Howbeit, if the tale I heard be true
I know not: fain were I it were not so.
Nurse. Will Jason brook such dealing with his sons,
Though from their mother he be wholly estranged?
Children's Guardian. Old bonds of love are aye outrun by feet
Of new:—no friend is *he* unto this house.
Nurse. Ruined we are then, if we add fresh ill
To old, ere lightened be our ship of this.

CHILDREN'S GUARDIAN. But thou—for 'tis not season that thy lady
Should know—keep silence, and speak not the tale.
NURSE. Hear, babes, what father this is unto you!
I curse him—not: he is my master still:
But to his friends he stands convict of baseness.
CHILDREN'S GUARDIAN. What man is not? Hast learnt this only now,
That no man loves his neighbor as himself?
Good cause have some, with most 'tis greed of gain—
As here: their sire for a bride's sake loves not these.
NURSE. Pass in, dear children, for it shall be well.
But thou, keep these apart to the uttermost:
Bring them not nigh their mother angry-souled.
For late I saw her glare, as glares a bull,
On these, as 'twere for mischief; nor her wrath,
I know, shall cease, until its lightning strike.
To foes may she work ill, and not to friends!
MEDEA. (*behind the scenes*).
O hapless I! O miseries heaped on mine head!
Ah, me! ah me! would God I were dead!
NURSE. Lo, darlings, the thing that I told you!
Lo the heart of your mother astir!
And astir is her anger: withhold you
From her sight, come not nigh unto her.
Haste, get you within: O beware ye
Of the thoughts as a wild-beast brood,
Of the nature too ruthless to spare ye
In its desperate mood.

Pass ye within now, departing
With all speed. It is plain to discern
How a cloud of lamenting, upstarting
From its viewless beginnings, shall burn
In lightnings of fury yet fiercer.
What deeds shall be dared of that soul,
So haughty, when wrong's goads pierce her,
So hard to control?

Exeunt CHILDREN *with* GUARDIAN

MEDEA. (*behind the scenes*).
Woe! I have suffered, have suffered, foul wrongs that may waken, may waken
Mighty lamentings full well! O ye children accursed from the womb,
Hence to destruction, ye brood of a loathed one forsaken, forsaken!
Hence with your father, and perish our home in the blackness of doom!
NURSE. Ah me, in the father's offences
What part have the babes, that thine hate
Should blast them?—forlorn innocences,

How sorely I fear for your fate!
How terrible princes' moods are!—
Long ruling, unschooled to obey,—
Unforgiving, unsleeping their feuds are:
Better life's level way.

Be it mine, if in greatness I may not,
In quiet and peace to grow old.
Sweeter name than "The Mean" shall ye say not,
And to taste it is sweetness untold.
But to men never weal above measure
Availed: on its perilous height
The Gods in their hour of displeasure
The heavier smite.

Enter CHORUS OF CORINTHIAN LADIES

CHORUS. I have hearkened the voice of the daughter of Colchis, the sound of the crying
Of the misery-stricken; nor yet is she stilled. Now the tale of her tell,
Grey woman; for moaned through the porch from her chamber the wail of her sighing;
And I cannot, I cannot be glad while the home in affliction is lying,
The house I have loved so well.

NURSE. Home?—home there is none: it hath vanished away:
For my lord to a bride of the princes is thrall;
And my lady is pining the livelong day
In her bower, and for naught that her friends' lips say
On her heart may the dews of comfort fall.

MEDEA. (*behind the scenes*).
Would God that the flame of the lightning from heaven descending, descending,
Might burn through mine head!—for in living wherein any more is my gain?
Alas and alas! Would God I might bring to an ending, an ending,
The life that I loathe, and behind me might cast all its burden of pain!

(*Str.*)

CHORUS. O Zeus, Earth, Light, did ye hear her,
How waileth the woe-laden breath
Of the bride in unhappiest plight?
What yearning for vanished delight,
O passion-distraught, should have might
To cause thee to wish death nearer—
The ending of all things, death?

Make thou not for this supplication!
If thine husband hath turned and adored
New love, that estrangèd he is,

O harrow thy soul not for this:
It is Zeus that shall right thee, I wis.
Ah, pine not in over-vexation
Of spirit, bewailing thy lord!

Medea. (*behind the scenes*).
O Lady of Justice, O Artemis' Majesty, see it, O see it—
Look on the wrongs that I suffer, by oaths everlasting who tied
The soul of mine husband, that ne'er from the curse he might free it, nor free it
From your vengeance! O may I behold him at last, even him and his bride,
Then, and these halls therewithal, all shattered in ruin, in ruin!—
Wretches, who dare unprovoked to do to Medea despite!
O father, O city, whom erst I forsook for undoing, undoing,
And for shame, when the blood of my brother I spilt on the path of my flight!

Nurse. Do ye hear what she saith, and uplifteth her cry
Unto Themis and Zeus, to the Suppliant's King,
Oath-steward of men that be born but to die?
O my lady will lay not her anger by
Soon, making her vengeance a little thing.

(*Ant.*)

Chorus. If she would but come forth where we wait her,
If she would but give ear to the sound
Of our speech, that her spirit would learn
From its fierceness of anger to turn,
And her lust for revenge not burn!
O ne'er may my love prove traitor,
Never false to my friends be it found!

But go thou, and forth of the dwelling
Thy mistress hitherward lead:
Say to her that friends be we all.
O hasten, ere mischief befall
The lords of the palace-hall;
For her grief, like a tempest upswelling,
Resistless shall ruin-ward speed.

Nurse. I will do it: but almost my spirit despaireth
To win her: yet labour of love shall it be.
But my queen on her thralls as a mad bull glareth,
Or a lioness couched mid her whelps, whoso dareth
With speech to draw near her, so tameless is she.

He should err not, who named the old singers in singing
Not cunning, but left-handed bards, for their lays
Did they frame for the mirth-tide, the festal inbringing
Of the wine, and the feast, when the harp-strings are ringing
To sweeten with melody life's sweet days.

But the dread doom of mortals, the anguish heart-rending—
Never minstrel by music hath breathed on them peace,
Nor by song with his harp-notes in harmony blending;
Albeit thereof cometh death's dark ending
Unto many a home that is wrecked by these.

And yet were it surely a boon to bring healing
Of sorrow to mortals with song; but in vain
Mid the fulness of feasting ring voices clear-pealing,
And the banquet itself hath a glamour, concealing
From mortals their doom, flinging spells over pain.

Exit Nurse

Chorus. I have heard it, the sigh-laden cry of the daughter
Of Colchis, the woe-shrilling anguish of wailing
For the traitor to love who with false vows caught her
Who in strength of her wrongs chideth Heaven, assailing
The Oath-queen of Zeus, who with cords all-prevailing
Forth haled her and brought her o'er star-litten water,
Where the brine-mists hover o'er Pontus' Key,
Unto Hellas far over the boundless sea.

Enter Medea

Medea. Corinthian dames, I have come forth my doors
Lest ye condemn me. Many I know are held
Mis-proud—some, since they shrink from public gaze;
Some, from their bearing to their fellow-men;
Some quiet lives for indolence are defamed;
For justice dwells not in the eyes of man,
Who, ere he hath discerned his neighbour's heart,
Hates him at sight, albeit nowise wronged.
A stranger must conform to the city's wont;
Nor citizens uncondemned may flout their fellows,
Like mannerless churls, a law unto themselves.
But me—the blow ye wot of suddenly fell
Soul-shattering. 'Tis my ruin: I have lost
All grace of life: I long to die, O friends.
He, to know whom well was mine all in all,
My lord, of all men basest hath become!
Surely, of creatures that have life and wit,
We women are of all unhappiest,
Who, first, must buy, as buys the highest bidder,
A husband—nay, we do but win for our lives
A master! Deeper depth of wrong is this.
Here too is dire risk—will the lord we gain
Be evil or good? Divorce?—'tis infamy
To us: we may not even reject a suitor!
Then, coming to new customs, habits new,
One need be a seer, to know the thing unlearnt
At home, what manner of man her mate shall be.

And *if* we learn our lesson, *if* our lord
Dwell with us, plunging not against the yoke,
Happy our lot is; else—no help but death.
For the man, when the home-yoke galls his neck,
Goes forth, to ease a weary sickened heart
By turning to some friend, some kindred soul:
We to one heart alone can look for comfort.
But we, say they, live an unperilled life
At home, while they do battle with the spear—
Unreasoning fools! Thrice would I under shield
Stand, rather than bear childbirth-peril once.
But ah, thy story is not one with mine!
Thine is this city, thine a father's home,
Thine bliss of life and fellowship of friends;
But I, lone, cityless, and outraged thus
Of him who kidnapped me from foreign shores,
Mother nor brother have I, kinsman none,
For port of refuge from calamity.
Wherefore I fain would win of thee this boon:—
If any path be found me, or device,
Whereby to avenge these wrongs upon mine husband,
On her who weds, on him who gives the bride,
Keep silence. Woman quails at every peril,
Faint-heart to face the fray and look on steel;
But when in wedlock-rights she suffers wrong,
No spirit more bloodthirsty shall be found.

CHORUS. This will I; for 'tis just that thou, Medea,
Requite thy lord: no marvel thou dost grieve.
But I see Creon, ruler of this land,
Advancing, herald of some new decree.

Enter CREON

CREON. Black-lowering woman, wroth against thy lord,
Medea, forth this land I bid thee fare
An exile, taking thy two sons with thee;
And make no tarrying: daysman of this cause
Am I, and homeward go I not again
Ere from the land's bounds I have cast thee forth.

MEDEA. Ah me! undone am I in utter ruin!
My foes crowd sail pursuing: landing-place
Is none from surges of calamity.
Yet, howso wronged, one question will I ask—
For what cause, Creon, dost thou banish me?

CREON. I fear thee—need is none to cloak my words—
Lest thou wreak cureless vengeance on my child.
And to this dread do many things conspire:
Wise art thou, cunning in much evil lore;
Chafed art thou, of thine husband's couch bereft:
I hear thou threatenest, so they bring me word,

To wreak on sire, on bridegroom, and on bride
Mischief. I guard mine head ere falls the blow.
Better be hated, woman, now of thee,
Than once relent, and sorely groan too late.
MEDEA. Not now first, Creon,—many a time ere now
Rumour hath wronged and wrought me grievous harm.
Ne'er should the man whose heart is sound of wit
Let teach his sons more wisdom than the herd.
They are burdened with unprofitable lore,
And spite and envy of other folk they earn.
For, if thou bring strange wisdom unto dullards,
Useless shalt thou be counted, and not wise:
And, if thy fame outshine those heretofore
Held wise, thou shalt be odious in men's eyes.
Myself too in this fortune am partaker.
Of some my wisdom wins me jealousy,
Some count me spiritless; outlandish some;
Unsocial some. Yet no deep lore is mine.
And thou, thou fear'st me, lest I work thee harm.
Not such am I—O Creon, dread not me—
That against princes I should dare transgress.
How hast thou wronged me? Thou hast given thy child
To whomso pleased thee. But—I hate mine husband;
So, doubtless, this in prudence hast thou done.
Nay, but I grudge not thy prosperity.
Wed ye, and prosper. But in this your land
Still let me dwell: for I, how wronged soe'er,
Will hold my peace, o'ermastered by the strong.
CREON. Soft words to hear!—but in thine inmost heart,
I fear, thou plottest mischief all the while;
And all the less I trust thee than before.
The vehement-hearted woman—yea, or man—
Is easier watched-for than the silent-cunning.
Nay, forth with all speed: plead me pleadings none;
For this is stablished: no device hast thou
To bide with us, who art a foe to me.
MEDEA (*clasping his feet*). Nay,—by thy knees, and by the bride, thy child!
CREON. Thou wastest words; thou never shalt prevail.
MEDEA. Wilt drive me forth, respecting naught my prayers?
CREON. Ay: more I love not thee than mine own house.
MEDEA. My country! O, I call thee now to mind!
CREON. Ay, next my children, dear to me is Corinth.
MEDEA. Alas! to mortals what a curse is love!
CREON. Blessing or curse, I trow, as fortune falls.
MEDEA. Zeus, Zeus, forget not him who is cause of this!
CREON. Hence, passionate fool, and rid me of my trouble.
MEDEA. Troubled am I; new troubles need I none.

CREON. Soon shalt thou be by servants' hands thrust out.
MEDEA. Nay—nay—not this, O Creon, I implore!
CREON. So, woman, thou, it seems, wilt make a coil.
MEDEA. I will flee forth:—not this the boon I crave.
CREON. Why restive then?—why rid not Corinth of thee?
MEDEA. Suffer me yet to tarry this one day,
And somewhat for our exile to take thought,
And find my babes a refuge, since their sire
Cares naught to make provision for his sons.
Compassionate these—a father too art thou
Of children—meet it is thou show them grace.
Not for myself I fret, if I be banished:
For them in their calamity I mourn.
CREON. My spirit least of all is tyrannous.
Many a plan have my relentings marred:
And, woman, now I know I err herein,
Yet shalt thou win this boon. But I forewarn thee,
If thee the approaching Sun-god's torch behold
Within this country's confines with thy sons,
Thou diest:—the word is said that shall not lie.
Now, if remain thou must, remain one day—
Too short for thee to do the deeds I dread. *Exit* CREON
CHORUS. O hapless thou!
Woe's me for thy misery, woe for the trouble and anguish that meet thee!
Whitherward wilt thou turn thee?—what welcoming hand mid the strangers shall greet thee?
What home or what land to receive thee, deliverance from evils to give thee,
Wilt thou find for thee now?
How mid surge of despair to o'erwhelm thee in ruin God's hand on thine helm
Hath steered, O Medea, thy prow!
MEDEA. Wronged—wronged by God and man! Who shall gainsay?
But is it mere despair?—deem not so yet.
Bridegroom and bride grim wrestlings yet await;
Nor troubles light abide these marriage-makers.
Dost think that I had cringed to yon man ever,
Except to gain some gain, or work some wile?
Nor word nor touch of hand had I vouchsafed him!
But to such height of folly hath he come,
That, when he might forestall mine every plot
By banishment, this day of grace he grants me
To stay, wherein three foes will I lay dead,
The father, and the daughter, and mine husband.
And, having for them many paths of death,
Which first to take in hand I know not, friends—
To fire yon palace midst their marriage-feast,

Or to steal softly to their bridal-bower,
And through their two hearts thrust the whetted knife.
Yet one thing bars the way—if I be found
Crossing the threshold of the house and plotting,
Die shall I mid the mocking laughter of foes.
Best the sure path, wherein my nature's cunning
Excels, by poisons to destroy them—yea.
Now, grant them dead: what city will receive me,
What host vouchsafe a land of refuge, home
Secure, and from the avenger shield my life?
There is none. Tarrying then a little space,
If any tower of safety shall appear,
These deaths by guile and silence will I compass;
But if misfortune drive me desperate forth,
Myself will grip the sword,—yea, though I die,—
And slay, and dare the strong hand's reckless deed.
Ah, by the Queen of Night, whom I revere
Above all, and for fellow-worker chose,
Hecate, dweller by mine hearth's dark shrine,
None, none shall vex my soul, and rue it not.
Bitter and woeful bridal will I give them,
Bitter troth-plight and banishing of me.
Up then!—spare naught of all thy sorcery-lore,
Medea, of thy plotting and contriving;
On to the dread deed! Now is need of daring.
Look on thy wrongs: thou must not make derision
For sons of Sisyphus, for Jason's bride,—
Thou, sprung from royal father, from the Sun!
Thou know'st the means. I prove me woman indeed!
Men say we are most helpless for all good,
But of dark deeds most cunning fashioners.

CHORUS. (*Str. 1*)

Upward and back to their fountains the sacred rivers are stealing;
Justice is turned to injustice, the order of old to confusion:
The thoughts of the hearts of men are treachery wholly, and, reeling
From its ancient foundations, the faith of the Gods is become a delusion.
Everywhere change!—even me men's voices henceforth shall honour;
My life shall be sunlit with glory; for woman the old-time story
Is ended, the slanders hoary no more shall as chains be upon her.

(*Ant. 1*)

And the strains of the singers of old generations for shame shall falter,
Which sang evermore of the treason of woman, her faithlessness ever.
Alas, that our lips are not touched with the fire of song from the altar

Of Phœbus, the Harper-king, of the inspiration-giver!
Else had I lifted my voice in challenge of song high-ringing
Unto men: for the roll of the ages shall find for the poet-sages
Proud woman-themes for their pages, heroines worthy their singing.

(*Str.* 2)

But thou from the ancient home didst sail over leagues of foam,
On-sped by a frenzied heart, and the sea-gates sawest dispart,
The twin Rocks. Now, in the land
Of the stranger, thy doom is to waken
To a widowed couch, and forsaken
Of thy lord, and woe-overtaken,
To be cast forth shamed and banned.

(*Ant.* 2)

Disannulled is the spell of the oath: no shame for the broken troth
In Hellas the wide doth remain, but heavenward its flight hath it ta'en.
No home of a father hast thou
For thine haven when trouble-storms lower.
Usurped is thy bridal bower
Of another, in pride of her power,
Ill-starred, overqueening thee now.

Enter Jason

Jason. Not now first, nay, but oft-times have I marked
What desperate mischief is a froward spirit.
Thou mightest stay in Corinth, in these halls,
Bearing unfractiously thy rulers' pleasure,
Yet for wild whirling words banished thou art.
Me they vex not—cease never, an' thou wilt,
Clamouring, "Jason is of men most base!"
But, for thy railing on thy rulers, count it
All gain, that only exile punisheth thee.
For me—I have striven long to appease the wrath
Of kings incensed: fain would I thou shouldst stay.
But thou rein'st not thy folly, speaking still
Evil of dignities; art therefore banished.
Yet, for all this, not wearied of my friends,
With so much forethought come I for thee, lady,
That, banished with thy babes, thou lack not gold,
Nor aught beside; for exile brings with it
Hardships full many. Though thou hatest me,
Never can I bear malice against thee.

Medea. Caitiff of caitiffs!—blackest of reproaches
My tongue for thine unmanliness can frame—
Com'st thou to me—dost come, most hateful proved
To heaven, to me, to all the race of men?
This is not daring, no, nor courage this,
To wrong thy friends, and blench not from their eyes,
But, of all plagues infecting men, the worst,

Even shamelessness. And yet 'tis well thou cam'st,
For I shall ease the burden of mine heart
Reviling thee, and thou be galled to hear.
And with the first things first will I begin.
I saved thee: this knows every son of Greece
That stepped with thee aboard thine Argo's hull,
Thee, sent to quell the flame-outbreathing bulls
With yoke-bands, and to sow the tilth of death.
The dragon, warder of the Fleece of Gold,
That sleepless kept it with his manifold coils,
I slew, and raised deliverance-light for thee.
Myself forsook my father and mine home,
And to Iolcos under Pelion came
With thee, more zealous in thy cause than wise.
Pelias I slew by his own children's hands—
Of all deaths worst,—and dashed their house to ruin.
Thus dealt with, basest of all men, by me,
For a new bride hast thou forsaken me,
Though I had borne thee children! Wert thou childless,
Not past forgiving were this marriage-craving.
But faith of oaths hath vanished. I know not
Whether thou deem'st the olden Gods yet rule,
Or that new laws are now ordained for men;
For thine heart speaks thee unto me forsworn.
Out on this right hand, which thou oft wouldst clasp,—
These knees!—I was polluted by the touch
Of a base man, thus frustrate of mine hopes!
Come, as a friend will I commune with thee—
Yet what fair dealing should I hope from thee?—
Yet will I: questioned, baser shalt thou show.
Now, whither turn I?—to my father's house,
My land?—which I betrayed, to flee with thee!
To Pelias' hapless daughters? Graciously
Their father's slayer would they welcome home!
For thus it is—a foe am I become
To mine own house: no quarrel I had with those
With whom I have now a death-feud for thy sake.
For all this hast thou made me passing-blest
Midst Hellas' daughters! Oh, in thee have I—
O wretched I!—a wondrous spouse and leal,
Since from the land cast forth I pass to exile
Forlorn of friends, alone with children lone.
A proud reproach for our new bridegroom this—
"In poverty his babes, his saviour, wander!"
O Zeus, ah wherefore hast thou given to men
Plain signs for gold which is but counterfeit,
But no assay-mark nature-graven shows
On man's form, to discern the base withal?

CHORUS. Awful and past all healing is that wrath
When they that once loved clash in feud of hate.
JASON. Needs must I be not ill at speech, meseems,
But, like the careful helmsman of a ship,
With close-reefed canvas run before the gale,
Woman, of thy tempestuous-railing tongue.
I—for thy kindness tower-high thou pilest—
Deem Cypris saviour of my voyaging,
Her, and none other or of Gods or men.
Thou art subtle of wit—nay, but ungenerous
It were to tell how Love, by strong compulsion
Of shafts unerring, made thee save my life.
Yet take I not account too strict thereof;
For, in that thou didst save me, thou didst well.
Howbeit, more hast thou received than given
From my deliverance, as my words shall prove:—
First, then, in Hellas dwell'st thou, in the stead
Of land barbaric, knowest justice, learnest
To live by law without respect of force;
And all the Greeks have heard thy wisdom's fame.
Renown is thine; but if on earth's far bourn
Thou dwelledst yet, thou hadst not lived in story.
Now mine be neither gold mine halls within,
Nor sweeter song be mine than Orpheus sang,
If my fair fortune be to fame unknown.
Thus far of my great labours have I spoken,—
This challenge to debate didst thou fling down:—
But, for thy railings on my royal marriage,
Herein will I show, first, that wise I was;
Then, temperate; third, to thee the best of friends
And to my children—nay, but hear me out.
When I came hither from Iolcos-land
With many a desperate fortune in my train,
What happier treasure-trove could I have found
Than to wed—I, an exile—with a princess?
Not—where it galls thee—loathing couch of thine,
And for a new bride smitten with desire,
Nor eager I to multiply mine offspring:—
Suffice these born to me: no fault in them:
But that—this chiefly—we might live in honour,
And be not straitened,—for I know full well
How all friends from the poor man stand aloof,—
And I might nurture as beseems mine house
Our sons, and to these born of thee beget
Brethren, and, knitting in one family all,
Live happy days. Thou, what wouldst thou of children?
But me it profits, through sons to be born
To help the living. Have I planned so ill?

Not thou wouldst say it, save for jealousy's sting.
But ye—ye women—so unreasoning are
That, wedlock-rights untrespassed-on, all's well;
But, if once your sole tenure be infringed,
With the best, fairest lot are ye at feud
Most bitter. Would that mortals otherwise
Could get them babes, that womankind were not,
And so no curse had lighted upon men.
CHORUS. Words, Jason, words, tricked out full cunningly!
Yet to me—though I speak not to thy mind—
Unjust thou seem'st, betraying thus thy wife.
MEDEA. Not as the world thinks think I oftentimes;
Nay, to my thought, a villain's artful tongue
Doubles the hurt his villainy doth to him:
So sure his tongue can gloze the wrong, he grows
Reckless in sin—a mere fool's wisdom this.
Then be not thou, as touching me, fair-seeming
And crafty-tongued: one word shall overthrow thee:
Thou shouldst, wert thou not base, have wed this bride
With my consent, not hid it from thy friends.
JASON. Ay, this my purpose nobly hadst thou helped,
Had I a marriage named, who even now
Canst not refrain thy heart's exceeding wrath!
MEDEA. Not this thine hindrance, but the alien wife
No crown of honour was as eld drew on.
JASON. Now know this well—not for the woman's sake
I wed the royal bride whom I have won,
But, as I said, of my desire to save
Thee, and beget seed royal, to my sons
Brethren, and for mine house a tower of strength.
MEDEA. No prosperous life 'neath sorrow's cloud for me,
Nor weal, with thorns aye rankling in mine heart!
JASON. Know'st how to change thy prayer, and wiser show?
May thy good never seem to thee thy grief;
Nor in fair fortune deem thy lot misfortune.
MEDEA. O yea, insult! Thou hast a refuge, thou;
But desolate I am banished from this land.
JASON. Thyself hast chosen this: blame none beside.
MEDEA. I?—sooth, by wedding and betraying thee!
JASON. By cursing princes with an impious curse.
MEDEA. Ay—and to *thine* house hast thou found me a curse!
JASON. With thee no more I wrangle touching this.
But if, or for the children or thyself,
For help in exile thou wilt take my gold,
Speak: ready am I to give with hand ungrudging,
And send guest-tokens which shall find thee friends.
If this thou wilt not, foolish shalt thou be:
Refrain wrath, and advantaged shalt thou be.

Medea. Thy friends!—nothing will I of friends of thine.
No whit will I receive, nor offer thou.
No profit is there in a villain's gifts.

Jason. In any wise I call the Gods to witness
That all help would I give thee and thy sons;
But thy good likes thee not: thy stubborn pride
Spurns friends: the more thy grief shall therefore be. *Exit*

Medea. Away!—impatience for the bride new-trapped
Consumes thee loitering from her bower afar!
Wed: for perchance—and God shall speed the word—
Thine shall be bridal thou wouldst fain renounce.

Chorus. (*Str. 1*)

Love bringeth nor honour nor profit to men when it cometh restraining
Not its unscanted excess: but if Cypris, in measure raining
Her joy, cometh down, there is none other Goddess so winsome as she.
Not upon me, O Queen, do thou aim from thy bow all-golden
The arrow desire-envenomed that none may avoid—not on me!

(*Ant. 1*)

But let Temperance shield me, the fairest of gifts of the Gods ever-living:
Nor ever with passion of jarring contention, nor feuds unforgiving,
In her terrors may Love's Queen visit me, smiting with maddened unrest
For a couch mismated my soul; but the peace of the bride-bed be holden
In honour of her, and her keen eyes choose for us bonds that be best.

(*Str. 2*)

O fatherland, O mine home,
Not mine be the exile's doom!
Into poverty's pathways hard to be trod may my feet not be guided!
Most piteous anguish were this.
By death—O by death ere then may the conflict of life be decided,
Ended be life's little day! To be thus from the home-land divided—
No pang more bitter there is.

(*Ant. 2*)

We have seen, and it needeth naught
That of others herein we be taught:
For thee not a city, for thee not a friend hath compassionated
When affliction most awful is thine.
But he, who regardeth not friends, accursed may he perish, and hated,
Who opes not his heart with sincerity's key to the hapless-fated—
Never such shall be friend of mine.

Enter ÆGEUS

ÆGEUS. Medea, joy to thee!—for fairer greeting
None knoweth to accost his friends withal.
MEDEA. Joy to thee also, wise Pandion's son,
Ægeus, whence art thou journeying through this land?
ÆGEUS. Leaving the ancient oracle of Phœbus.
MEDEA. Why didst thou fare to earth's prophetic navel?
ÆGEUS. To ask how seed of children might be mine.
MEDEA. 'Fore Heaven!—aye childless is thy life till now?
ÆGEUS. Childless I am, by chance of some God's will.
MEDEA. This, with a wife, or knowing not the couch?
ÆGEUS. Nay, not unyoked to wedlock's bed am I.
MEDEA. Now what to thee spake Phœbus touching issue?
ÆGEUS. Deep words of wisdom not for man to interpret.
MEDEA. Without sin might I know the God's reply?
ÆGEUS. O yea—good sooth, it asks a wise wit most.
MEDEA. What said he? Say, if sin be not to hear.
ÆGEUS. "Loose not the wine-skin's forward-jutting foot"—
MEDEA. Till thou shouldst do what thing, or reach what land?
ÆGEUS. "Till to the hearth ancestral back thou come."
MEDEA. And thou, what wouldst thou sailing to this shore?
ÆGEUS. There is one Pittheus, king of Troezen he,—
MEDEA. A man most pious, Pelops' son, they say.
ÆGEUS. To him the God's response I fain would tell.
MEDEA. Yea—a wise man, who hath much skill therein.
ÆGEUS. Yea, and my best-belovèd spear-ally.
MEDEA. Now prosper thou, and win thine heart's desire.
ÆGEUS. Why droops thine eye?—why this wan-wasted hue?
MEDEA. Ægeus, of all men basest is mine husband.
ÆGEUS. What say'st thou? Clearly tell me thine heart's pain.
MEDEA. He wrongs me—Jason, never wronged of me.
ÆGEUS. What hath he done? More plainly tell it out.
MEDEA. Another wife he takes, his household's queen.
ÆGEUS. Ha! hath he dared in truth this basest deed?
MEDEA. Yea: I am now dishonoured, once beloved.
ÆGEUS. Another love was this?—or hate of thee?
MEDEA. *Love?*—deep and high his love is!—traitor in love!
ÆGEUS. Away with him, if he be base as this!
MEDEA. His love was for affinity with princes.
ÆGEUS. Who giveth him his daughter? Tell me all.
MEDEA. Creon, who ruleth this Corinthian land.
ÆGEUS. Sooth, lady, reason was that thou shouldst grieve.
MEDEA. 'Tis death to me! Yea, also am I banished.
ÆGEUS. Of whom? A monstrous wrong thou namest now!
MEDEA. Creon from Corinth driveth me an exile.
ÆGEUS. Doth Jason suffer this?—I count it shame!
MEDEA. In pretence, no—yet O, he bears it well!
But I beseech thee, lo, thy beard I touch,—

I clasp thy knees, thy suppliant am I now:—
Pity, O pity me the evil-starred,
And see me not cast forth to homelessness:
Receive to a hearth-place in thy land, thine halls.
So by heaven's blessing fruitful be thy love
In children, and in death thyself be blest.
Thou know'st not what good fortune thou hast found;
For I will end thy childlessness, will cause
Thy seed to grow to sons; such charms I know.
ÆGEUS. For many causes am I minded, lady,
This grace to grant thee: for the God's sake first;
Then, for thy promise of a seed of sons;
For herein Ægeus' name is like to die.
But thus it is—if to my land thou come,
I will protect thee all I can: my right
Is this; but I forewarn thee of one thing—
Not from this land to lead thee I consent;
But, if thou reachest of thyself mine halls,
Safe shalt thou bide; to none will I yield thee.
But from this land thou must thyself escape;
For even to strangers blameless will I be.
MEDEA. So be it. Yet, were oath-pledge given for this
To me, then had I all I would of thee.
ÆGEUS. Ha, dost not trust me?—or at what dost stumble?
MEDEA. I trust thee; but my foes are Pelias' house
And Creon. Oath-bound, thou couldst never yield me
To these, when they would drag me from the land.
Hadst thou but promised, to the Gods unpledged,
Thou mightest turn their friend, might'st lightly yield
To herald-summons. Strengthless is my cause:
Wealth is on their side, and a princely house.
ÆGEUS. Foresight exceeding, lady, in thy words.
Yet, if this be thy will, I draw not back.
Yea, for myself is this the safest course,
To have a plea to show unto thy foes;
And firmer stands thy cause. The Oath-gods name.
MEDEA. Swear by Earth's plain, and by my father's father,
The Sun, and join the Gods' whole race thereto.
ÆGEUS. That I will do or not do—what? Say on.
MEDEA. Never thyself to cast me forth thy land,
Nor, if a foe of mine would hale me thence,
To yield me willingly up, while thou dost live.
ÆGEUS. By Earth, the Sun's pure majesty, and all
The Gods, I swear to abide by this thou hast said.
MEDEA. Enough. For broken troth what penalty?
ÆGEUS. The worst that scourgeth God-despising men.
MEDEA. Pass on thy way rejoicing: all is well.
I too will come with all speed to thy burg,
When mine intent is wrought, my wish attained. *Exit* ÆGEUS

Chorus. Now the Scion of Maia, the Wayfarer's King,
Bring thee safe to thine home, and the dream of thine heart,
The sweet visions that wing thy feet, mayst thou bring
To accomplishment, Ægeus, for now this thing
Hath taught me how noble thou art.
Medea. O Zeus, Zeus' daughter Justice, Light of the Sun!
Over my foes triumphant now, my friends,
Shall we become: our feet are on the path.
Now is there hope of vengeance on my foes.
For this man, there where my chief weakness lay,
Hath for my plots a haven in storm appeared.
To him my bark's stern-hawser make I fast,
To Pallas' burg and fortress when I go.
And all my plots to thee will I tell now;
Nor look I that my words should pleasure thee:—
One of mine household will I send to Jason,
And will entreat him to my sight to come;
And soft words, when he cometh, will I speak,
Saying, "Thy will is mine," and, "It is well";
Saying, his royal marriage, my betrayal,
Is our advantage, and right well devised.
I will petition that my sons may stay—
Not for that I would leave on hostile soil
Children of mine for foes to trample on,
But the king's daughter so by guile to slay.
For I will send them bearing gifts in hand
Unto the bride, that they may not be banished,
A robe fine-spun, a golden diadem.
If she receive and don mine ornaments,
Die shall she wretchedly, and all who touch her;
With drugs so dread will I anoint my gifts.
Howbeit here I pass this story by,
And wail the deed that yet for me remains
To bring to pass; for I will slay my children,
Yea, mine; no man shall pluck them from mine hand.
Then, having brought all Jason's house to wrack,
I leave the land, fleeing my dear babes' blood,
And having dared a deed most impious.
For unendurable are mocks of foes.
Let all go; what is life to me? Nor country
Nor home have I, nor refuge from mine ills.
Then erred I, in the day when I forsook
My father's halls, by yon Greek's words beguiled,
Who with God's help shall render me requital.
For never living shall he see henceforth
The sons I bare him, nor shall he beget
A son of his new bride, that wretch foredoomed
In agony to die by drugs of mine.
Let none account me impotent, nor weak,

Nor spiritless!—O nay, of other sort,
Grim to my foes, and kindly to my friends.
Most glorious is the life of such as I.
Chorus. Since thou hast made me partner of this tale,—
Wishing to help thee, and yet championing
The laws of men, I say, do thou not this!
Medea. It cannot be but so: yet reason is
That thou say this, who art not wronged as I.
Chorus. Woman, wilt have the heart to slay thy sons?
Medea. Yea: so mine husband's heart shall most be wrung.
Chorus. But thou of wives most wretched shouldst become.
Medea. So be it: wasted are all hindering words.
But ho! (*enter* Nurse) go thou and Jason bring to me—
Thou whom I use for every deed of trust,
And look thou tell none aught of mine intent,
If thine is loyal service, thou a woman.

Exit Medea *and* Nurse

(*Str. 1*)

Chorus. O happy the race in the ages olden
Of Erechtheus, the seed of the blest God's line,
In a land unravaged, peace-enfolden,
Aye quaffing of Wisdom's glorious wine,
Ever through air clear-shining brightly
As on wings uplifted pacing lightly,
Where Harmonia, they tell, of the tresses golden,
Bare the Pierid Muses, the stainless Nine.

(*Ant. 1*)

And the streams of Cephisus the lovely-flowing
They tell how the Lady of Cyprus drew,
And in Zephyr-wafts of the winds sweet-blowing
Breathed far over the land their dew.
And she sendeth her Loves which, throned in glory
By Wisdom, fashion all virtue's story;
And over her hair is she throwing, throwing,
Roses in odorous wreathes aye new.

Re-enter Medea

(*Str. 2*)

How then should the hallowed city,
The city of sacred waters,
Which shields with her guardian hand
All friends that would fare through her land,
Receive a murderess banned,
Who had slaughtered her babes without pity,
A pollution amidst her daughters?

In thine heart's thoughts set it before thee—
To murder the fruit of thy womb!
O think what it meaneth to slay

Thy sons—what a deed this day
Thou wouldst do! By thy knees we pray,
By heaven and earth we implore thee,
Deal not to thy babes such a doom!

(*Ant. 2*)

O whence, and O whence wilt thou gain thee
Such desperate hardihood
That for spirit so fiendish shall serve,
That shall strengthen thine heart, that shall nerve
Thine hand, that it shall not swerve
From the ruthless deed that shall stain thee
With horror of children's blood?

O how, when thine eyes thou art turning
On thy little ones, wilt thou refrain
The motherhood in thee, to feel
No upwelling of tears? Canst thou steel
Thy breast, when thy children kneel,
To crimson thine hand, with unyearning
Heart for thy darlings slain?

Enter Jason

Jason. I at thy bidding come: albeit my foe,
This grace thou shalt not miss; but I will hear
What new thing, lady, thou dost wish of me.
Medea. Jason, I ask thee to forgive the words
Late-spoken. Well thou mayest gently bear
With my wild mood, for all the old love's sake.
Now have I called myself to account, and railed
Upon myself—"wretch, wherefore am I mad?
And wherefore rage against good counsellors,
And am at feud with rulers of the land,
And with my lord, who works my veriest good,
Wedding a royal house, to raise up brethren
Unto my sons? Shall I not cease from wrath?
What aileth me, when the Gods proffer boons?
Have I not children? Know I not that we
Are exiles from our own land, lacking friends?"
Thus musing, was I ware that I had nursed
Folly exceeding, anger without cause.
Now then I praise thee: wise thou seem'st to me
In gaining us this kinship, senseless I,
Who in these counsels should have been thine ally,
Have furthered all, have decked the bridal couch,
And joyed to minister unto the bride.
But we are—women: needs not harsher word.
Yet shouldst thou not for evil render evil,
Nor pit against my folly folly of thine.
I yield, confessing mine unwisdom then,

But unto better counsels now am come.
Children, my children, hither: leave the house;

Enter Children

Come forth, salute your father, and with me
Bid him farewell: be reconciled to friends
Ye, with your mother, from the hate o'erpast.
Truce is between us, rancour hath given place.
Clasp ye his right hand. Woe for ambushed ills!
I am haunted by the shadow of hidden things!
Ah children, will ye thus, through many a year
Living, still reach him loving arms? Ah me,
How swift to weep am I, how full of fear!
Feuds with your father ended—ah, so late!—
Have filled with tears these soft-relenting eyes.
Chorus. And from mine eyes start tears of pale dismay.
Ah, may no evil worse than this befall!
Jason. Lady, I praise this mood, yet blame not that:
'Tis nothing strange that womanhood should rage
When the spouse trafficketh in alien marriage.
But now to better thoughts thine heart hath turned,
And thou, though late, hast seen which policy
Must win: a prudent woman's part is this.
And for you, children, not unheedfully
Your sire hath ta'en much forethought, so help heaven.
For ye, I ween, in this Corinthian land
Shall with your brethren stand the foremost yet.
Grow ye in strength: the rest shall by your sire,
And whatso God is gracious, be wrought out.
You may I see to goodly stature grown,
In manhood's prime, triumphant o'er my foes.
Thou, why with wan tears thus bedew thine eyes,
Turning away from them thy pallid cheek?
Why hear'st thou not with gladness this my speech?
Medea. 'Tis naught; but o'er these children broods mine heart.
Jason. Fear not: all will I order well for them.
Medea. I will be brave—will not mistrust thy words;
But woman is but woman—born for tears.
Jason. Why, hapless one, dost thou sigh over these?
Medea. I bare them. When thou prayedst life for them,
Pity stole o'er me, whispering, "Shall this be?"
But that for which thou cam'st to speech of me
In part is said; to speak the rest is mine:
Since the king pleaseth forth the land to send me,—
Yea, for me too 'tis best, I know it well,
That I bide not, a stumblingblock to thee
And the land's lords, whose house's foe I seem,—
Lo, from this land I fare to exile forth:

But, that my sons by thine hand may be reared,
Entreat thou Creon that they be not banished.
JASON. Prevail I may not, yet must I essay.
MEDEA. Nay then, thy bride bid thou to pray her sire
That thy sons be not banished from this land.
JASON. Yea surely; and, I trow, her shall I win.
MEDEA. If of her sister women she is one.
I too will bear a part in thine endeavour;
For I will send her gifts outrivalling far
In beauty aught in these days seen, I know,
A robe fine-spun, a golden diadem;
Our sons to bear them. Now must an attendant
With all speed hither bring the ornaments. (HANDMAID *goes*)
Blessings shall hers be, not one, but untold,
Who winneth thee for lord, a peerless spouse,
Who owneth ornaments which once the Sun,
My father's father, to his offspring gave!

Enter HANDMAID *with casket*

Take in your hands, my sons, these bridal gifts,
And to the happy princess-bride bear ye
And give—my gifts she shall not lightly esteem!
JASON. But, fond one, why make void thine hands of these?
Deem'st thou a royal house hath lack of robes,
Or gold, deem'st thou? Keep these and give them not.
For, if my wife esteems me aught, my wish
Will she prefer to treasures, well I wot.
MEDEA. Nay, speak not so: gifts sway the Gods, they say.
Gold weigheth more with men than countless words.
Hers fortune is; God favoureth now her cause—
Young, and a queen! Life would I give for ransom
Of my sons' banishment, not gold alone.
Now, children, enter ye the halls of wealth.
Unto your sire's new wife, my lady-queen,
Make supplication, pray ye be not exiled,
And give mine ornaments—most importeth this,
That she in her own hands receive my gifts.
Haste ye, and to your mother bring glad tidings
Of good success in that she longs to win.

Exeunt JASON *and* CHILDREN

(*Str. 1*)

CHORUS. Now for the life of the children mine hope hath been turned to despairing.
No hope any more! On the slaughter-ward path even now are they faring!
The bride shall receive it, the diadem-garland that beareth enfolden
Doom for the hapless mid glittering sheen:
And to set the adorning of Hades about her tresses golden
She shall take it her hands between.

(*Ant. 1*)
For its glamour of beauty, its splendour unearthly, shall swiftly persuade her
To bedeck her with robe and with gold-wrought crown; she shall soon have arrayed her
In attire as a bride in the presence of phantoms from Hades uprisen;
In such dread gin shall her feet be ta'en:
In the weird of death shall the hapless be whelmed, and from Doom's dark prison
Shall she steal forth never again.

(*Str. 2*)
And thou, wretch, bridegroom accurst, who art fain of a princely alliance,
Blasting thou bringest—unknowing, unthinking!—
Of life on thy sons, and thy bride shall to foul death plight her affiance.
How far from thy fortune of old art thou sinking!

And amidst my lamentings I mourn for thine anguish, O hapless mother (*Ant. 2*)
Of children, who makest thee ready to slaughter
Thy babes, to avenge thee on him who would lawlessly wed with another,
Would forsake thee to dwell with a prince's daughter.

Enter CHILDREN'S GUARDIAN, *with* CHILDREN

CHILDREN'S GUARDIAN. Mistress, remission for thy sons of exile!
Thy gifts the princess-bride with joy received
In hand; and there is peace unto thy sons.
Ha!
Why dost thou stand confounded mid good hap?
Now wherefore turnest thou thy face away,
And dost not hear with gladness this my speech?
MEDEA. Woe's me!
CHILDREN'S GUARDIAN. This cry is to the tidings not attuned.
MEDEA. Woe yet again!
CHILDREN'S GUARDIAN. Can I have brought ill hap
Unwitting—erred in deeming these glad tidings?
MEDEA. As they are, are thy tidings: thee I blame not.
CHILDREN'S GUARDIAN. Why down-drooped is thine eye? Why flow thy tears?
MEDEA. Needs must they, ancient; for these things the Gods
And I withal—O fool!—have ill contrived.
CHILDREN'S GUARDIAN. Fear not: thy children yet shall bring thee home.
MEDEA. Others ere then shall I send home—ah me!
CHILDREN'S GUARDIAN. Not thou alone art severed from thy sons.
Submissively must mortals bear mischance.
MEDEA. This will I: but within the house go thou,
And for my children's daily needs prepare.

(*Exit* CHILDREN'S GUARDIAN)

O children, children, yours a city is,
And yours a home, where, leaving wretched me,
Ye shall abide, for ever motherless!
I shall go exiled to another land,
Ere I have joyed in you, have seen your bliss,
Ere I have decked for you the couch, the bride,
The bridal bower, and held the torch on high.
O me accurst in this my desperate mood!
For naught, for naught, my babes, I nurtured you,
And all for naught I laboured, travail-worn,
Bearing sharp anguish in your hour of birth.
Ah for the hopes—unhappy!—all mine hopes
Of ministering hands about mine age,
Of dying folded round with loving arms,
All men's desire! But now—'tis past—'tis past,
That sweet imagining! Forlorn of you
A bitter life and woeful shall I waste.
Your mother never more with loving eyes
Shall ye behold, passed to another life.
Woe! woe! why gaze your eyes on me, my darlings?
Why smile to me the latest smile of all?
Alas! what shall I do? Mine heart is failing
As I behold the light in my sons' eyes!
Women, I cannot! farewell, purposes
O'erpast! I take my children from the land.
What need to wring their father's heart with ills
Of these, to gain myself ills twice so many?
Not I, not I! Ye purposes, farewell!
Yet—yet—what ails me? Would I earn derision,
Letting my foes slip from mine hand unpunished?
I must dare this. Out on my coward mood
That let words of relenting touch mine heart!
Children, pass ye within.

Exeunt CHILDREN

Now, whoso may not
Sinless be present at my sacrifice,
On his head be it: mine hand faltereth not.
Oh! oh!
O heart, mine heart, do not—do not this deed!
Let them be, wretched heart, spare thou my babes!
There dwelling with me shall they gladden thee.
No!—by the nether fiends that dwell with Hades,
Never shall this betide, that I will leave
My children for my foes to trample on!
They needs must die. And, since it needs must be,
Even I will slay them, I, who gave them life.
All this is utter doom:—she shall not 'scape!
Yea, on her head the wreath is; in my robes
The princess-bride is perishing—I know it!

But—for I fare on journey most unhappy,
And shall speed these on yet unhappier—
I would speak to my sons.

Re-enter Children

Give, O my babes,
Give to your mother the right hand to kiss.
O dearest hand, O lips most dear to me,
O form and noble feature of my children,
Blessing be on you—*there!*—for all things here
Your sire hath stolen. Sweet, O sweet embrace!
O children's roseleaf skin, O balmy breath!
Away, away! Strength faileth me to gaze
On you, but I am overcome of evil.

(*Exeunt* Children)

Now, now, I learn what horrors I intend:
But passion overmastereth sober thought;
And this is cause of direst ills to men.
Chorus. Full oft ere this my soul hath scaled
Lone heights of thought, empyreal steeps,
Or plunged far down the darkling deeps,
Where woman's feebler heart hath failed:—

Yet wherefore failed? Should woman find
No inspiration thrill her breast,
Nor welcome ever that sweet guest
Of song, that uttereth Wisdom's mind?

Alas! not all! Few, few are they,—
Perchance amid a thousand one
Thou shouldest find,—for whom the sun
Of poesy makes an inner day.

Now this I say—calm bliss, that ne'er
Knew love's wild fever of the blood,
The pains, the joys, of motherhood,
Passeth all parents' joy-blent care.

The childless, they that never prove
If sunshine comes, or cloud, to men
With babes—far lie beyond their ken
The toils, the griefs, of parent-love.

But they whose halls with flowerets sweet
Of childhood bloom—I mark them aye
Care-fretted, travailing alway
To win their loved ones nurture meet.

One toils with love more strong than death:
Yet—yet—who knoweth whether he

A wise man or a fool shall be
To whom he shall his wealth bequeath?

But last, but worst, remains to tell:
For though ye get you wealth enow,
And though your sons to manhood grow,
Fair sons and good:—if Death the fell,

To Hades vanishing, bears down
Your children's lives, what profit is
That Heaven hath laid, with all else, this
Upon mankind, lone sorrow's crown?
MEDEA. Friends, long have I, abiding fortune's hap,
Expected what from yonder shall befall.
And lo, a man I see of Jason's train
Hitherward coming: his wild-fluttering breath
Proclaimeth him the herald of strange ills.
Enter MESSENGER
MESSENGER. O thou who has wrought an awful deed and lawless,
Flee, O Medea, flee, nor once leave thou
The sea-wain, or the car that scours the plain.
MEDEA. Now what has happed that calleth for such flight?
MESSENGER. Dead is the princess even now, and dead
Creon her father, by thy poison-drugs.
MEDEA. A glorious tale thou tellest: thou henceforth
Art of my benefactors and my friends.
MESSENGER. What say'st? Of sound mind art thou, and not mad,
Who, hearing of the havoc of the hearth
Of kings, art glad, and hast no fear for this?
MEDEA. O yea: I too with words of controversy
Could answer thee:—yet be not hasty, friend,
But tell how died they: thou shouldst gladden me
Doubly, if these most horribly have perished.
MESSENGER. When, with their father, came thy children twain,
And passed into the halls for marriage decked,
Glad were we thralls who sorrowed for thy woes;
And straightway buzzed from ear to ear the tale
Of truce to old feuds 'twixt thy lord and thee.
One kissed the hand, and one the golden head
Of those thy sons: myself by joy drawn on
Followed thy children to the women's bowers.
Now she which had our worship in thy stead,
Ere she beheld thy chariot-yoke of sons,
Aye upon Jason turned her yearning gaze.
But then before her eyes she cast her veil,
And swept aback the scorn of her white neck,
Loathing thy sons' approach; but now thy lord,
To turn the maiden's wrath and spite aside,

Thus spake: "Nay, be not hostile to thy friends:
Cease from thine anger, turn thine head again,
Accounting friends whomso thy spouse accounts.
Their gifts receive, and plead thou with thy sire
To pardon these their exile—for my sake."
She, when she saw the attire, could not refrain,
But yielded her lord all. And ere their father
Far from her bower with those thy sons had gone,
She took the rich-wrought robes and clad herself,
Circling her ringlets with the golden crown,
And by a shining mirror ranged her tresses,
Smiling at her own phantom image there.
Then, rising from her seat, adown the halls
She paced with mincing tread of ivory feet,
Exulting in the gifts, and oftentimes
Sweeping her glance from neck to ankle-hem.
But then was there a fearful sight to see.
Suddenly changed her colour: reeling back
With trembling limbs she goes; and scarce in time
Drops on the couch to fall not on the ground.
Then a grey handmaid, deeming peradventure
That frenzy was of Pan or some God sent,
Raised the prayer-cry, before she saw the foam
White-frothing from her lips, or marked how rolled
Her eyeballs, and her face's bloodless hue;
Then a long cry of horror, not of prayer,
She shrilled forth. Straight to her father's chambers one
Darted, and one unto her new-made spouse,
To tell the bride's affliction: all the roof
Echoed with multitudinous-hurrying feet.
And a swift athlete's straining limbs had paced
By this the full length of the furlong course,
When she from trance all speechless of closed eyes
In anguish woke with horrible-shrilling shriek;
For like two charging hosts her torment came:—
The golden coil about her head that lay
'Gan spurt a marvellous stream of ravening fire:
The delicate robes, the gift thy children brought,
Had fangs to gnaw her delicate tortured flesh!
Upstarting from her seat she flees, all flame,
Shaking her hair, her head, this way and that,
To cast from her the crown; but firmly fixed
The gold held fast its grip: the fire, whene'er
She shook her locks, with doubled fury blazed.
Then agony-vanquished falls she on the floor,
Marred past all knowledge, save for a father's eyes.
No more was seen her eyes' imperial calm,
No more her comely features; but the gore

Dripped from her head's crown flecked with blended fire.
The flesh-flakes from her bones, like the pine's tears,
'Neath that mysterious drug's devourings melted,—
Dread sight!—and came on all folk fear to touch
The corpse: her hideous fate had we for warning.
But, ignorant of all, her wretched sire,
Suddenly entering, falls upon her corpse,
And straightway wailed and clasped the body round,
And kissed it, crying, "O my hapless child,
What God thus horribly hath thee destroyed?
Who maketh this old sepulchre bereft
Of thee? Ah me, would I might die with thee!"
But when from wailing and from moans he ceased,
Fain would he have upraised his aged frame,
Yet clave, as ivy clings to laurel boughs,
To the filmy robes: then was a ghastly wrestling;
For, while he strained to upraise his knee, she seemed
To upwrithe and grip him: if by force he haled,
Torn from the very bones was his old flesh.
Life's light at last quenched, he gave up the ghost,
Ill-starred, down-sinking 'neath destruction's sea.
There lie the corpses, child by grey old sire
Clasped;—such affliction tears, not words, must mourn.
And of thy part no word be said by me:—
Thyself from punishment wilt find escape.
But man's lot now, as oft, I count a shadow,
Nor fear to say that such as seem to be
In wit most keen of men, most subtle of speech,
Even these pay heaviest penalty of all;
For among mortals happy man is none.
In fortune's flood-tide might a man become
More prosperous than his neighbor: happy?—no! *Exit* MESSENGER

CHORUS. Fortune, meseems, with many an ill this day
Doth compass Jason,—yea, and rightfully.
But O the pity of thy calamity,
Daughter of Creon, who to Hades' halls
Hast passed, because with thee would Jason wed!

MEDEA. Friends, my resolve is taken, with all speed
To slay my children, and to flee this land,
And not to linger and to yield my sons
To death by other hands more merciless.
They needs must die: and, since it needs must be,
Even I will give them death, who gave them life.
Up, gird thee for the fray, mine heart! Why loiter
To do the dread ill deeds that must be done?
Come, wretched hand of mine, grasp thou the sword;
Grasp!—on to the starting-point of a blasted life!
Oh, turn not craven!—think not on thy babes,

How dear they are, how thou didst bear them: nay,
For this short day do thou forget thy sons,
Thereafter mourn them. For, although thou slay,
Yet dear they are, and I—am wretched, wretched!

Exit MEDEA

(*Str.*)

CHORUS. O Earth, O all-revealing splendour
Of the Sun, look down on a woman accurst,
Or ever she slake the murder-thirst
Of a mother whose hands would smite the tender
Fruit of her womb.
Look down, for she sprang of thy lineage golden:
Man's vengeance threatens—thy seed are holden
'Neath the shadow of doom!
But thou, O heaven-begotten glory,
Restrain her, refrain her: the wretched, the gory
Erinys by demons dogged, we implore thee,
Snatch thou from yon home!

(*Ant.*)

For naught was the childbirth-travail wasted;
For naught didst thou bear them, the near and the dear,
O thou who hast fled through the Pass of Fear,
From the dark-blue Clashing Crags who hast hasted
Speeding thy flight!
Alas for her!—wherefore hath grim wrath stirred her
Through depths of her soul, that ruthless murder
Her wrongs must requite?
For stern upon mortals the vengeance falleth
For kin's blood spilt; from the earth it calleth,
A voice from the Gods, and the slayers appalleth
On whose homes it shall light.

CHILDREN'S *cries behind the scenes*

CHILD 1. What shall I do?—how flee my mother's hands?
CHILD 2. I know not, dearest brother. Death is here!
CHORUS. Ah the cry!—dost thou hear it?—the children's cry!
Wretch!—woman of cursèd destiny!
Shall I enter? My heart crieth, "Rescue the children from murder nigh!"

They beat at the barred doors

CHILD 1. Help—for the God's sake help! Sore is our need!
CHILD 2. The sword's death-net is closing round us now!

Silence within.

CHORUS. Wretch! of what rock is thy breast?—of what steel is the heart of thee moulded,
That the babes thou hast borne, with the selfsame hands that with love have enfolded
These, thou hast set thee to slay?
Of one have I heard that laid hands on her loved ones of old, one only,

Even Ino distraught of the Gods, when Zeus' bride drave her, lonely
And lost, from her home to stray;
And she fell—ah wretch!—on the brink as she stood
Of the sea-scaur: guilt of children's blood
Dragged downwards her feet to the salt sea-flood,
And she died with her children twain.
What ghastlier horror remains to be wrought?
O bride-bed of women, with anguish fraught,
What scathe upon mortals ere now hast thou brought,
What manifold bane!

Enter Jason, *with servants*

Jason. Women, which stand anear unto this roof—
Is she within the halls, she who hath wrought
Dread deeds, Medea, or in flight passed thence?
For either must she hide her 'neath the earth,
Or lift on wings her frame to heaven's far depths,
Or taste the vengeance of a royal house.
How, trusts she, having murdered the land's lords,
Scatheless herself from these halls forth to flee?
Yet not for her care I, but for my sons.
Whom she hath wronged shall recompense her wrong:
But I to save my children's life am come,
Lest to my grief the kinsmen of the dead
Avenge on them their mother's impious murder.
Chorus. Wretch, thou know'st not how deep thou art whelmed in woe,
Jason, or thou hadst uttered not such words.
Jason. What now?—and is she fain to slay me too?
Chorus. Thy sons are dead, slain by the mother's hand.
Jason. Ah me!—what say'st thou?—thou hast killed me, woman!
Chorus. Thy children are no more: so think of them.
Jason. How?—Slew them? Where?—within, without, the halls?
Chorus (*pointing to pavement before doors*). Open, and thou shalt see thy children's corpses.
Jason. Burst in the bolts with all speed, serving-men—
Force hinges!—let me see this twofold horror,—
The dead, and her,—and in her blood avenge me!

Medea *appears above the palace roof in a chariot drawn by dragons*

Medea. Why shakest thou these doors and wouldst unbar,
Seeking thy dead and me who wrought the deed?
Cease this essay. If thou wouldst aught of me,
Say what thou wilt: thine hand shall touch me never.
Such chariot hath my father's sire, the Sun,
Given me, a defence from foeman's hand.
Jason. O thing abhorred! O woman hatefullest
To Gods, to me, to all the race of men,
Thou that couldst thrust the sword into the babes
Thou bar'st, and me hast made a childless ruin!

Thus hast thou wrought, yet look'st thou on the sun
And earth, who hast dared a deed most impious?
Now ruin seize thee!—clear I see, who saw not
Then, when from halls and land barbarian
To a Greek home I bare thee, utter bane,
Traitress to sire and land that nurtured thee!
Thy guilt's curse-bolt on me the Gods have launched;
For thine own brother by his hearth thou slewest
Ere thou didst enter fair-prowed Argo's hull.
With such deeds thou beganest. Wedded then
To this man, and the mother of my sons,
For wedlock-right's sake hast thou murdered them.
There is no Grecian woman that had dared
This:—yet I stooped to marry thee, good sooth,
Rather than these, a hateful bride and fell,
A tigress, not a woman, harbouring
A fiercer nature than Tyrrhenian Scylla.
But—for untold revilings would not sting
Thee, in thy nature is such hardihood:—
Avaunt, thou miscreant stained with thy babes' blood!
For me remains to wail my destiny,
Who of my new-wed bride shall have no joy,
And to the sons whom I begat and nurtured
Living I shall not speak—lost, lost to me!
MEDEA. I might have lengthened out long controversy
To these thy words, if Father Zeus knew not
How I have dealt with thee and thou with me.
'Twas not for thee to set my rights at naught,
And live a life of bliss, bemocking me,
Nor for thy princess, and thy marriage-kinsman,
Creon, unscathed to banish me this land!
Wherefore a tigress call me, an' thou wilt,
Or Scylla, haunter of Tyrrhenian shore;
For thine heart have I wrung, as well behoved.
JASON. Ha, but thou sorrowest too, dost share mine ills!
MEDEA. O yea: yet grief is gain, so thou laugh not.
JASON. O children mine, what miscreant mother had ye!
MEDEA. O sons, destroyed by your own father's lust!
JASON. Sooth, 'twas no hand of mine that murdered them.
MEDEA. Nay, but thine insolence and thy new-forged bonds.
JASON. How claim the right for wedlock's sake to slay them?
MEDEA. A light affliction count'st thou this to a wife?
JASON. A virtuous wife:—in *thy* sight naught were good!
MEDEA. These live no more: this, this shall cut thine heart!
JASON. They live—ah me!—avengers on thine head.
MEDEA. The Gods know who began this misery.
JASON. Yea, verily, thy spirit abhorred they know.
MEDEA. Abhorred art thou: I loathe thy bitter tongue.
JASON. And I thine:—yet were mutual riddance easy.

MEDEA. How then?—what shall I do?—fain would I this.
JASON. Yield me my dead to bury and bewail.
MEDEA. Never: with this hand will I bury them,
To Mountain Hera's precinct bearing them,
That never foe may do despite to them,
Rifling their tomb. This land of Sisyphus
Will I constrain with solemn festival
And rites to atone for this unhallowed murder.
But I—I go unto Erechtheus' land,
With Ægeus to abide, Pandion's son.
Thou, as is meet, foul wretch, shalt foully die,
By Argo's wreckage smitten on the skull,
Who hast seen this new bridal's bitter ending.
JASON. Now the Fury-avenger of children smite thee,
And Justice that looketh on murder requite thee!
MEDEA. What God or what spirit will heed thy request,
Caitiff forsworn, who betrayest the guest?
JASON. Avaunt, foul thing by whose deed thy children have died!
MEDEA. Go hence to thine halls, thence lead to the grave thy bride!
JASON. I go, a father forlorn of the two sons reft from his home!
MEDEA. Not yet dost thou truly mourn: abide till thine old age come.
JASON. O children beloved above all!
MEDEA. Of their mother beloved, not of thee.
JASON. Yet she slew them!
MEDEA. That thou mightest fall in the net that thou spreadest for me.
JASON. Woe's me! I yearn with my lips to press
My sons' dear lips in my wretchedness.
MEDEA. Ha, now art thou calling upon them, now wouldst thou kiss,
Who rejectedst them then?
JASON. For the God's sake grant me but this,
The sweet soft flesh of my children to feel!
MEDEA. No—wasted in air is all thine appeal.
JASON. O Zeus, dost thou hear it, how spurned I am?—
What outrage I suffer of yonder abhorred
Child-murderess, yonder tigress-dam?
Yet out of mine helplessness, out of my shame,
I bewail my belovèd, I call to record
High heaven, I bid God witness the word,
That my sons thou hast slain, and withholdest me,
That mine hands may not touch them, nor bury their clay!
Would God I had gotten them never, this day
To behold them destroyed of thee!
CHORUS. All dooms be of Zeus in Olympus; 'tis his to reveal them.
Manifold things unhoped-for the Gods to accomplishment bring.
And the things that we looked for, the Gods deign not to fulfil them;
And the paths undiscerned of our eyes, the Gods unseal them.
So fell this marvelous thing.

Exeunt omnes

—ARTHUR S. WAY.

ALCESTIS[1]

EURIPIDES

It was the early practice of the Greek tragedians to follow a trilogy with a fourth play lighter in character and concluding with a happy ending, more, perhaps, to keep prominent the Dionysiac element than to relieve any feelings consequent upon the witnessing of a series of tragedies. The chorus of such an after-piece represented the satyrs of the older choral lyric—whence the name "satyr play"—and its nature was usually that of a burlesque. In place of a satyr play Euripides substituted the Alcestis *(produced in 438 B.C.), an interesting combination of the tragic and the comic. The treatment of domestic life and the element of the romantic in it hint at the later dramatic development known as New Comedy.*

Dramatis Personæ

APOLLO
DEATH
CHORUS, *composed of elders of Pherae*
HANDMAID
ALCESTIS, *daughter of* PELIAS, *and wife of* ADMETUS
ADMETUS, *King of Pherae*
EUMELUS, *son of* ADMETUS *and* ALCESTIS
HERCULES
PHERES, *father of* ADMETUS
SERVANT, *steward of the palace*
GUARDS, ATTENDANTS, HANDMAIDS, *and* MOURNERS

The scene throughout is in front of the palace of ADMETUS *at Pheræ.*

Enter APOLLO

APOLLO. Halls of Admetus, hail! I stooped my pride
Here to brook fare of serfs, yea I, a God!
The fault was fault of Zeus: he slew my son
Asclepius—hurled the levin through his heart.
Wroth for the dead, his smiths of heavenly fire,
The Cyclopes, I slew; for blood-atonement
Allfather made me serf to a mortal man.
To this land came I, tended mine host's kine,
And warded still his house unto this day.
Righteous myself, I found a righteous man,
The son of Pheres: him I snatched from death,
Cozening the Fates: the Sisters promised me—
"Admetus shall escape the imminent death
If he for ransom gives another life."
To all he went—all near and dear,—and asked
Father and grey-haired mother who gave him life;

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[1] From *Euripides*, by Arthur S. Way, William Heinemann, and Harvard University Press, 1928. Used by permission.

But, save his wife, found none that would consent
For him to die and never more see light.
Now in his arms upborne within yon home
She gaspeth forth her life: for on this day
Her weird it is to die and fleet from life.
I, lest pollution taint me in their house,
Go forth of yonder hall's belovèd roof.

Enter DEATH

Lo, yonder Death;—I see him nigh at hand,
Priest of the dead, who comes to hale her down
To Hades' halls—well hath he kept his time,
Watching this day, whereon she needs must die.
DEATH. Ha, thou at the palace! Wilt not make room,
Phœbus?—thou wrestest the right yet again:
Thou removest the landmarks of Gods of Gloom,
And thou makest their honours vain.
Did this not suffice thee, to thwart that doom
Of Admetus, when, all by thy cunning beguiled
Were the Fates, that thou now must be warding the wife
With thine hand made ready the bowstring to strain,
Though she pledged her from death, to redeem with her life
Her lord,—she, Pelias' child?
APOLLO. Fear not: fair words and justice are with me.
DEATH. Justice with thee!—what needeth then the bow?
APOLLO. This?—'tis my wont to bear it evermore.
DEATH. Yea, and to aid yon house in lawless wise.
APOLLO. Mine heart is heavy for my friend's mischance.
DEATH. What, wilt thou wrest from me this second corpse?
APOLLO. Nay, not that other did I take by force.
DEATH. Not?—why on earth then?—why not underground?
APOLLO. She was his ransom, she for whom thou comest.
DEATH. Yea, and will hale her deep beneath the earth.
APOLLO. Take her and go: I trow I shall not bend thee!
DEATH. To slay the victim due!—mine office this.
APOLLO. Nay, but to smite with death the ripe for death.
DEATH. I grasp thine argument—and thine earnestness!
APOLLO. And may Alcestis never see old age?
DEATH. Never:—should I not love mine honours too?
APOLLO. 'Tis soon or late,—thou canst but take one life.
DEATH. Yet mine the goodlier prize when die the young.
APOLLO. Though she die old, rich obsequies still are thine.
DEATH. Lo, Phœbus making laws to shield the rich!
APOLLO. How say'st thou?—thou a sophist unawares!
DEATH. Would wealth not buy the boon of dying old?
APOLLO. So then thou wilt not grant this grace to me?
DEATH. Nay surely—dost not know my wonted way?
APOLLO. Hateful to mortals this, and loathed of Gods.
DEATH. All things beyond thy rights thou canst not have.

Apollo. Surely thou shalt forbear, though ruthless thou,
So mighty a man to Pheres' halls shall come,
Sent of Eurystheus forth, the courser-car
From winter-dreary lands of Thrace to bring.
Guest-welcomed in Admetus' palace here,
By force yon woman shall he wrest from thee.
Yea, thou of me shalt have no thank for this,
And yet shalt do it, and shalt have mine hate. *Exit* Apollo
Death. Talk on, talk on: no profit shalt thou win.
This woman down to Hades' halls shall pass.
For her I go: my sword shall seal her ours:
For consecrated to the Nether Gods
Is every head whose hair this sword hath shorn. *Exit* Death

Enter Chorus, *dividing to right and left, so that the sections answer one another till they unite.*

Half-Chorus 1. What meaneth this hush afront of the hall?
The home of Admetus, why voiceless all?
Half-Chorus 2. No friend of the house who should speak of its plight
Is nigh, who should bid that we raise the keen
For the dead, or should tell us that yet on the light
Alcestis looketh, and liveth the Queen,
The daughter of Pelias, noblest, I ween—
Yea, in all men's sight
Most leal to her lord of all wives hath she been.

(*Str. 1*)

Half-Chorus 1. Or hearest thou mourning or sighing
Or beating of hands,
Or the wail of bereaved ones outcrying?
No handmaid stands
At the palace-gate.
O Healer, appear for the dying, appear as a bright bird flying
'Twixt the surges of fate!
Half-Chorus 2. She lives!—were she dead, they had raised the keen.
Half-Chorus 1. Nay, a corpse is all that was once a queen.
Half-Chorus 2. But not forth of the doors is the death-train gone.
Half-Chorus 1. Whence cometh thine hope, which I boast not mine own?
Half-Chorus 2. Would the King without pomp of procession have yielded the grave the possession
Of so dear, of so faithful an one?

(*Ant. 1*)

Half-Chorus 1. Nor the cup in the gateway appeareth,
From the spring that they bear
To the gate that pollution feareth,
Nor the severed hair
In the porch for the dead,

Which the mourner in bitterness sheareth, neither beating of hands one heareth
On maiden's head.
Half-Chorus 2. Yet surely is this the appointed day—
Half-Chorus 1. Ah! what wilt thou say?
Half-Chorus 2. Whereon of her doom she must pass to the tomb.
Half-Chorus 1. With a keen pang's smart hast thou stabbed mine heart.
Half-Chorus 2. It is meet, when the good are as flowers plucked away,
That in sorrow's gloom
Should the breast of the old tried friend have part.

(*Str.* 2)

Chorus. Though ye voyage all seas,
Ye shall light on no lands,
Nor on Lycia's leas,
Nor Ammonian sands,
Whence redemption shall come for the wretched, or loosing of Death's dread bands.

Doom's chasm hard by
Yawns fathomless-deep.
What availeth to cry
To the Gods, or to heap
Their altars with costly oblations, to plead with the slaughter of sheep?

(*Ant.* 2)

Ah, once there was one!
Were life's light in the eyes
Of Phœbus's son,
Then our darling might rise
From the mansions of darkness, through portals of Hades return to our skies;

For he raised up the dead,
Ere flashed from the heaven,
From Zeus' hand sped,
That bolt of the levin.
But now what remaineth to wait for?—what hope of her life is given?

No sacrifice more
Unrendered remaineth;
No God, but the gore
From his altars down-raineth;
Yet healing is none for our ills, neither balm that the spirit sustaineth.

Enter Handmaid

But hither cometh of the handmaids one,

Weeping the while. What tidings shall I hear?
For all afflictions that befall thy lords
Well mayst thou grieve; but if thy lady lives
Or even now hath passed, fain would we know.
Handmaid. She liveth, and is dead: both mayst thou say.
Chorus. Ay so!—how should the same be dead and live?
Handmaid. Even now she droopeth, gasping out her life.
Chorus. O stricken king—how noble a queen thou losest!
Handmaid. His depth of loss he knows not ere it come.
Chorus. And hope—is no hope left her life to save?
Handmaid. None—for the day foredoomed constraineth her.
Chorus. Are all things meet, then, being done for her?
Handmaid. Yea, ready is her burial-attire.
Chorus. Let her be sure that glorious she dies
And noblest far of women 'neath the sun.
Handmaid. Noblest?—how not?—what tongue will dare gainsay?
What must the woman be who passeth her?
How could a wife give honour to her lord
More than by yielding her to die for him?
And this—yea, all the city knoweth this;
But what within she did, hear thou, and marvel.
For when she knew that the appointed day
Was come, in river-water her white skin
She bathed, and from the cedar-chests took forth
Vesture and jewels, and decked her gloriously,
And before Vesta's altar stood, and prayed:
"Queen, for I pass beneath the earth, I fall
Before thee now, and nevermore, and pray:—
Be mother to my orphans: mate with him
A loving wife, with her a noble husband.
Nor, as their mother dieth, so may they,
My children, die untimely, but with weal
In the home-land fill up a life of bliss."
To all the altars through Admetus' halls
She went, with wreaths she hung them, and she prayed,
Plucking the while the tresses of the myrtle,
Tearless, unsighing, and the imminent fate
Changed not the lovely rose-tint of her cheek.
Then to her bower she rushed, fell on the bed;
And there, O there she wept, and thus she speaks:
"O couch, whereon I loosed the maiden zone
For this man, for whose sake I die to-day,
Farewell: I hate thee not. Me hast thou slain,
Me only: loth to fail thee and my lord
I die; but thee another bride shall own,
Not more true-hearted; happier perchance."
Then falls thereon, and kisses: all the bed
Is watered with the flood of melting eyes.

But having wept her fill of many tears,
Drooping she goeth, reeling from the couch;
Yet oft, as forth the bower she passed, returned,
And flung herself again upon the bed.
And the babes, clinging to their mother's robes,
Were weeping; and she clasped them in her arms.
Fondling now this, now that, as one death-doomed.
And all the servants 'neath the roof were weeping,
Pitying their lady. But to each she stretched
Her right hand forth; and none there was so mean
To whom she spake not and received reply.
Such are the ills Admetus' home within.
Now, had he died, he had ended; but, in 'scaping,
He bears a pain that he shall ne'er forget.
Chorus. Doth not Admetus groan for this affliction
Of such a noble wife to be bereft?
Handmaid. Ay, weeps, and clasps his dear one in his arms,
And prays, "Forsake me not!"—asking the while
The impossible, for still she wanes and wastes,
Drooping her hand, a misery-burdened weight;
But yet, albeit hardly breathing still,
To the sun's rays fain would she lift her eyes,
As nevermore, but for the last time now
Destined to see the sun's beam and his orb.
But I will go and make thy presence known:
For 'tis not all that love so well their kings
As to stand by them, in afflictions loyal
But from of old my lords were loved of thee. *Exit*

Nine members of the Chorus *chant successively*

Chorus 1. O Zeus, for our lords is there naught but despair?
No path through the tangle of evils, no loosing of chains that have bound them?
Chorus 2. No tidings?—remaineth but rending of hair,
And the stricken ones turned to the tomb with the garments of sorrow around them?
Chorus. 3. Even so—even so! yet uplift we in prayer
Our hands to the Gods, for that power from the days everlasting hath crowned them.
Chorus 4. O Healer-king,
Find thou for Admetus the balm of relief, for the captive deliverance!
Chorus 5. Vouchsafe it, vouchsafe it, for heretofore
Hast thou found out a way; even now once more
Pluck back our belovèd from Hades' door,
Strike down Death's hand red-reeking with gore!
Chorus 6. Woe's me! woe's me!—let the woe-dirge ring!
Ah, scion of Pheres, alas for thy lot, for love's long severance!
Chorus 7. For such things on his sword might a man not fall,

Or knit up his throat in the noose 'twixt the heaven and the earth that quivereth?
Chorus 8. For his dear one—nay, but his dearest of all
Shall he see on this day lying dead, while her spirit by Lethe shivereth.
Chorus 9. O look!—look yonder, where forth of the hall
She cometh, and he at her side whose life by her life she delivereth.
Chorus (*united*). Cry, Land Pheræan, shrill the keen!
Lift up thy voice to wail thy best
There dying, and thy queenliest
Slow wasting to the Gates Unseen!
Tell me not this, that wedlock brings
To them that wed more bliss than woe.
I look back to the long-ago:
I muse on these unhappiest things.
Lo, here a king—he forfeiteth
The truest heart, the noblest wife;
And what shall be henceforth his life?
A darkened day, a living death.

Enter female attendants supporting Alcestis, *accompanied by* Admetus *and* Children

(*Str. 1*)

Alcestis. O Sun, and the day's dear light,
And ye clouds through the wheeling heaven in the race everlasting flying!
Admetus. He seeth thee and me, two stricken ones,
Which wrought the Gods no wrong, that thou shouldst die.

(*Ant. 1*)

Alcestis. O Land, O stately height
Of mine halls, and my bridal couch in Iolcos my fatherland lying!
Admetus. Uplift thee, hapless love, forsake me not,
And pray the mighty Gods in ruth to turn.

(*Str. 2*)

Alcestis. I see the boat with the oars twin-sweeping,
And, his hand on the pole as in haste aye keeping,
Charon the Ferryman calleth, "What ho, wilt thou linger and linger?
Hasten,—'tis thou dost delay me!" he crieth with beckoning finger.
Admetus. Ah me! a bitter ferrying this thou namest!
O evil-starred, what woes endure we now!

(*Ant. 2*)

Alcestis. One haleth me—haleth me hence to the mansion
Of the dead!—dost thou mark not the darkling expansion
Of the pinions of Hades, the blaze of his eyes 'neath their caverns out-glaring?
What wouldst thou?—Unhand me!—In anguish and pain by what path am I faring!
Admetus. Woeful to them that love thee: most to me
And to thy babes, sad sharers in this grief.

(*Epode*)

Alcestis. Let be—let me sink back to rest me:
There is no strength left in my feet.
Hades is near, and the night
Is darkening down on my sight.
Darlings, farewell: on the light
Long may ye look:—I have blessed ye
Ere your mother to nothingness flee.
Admetus. Ah me! for thy word rusheth bitterness o'er me,
Bitterness passing the anguish of death!
Forsake me not now, by the Gods I implore thee.
By the babes thou wilt orphan, O yield not thy breath!
Look up, be of cheer: if thou diest, before me
Is nothingness. Living, we aye live thine,
And we die in thy death; for our hearts are a shrine
Wherein for thy love passing word we adore thee!
Alcestis. Admetus,—for thou seest all my plight,—
Fain would I speak mine heart's wish ere I die.
I, honouring thee, and setting thee in place
Before mine own soul still to see this light,
Am dying, unconstrained to die for thee.
I might have wed what man Thessalian
I would, have dwelt wealth-crowned in princely halls;
Yet would not live on, torn away from thee,
With orphaned children: wherefore spared I not
The gifts of youth still mine, wherein I joyed.
Yet she that bare, he that begat, forsook thee,
Though fair for death their time of life was come,
Yea, fair, to save their son and die renowned.
Their only one wert thou: no hope there was
To get them sons thereafter, hadst thou died.
So had I lived, and thou, to after days:
Thou wert not groaning, of thy wife bereaved,
Thy children motherless. Howbeit this
Some God hath brought to pass: it was to be.
So be it. Remember thou what thank is due
For this,—I never can ask full requital;
For naught there is more precious than the life,—
And justly due; for these thy babes thou lovest
No less than I, if that thine heart be right.
Suffer that they have lordship in mine home:
Wed not a stepdame to supplant our babes,
Whose heart shall tell her she is no Alcestis,
Whose jealous hand shall smite them, thine and mine.
Do not, ah, do not this—I pray thee, I!
For the new stepdame hateth still the babes
Of her that's gone with more than viper-venom.
The boy—his father is his tower of strength

To whom to speak, of whom to win reply;
But, O my child, what girlhood will be thine?
To thee what would she be, thy father's yoke-mate?
What if with ill report she smirched thy name,
And in thy youth's flower marred thy marriage-hopes?
For thee thy mother ne'er shall deck for bridal,
Nor hearten thee in travail, O my child,
There, where naught gentler than the mother is.
For I must die; nor shall it be to-morn,
Nor on the third day comes on me this doom:
Straightway of them that are not shall I be.
Farewell, be happy. Now for thee, my lord,
Abides the boast to have won the noblest wife,
For you, my babes, to have sprung from noblest mother.
Chorus. Fear not; for I am bold to speak for him:
This will he do, an if he be not mad.
Admetus. It shall, it shall be, fear not: thou alone
Living wast mine; and dead, mine only wife
Shalt thou be called: nor ever in thy stead
Shall bride Thessalian hail me as her lord.
None is there of a father so high-born,
None so for beauty peerless among women.
Children enough have I: I pray the Gods
For joy in these—lost is our joy in thee!
Not for a year's space will I mourn for thee,
But long as this my life shall last, dear wife,
Loathing my mother, hating mine own sire,
For in word only, not in deed, they loved me.
Thou gav'st in ransom for my life thine all
Of precious, and didst save. Do I not well
To groan, who lose such yokefellow in thee?
Revels shall cease, and gatherings at the wine,
Garlands, and song, which wont to fill mine house.
No, never more mine hand shall touch the lyre:
Nor will I lift up heart to sing to flute
Of Libya: stolen is life's joy with thee.
Fashioned by craftsmen's cunning hands, thy form
Imaged, shall lie as sleeping on a bed,
Falling whereon, and clasping with my hands,
Calling thy name, in fancy shall mine arms
Hold my belovèd, though I hold her not:—
A drear delight, I wot: yet shall I lift
The burden from my soul. In dreams shalt thou
Haunt me and gladden: sweet to see the loved,
Though but as fleeting phantoms of the night.
But, were the tongue and strain of Orpheus mine,
To witch Demeter's daughter and her lord,
And out of Hades by my song to win thee,

I had fared down; nor Pluto's Hound had stayed me,
Nor Spirit-wafter Charon at the oar,
Or ever I restored thy life to light.
Yet there look thou for me, whenso I die:
Prepare a home, as who shall dwell with me.
For in the selfsame cedar chest, wherein
Thou liest, will I bid them lay my bones
At thy side: never, not in death, from thee,
My one true loyal love, may I be sundered!
Chorus. Yea, I with all will mourn, as friend with friend,
With thee for this thy wife, for she is worthy.
Alcestis. My children, ye yourselves have heard all this,
Have heard your father pledge him ne'er to wed
For your oppression and for my dishonour.
Admetus. Yea, now I say it, and I will perform.
Alcestis. On these terms take the children from mine hand.
Admetus. I take them—precious gift from precious hand.
Alcestis. Thou in my stead be a mother now to these.
Admetus. I must, I must—they are bereft of thee!
Alcestis. Darlings, when most I need to live, I die.
Admetus. Ah me!—What shall I do, forlorn of thee?
Alcestis. Thy wound shall time heal:—nothingness are the dead.
Admetus. Take me, ah take me with thee to the grave!
Alcestis. Suffice it that one dies—she dies for thee.
Admetus. O Fate, of what a wife dost thou bereave me!
Alcestis. Dark—dark mine eyes are drooping, heavy-laden.
Admetus. Oh, I am lost if thou wilt leave me, wife!
Alcestis. No more—I am no more: as naught account me.
Admetus. Uplift thy face: forsake not thine own children!
Alcestis. Sore loth do I—yet O farewell, my babes!
Admetus. Look on them—look!
Alcestis. Nothing am I henceforth.
Admetus. Ah, leav'st thou us?
Alcestis. Farewell. *Dies*
Admetus. O wretch undone!
Chorus. Gone, gone! No more she lives, Admetus' wife!

(*Str.*)

Eumelus. Woe for my lot!—to the tomb hath my mother descended, descended!
Never again, O my father, she seeth the light of the sun.
In anguish she leaves us forsaken: the story is ended, is ended,
Of her sheltering love, and the tale of the motherless life is begun.
Look—look on her eyelids, her hands drooping nerveless! O hear me, O hear me!
It is I—I beseech thee, my mother!—thine own little, own little bird!
It is I—O, I cast me upon thee—thy lips are so near me, so near me;

Unto mine am I pressing them, mother!—I plead for a word—but a word!
Admetus. With her who heareth not, nor seeth: ye
And I are stricken with a heavy doom.

(*Ant.*)

Eumelus. And I am but a little one, father—so young and forsaken, forsaken,
Forlorn of my mother—O hapless! a weariful lot shall be mine!
And thou, little maiden, my sister, the burden hast taken, hast taken,
Which thy brother may bear not alone, and a weariful lot shall be thine.
O father, of long-living love was thy marriage uncherished, uncherished:
Thou hast won not the goal of old age with the love of thy youth at thy side;
For, or ever she came to the fulness of days, she hath perished, hath perished:
And the home is a wreck and a ruin, for thou, O my mother, hast died!
Chorus. Admetus, this affliction must thou bear.
Not first of mortals thou, nor thou the last
Hast lost a noble wife; and, be thou sure,
From us, from all, this debt is due—to die.
Admetus. I know it: nowise unforeseen this ill
Hath swooped on me: long anguished I foreknew it.
But—for to burial must I bear my dead—
Stay ye, and, tarrying, echo back my wail
To that dark God whom no drink-offerings move.
And all Thessalians over whom I rule
I bid take part in mourning for this woman
With shaven head and sable-shrouding robe.
And ye which yoke the cars four-horsed, or steeds
Of single frontlet, sheer with steel their manes.
Music of flutes the city through, or lyres,
Be none, while twelve moons round their circles out:
For dearer dead, or kinder unto me
I shall not bury: worthy of mine honour
Is she, for she alone hath died for me.

Exit with attendants bearing in the corpse

(*Str. 1*)

Chorus. O Pelias' daughter, I hail thee:
I wave thee eternal farewell
To thine home where the darkness must veil thee,
Where in Hades unsunned thou shalt dwell.
Know, Dark-haired, thy grey Spirit-wafter
Hath sped not with twy-plashing oar
Woman nobler, nor shall speed hereafter
To Acheron's shore.

(*Ant. 1*)

For the seven-stringed shell, or for pæan
Unharped, shall thy fame be a song,
When o'er Sparta the moon Carnean
High rideth the whole night long.
And in Athens the wealthy and splendid
Shall thy name on her bards' lips ring;
Such a theme hast thou left to be blended
With the lays that they sing.

(*Str. 2*)

O that the power were but in me,
From the chambers of Hades, to light,
And from streams of Cocytus, to win thee
With the oar of the river of night!
O dear among women, strong-hearted
From Hades to ransom thy lord!
Never spirit in such wise departed.
Light lie on thee, lady, the sward!
And, if ever thine husband shall mate him
Again with a bride in thy stead,
I will loathe him, his children shall hate him,
The babes of the dead.

(*Ant. 2*)

When his mother would not be contented
To hide her for him in the tomb,
Nor his grey-haired father consented,
Unholpen he looked on his doom.
Whom they bare—the hard-hearted!—they cared not,
Though hoary their locks were, to save!
Thou art gone, for thy great love spared not
Thy blossom of youth from the grave.
Ah, may it be mine, such communion
Of hearts!—'tis vouchsafed unto few:—
Then ours should be sorrowless union
Our life-days through.

Enter HERCULES

HERCULES. Strangers, who dwell in this Pheræan land,
Say, do I find Admetus in his home?
CHORUS. Hercules, in his home is Pheres' son.
Yet say, what brings thee to Thessalian land,
That thou shouldst come to this Pheræan town?
HERCULES. A toil for King Eurystheus, lord of Tiryns.
CHORUS. And whither journeyest? To what wanderings yoked?
HERCULES. For Thracian Diomedes' four-horsed car.
CHORUS. How canst thou? Sure he is unknown to thee!
HERCULES. Unknown: Bistonian land I never saw.
CHORUS. Not save by battle may those steeds be won.
HERCULES. Yet flinch I may not from the appointed toils.

CHORUS. Thy life or his—a triumph or a grave.
HERCULES. Not this the first time I have run such course.
CHORUS. What profit is it if thou slay their lord?
HERCULES. Those steeds shall I drive back to Tiryns' king.
CHORUS. Hard task, to set the bit betwixt their jaws.
HERCULES. That shall I, if their nostrils breathe not fire.
CHORUS. Yea, but with ravening jaws do they rend men.
HERCULES. Go to—thus mountain-wolves, not horses, feast.
CHORUS. Nay, thou canst see their cribs besprent with gore.
HERCULES. Whom boasteth he for father, he that reared them?
CHORUS. Ares, the lord of Thracia's golden shields.
HERCULES. Thou say'st: such toil my fate imposeth still,
  Harsh evermore, uphillward straining aye,
  If I must still in battle close with sons
  Gotten of Ares; with Lycaon first,
  And Cycnus then; and lo, I come to grapple—
  The third strife this—with yon steeds and their lord.
  But the man lives not who shall ever see
  Alcmena's son flinch from a foeman's hand.
CHORUS. Lo, there himself, the ruler of the realm,
  Admetus, cometh forth his palace-hall.

Enter ADMETUS

ADMETUS. Joy to thee, sprung from Zeus' and Perseus' blood!
HERCULES. Admetus, joy to thee, Thessalia's king!
ADMETUS (*aside*). *Joy?*—would 'twere mine! (*aloud*) Thanks!—thy good heart I know.
HERCULES. Wherefore for mourning shaven show'st thou thus?
ADMETUS. This day must I commit to earth a corpse.
HERCULES. Now heaven forfend thou mourn'st for children dead!
ADMETUS. In mine home live the babes whom I begat.
HERCULES. Sooth, death-ripe were thy sire, if he be gone.
ADMETUS. He liveth, and my mother, Hercules.
HERCULES. Surely, O surely, not thy wife, Admetus?
ADMETUS. Twofold must be mine answer touching her.
HERCULES. Or hath she died, say'st thou, or liveth yet?
ADMETUS. She is, and she is not: here lies my grief.
HERCULES. Nothing the more I know: dark sayings thine.
ADMETUS. Know'st not the fate to which she is foredoomed?
HERCULES. I know she pledged herself to die for thee.
ADMETUS. How lives she then, if she to this consented?
HERCULES. Mourn not thy wife ere dead: abide the hour.
ADMETUS. One doomed is dead; the dead hath ceased to be.
HERCULES. Diverse are these—to be and not to be.
ADMETUS. This, Hercules, thy sentence: that is mine.
HERCULES. But now, why weep'st thou? What dear friend is dead?
ADMETUS. A woman—hers the memory we mourn.
HERCULES. Some stranger born, or nigh of kin to thee?

ADMETUS. A stranger born: yet near and dear to us.
HERCULES. How died a stranger then in house of thine?
ADMETUS. An orphan here she dwelt, her father dead.
HERCULES. Would I had found thee mourning not, Admetus.
ADMETUS. Ay so?—what purpose lurketh 'neath thy word?
HERCULES. On will I to another host's hearth-welcome.
ADMETUS. It cannot be: may no such grief befall!
HERCULES. A burden unto mourners comes the guest.
ADMETUS. Dead are the dead:—but enter thou mine house.
HERCULES. 'Twere shame to banquet in the house of weeping.
ADMETUS. Aloof the guest-halls are where we will lodge thee.
HERCULES. Let me pass on: so earn my thanks untold.
ADMETUS. Unto another's hearth thou canst not go.
(*To an attendant*) Ho thou, lead on: open the guest halls looking
Away from these our chambers. Tell my stewards
To set on meat in plenty. Shut withal
The mid-court doors: it fits not that the guests,
The while they feast, hear wailings, and be vexed. *Exit* HERCULES
CHORUS. What dost thou?—such affliction at the door,
And guests for thee, Admetus? Art thou mad?
ADMETUS. But had I driven him from my home and city
Who came my guest, then hadst thou praised me more?
Nay, verily: mine affliction so had grown
No less, and more inhospitable were I!
And to mine ills were added this beside,
That this my home were called "Guest-hating hall."
Yea, and myself have proved him kindliest host
Whene'er to Argos' thirsty plain I fared.
CHORUS. Why hide then the dread Presence in the house,
When came a friend? Thyself hast named him friend.
ADMETUS. Never had he been won to pass my doors,
Had he one whit of mine afflictions known.
To some, I wot, not wise herein I seem,
Nor will such praise: but mine halls have not learnt
To thrust away nor to dishonour guests.

(*Str. 1*)

CHORUS. Halls thronged of the guests ever welcome, O dwelling
Of a hero, forever the home of the free,
The Lord of the lyre-strings sweet beyond telling,
Apollo, hath deignèd to sojourn in thee.
Amid thine habitations, a shepherd of sheep,
The flocks of Admetus he scorned not to keep,
While the shepherds' bridal-strains, soft-swelling
From his pipe, pealed over the slant-sloped lea.

(*Ant. 1*)

And the spotted lynxes for joy of thy singing
Mixed with thy flocks; and from Othrys' dell
Trooped tawny lions: the witchery-winging

Notes brought dancing around thy shell,
Phœbus, the dappled fawn from the shadow
Of the tall-tressed pines tripping forth to the meadow,
Beating time to the chime of the rapture-ringing
Music, with light feet tranced by its spell.

(Str. 2)

Wherefore the flocks of my lord unnumbered
By the Bœbian mere fair-rippling stray:
Where the steeds of the sun halt, darkness-cumbered,
By Molossian mountains, far away
The borders lie of his golden grain,
And his rolling stretches of pasture-plain;
And the havenless beach Ægean hath slumbered
Under Pelion long 'neath the peace of his sway.

(Ant. 2)

And now, with the tears from his eyes fast-raining,
Wide hath he opened his doors to the guest,
While newly his heart 'neath its burden is straining,
For the wife that hath died in his halls distressed.
For to honour's heights are the high-born lifted,
And the good are with truest wisdom gifted;
And there broods on mine heart bright trust unwaning
That the god-reverer shall yet be blest.

ADMETUS. O kindly presence of Pheræan men,
This corpse even now, with all things meet, my servants
Bear on their shoulders to the tomb and pyre.
Wherefore, as custom is, hail ye the dead,
On the last journey as she goeth forth.

CHORUS. Lo, I behold thy sire with aged foot
Advancing: his attendants in their hands
Bear ornaments to deck the dead withal.

Enter PHERES *with attendants bearing gifts*

PHERES. I come in thine afflictions sorrowing, son:
A noble wife and virtuous hast thou lost,
None will gainsay: yet these calamities
We needs must bear, how hard to bear soever.
Receive these ornaments, and let her pass
Beneath the earth: well may the corpse be honoured
Of her who for thy life's sake died, my son;
Who made me not unchilded, left me not
Forlorn of thee to pine in woeful eld.
In all her sisters' eyes she hath crowned her life
With glory, daring such a deed as this.
O saviour of my son, who hast raised us up
In act to fall, all hail! May bliss be thine
Even in Hades. Thus to wed, I say,
Profiteth men—or nothing-worth is marriage.

ADMETUS. Not bidden of me to her burial comest thou,

Nor count I thine the presence of a friend.
Thine ornaments she never shall put on;
She shall be buried needing naught of thine.
Thou grieve!—thou shouldst have grieved in my death-hour!
Thou stood'st aloof—the old, didst leave the young
To die:—and wilt thou wail upon this corpse?
Wast thou not, then, true father of my body?
Did she that said she bare me, and was called
Mother, not give me birth? Of bondman blood
To thy wife's breast was I brought privily?
Put to the test, thou showedst who thou art,
And I account me not thy true-born son.
Peerless of men in soulless cowardice!
So old, and standing on the verge of life,
Thou hadst no will, no heart hadst thou to die
For thine own son! Ye let her die, a woman
Not of our house, whom I with righteous cause
Might count alone my mother and my father.
Yet here was honour, hadst thou dared the strife,
In dying for thy son. A paltry space
To cling to life in any wise was left.
Then had I lived, and she, through days to come,
Nor I, left lorn, should thus mine ills bemoan.
Yet all that may the fortunate betide
Fell to thy lot; in manhood's prime a king,
Me hadst thou son and heir unto thine house,
So that thou wast not, dying, like to leave
A childless home for stranger folk to spoil.
Nor canst thou say that flouting thy grey hairs
I had given thee up to death, whose reverence
For thee was passing word:—and this the thank
That thou and she that bare me render me!
Wherefore, make haste: beget thee other sons
To foster thy grey hairs, to compass thee
With death's observance, and lay out thy corpse.
Not I with this mine hand will bury thee.
For thee dead am I. If I see the light,—
Another saviour found,—I call me son
To him, and loving fosterer of his age.
With false lips pray the old for death's release,
Plaining of age and weary-wearing time.
Let death draw near—who hails his coming? None:
No more is eld a burden unto them.

CHORUS. O hush! Suffice the affliction at the doors.
O son, infuriate not thy father's soul.

PHERES. Son, whom, think'st thou—some Lydian slave or Phrygian
Bought with thy money?—thus beratest thou?
What, know'st thou not that I Thessalian am,

Sprung from Thessalian sire, free man true-born?
This insolence passeth!—hurling malapert words
On me, not lightly thus shalt thou come off!
Thee I begat and nurtured, of mine house
The heir: no debt is mine to die for thee.
Not from my sires such custom I received
That sires for sons should die: no Greek law this.
Born for thyself wast thou, to fortune good
Or evil: all thy dues from me thou hast.
O'er many folk thou rulest: wide demesnes
Shall I leave thee: to me my father left them.
What is my wrong, my robbery of thee?
For me die thou not, I die not for thee.
Thou joy'st to see light—shall thy father joy not?
Sooth, I account our time beneath the earth
Long, and our life-space short, yet is it sweet.
Shamelessly hast thou fought against thy death:
Thy life is but transgression of thy doom
And murder of thy wife! *My* cowardice!—
This from thee, dastard, by a woman outdone
Who died for thee, the glorious-gallant youth!
Cunning device hast thou devised to die
Never, cajoling still wife after wife
To die for thee!—and dost revile thy friends
Who will not so—and thou the coward, thou?
Peace! e'en bethink thee, if thou lov'st thy life,
So all love theirs. Thou, if thou speakest evil
Of us, shalt hear much evil, and that true.
Chorus. Ye have said too much, thou now, and he before.
Refrain, old sire, from railing on thy son.
Admetus. Say on, say on; I have said: if hearing truth
Gall thee, thou shouldest not have done me wrong.
Pheres. I had done more wrong, had I died for thee.
Admetus. What, for the young and old is death the same?
Pheres. One life to live, not twain—this is our due.
Admetus. Have thy desire—one life outlasting Zeus.
Pheres. Dost curse thy parents, who hast had no wrong?
Admetus. Ay, whom I marked love-sick for dateless life.
Pheres. What?—art not burying her in thine own stead?
Admetus. A token, dastard, of thy cowardice.
Pheres. *I* did her not to death: thou canst not say it.
Admetus. Mayest thou feel thy need of me some day!
Pheres. Woo many women, that the more may die.
Admetus. This taunt strikes thee—'tis thou wast loth to die.
Pheres. Sweet is yon sun-god's light, yea, it is sweet.
Admetus. Base is thy spirit, and unmeet for men.
Pheres. Not mine old corpse to the grave thou bear'st with glee!
Admetus. Yet, when thou diest, in ill fame shalt thou die.

PHERES. Ill fame is naught to me when I have died.
ADMETUS. Hear him! how full of shamelessness is eld!
PHERES. Not shameless she,—but senseless hast thou found her.
ADMETUS. Begone: leave me to bury this my dead.
PHERES. I go: her murderer will bury her!
Thou shalt yet answer for it to her kin.
Surely Acastus is no more a man,
If he of thee claim not his sister's blood.

Exit

ADMETUS. Avaunt, with her that kennelleth with thee!
Childless grow old, as ye deserve, while lives
Your child: ye shall not come beneath one roof
With me. If need were to renounce by heralds
Thine hearth paternal, I had renounced it now.
Let us—for we must bear the present ill—
Pass on, to lay our dead upon the pyre.
CHORUS. Alas for the loving and daring!
Farewell to the noblest and best!
May Hermes conduct thee down-faring
Kindly, and Hades to rest
Receive thee! If any atonement
For ills even there may betide
To the good, O thine be enthronement
By Hades' bride!

Exeunt omnes in funeral procession
Enter SERVANT

SERVANT. Full many a guest, from many a land which came
Unto Admetus' dwelling, have I known,
Have set before them meat: but never guest
More pestilent received I to this hearth:
Who first, albeit he saw my master mourning,
Entered, and passed the threshold unashamed;
Then, nowise courteously received the fare
Found with us, though our woeful plight he knew,
But, what we brought not, hectoring bade us bring.
The ivy cup uplifts he in his hands,
And swills the darkling mother's fiery blood,
Till the wine's flame enwrapped him, heating him.
Then did he wreathe his head with myrtle sprays,
Dissonant-howling. Diverse strains were heard:
For he sang on, regardless all of ills
Darkening Admetus' house; we servants wept
Our mistress: yet we showed not to the guest
Eyes tear-bedewed, for so Admetus bade.
And now within the house must I be feasting
This guest,—a lawless thief, a bandit rogue,
While forth the house she is borne! I followed not,
Nor stretched the hand, nor wailed unto my mistress

Farewell, who was to me and all the household
A mother; for from ills untold she saved us,
Assuaging her lord's wrath. Do I not well
To loathe this guest, intruder on our griefs?

Enter Hercules

Hercules. Ho, fellow, why this solemn brooding look?
The servant should not lower upon the guest,
But welcome him with kindly-beaming cheer.
Thou, seeing here in presence thy lord's friend,
With visage sour and cloud of knitted brows
Receiv'st him, fretting o'er an alien grief.
Hither to me, that wiser thou mayst grow.
The lot of man—its nature knowest thou?
I trow not: how shouldst thou? Give ear to me.
From all mankind the debt of death is due,
Nor of all mortals is there one that knows
If through the coming morrow he shall live:
For trackless is the way of fortune's feet,
Not to be taught, nor won by art of man.
This hearing then, and learning it from me,
Make merry, drink: the life from day to day
Account thine own, all else in fortune's power.
Honour withal the sweetest of the Gods
To men, the Cyprian Queen—a gracious Goddess!
Away with other thoughts, and heed my words,
If thou dost think I speak wise words and true:
So think I. Hence with sorrow overwrought;
Rise above this affliction: drink with me,
Thy brows with garlands bound. Full well I wot,
From all this lowering spirit prison-pent
Thine anchor shall Sir Beaker's plash upheave.
What, man!—the mortal must be mortal-minded.
So, for your solemn wights of knitted brows,
For each and all,—if thou for judge wilt take me,—
Life is not truly life, but mere affliction.
Servant. All this we know: but now are we in plight
Not meet for laughter and for revelry.
Hercules. The woman dead is alien-born: grieve not
Exceeding much. Yet live the household's lords.
Servant. Live, quotha!—know'st thou not the house's ills?
Hercules. Yea, if thy master lied not unto me.
Servant. Guest-fain he is—ah, guest-fain overmuch!
Hercules. A stranger dead—and no guest-cheer for me?
Servant. O yea, an alien—overmuch an alien!
Hercules. Ha! was he keeping some affliction back?
Servant. Go thou in peace: our lord's ills are for us.

Turns away; but Hercules *seizes him, and makes him face him*

HERCULES. Grief for a stranger—such words mean not that!
SERVANT. Else had I not sore vexed beheld thy revel.
HERCULES. How! have I sorry handling of mine hosts?
SERVANT. Thou cam'st in hour unmeet for welcoming,
For grief is on us; and thou see'st shorn hair
And vesture of black robes.
HERCULES. But who hath died?
Not of the children one, or grey-haired sire?
SERVANT. Nay, but Admetus' wife is dead, O guest.
HERCULES. How say'st thou?—Ha, even then ye gave me welcome?
SERVANT. For shame he could not thrust thee from these doors.
HERCULES. O hapless! what a helpmeet hast thou lost!
SERVANT. We have all perished, and not she alone.
HERCULES. I felt it, when I saw his tear-drowned eyes,
His shaven hair, his face: yet he prevailed,
Saying he bare a stranger-friend to burial.
I passed this threshold in mine heart's despite,
And drank in halls of him that loves the guest,
When thus his plight! And am I revelling
With wreathed head? O my friend, that thou shouldst say
Naught, when on thine home such affliction lay! . . .
Where doth he bury her? Where shall I find her?
SERVANT. By the straight path that leads Larissa-wards
Shalt see the hewn-stone tomb without the walls.
HERCULES. O much-enduring heart and hand of mine,
Now show what son the Lady of Tiryns bare,
Electryon's child Alcmena, unto Zeus.
For I must save the woman newly dead,
And set Alcestis in this house again,
And render to Admetus good for good.
I go. The sable-vestured King of Corpses,
Death, will I watch for, and shall find, I trow,
Drinking the death-draught hard beside the tomb.
And if I lie in wait, and dart from ambush,
And seize, and with mine arms' coil compass him,
None is there shall deliver from mine hands
His straining sides, ere he yield up his prey.
Yea, though I miss the quarry, and he come not
Unto the blood-clot, to the sunless homes
Down will I fare of Cora and her King,
And make demand. I doubt not I shall lead
Alcestis up, and give to mine host's hands,
Who to his halls received, nor drave me thence,
Albeit smitten with affliction sore,
But hid it, like a prince, respecting me.
Who is more guest-fain of Thessalians?
Who in all Hellas? O, he shall not say
That one so princely showed a base man kindness. *Exit*

Enter Admetus, *with* Chorus *and attendants, returning from the funeral*

Admetus. O hateful returning!
O hateful to see
Drear halls full of yearning
For the lost—ah me!
What aim or what rest have I?—silence or speech, of what help shall they be?
Would God I were dead!
O, I came from the womb
To a destiny dread!
Ah, those in the tomb—
How I envy them! How I desire them, and long to abide in their home!

To mine eyes nothing sweet
Is the light of the heaven,
Nor the earth to my feet;
Such a helpmeet is riven
By Death from my side, and my darling to Hades the spoiler hath given.

(*Str.*)

Chorus. Pass on thou, and hide thee
In thy chambers.
Admetus. Ah woe!
Chorus. Wail the griefs that betide thee:
How canst thou but so?
Admetus. O God!
Chorus. Thou hast passed through deep waters of anguish—I know it, I know.
Admetus. Woe! darkest of days!
Chorus. No help bringeth this
To thy love in that place.
Admetus. Woe!
Chorus. Bitter it is
The face of a wife well belovèd forever and ever to miss.
Admetus. Thou hast stricken mine heart
Where the wound will not heal.
What is worse than to part
From the loving and leal?
Would God I had wedded her not, home-bliss with Alcestis to feel!

O, I envy the lot
Of the man without wife,
Without child: single-wrought
Is the strand of his life:
No soul-crushing burden of sorrow, no strength-overmastering strife.
But that children should sicken,

That gloom of despair
Over bride-beds should thicken,
What spirit can bear,
When childless, unwedded, a man through life's calm journey might fare?

(*Ant.*)

Chorus. Thee fortune hath met,
Strong wrestler, and thrown;
Yet no bounds hast thou set—
Admetus. Woe's me!—
Chorus. To thy moan.
O, thy burden is heavy!
Admetus. Alas!
Chorus. Yet endure it: thou art not alone.
Not thou art the first
Of bereaved ones.
Admetus. Ah me!
Chorus. Such tempest hath burst
Upon many ere thee.
Unto each his mischance, when the surges roll up from Calamity's sea.
Admetus. O long grief and pain
For beloved ones passed!
Why didst thou restrain,
When myself I had cast
Down into her grave, with the noblest to lie peace-lulled at the last?
Not one soul, but two
Had been Hades' prey,
Souls utterly true
United for aye,
Which together o'er waves of the underworld-mere had passed this day.

(*Str.*)

Chorus. Of my kin was there one,
And the life's light failed
In his halls of a son,
One meet to be wailed,
His only belovèd: howbeit the manhood within him prevailed;
And the ills heaven-sent
As a man did he bear,
Though by this was he bent
Unto silvered hair,
Far on in life's path, without son for his remnant of weakness to care.
Admetus. O, how can I tread
Thy threshold, fair home?
How shelter mine head
'Neath thy roof, now the doom

Of my fate's dice changeth?—ah me, what change upon all things is come!
For with torches aflame
Of the Pelian pine,
And with bride-song I came
In that hour divine,
Upbearing the hand of a wife—thine hand, O darling mine!
Followed revellers, raising
Acclaim: ever broke
From the lips of them praising,
Of the dead as they spoke,
And of me, how the noble, the children of kings, Love joined 'neath his yoke.
But for bridal song
Is the wail for the dead,
And, for white-robed throng,
Black vesture hath led
Me to halls where the ghost of delight lieth couched on a desolate bed.

(*Ant.*)

Chorus. To the trance of thy bliss
Sudden anguish was brought.
Never lesson like this
To thine heart had been taught:
Yet thy life hast thou won, and thy soul hast delivered from death: —is it naught?
Thy wife hath departed:
Love tender and true
Hath she left:—stricken-hearted,
Wherein is this new?
Hath Death not unyoked from the chariot of Love full many ere you?

Admetus. Friends, I account the fortune of my wife
Happier than mine, albeit it seem not so.
For naught of grief shall touch her any more,
And glorious rest she finds from many toils.
But I, unmeet to live, my doom outrun,
Shall drag out bitter days: I know it now.
How shall I bear to enter this mine home?
Speaking to whom, and having speech of whom,
Shall I find joy of entering?—whither turn me?
The solitude within shall drive me forth,
Whenso I see my wife's couch tenantless,
And seats whereon she sat, and, 'neath the roof,
All foul the floor; when on my knees my babes
Falling shall weep their mother, servants moan
The peerless mistress from the mansion lost.
All this within: but from the world without
Me shall Thessalian bridals chase, and throngs

Where women gossip—oh, I shall not bear
On these, young matrons like my wife, to look!
And whatsoever foe I have shall scoff:
"Lo there who basely liveth—dared not die,
But whom he wedded gave, a coward's ransom,
And 'scaped from Hades. Count ye him a man?
He hates his parents, though himself was loth
To die!" Such ill report, besides my griefs,
Shall mine be. Ah, what honour is mine to live,
O friends, in evil fame, in evil plight?

(*Str. 1*)

Chorus. I have mused on the words of the wise,
Of the mighty in song;
I have lifted mine heart to the skies,
I have searched all truth with mine eyes;
But naught more strong
Than Fate have I found: there is naught
In the tablets of Thrace,
Neither drugs whereof Orpheus taught,
Nor in all that Apollo brought
To Asclepius' race,
When the herbs of healing he severed, and out of their anguish delivered
The pain-distraught.

(*Ant. 1*)

There is none other Goddess beside
To the altars of whom
No man draweth near, nor hath cried
To her image, nor victim hath died,
Averting her doom.
O Goddess, more mighty for ill
Come not upon me
Than in days overpast: for his will
Even Zeus may in no wise fulfil
Unholpen of thee.
Steel is molten as water before thee, but never relenting came o'er thee,
Who art ruthless still.

(*Str. 2*)

Thee, friend, hath the Goddess gripped: from her hands never wrestler hath slipped.
Yet be strong to endure: never mourning shall bring our belovèd returning
From the nethergloom up to the light.
Yea, the heroes of Gods begotten,
They fade into darkness, forgotten
In death's chill night.
Dear was she in days ere we lost her,

Dear yet, though she lie with the dead.
None nobler shall Earth-mother foster
Than the wife of thy bed.

(*Ant.* 2)

Not as mounds of the dead which have died, so account we the tomb of thy bride;
But O, let the worship and honour that we render to Gods rest upon her:
Unto her let the wayfarer pray.
As he treadeth the pathway that trendeth
Aside from the highway, and bendeth
At her shrine, he shall say:
"Her life for her lord's was given:
With the Blest now abides she on high.
Hail, Queen, show us grace from thine heaven!"
Even so shall they cry.
But lo, Alcmena's son, as seemeth, yonder,
Admetus, to thine hearth is journeying.

Enter HERCULES, *leading a woman wholly veiled*

HERCULES. Unto a friend behoveth speech outspoken,
Admetus, not to hide within the breast
Murmurs unvoiced. I came mid thine affliction:
Fair claim was mine to rank amidst thy friends:
Thou told'st me not how lay thy wife a corpse;
Thou gavest me guest-welcome in thine home,
Making pretence of mourning for a stranger.
I wreathed mine head, I spilled unto the Gods
Drink-offerings in a stricken house, even thine.
I blame thee, thus mishandled, yea, I blame;
Yet no wise is my will to gall thy grief.
But wherefore hither turning back I come,
This will I tell. Take, guard for me this maid,
Till, leading hitherward the Thracian mares,
I come from slaughter of Bistonia's lord.
But if I fall—no, no! I *must* return!—
I give her then, for service of thine halls.
Prize of hard toil unto mine hands she came:
For certain men I found but now arraying
An athlete-strife, toil-worthy, for all comers,
Whence I have won and bring this victor's meed.
Horses there were for them to take which won
The light foot's triumph; but for hero-strife,
Boxing and wrestling, oxen were the guerdon;
A woman made it richer. Shame it seemed
To hap thereon, and slip this glorious gain.
But, as I said, this woman be thy care;
For no thief's prize, but toil-achieved, I bring her
Yea, one day thou perchance shalt say 'twas well.

Admetus. Not flouting thee, nor counting among foes,
My wife's unhappy fate I hid from thee.
But this had been but grief up-piled on grief,
Hadst thou sped hence to be another's guest;
And mine own ills sufficed me to bewail.
Yon maid—I pray thee, if it may be, prince,
Bid some Thessalian ward her, who hath not
Suffered as I: Thou hast many friends in Pheræ.
Oh, waken not remembrance of my grief!
I could not, seeing her mine halls within,
Be tearless; add not hurt unto mine hurt;
Burdened enough am I by mine affliction.
Nay, in mine house where should a young maid lodge?—
For vesture and adorning speak her young:—
What, 'neath the men's roof shall her lodging be?
And how unsullied, dwelling with young men?
Not easy is it, Hercules, to curb
The young: herein do I take thought for thee.
Or shall I ope to her my dead wife's bower?
How!—cause her to usurp my lost love's bed?
Twofold reproach I dread—first, from my folk,
Lest any say that, traitor to my saviour,
I fall upon another woman's bed;
Then, from my dead wife—oh, she is reverence-worthy!—
Of her must I be heedful. Woman, thou,
Whoso thou art, know that thy body's stature
Is as Alcestis', and thy form as hers.
Ah me!—lead, for the Gods' sake, from my sight
This woman! Take not my captivity captive.
For, as I look on her, methinks I see
My wife: she stirs mine heart with turmoil: fountains
Of tears burst from mine eyes. O wretched I!
Now first I taste this grief's full bitterness.
Chorus. In sooth thy fortune can I not commend:
Yet all Heaven's visitations must we bear.
Hercules. O that such might I had as back to bring
To light thy wife from nethergloom abodes,
And to bestow this kindness upon thee!
Admetus. Fain would'st thou, well I know. But wherefore this?
It cannot be the dead to light should come.
Hercules. O'ershoot not thou the mark; bear bravely all.
Admetus. Easier to exhort than suffer and be strong.
Hercules. But what thy profit, though for aye thou moan?
Admetus. I too know this; yet love drives me distraught.
Hercules. Love for the lost—ay, that draws forth the tear.
Admetus. She hath undone me more than words can tell.
Hercules. A good wife hast thou lost, who shall gainsay?
Admetus. So that thy friend hath no more joy in life.

Hercules. Time shall bring healing; now is thy grief young.
Admetus. Time—time?—O yea, if this thy Time be Death!
Hercules. A young wife, new love-yearning, shall console thee.
Admetus. Hush!—what say'st thou?—I could not think thereon!
Hercules. How?—wilt not wed, but widowed keep thy couch?
Admetus. Lives not the woman that shall couch with me.
Hercules. Look'st thou that this shall profit aught the dead?
Admetus. I needs must honour her where'er she be.
Hercules. Good—good—yet this the world calls foolishness.
Admetus. So be it, so thou call me bridegroom never.
Hercules. I praise thee, in that leal thou art to her.
Admetus. I?—false to her, though dead?—may I die first!
Hercules. Receive this woman then these halls within.
Admetus. Nay!—I implore thee by thy father Zeus!
Hercules. Yet shalt thou err if thou do not this thing.
Admetus. Yet shall mine heart be tortured, if I do it.
Hercules. Yield thou: this grace may prove perchance a duty.
Admetus. O that in strife thou ne'er hadst won this maid!
Hercules. Yet thy friend's victory is surely thine.
Admetus. Well said: yet let the woman hence depart.
Hercules. Yea—if need be. First look well—need it be?
Admetus. Needs must—save thou wilt else be wroth with me.
Hercules. I too know what I do, insisting thus.
Admetus. Have then thy will: thy pleasure is my pain.
Hercules. Yet one day shalt thou praise me: only yield.
Admetus (*to attendant*). Lead ye her, if mine halls must needs receive her.
Hercules. Nay, to no servants' hands will I commit her.
Admetus. Thou lead her in then, if it seems thee good.
Hercules. Nay, but in thine hands will I place her—thine.
Admetus. I will not touch her! Open stand my doors.
Hercules. Unto thy right hand only trust I her.
Admetus. King, thou dost force me, sore against my will!
Hercules. Be strong: stretch forth thine hand and touch thy guest.
Admetus (*turning his face away*). I do, as one who doth behead a Gorgon.
Hercules. Hast her?
Admetus. I have.
Hercules. Yea, guard her. Thou shalt call
The child of Zeus one day a noble guest.
(*Raises the veil, and discloses* Alcestis)
Look on her, if in aught she seems to thee
Like to thy wife. Step forth from grief to bliss.
Admetus. What shall I say?—Gods! Marvel this unhoped for!
My wife do I behold in very sooth,
Or doth some god-sent mockery-joy distract me?
Hercules. Not so; but this thou seest is thy wife.
Admetus. What if this be some phantom from the shades?

HERCULES. No ghost-upraiser hast thou ta'en for guest.
ADMETUS. How?—whom I buried do I see—my wife?
HERCULES. Doubt not: yet might'st thou well mistrust thy fortune.
ADMETUS. As wife, as living, may I touch, address her?
HERCULES. Speak to her: all thou didst desire thou hast.
ADMETUS. Oh dearest!—wife!—sweet face!—belovèd form!
Past hope I have thee! Never I thought to see thee!
HERCULES. Thou hast: may no God of thy bliss be jealous.
ADMETUS. O scion nobly-born of Zeus most high,
Blessings on thee! The Father who begat thee
Keep thee! Thou only hast restored my fortunes.
How didst thou bring her from the shades to light?
HERCULES. I closed in conflict with the Lord of Spirits.
ADMETUS. Where, say'st thou, didst thou fight this fight with Death?
HERCULES. From ambush by the tomb mine hands ensnared him.
ADMETUS. Now wherefore speechless standeth thus my wife?
HERCULES. 'Tis not vouchsafed thee yet to hear her voice,
Ere to the Powers beneath the earth she be
Unconsecrated, and the third day come.
But lead her in, and, just man as thou art,
Henceforth, Admetus, reverence still the guest.
Farewell. But I must go, and work the work
Set by the king, the son of Sthenelus.
ADMETUS. Abide with us, a sharer of our hearth.
HERCULES. Hereafter this: now must I hasten on.
ADMETUS. O prosper thou, and come again in peace!
(*Exit* HERCULES)
Through all my realm I publish to my folk
That, for these blessings, dances they array,
And that atonement-fumes from altars rise.
For now to happier days than those o'erpast
Have we attained. I own me blest indeed.
CHORUS. O the works of the Gods—in manifold forms they reveal them:
Manifold things unhoped-for the Gods to accomplishment bring.
And the things that we looked for, the Gods deign not to fulfil them;
And the paths undiscerned of our eyes, the Gods unseal them.
So fell this marvellous thing.

Exeunt omnes

—ARTHUR S. WAY.

IV. SATIRE BY A CONSERVATIVE: ARISTOPHANES

Comedy, like tragedy, grew out of the worship of Dionysus. At the time of harvest festivals it was customary to indulge in revels of a very free and wanton nature, which included phallic processions to the accompaniment of choral songs. These songs presented the sensuous and licentious side of the worship of the god of wine rather than his sorrows and trials, and were no doubt made up at first of unconnected episodes. Later a sort of unity was introduced by establishing a connection between the episodes, and thereafter it was but a simple step to construct a loose sort of plot in which a single theme was treated from various different angles.

The comedy was as old as the tragedy, but it was slower to receive public recognition in Athens. By the time it was recognized, it had undergone marked changes in subject matter, being no longer mainly concerned with the adventures of Dionysus, but dealing with all manner of topics and taking the direction of lampoon and satire on public affairs and persons. Politics, religion, morals, literature, education, individuals—anything was appropriate. It exercised complete freedom of speech and hesitated at nothing in its abandoned fun-making. In technique it borrowed from the tragedy, using the three actors and the chorus, and alternating between dialogue and choral participation. The function of the chorus was further altered so that it not only played its part as a rôle of the drama, but also directly addressed the audience as a mouthpiece for the poet. The love of the grotesque is evidenced in the representation of the chorus as birds, wasps, frogs, etc., instead of as humans. Indeed this element was of such importance that it often supplied the title for the play.

Aristophanes (about 448 to about 385 B.C.) was the foremost of the comic poets. His comedy acknowledges no restrictions or limitations either in its right to attack, or in its extravagance of fun and fancy, or in the extent to which the indecencies of speech and conduct are presented to the ear and eye. On the other hand, there can be no doubt of its seriousness of purpose as a corrective of what the poet deems real dangers to the life of the people. Aristophanes is a believer in frugality, thrift, and simplicity, an opponent of all forms of dishonesty and insincerity, a strong advocate of peace, a bitter enemy of the political demagogue, a keen critic of the method and aims of the new sophistry. He is essentially a conservative and a traditionalist, preaching the ways of the men of old and setting himself against all innovations. Eleven of his forty-four comedies are extant.

THE CLOUDS

There had grown up in the time of Aristophanes a new education fostered and promoted by the so-called sophists, whose methods of defending both sides of any question and whose attitude of skepticism on all matters of tradition or of moral and religious faith had brought them into ill repute among the more conservative Athenians. Aristophanes found them a fit subject for his satire. His thesis in this play, *that the new education will aid one in the avoidance of one's just debts, is a particular application of the more general thesis that the new education teaches escape from all moral obligations.* The Clouds *was produced in 423 B.C.*

Dramatis Personæ

Strepsiades
Pheidippides
Servant to Strepsiades
Disciples of Socrates
Socrates
Chorus of Clouds
Dicæologos
Adicæologos
Pasias
Amynias
Witnesses
Chærephon

The scene is laid in Athens

Strepsiades *is discovered in his chamber,* Pheidippides *sleeping in his bed. Time, before break of day.*

Streps. (*stretching and yawning*). Ah me, ah me! will this night never end?
Oh kingly Jove, shall there be no more day?
And yet the cock sung out long time ago;
I heard him—but my people lie and snore,
Snore in defiance, for the rascals know
It is their privilege in time of war,
Which with its other plagues brings this upon us,
That we mayn't rouse these vermin with a cudgel.
There's my young hopeful too, he sleeps it through,
Snug under five fat blankets at the least.
Would I could sleep so sound! but my poor eyes
Have no sleep in them; what with debts and duns
And stable-keepers' bills, which this fine spark
Heaps on my back, I lie awake the whilst
And what cares he but to coil up his locks,
Ride, drive his horses, dream of them all night,
Whilst I, poor devil, may go hang—for now
The moon in her last quarter wanes apace,
And my usurious creditors are gaping.
What hoa! a light! bring me my tablets, boy!
That I may set down all, and sum them up,
Debts, creditors, and interest upon interest—
(*Boy enters with a light and tablets*)
Let me see where I am and what the total—
Twelve pounds to Pasias—Hah! to Pasias twelve!
Out on it, and for what? A horse forsooth,
Right noble by the mark—curse on such marks!
Would I had giv'n this eye from out this head,
Ere I had paid the purchase of this jennet!

PHEIDIP. Shame on you, Philo!—Keep within your ring.
STREPS. There 'tis! that's it! the bane of all my peace—
He's racing in his sleep.
PHEIDIP. A heat—a heat!
How many turns to a heat?
STREPS. More than enough;
You've giv'n me turns in plenty—I am jaded.
But to my list—What name stands next to Pasias?
Amynias—three good pounds—still for the race—
A chariot mounted on its wheels complete.
PHEIDIP. Dismount! unharness and away!
STREPS. I thank you;
You have unharness'd me: I am dismounted,
And with a vengeance—All my goods in pawn,
Fines, forfeiture, and penalties in plenty.
PHEIDIP. (*wakes*). My father! why so restless? who has vex'd you?
STREPS. The sheriff vexes me; he breaks my rest.
PHEIDIP. Peace, self-tormentor, let me sleep!
STREPS. Sleep on!
But take this with you; all these debts of mine
Will double on your head: a plague confound
That cursèd match-maker, who drew me in
To wed, forsooth, that precious dam of thine.
I liv'd at ease in the country, coarsely clad,
Rough, free, and full withal as oil and honey
And store of stock could fill me, till I took,
Clown as I was, this limb of the Alcmæons,
This vain, extravagant, high-blooded dame:
Rare bed-fellows and dainty—were we not?
I, smelling of the wine-vat, figs and fleeces,
The produce of my farm, all essence she,
Saffron and harlot's kisses, paint and washes,
A pamper'd wanton—Idle I'll not call her;
She took due pains in faith to work my ruin,
Which made me tell her, pointing to this cloak,
Now threadbare on my shoulders—see, goodwife,
This is your work—in truth you toil too hard.

BOY *re-enters*

BOY. Master, the lamp has drunk up all its oil.
STREPS. Aye, 'tis a drunken lamp; the more fault yours;
Whelp, you shall howl for this.
BOY. Why? for what fault?
STREPS. For cramming such a greedy wick with oil. (*Exit* BOY)
Well! in good time this hopeful heir was born;
Then I and my belovèd fell to wrangling
About the naming of the brat—My wife
Would dub her colt Xanthippus or Charippus,
Or it might be Callipides, she car'd not

So 'twere equestrian the name—but I
Stuck for his grandfather Pheidonides;
At last when neither could prevail, the matter
Was compromis'd by calling him Pheidippides:
Then she began to fondle her sweet babe,
And taking him by th' hand—Lambkin, she cried,
When thou art some years older thou shalt drive,
Megacles-like, thy chariot to the city,
Rob'd in a saffron mantle—No, quoth I,
Not so, my boy, but thou shalt drive thy goats,
When thou art able, from the fields of Phelle,
Clad in a woollen jacket like thy father:
But he is deaf to all these frugal rules,
And drives me on the gallop to my ruin;
Therefore all night I call my thoughts to council,
And after long debate find one chance left,
To which if I can lead him, all is safe.
If not—but soft: 'tis time that I should wake him.
But how to soothe him to the task—(*speaking in a soft gentle tone*) Pheidippides!
Precious Pheidippides!
PHEIDIP. What now, my father?
STREPS. Kiss me, my boy! reach me thine hand—
PHEIDIP. Declare,
What would you?
STREPS. Dost thou love me, sirrah? speak!
PHEIDIP. Aye, by equestrian Neptune!
STREPS. (*angrily*). Name not him,
Name not that charioteer: he is my bane,
The source of all my sorrow—but, my son,
If thou dost love me, prove it by obedience.
PHEIDIP. In what must I obey?
STREPS. Reform your habits;
Quit them at once, and what I shall prescribe
That do!
PHEIDIP. And what is it that you prescribe?
STREPS. But wilt thou do't?
PHEIDIP. Yea, by Dionysus!
STREPS. 'Tis well: get up! come hither, boy! look out!
Yon little wicket and the hut hard by—
Dost see them?
PHEIDIP. Clearly. What of that same hut?
STREPS. Why that's the council-chamber of all wisdom:
There the choice spirits dwell, who teach the world
That heav'n's great concave is one mighty oven,
And men its burning embers; these are they,
Who can show pleaders how to twist a cause,
So you'll but pay them for it, right or wrong.

PHEIDIP. And how do you call them?
STREPS. Troth, I know not that,
But they are men, who take a world of pains;
Wondrous good men and able.
PHEIDIP. Out upon 'em!
Poor rogues, I know them now; you mean those scabs,
Those squalid, barefoot, beggarly impostors,
The mighty cacodæmons of whose sect
Are Socrates and Chærephon. Away!
STREPS. Hush, hush! be still; don't vent such foolish prattle;
But if you'll take my counsel, join their college
And quit your riding-school.
PHEIDIP. Not I, so help me
Dionysus our patron! though you brib'd me
With all the racers that Leogoras
Breeds from his Phasian stud.
STREPS. Dear, darling lad,
Prythee be rul'd, and learn.
PHEIDIP. What shall I learn?
STREPS. They have a choice of logic; this for justice,
That for injustice: learn that latter art,
And all these creditors, that now beset me,
Shall never touch a drachma that I owe them.
PHEIDIP. I'll learn of no such masters, nor be made
A scare-crow and a may-game to my comrades;
I have no zeal for starving.
STREPS. No, nor I
For feasting you and your fine pamper'd cattle
At free cost any longer—Horse and foot
To the crows I bequeath you. So be gone!
PHEIDIP. Well, sir, I have an uncle rich and noble;
Megacles will not let me be unhors'd;
To him I go; I'll trouble you no longer.

Exit

STREPS. (*alone*). He has thrown me to the ground, but I'll not lie there;
I'll up, and, with permission of the gods,
Try if I cannot learn these arts myself:
But being old, sluggish, and dull of wit,
How am I sure these subtleties won't pose me?
Well! I'll attempt it: what avails complaint?
Why don't I knock and enter?—Hoa! within there!—

Knocks violently at the door

DISCIPLE (*half-opening the door*). Go, hang yourself! and give the crows a dinner—
What noisy fellow art thou at the door?
STREPS. Strepsiades of Cicynna, son of Pheidon.
DISCIPLE. Whoe'er thou art, 'fore Heaven, thou art a fool

Not to respect these doors; battering so loud,
And kicking with such vengeance, you have marr'd
The ripe conception of my pregnant brain,
And brought on a miscarriage.
STREPS. Oh! the pity!—
Pardon my ignorance: I'm country bred
And far a-field am come: I pray you tell me
What curious thought my luckless din has strangled,
Just as your brain was hatching.
DISCIPLE. These are things
We never speak of but amongst ourselves.
STREPS. Speak boldly then to me, for I am come
To be amongst you, and partake the secrets
Of your profound academy.
DISCIPLE. Enough!
I will impart, but set it down in thought
Amongst our mysteries—This is the question,
As it was put but now to Chærephon,
By our great master Socrates, to answer—
How many of his own lengths at one spring
A flea can hop—for we did see one vault
From Chærephon's black eye-brow to the head
Of the philosopher.
STREPS. And how did t'other
Contrive to measure this?
DISCIPLE. Most accurately:
He dipt the insect's feet in melted wax,
Which, hard'ning into sandals as it cool'd,
Gave him the space by rule infallible.
STREPS. Imperial Jove! what subtilty of thought!
DISCIPLE. But there's a deeper question yet behind;
What would you say to that?
STREPS. I pray, impart it.
DISCIPLE. 'Twas put to Socrates, if he could say,
When a gnat humm'd, whether the sound did issue
From mouth or tail.
STREPS. Aye; marry, what said he?
DISCIPLE. He said your gnat doth blow his trumpet backwards
From a sonorous cavity within him,
Which being filled with breath, and forc'd along
The narrow pipe or rectum of his body,
Doth vent itself in a loud hum behind.
STREPS. Hah! then I see the podex of your gnat
Is trumpet-fashion'd—Oh! the blessings on him
For this discovery; well may he escape
The law's strict scrutiny, who thus develops
The anatomy of a gnat.
DISCIPLE. Nor is this all;

Another grand experiment was blasted
By a curst cat.
STREPS. As how, good sir; discuss!
DISCIPLE. One night as he was gazing at the moon,
Curious and all intent upon her motions,
A cat on the house ridge was at her needs,
And squirted in his face.
STREPS. Beshrew her for it!
Yet I must laugh no less to think a cat
Should so bespatter Socrates.
DISCIPLE. Last night
We were bilk'd of our supper.
STREPS. Were you so?
What did your master substitute instead?
DISCIPLE. Why to say truth, he sprinkled a few ashes
Upon the board, then with a little broach,
Crook'd for the nonce, pretending to describe
A circle, neatly filch'd away a cloak.
STREPS. Why talk we then of Thales? Open to me,
Open the school, and let me see your master:
I am on fire to enter—Come, unbar!

The door of the school is unbarred. The Socratic scholars are seen in various grotesque situations and positions. STREPSIADES, *with signs of astonishment, draws back a pace or two, then exclaims:*

O Hercules, defend me! who are these?
What kind of cattle have we here in view?
DISCIPLE. Where is the wonder? What do they resemble?
STREPS. Me thinks they're like our Spartan prisoners,
Captur'd at Pylos. What are they in search of?
Why are their eyes so riveted to th' earth?
DISCIPLE. There their researches centre.
STREPS. 'Tis for onions
They are in quest—Come, lads, give o'er your search;
I'll show you what you want, a noble plat,
All round and sound—but soft! what mean those gentry,
Who dip their heads so low?
DISCIPLE. Marry, because
Their studies lead that way: They are now diving
To the dark realms of Tartarus and Night.
STREPS. But why are all their cruppers mounted up?
DISCIPLE. To practice them in star-gazing, and teach them
Their proper elevations—But no more:
In, fellow-students, in: if chance the master come
And find us here—

(*addressing himself to some of his fellow-students, who were crowding about the new-comer*)

STREPS. Nay, prythee let 'em stay,

And be of council with me in my business.
Disciple. Impossible; they cannot give the time.
Streps. Now for the love of Heav'n, what have we here?
Explain their uses to me.
(*observing the apparatus*)
Disciple. This machine
Is for astronomy—
Streps. And this?
Disciple. For geometry.
Streps. As how?
Disciple. For measuring the earth.
Streps. Indeed!
What, by the lot?
Disciple. No, faith, sir, by the lump;
Ev'n the whole globe at once.
Streps. Well said, in troth.
A quaint device, and made for general use.
Disciple. Look now, this line marks the circumference
Of the whole earth, d'ye see—This spot is Athens—
Streps. Athens! go to, I see no courts are sitting;
Therefore I can't believe you.
Disciple. Nay, in truth,
This very tract is Attica.
Streps. And where,
Where is my own Cicynna?
Disciple. Here it lies:
And there's Eubœa—Mark! how far it runs—
Streps. How far it runs! Yes, Pericles has made it
Run far enough from us—Where's Lacedæmon?
Disciple. Here; close to Athens.
Streps. Ah! how much too close—
Prythee, good friends, take that bad neighbour from us.
Disciple. That's not for us to do.
Streps. The worse luck yours!
But look! (*casting up his eyes*) who's this suspended in a basket?
Socrates is discovered
Disciple. (*with solemnity*). Himself. The HE.
Streps. The HE? what HE?
Disciple. Why, Socrates.
Streps. Hah! Socrates!—(*to the scholar*) Make up to him and roar,
Bid him come down! roar lustily.
Disciple. Not I:
Do it yourself; I've other things to mind.
Exit
Streps. Hoa! Socrates—What hoa, my little Socrates!
Socr. Mortal, how now! Thou insect of a day,
What would'st thou?
Streps. I would know what thou art doing.

Socr. I tread in air, contemplating the sun.
Streps. Ah! then I see you're basketed so high,
That you look down upon the Gods—Good hope,
You'll lower a peg on earth.
Socr. Sublime in air,
Sublime in thought I carry my mind with me,
Its cogitations all assimilated
To the pure atmosphere, in which I float;
Lower me to earth, and my mind's subtle powers,
Seiz'd by contagious dullness, lose their spirit;
For the dry earth drinks up the generous sap,
The vegetating vigour of philosophy,
And leaves it a mere husk.
Streps. What do you say?
Philosophy has sapt your vigour? Fie upon it.
But come, my precious fellow, come down quickly,
And teach me those fine things I'm here in quest of.
Socr. And what fine things are they?
Streps. A new receipt
For sending off my creditors, and foiling them
By the art logical; for you shall know
By debts, pawns, pledges, usuries, executions,
I am rackt and rent in tatters.
Socr. Why permit it?
What strange infatuation seiz'd your senses?
Streps. The horse-consumption, a devouring plague;
But so you'll enter me amongst your scholars,
And tutor me like them to bilk my creditors,
Name your own price, and by the Gods I swear
I'll pay you the last drachm.
Socr. By what Gods?
Answer that first; for your Gods are not mine.
Streps. How swear you then? As the Byzantians swear
By their base iron coin?
Socr. Art thou ambitious
To be instructed in celestial matters,
And taught to know them clearly?
Streps. Aye, aye, in faith,
So they be to my purpose, and celestial.
Socr. What, if I bring you to a conference
With my own proper Goddesses, the Clouds?
Streps. 'Tis what I wish devoutly.
Socr. Come, sit down;
Repose yourself upon this couch.
Streps. 'Tis done.
Socr. Now take this chaplet—wear it.
Streps. Why this chaplet?
Would'st make of me another Athamas,

And sacrifice me to a cloud?
SOCR. Fear nothing;
It is a ceremony indispensable
At our initiations.
STREPS. What to gain?
SOCR. (*instead of the sacred meat, which was thrown on the sacrificed victim, a basket of stones is showered on the head of* STREPSIADES).
'Twill sift your faculties as fine as powder,
Bolt 'em like meal, grind 'em as light as dust;
Only be patient.
STREPS. Truly, you'll go near
To make your words good; an' you pound me thus,
You'll make me very dust and nothing else.
SOCR. (*assuming all the magical solemnity and tone of voice of an adept*). Keep silence, then, and listen to a prayer,
Which fits the gravity of age to hear—
Oh! Air, all powerful Air, which dost enfold
This pendent globe, thou vault of flaming gold.
Ye sacred Clouds, who bid the thunder roll,
Shine forth, approach, and cheer your suppliant's soul!
STREPS. Hold, keep 'em off awhile, till I am ready.
Ah! luckless me, would I had brought my bonnet,
And so escap'd a soaking.
SOCR. Come, come away!
Fly swift, ye Clouds, and give yourselves to view!
Whether on high Olympus' sacred top
Snow-crown'd ye sit, or in the azure vales
Of your own father Ocean sporting weave
Your misty dance, or dip your golden urns
In the seven mouths of Nile; whether ye dwell
On Thracian Mimas, or Mœotis' lake,
Hear me, yet hear, and thus invok'd approach!
CHORUS OF CLOUDS. (*The scene is at the remotest part of the stage. Thunder is heard. A large and shapeless Cloud is seen floating in the air; from which the following song is heard.*)
Ascend, ye watery Clouds, on high,
Daughters of Ocean, climb the sky,
And o'er the mountain's pine-capt brow
Towering your fleecy mantle throw:
Thence let us scan the wide-stretch'd scene,
Groves, lawns, and rilling streams between,
And stormy Neptune's vast expanse,
And grasp all nature at a glance.
Now the dark tempest flits away,
And lo! the glittering orb of day
Darts from his clear ethereal beam,
Come let us snatch the joyous gleam.
SOCR. Yes, ye Divinities, whom I adore,

I hail you now propitious to my prayer.
Didst thou not hear them speak in thunder to me?

STREPS. (*kneeling, and, with various acts of buffoonery, affecting terror and embarrassment*).
And I too am your Cloudship's most obedient,
And under sufferance trump against your thunder:—
Nay (*turning to* SOCRATES), take it how you may, my frights and fears
Have pinch'd and cholic'd my poor bowels so,
That I can't choose but treat their holy nostrils
With an unsavoury sacrifice.

SOCR. Forbear
These gross scurrilities, for low buffoons
And mountebanks more fitting. Hush! be still,
List to the chorus of their heavenly voices,
For music is the language they delight in.

CHORUS OF CLOUDS (*approaching nearer*). Ye Clouds replete with fruitful showers,
Here let us seek Minerva's towers,
The cradle of old Cecrops' race,
The world's chief ornament and grace;
Here mystic fanes and rites divine
And lamps in sacred splendour shine;
Here the Gods dwell in marble domes,
Feasted with costly hecatombs,
That round their votive statues blaze,
Whilst crowded temples ring with praise;
And pompous sacrifices here
Make holidays throughout the year;
And when gay spring-time comes again,
Bromius convokes his sportive train,
And pipe and song and choral dance
Hail the soft hours as they advance.

STREPS. Now, in the name of Jove, I pray thee tell me
Who are these ranting dames, that talk in stilts?
Of the Amazonian cast no doubt.

SOCR. Not so,
No dames, but clouds celestial, friendly powers
To men of sluggish parts; from these we draw
Sense, apprehension, volubility,
Wit to confute, and cunning to ensnare.

STREPS. Aye, therefore 'twas that my heart leapt within me
For very sympathy when first I heard 'em:
Now I could prattle shrewdly of first causes,
And spin out metaphysic cobwebs finely,
And dogmatise most rarely, and dispute
And paradox it with the best of you:
So, come what may, I must and will behold 'em;

Show me their faces, I conjure you.
SOCR. Look,
Look towards Mount Parnes as I point—There, there!
Now they descend the hill; I see them plainly,
As plain as can be.
STREPS. Where, where? I prythee, show me.
SOCR. Here! a whole troop of them thro' woods and hollows,
A byway of their own.
STREPS. What ails my eyes,
That I can't catch a glimpse of them?
SOCR. Behold!
Here at the very entrance—
STREPS. Never trust me,
If yet I see them clearly.
SOCR. Then you must be
Sand-blind or worse.
STREPS. Nay, now by father Jove,
I cannot choose but see them—precious creatures!
For in good faith here's plenty and to spare.
CHORUS OF CLOUDS *enter*
SOCR. And didst thou doubt if they were goddesses?
STREPS. Not I, so help me! only I'd a notion
That they were fog, and dew, and dusky vapour.
SOCR. For shame! Why, man, these are the nursing mothers
Of all our famous sophists, fortune-tellers,
Quacks, medicine-mongers, bards bombastical,
Chorus projectors, and star interpreters,
And wonder-making cheats—the gang of idlers,
Who pay them for their feeding with good store
Of flattery and mouth-worship.
STREPS. Now I see
Whom we may thank for driving them along
At such a furious dithyrambic rate,
Sun-shadowing clouds of many-colour'd hues,
Air-rending tempests, hundred-headed Typhons;
Now rousing, rattling them about our ears,
Now gently wafting them adown the sky,
Moist, airy, bending, bursting into showers;
For all which fine descriptions these poor knaves
Dine daintily on scraps.
SOCR. And proper fare;
What better do they merit?
STREPS. Under favour,
If these be clouds (d'you mark me?) very clouds,
How came they metamorphos'd into women?
Clouds are not such as these.
SOCR. And what else are they?
STREPS. Troth, I can't rightly tell, but I should guess

Something like flakes of wool, not women, sure;
And look! these dames have noses.
Socr. Hark you, friend,
I'll put a question to you.
Streps. Out with it!
Be quick: let's have it.
Socr. This it is, in short—
Hast thou ne'er seen a cloud, which thou could'st fancy
Shap'd like a centaur, leopard, wolf, or bull?
Streps. Yea, marry, have I, and what then?
Socr. Why then
Clouds can assume what shapes they will, believe me;
For instance; should they spy some hairy clown
Rugged and rough, and like the unlick't cub
Of Xenophantes, straight they turn to centaurs,
And kick at him for vengeance.
Streps. Well done, Clouds!
But should they spy that peculating knave,
Simon, that public thief, how would they treat him?
Socr. As wolves—in character most like his own.
Streps. Aye, there it is now; when they saw Cleonymus,
That dastard runaway, they turn'd to hinds
In honour of his cowardice.
Socr. And now,
Having seen Cleisthenes, to mock his lewdness
They change themselves to women.
Streps. Welcome, ladies!
Imperial ladies, welcome! An' it please
Your Highnesses so far to grace a mortal,
Give me a touch of your celestial voices.
Chor. Hail, grandsire! who at this late hour of life
Would'st go to school for cunning; and all hail,
Thou prince pontifical of quirks and quibbles,
Speak thy full mind, make known thy wants and wishes!
Thee and our worthy Prodicus excepted,
Not one of all your sophists have our ear:
Him for his wit and learning we esteem,
Thee for thy proud deportment and high looks,
In barefoot beggary strutting up and down,
Content to suffer mockery for our sake,
And carry a grave face whilst others laugh.
Streps. Oh! mother earth, was ever voice like this,
So reverend, so portentous, so divine!
Socr. These are your only deities, all else
I flout at.
Streps. Hold! Olympian Jupiter—
Is he no god?
Socr. What Jupiter? what god?

Prythee no more—away with him at once!
STREPS. Say'st thou? who gives us rain? answer me that.
SOCR. These give us rain; as I will straight demonstrate:
Come on now—when did you e'er see it rain
Without a cloud? If Jupiter gives rain,
Let him rain down his favours in the sunshine,
Nor ask the clouds to help him.
STREPS. You have hit it,
'Tis so; heav'n help me! I did think till now,
When 'twas his godship's pleasure, he made water
Into a sieve and gave the earth a shower.
But, hark'ye me, who thunders? tell me that;
For then it is I tremble.
SOCR. These, these thunder,
When they are tumbled.
STREPS. How, blasphemer, how?
SOCR. When they are charg'd with vapours full to th' bursting,
And bandied to and fro against each other,
Then with the shock they burst and crack amain.
STREPS. And who is he that jowls them thus together
But Jove himself?
SOCR. Jove! 'tis not Jove that does it,
But the ætherial vortex.
STREPS. What is he?
I never heard of him; is he not Jove?
Or is Jove put aside, and Vortex crown'd
King of Olympus in his state and place?
But let me learn some more of this same thunder.
SOCR. Have you not learnt? I told you how the clouds,
Being surcharg'd with vapour, rush together,
And, in the conflict, shake the poles with thunder.
STREPS. But who believes you?
SOCR. You, as I shall prove it:
Mark the Panathenæa, where you cram
Your belly full of pottage; if you shake
And stir it lustily about—what then?
STREPS. Marry, why then it gives a desperate crack;
It bounces like a thunderbolt, the pottage
Keeps such a coil within me—At the first,
Pappax it cries—anon with double force,
Papappax!—when at length *Papappapax*
From forth my sounding entrails thund'ring bursts.
SOCR. Think then, if so your belly trumpets forth,
How must the vasty vault of heaven resound,
When the clouds crack with thunder!
STREPS. Let that pass,
And tell me of the lightning, whose quick flash
Burns us to cinders; that, at least, great Jove

Keeps in reserve to launch at perjury?
Socr. Dunce, dotard! were you born before the flood
To talk of perjury, whilst Simon breathes,
Theorus and Cleonymus, whilst they,
Thrice-perjur'd villains, brave the lightning's stroke,
And gaze the heav'ns unscorcht? Would these escape?
Why, man, Jove's random fires strike his own fane,
Strike Sunium's guiltless top, strike the dumb oak,
Who never yet broke faith or falsely swore.
Streps. It may be so, good sooth! You talk this well:
But I would fain be taught the natural cause
Of these appearances.
Socr. Mark when the winds,
In their free courses check'd, are pent and purs'd
As 'twere within a bladder; stretching then
And struggling for expansion, they burst forth
With cracks so fierce as sets the air on fire.
Streps. The devil they do! why now the murder's out:
So was I serv'd with a damn'd paunch, I broil'd
On Jove's day last, just such a scurvy trick;
Because, forsooth, not dreaming of your thunder,
I never thought to give the rascal vent.
Bounce! goes the bag, and covers me all over
With filth and ordure till my eyes struck fire.
Chor. The envy of all Athens shalt thou be,
Happy old man, who from our lips dost suck
Into thy ears true wisdom, so thou art
But wise to learn, and studious to retain
What thou hast learnt; patient to bear the blows
And buffets of hard fortune; to persist,
Doing or suffering; firmly to abide
Hunger and cold, not craving where to dine,
To drink, to sport and trifle time away;
But holding that for best, which best becomes
A man who means to carry all things through
Neatly, expertly, perfect at all points
With head, hands, tongue, to force his way to fortune.
Streps. Be confident; I give myself for one
Of a tough heart, watchful as care can make me,
A frugal, pinching fellow, that can sup
Upon a sprig of savory and to bed;
I am your man for this, hard as an anvil.
Socr. 'Tis well, so you will ratify your faith
In these our deities—Chaos and Clouds
And Speech—to these and only these adhere.
Streps. If from this hour henceforth I ever waste
A single thought on any other gods,
Or give them sacrifice, libation, incense,

Nay, even common courtesy, renounce me.
CHOR. Speak your wish boldly then, so shall you prosper
As you obey and worship us, and study
The wholesome art of thriving.
STREPS. Gracious ladies,
I ask no mighty favour, simply this—
Let me but distance every tongue in Greece,
And run 'em out of sight a hundred lengths.
CHOR. Is that all? there we are your friends to serve you;
We will endow thee with such powers of speech,
As henceforth not a demagogue in Athens
Shall spout such popular harangues as thou shalt.
STREPS. A fig for powers of spouting! give me powers
Of nonsuiting my creditors.
CHOR. A trifle—
Granted as soon as ask'd; only be bold,
And show yourself obedient to your teachers.
STREPS. With your help so I will, being undone,
Stript of my pelf by these high-blooded cattle,
And a fine dame, the torment of my life.
Now let them work their wicked will upon me;
They're welcome to my carcass; let 'em claw it,
Starve it with thirst and hunger, fry it, freeze it,
Nay, flay the very skin off; 'tis their own;
So that I may but fob my creditors,
Let the world talk; I care not though it call me
A bold-faced, loud-tongued, overbearing bully;
A shameless, vile, prevaricating cheat;
A tricking, quibbling, double-dealing knave;
A prating, pettyfogging limb o' th' law;
A sly old fox, a perjurer, a hang-dog,
A raggamuffin made of shreds and patches,
The leavings of a dunghill—Let 'em rail,
Yea, marry, let 'em turn my guts to fiddle-strings,
May my bread be my poison! if I care.
CHOR. This fellow hath a prompt and daring spirit—
Come hither, sir; do you perceive and feel
What great and glorious fame you shall acquire
By this our schooling of you?
STREPS. What, I pray you!
CHOR. What but to live the envy of mankind
Under our patronage?
STREPS. When shall I see
Those halcyon days?
CHOR. Then shall your doors be throng'd
With clients waiting for your coming forth,
All eager to consult you, pressing all
To catch a word from you, with abstracts, briefs,

And cases ready-drawn for your opinion.
But come, begin and lecture this old fellow;
Sift him, that we may see what meal he's made of.
Socr. Hark ye, let's hear what principles you hold,
That these being known, I may apply such tools
As tally with your stuff.
Streps. Tools! by the gods;
Are you about to spring a mine upon me?
Socr. Not so, but simply in the way of practice
To try your memory.
Streps. Oh! as for that,
My memory is of two sorts, long and short:
With them who owe me aught, it never fails;
My creditors indeed complain of it,
As mainly apt to leak and lose its reck'ning.
Socr. But let us hear if nature hath endow'd you
With any grace of speaking.
Streps. None of speaking.
But a most apt propensity to cheating.
Socr. If this be all, how can you hope to learn?
Streps. Fear me not, never break your head for that.
Socr. Well then be quick, and when I speak of things
Mysterious and profound, see that you make
No boggling, but—
Streps. I understand your meaning;
You'd have me bolt philosophy by mouthfuls,
Just like a hungry cur.
Socr. Oh! brutal, gross
And barbarous ignorance! I must suspect,
Old as thou art, thou must be taught with stripes:
Tell me now, when thou art beaten, what dost feel?
Streps. The blows of him that beats me I do feel;
But having breath'd awhile I lay my action
And cite my witnesses; anon more cool,
I bring my cause into the court, and sue
For damages.
Socr. Strip off your cloak! prepare.
Streps. Prepare for what? what crime have I committed?
Socr. None; but the rule and custom is with us,
That all shall enter naked.
Streps. And why naked?
I come with no search-warrant; fear me not;
I'll carry nought away with me.
Socr. No matter;
Conform yourself, and strip.
Streps. And if I do,
Tell me for my encouragement to which
Of all your scholars will you liken me.

SOCR. You shall be call'd a second Chærephon.
STREPS. Ah! Chærephon is but another name
For a dead corpse—excuse me.
SOCR. No more words:
Pluck up your courage; answer not, but follow:
Haste and be perfected.
STREPS. Give me my dole
Of honey-cake in hand, and pass me on;
Ne'er trust me if I do not quake and tremble
As if the cavern of Trophonius yawn'd,
And I were stepping in.
SOCR. What ails you? enter!
Why do you halt and loiter at the door?

SOCRATES *and* STREPSIADES *enter the mansion of the former.*

CHOR. Go, brave adventurer, proceed!
May fortune crown the gallant deed;
Tho' far advanc'd in life's last stage,
Spurning the infirmities of age,
Thou canst to youthful labours rise,
And boldly struggle to be wise.
Ye, who are here spectators of our scene,
Give me your patience to a few plain words,
And by my patron Bacchus, whose I am,
I swear they shall be true ones—Gentle friends,
So may I prosper in your fair esteem,
As I declare in truth that I was mov'd
To tender you my former comedy,
As deeming it the best of all my works,
And you its judges worthy of that work,
Which I had wrought with my best care and pains:
But fools were found to thrust me from the stage,
And you, whose better wisdom should have sav'd me
From that most vile cabal, permitted it;
For which I needs must chide, yet not so sharply
As to break off from such approv'd good friends:
No, you have been my patrons from all time,
Ev'n to my first-born issue: when I dropt
My bantling at your door to hide the shame
Of one, who call'd herself a maiden muse,
You charitably took the foundling in,
And gave it worthy training. Now, behold,
This sister comedy, Electra-like,
Comes on the search if she perchance may find
Some recognition of a brother lost,
Though but a relic of his well-known hair.
Seemly and modest she appears before you;
Not like our stage buffoons in shaggy hide
To set a mob a roaring; she will vent

No foolish jests at baldness, will not dance
Th' indecent cordax; we have no old man
Arm'd with a staff to practise manual jokes
On the by-standers' ribs, and keep the ring
For them who dance the chorus: you shall see
No howling furies burst upon the stage
Waving their torches; other weapons
Than the muse gives us we shall not employ,
Nor let *ah me, ah me!* sigh in your ears.
Yet not of this I boast, nor that I scorn
To cater for your palates out of scraps
At second or third hand, but fresh and fair
And still original, as one, who knows,
When he has done a good deed, where to stop;
And, having levell'd Cleon to the ground,
Not to insult his carcass, like to those
Who, having once run down Hyperbolus,
Poor devil! mouth and mangle without mercy
Him and his mother too; foremost of these
Was Eupolis, who pilfer'd from my muse,
And pass'd it for his own with a new name,
Guilty the more for having dash'd his theft
With the obscene device of an old hag
Dancing the drunken cordax in her cups,
Like her Phrynichus feign'd to be devour'd
By the sea-monster—Shame upon such scenes!
Hermippus next *Hyperbolis'd* amain,
And now the whole pack open in full cry,
Holding the game in chase, which I had rous'd.
If there be any here, who laugh with these,
Let such not smile with me; but if today
Ye crown these scenes with merited applause,
Posterity shall justify your taste.

SEMICHOR. Great Jove, supreme of Gods, and heav'n's high king,
First I invoke; next him the Trident's lord,
Whose mighty stroke smites the wild waves asunder,
And makes the firm earth tremble; thee from whom
We draw our being, all-inspiring Air,
Parent of nature; and thee, radiant Sun,
Thron'd in thy flaming chariot, I invoke,
Dear to the gods and by the world ador'd.

CHORUS OF CLOUDS. Most grave and sapient judges, hear the charge,
Which we shall now prefer, of slights ill brook'd
By us your wrong'd appellants: for whilst we
The patronesses of your state, the Clouds,
Of all the powers celestial serve you most,
You graceless mortals serve us not at all;
Nor smoke, nor sacrifice ascends from you,

But blank ingratitude and cold neglect.
If some rash enterprise you set on foot,
Some brainless project, straight with rain or thunder,
Sure warnings, we apprise you of your folly:
When late you made that offspring of a tanner,
That Paphlagonian odious to the gods,
The general of your armies, mark how fierce
We scowl'd upon you, and indignant roll'd
Our thunders intermixt with flashing fires;
The Moon forsook her course, and the vext Sun
Quench'd his bright torch, disdaining to behold
Cleon your chief, yet chief that Cleon was,
(For it should seem a proverb with your people,
That measures badly taken best succeed):
But if you'll learn of us the ready mode
To cancel your past errors, and ensure
Fame and good-fortune for the public weal,
You have nought else to do, but stop the swallow
Of that wide-gaping cormorant, that thief
Convicted and avow'd, with a neat noose
Drawn tight and fitted to his scurvy throat.
SEMICHOR. Thou too, Apollo, of thy native isle,
Upon the Cynthian mount high thron'd, the king,
Hear and be present! thou, Ephesian goddess,
Whose golden shrine the Lydian damsels serve
With rich and costly worship; thou, Minerva,
Arm'd with the dreadful ægis, virgin queen,
And patroness of Athens; thou, who hold'st
Divided empire on Parnassus' heights,
Lead hither thy gay train of revellers,
Convivial god, and thus invok'd approach!
CHOR. As we were hither journeying, in midway
We crost upon the Moon, who for a while
Held us in converse, and with courteous greeting
To this assembly charg'd us—This premis'd,
The tenor of our next instruction points
To anger and complaint for ill returns
On your part to good offices on hers.
First for the loan of her bright silver lamp
So long held out to you, by which you've sav'd
Your torch and lacquey for this many a night.
More she could name, if benefits avail'd;
But you have lost all reck'ning of your feasts,
And turn'd your calendar quite topsy-turvy;
So that the deities, who find themselves
Bilk'd of their dues, and supperless for lack
Of their accustom'd sacrifices, rail
At her, poor Moon, and vent their hungry spite,

As she were in the fault; whilst you, forsooth,
Maliciously select our gala days,
When feasting would be welcome, for your suits
And criminal indictments; but when we
Keep fast and put on mourning for the loss
Of Memnon or Sarpedon, sons of Heaven,
Then, then you mock us with the savoury odour
Of smoking dainties, which we may not taste:
Therefore it is, that when this year ye sent
Your deputy Amphictyon to the diet,
(Hyperbolus forsooth) in just revenge
We tore away his crown, and drove him back
To warn you how you slight the Moon again.

Socrates (*coming out of the house in violent indignation*), Strepsiades, Chorus

Socr. O vivifying breath, æthereal air,
And thou profoundest chaos, witness for me
If ever wretch were seen so gross and dull,
So stupid and perplext as this old clown,
Whose shallow intellect can entertain
No image nor impression of a thought;
But ere you've told it, it is lost and gone!
'Tis time however he should now come forth
In the broad day—What hoa! Strepsiades—
Take up your pallet; bring yourself and it
Into the light.
Streps. Yes, if the bugs would let me.
Socr. Quick, quick, I say; set down your load and listen!
Streps. Lo! here am I.
Socr. Come, tell me what it is
That you would learn besides what I have taught you;
Is it of measure, verse, or modulation?
Streps. Of measure by all means, for I was fobb'd
Of two days' dole i' th' measure of my meal
By a damn'd knavish huckster.
Socr. Pish! who talks
Of meal? I ask which metre you prefer,
Tetrameter or trimeter.
Streps. I answer—
Give me a pint pot.
Socr. Yes, but that's no answer.
Streps. No answer! stake your money, and I'll wager
That your tetrameter is half my pint pot.
Socr. Go to the gallows, clodpate, with your pint pot!
Will nothing stick to you? But come, perhaps
We may try further and fare better with you—
Suppose I spoke to you of modulation;
Will you be taught of that?

Streps. Tell me first,
Will I be profited? will I be paid
The meal that I was chous'd of? tell me that.
Socr. You will be profited by being taught
To bear your part at table in some sort
After a decent fashion; you will learn
Which verse is most commensurate and fit
To the arm'd chorus in the dance of war,
And which with most harmonious cadence guides
The dactyl in his course poetical.
Streps. The dactyl, quotha! Sure I know that well.
Socr. As how? discuss.
Streps. Here, at my fingers' end;
This is my dactyl, and has been my dactyl
Since I could count my fingers.
Socr. Oh! the dolt.
Streps. I wish to be no wiser in these matters.
Socr. What then?
Streps. Why then, teach me no other art
But the fine art of cozening.
Socr. Granted; still
There is some previous matter, as for instance
The genders male and female—Can you name them?
Streps. I were a fool else—These are masculine:
Ram, bull, goat, dog, and pullet.
Socr. There you're out:
Pullet is male and female.
Streps. Tell me how?
Socr. Cock and hen pullet—So they should be nam'd.
Streps. And so they should, by the æthereal air!
You've hit it; for which rare discovery,
Take all the meal this cardopus contains.
Socr. Why there again you sin against the genders.
To call your bolting-tub a cardopus,
Making that masculine which should be fem'nine.
Streps. How do I make my bolting-tub a male?
Socr. Did you not call it cardopus? As well
You might have call'd Cleonymus a man;
He and your bolting-tub alike belong
To t'other sex, believe me.
Streps. Well, my trough
Shall be a cardopa and he Cleonyma;
Will that content you?
Socr. Yes, and while you live
Learn to distinguish sex in proper names.
Streps. I do; the female I am perfect in.
Socr. Give me the proof.
Streps. Lysilla, she's a female;

Philinna, and Demetria, and Cleitagora.
Socr. Now name your males.
Streps. A thousand—as for instance,
Philoxenus, Melesias, and Amynias.
Socr. Call you these masculine, egregious dunce?
Streps. Are they not such with you?
Socr. No; put the case,
You and Amynias meet—how will you greet him?
Streps. Why, thus for instance—Hip! holla! Amynia!
Socr. There, there! you make a wench of him at once.
Streps. And fit it is for one who shuns the field;
A coward ought not to be call'd a man;
Why teach me what is known to all the world?
Socr. Aye, why indeed?—but come, repose yourself.
Streps. Why so?
Socr. For meditation's sake: lie down.
Streps. Not on this pallet I beseech you, sir;
But if I must lie down, let me repose
On the bare earth and meditate.
Socr. Away!
There's nothing but this bed will cherish thought.
Streps. It cherishes, alas! a host of bugs,
That show no mercy on me.
Socr. Come, begin,
Cudgel your brains and turn yourself about;
Now ruminate awhile, and if you start
A thought that puzzles you, try t'other side,
And turn to something else, but not to sleep;
Suffer not sleep to close your eyes one moment.
Streps. (*after a considerable pause*). Ah! woe is me; ah, woeful, well-a-day!
Socr. What ails you? why this moaning?
Streps. I am lost;
I've rous'd the natives from their hiding holes;
A colony of bugs in ambuscade
Have fall'n upon me: belly, back, and ribs,
No part is free: I feed a commonwealth.
Socr. Take not your sufferings too much to heart.
Streps. How can I choose—a wretch made up of wants!
Here am I penniless and spiritless,
Without a skin, Heav'n knows, without a shoe;
And to complete my miseries here I lie,
Like a starv'd sentinel upon his post,
At watch and ward, till I am shrunk to nothing.
A pause of some duration
Socr. How now; how fare you? Have you sprung a thought?
Strep. Yes, yes, so help me Neptune!
Socr. Hah! what is it?

STREPS. Why I am thinking if these cursèd vermin
  Will leave one fragment of my carcass free.
SOCR. A plague confound you!
STREPS. Spare yourself that prayer;
  I'm plagued already to your heart's content.
SOCR. Prythee don't be so tender of your skin;
  Tuck yourself up and buff it like a man:
  Keep your skull under cover, and depend on't
  'Twill make your brain bring forth some precious project
  For furthering your good-fortune at the expense
  Of little else but honesty and justice.
STREPS. Ah! would to Heav'n some friendly soul would help me
  To a fine project how to cheat the bugs
  With a sleek lambskin.

A long pause

SOCR. Whereabouts, I trow,
  Sits the wind now? What ails you? are you dozing?
STREPS. Not I, by Heaven!
SOCR. Can you start nothing yet?
STREPS. Nothing, so help me.
SOCR. Will your head breed no project,
  Tho' nurs'd so daintily?
STREPS. What should it breed?
  Tell me, sweet Socrates; give me some hint.
SOCR. Say first what 'tis you wish.
STREPS. A thousand times,
  Ten thousand times I've said it o'er and o'er—
  My creditors, my creditors—'Tis them
  I would fain bilk.
SOCR. Go to! get under cover,
  Keep your head warm, and rarefy your wits
  Till they shall sprout into some fine conceit,
  Some scheme of happy promise: sift it well,
  Divide, abstract, compound, and when 'tis ready,
  Out with it boldly.
STREPS. Miserable me!
  Would I were out!
SOCR. Lie still, and if you strike
  Upon a thought that baffles you, break off
  From that entanglement and try another.
  So shall your wits be fresh to start again.
STREPS. (*not attending to what Socrates is saying*). Hah! my dear boy! My precious Socrates!
SOCR. What would'st thou, gaffer?
STREPS. I have sprung a thought,
  A plot upon my creditors.
SOCR. Discuss!
STREPS. Answer me this—Suppose that I should hire

A witch, who some fair night shall raise a spell,
Whereby I'll snap the moon from out her sphere
And bag her.
Socr. What to do!
Streps. To hold her fast,
And never let her run her courses more;
So shall I 'scape my creditors.
Socr. How so?
Streps. Because the calculations of their usury
Are made from month to month.
Socr. A gallant scheme;
And yet methinks I could suggest a hint
As practicable and no less ingenious—
Suppose you are arrested for a debt,
We'll say five talents, how will you contrive
To cancel at a stroke both debt and writ?
Streps. Gramercy! I can't tell you how off hand;
It needs some cogitation.
Socr. Were you apt,
Such cogitations would not be to seek;
They would be present at your fingers' ends,
Buzzing alive, like chafers in a string,
Ready to slip and fly.
Streps. I've hit the nail
That does the deed, and so you will confess.
Socr. Out with it!
Streps. Good chance but you have noted
A pretty toy, a trinket in the shops,
Which being rightly held produceth fire
From things combustible—
Socr. A burning glass,
Vulgarly call'd—
Streps. You are right; 'tis so.
Socr. Proceed!
Streps. Put the case now your whoreson bailiff comes,
Shows me his writ—I, standing thus, d'ye mark me,
In the sun's stream, measuring my distance, guide
My focus to a point upon his writ,
And off it goes in fumo!
Socr. By the Graces!
'Tis wittingly devis'd.
Streps. The very thought
Of his five talents cancel'd at a stroke
Makes my heart dance for joy.
Socr. But now again—
Streps. What next?
Socr. Suppose yourself at bar, surpris'd
Into a suit, no witnesses at hand,

The judge prepar'd to pass decree against you—
How will you parry that?
Streps. As quick as thought—
Socr. But how?
Streps. Incontinently hang myself,
And baulk the suitor—
Socr. Come, you do but jest.
Streps. Serious, by all the gods! A man that's dead
Is out of the law's reach.
Socr. I've done with you—
Instruction's lost upon you; your vile jests
Put me beyond all patience.
Streps. Nay, but tell me
What is it, my good fellow, that offends thee?
Socr. Your execrable lack of memory.
Why how now; what was the first rule I taught you?
Streps. Say'st thou the first? the very first—what was it?
Why, let me see; 'twas something was it not?
About the meal—Out on it! I have lost it.
Socr. Oh thou incorrigible, old doating blockhead,
Can hanging be too bad for thee?
Streps. Why there now,
Was ever man so us'd? If I can't make
My tongue keep pace with your's, teach it the quirks
And quibbles of your sophistry at once,
I may go hang—I am a fool forsooth—
Where shall I turn? Oh gracious Clouds, befriend me,
Give me your counsel.
Chor. This it is, old man—
If that your son at home is apt and docile,
Depute him in your stead, and send him hither.
Streps. My son is well endow'd with nature's gifts,
But obstinately bent against instruction.
Chor. And do you suffer it?
Streps. What can I do?
He's a fine full-grown youth, a dashing fellow,
And by the mother's side of noble blood:
I'll feel my way with him—but if he kicks,
Befall what may, nothing shall hinder me
But I will kick him headlong out of doors,
And let him graze ev'n where he will for me—
Wait only my return; I'll soon dispatch.
Exit

Chor. Highly favour'd shalt thou be,
With gifts and graces kept in store
For those who our divinities adore,
And to no other altars bend the knee:
And well we know th' obedience shown

By this old clown deriv'd alone
From lessons taught by thee.
Wherefore to swell thy lawful gains,
Thou soon shalt skin this silly cur,
Whom thou hast put in such a stir,
And take his plunder for thy pains:
For mark how often dupes like him devise
Projects that only serve t' enrich the wise.
Streps. (*coming out of his house to his Son, who stands at the door*).
Out of my house! I call the Clouds to witness
You shall not set a foot within my doors.
Go to your Lord Megacles! Get you hence,
And gnaw his posts for hunger.
Pheidip. Ah, poor man!
I see how it is with you. You are mad,
Stark mad, by Jupiter!
Streps. You swear by Jupiter!
Why then, I swear by Jove there's no such god—
Now who is mad but you?
Pheidip. Why do you turn
Such solemn truths to ridicule?
Streps. I laugh
To hear a child prate of such old men's fables;
But list to what I'll tell you, learn of me,
And from a child you shall become a man—
But keep the secret close, do you mark me, close;
Beware of babbling.
Pheidip. Heyday! what is coming?
Streps. You swore but now by Jupiter—
Pheidip. I did.
Streps. Mark now what 'tis to have a friend like me—
I tell you at a word there is no Jupiter.
Pheidip. How then?
Streps. He's off; I tell it you for truth;
He's out of place, and Vortex reigns instead.
Pheidip. Vortex indeed! What freak has caught you now?
Streps. No freak, 'tis fact.
Pheidip. Who tells you this?
Streps. E'en Socrates the Melian,
And Chærephon, the flea philosopher.
Pheidip. And are you so far gone in dotage, sir,
As to be dup'd by men like them, fellows
Whose bile has overflowed them?
Streps. Keep a good tongue;
Take heed you slander not such worthy men,
So wise withal and learnèd—men so pure
And cleanly in their morals, that no razor
Ever profan'd their beards; their unwash'd hides

Ne'er dabbled in a bath, nor wafted scent
Of od'rous unguent as they pass'd along.
But you, a prodigal fine spark, make waste
And havoc of my means, as I were dead
And out of thought—but come, turn in and learn.
PHEIDIP. What can I learn or profit from such teachers?
STREPS. Thou canst learn everything that turns to profit;
But first and foremost thou canst learn to know
Thyself how totally unlearn'd thou art;
How mere a blockhead, and how dull of brain—
But wait awhile with patience—

Enters the house hastily

PHEIDIP. Woe is me!
How shall I deal with this old crazy father?
What course pursue with one, whose reason wanders
Out of all course? Shall I take out the statute,
And cite him for a lunatic; or wait
Till nature and his phrenzy, with the help
Of the undertaker, shall provide a cure?

STREPSIADES *returns, with a cock in one hand and a hen in the other*

STREPS. Now we shall see! Lo! what have I got here?
PHEIDIP. A chicken—
STREPS. Well and this?
PHEIDIP. A chicken also.
STREPS. Are they the same then? Have a care, good boy,
How you expose yourself, and for the future
Describe them cock and hen-chick severally.
PHEIDIP. Ridiculous! Is this the grand discovery
You have just borrow'd from these sons o' th' dunghill?
STREPS. This, and a thousand others—but being old
And lax of memory, I lose it all
As fast as it comes in.
PHEIDIP. Yes, and methinks
By the same token you have lost your cloak.
STREPS. No, I've not lost it; I have laid it out
Upon the arts and sciences.
PHEIDIP. Your shoes—
They're vanish'd too. How have you laid them out?
STREPS. Upon the commonwealth—Like Pericles
I m a barefooted patriot—Now no more;
Do as thou wilt, so thou wilt but conform
And humour me this once, as in times past
I humour'd thee, and in thy playful age
Brought thee a penny go-cart from the fair,
Purchas'd with what my legal labours earn'd,
The fee for my attendance.

Going towards the house of Socrates

PHEIDIP. You'll repent,
My life upon 't; you will repent of this.
Following reluctantly
STREPS. No matter, so you'll humour me—what, hoa!
Why Socrates, I say, come forth, behold,
Here is my son!
I've brought him, tho' in faith
Sorely against the grain.
SOCRATES *enters*
SOCR. Aye, he's a novice,
And knows not where the panniers hang as yet.
PHEIDIP. I would you'd hang yourself there in their stead.
STREPS. Oh monstrous impudence! this to your master!
SOCR. Mark how the idiot quibbles upon *hanging*.
Driv'ling and making mouths—Can he be taught
The loopholes of the law; whence to escape,
How to evade, and when to press a suit;—
Or tune his lips to that soft rhetoric,
Which steals upon the ear, and melts to pity
The heart of the stern judge?
STREPS. Come, never doubt him;
He is a lad of parts, and from a child
Took wondrously to dabbling in the mud,
Whereof he'd build you up a house so natural
As would amaze you, trace you out a ship,
Make you a little cart out of the sole
Of an old shoe mayhap, and from the rind
Of a pomegranate cut you out a frog,
You'd swear it was alive. Now what do you think?
Hath he not wit enough to comprehend
Each rule both right and wrong? Or if not both,
The latter way at least—There he'll be perfect.
SOCR. Let him prepare: His lecturers are ready.
STREPS. I will retire—when next we meet, remember
I look to find him able to contend
'Gainst right and reason, and outwit them both. *Exit*
DICÆOLOGOS *and* ADICÆOLOGOS *enter*
DICÆOL. Come forth; turn out, thou bold audacious man,
And face this company.
ADICÆOL. Most willingly:
I do desire no better: take your ground
Before this audience; I am sure to triumph.
DICÆOL. And who are you that vapour in this fashion?
ADICÆOL. Fashion itself—the very style of the times.
DICÆOL. Aye, of the modern times, and them and you
I set at naught.
ADICÆOL. I shall bring down your pride.
DICÆOL. By what most witty weapon?

ADICÆOL. By the gift
Of a most apt invention.
DICÆOL. Then I see
You have your fools to back you.
ADICÆOL. No,—the wise
Are those I deal with.
DICÆOL. I shall spoil your market.
ADICÆOL. As how, good sooth?
DICÆOL. By speaking such plain truths
As may appeal to justice.
ADICÆOL. What is justice?
There's no such thing—I traverse your appeal.
DICÆOL. How! No such thing as justice?
ADICÆOL. No; where is it?
DICÆOL. With the immortal gods.
ADICÆOL. If it be there,
How chanc'd it Jupiter himself escap'd
For his unnatural deeds to his own father?
DICÆOL. For shame, irreverent wretch, thus do you talk?
I sicken at impiety so gross,
My stomach kicks against it.
ADICÆOL. You are craz'd;
Your wits, old gentleman, are off the hinges.
DICÆOL. You are a vile blasphemer and buffoon.
ADICÆOL. Go on! you pelt me—but it is with roses.
DICÆOL. A scoffer!
ADICÆOL. Every word your malice vents
Weaves a fresh wreath of triumph for my brows.
DICÆOL. A parricide!
ADICÆOL. Proceed, and spare me not—
You shower down gold upon me.
DICÆOL. Lead, not gold,
Had been your retribution in times past.
ADICÆOL. Aye, but times present cover me with glory.
DICÆOL. You are too wicked.
ADICÆOL. You are much too weak.
DICÆOL. Thank your own self, if our Athenian fathers
Coop up their sons at home, and fear to trust them
Within your schools, conscious that nothing else
But vice and folly can be learnt of you.
ADICÆOL. Methinks, friend, yours is but a ragged trade.
DICÆOL. And yours, oh shame! a thriving one, tho' late,
A perfect Telephus, you tramp'd the street
With beggar's wallet cramm'd with hungry scraps,
Choice gather'd from—Pandeletus' larder.
ADICÆOL. Oh! what rare wisdom you remind me of!
DICÆOL. Oh, what rank folly theirs, who rule this city,
And let it nourish such a pest as you,

To sap the morals of the rising age.
ADICÆOL. You'll not inspire your pupil with these notions,
Old hoary-headed time!
DICÆOL. I will inspire him,
If he has grace, to shun the malady
Of your eternal clack.
ADICÆOL. Turn to me, youth!
And let him rail at leisure.
DICÆOL. Keep your distance,
And lay your hands upon him at your peril.
CHOR. (*interposing*). Come, no more wrangling.—Let us hear you both;
You of the former time produce your rules
Of ancient discipline—of modern, you—
That so, both weigh'd, the candidate may judge
Who offers fairest, and make choice between you.
DICÆOL. I close with the proposal.
ADICÆOL. 'Tis agreed.
CHOR. But which of you shall open?
ADICÆOL. That shall he:
I yield him up that point; and in reply,
My words, like arrows levelled at a butt,
Shall pierce him through and through; then, if he rallies,
If he comes on again with a rejoinder,
I'll launch a swarm of syllogisms at him,
That, like a nest of hornets, shall belabour him,
Till they have left him not an eye to see with.
CHOR. Now, sirs, exert your utmost care,
And gravely for the charge prepare;
The well-rang'd hoard of thought explore,
Where sage experience keeps her store;
All the resources of the mind
Employment in this cause will find,—
And he, who gives the best display
Of argument, shall win the day:
Wisdom this hour at issue stands,
And gives her fate into your hands;
Yours is a question that divides
And draws out friends on different sides:
Therefore on you, who, with such zealous praise,
Applaud the discipline of former days,
On you I call! now is your time to show
You merit no less praise than you bestow.
DICÆOL. Thus summon'd, I prepare myself to speak
Of manners primitive, and that good time,
Which I have seen, when discipline prevail'd,
And modesty was sanctioned by the laws.
No babbling then was suffer'd in our schools;—

The scholar's test was silence. The whole group
In orderly procession sallied forth
Right onwards, without straggling, to attend
Their teacher in harmonics; though the snow
Fell on them thick as meal, the hardy brood
Breasted the storm uncloak'd: their harps were strung
Not to ignoble strains, for they were taught
A loftier key, whether to chant the name
Of Pallas, terrible amidst the blaze
Of cities overthrown, or wide and far
To spread, as custom was, the echoing peal.
There let no low buffoon intrude his tricks,
Let no capricious quavering on a note,
No running of divisions high and low
Break the pure stream of harmony; no Phrynis
Practising wanton warblings out of place—
Woe to his back that so was found offending!
Hard stripes and heavy would reform his taste.
Decent and chaste their postures in the school
Of their gymnastic exercises; none
Expos'd an attitude that might provoke
Irregular desire; their lips ne'er mov'd
In love-inspiring whispers, and their walks
From eyes obscene were sacred and secure.
Hot herbs, the old man's diet, were proscrib'd;
No radish, anise, parsley, deck'd their board;
No rioting, no revelling was there
At feast or frolic, no unseemly touch
Or signal, that inspires the hint impure.

ADICÆOL. Why these are maxims obsolete and stale;
Worm-eaten rules, coeval with the hymns
Of old Ceceÿdas and Buphonian feasts.

DICÆOL. Yet so were train'd the heroes, that imbru'd
The field of Marathon with hostile blood;
This discipline it was that braced their nerves
And fitted them for conquest. You, forsooth,
At great Minerva's festival produce
Your martial dancers, not as they were wont,
But smother'd underneath the tawdry load
Of cumbrous armour, till I sweat to see them
Dangling their shields in such unseemly sort
As mars the sacred measure of the dance.
Be wise, therefore, young man, and turn to me.
Turn to the better guide, so shall you learn
To scorn the noisy forum, shun the bath,
And turn with blushes from the scene impure:
Then conscious innocence shall make you bold
To spurn the injurious, but to reverend age,

Meek and submissive, rising from your seat,
To pay the homage due, nor shall you ever
Or wring the parent's soul, or stain your own.
In purity of manners you shall live
A bright example; vain shall be the lures
Of the stage-wanton floating in the dance,
Vain all her arts to snare you in her arms,
And strip you of your virtue and good name.
No petulant reply shall you oppose
To fatherly commands, nor taunting vent
Irreverent mockery on his hoary head,
Crying—"Behold Iäpetus himself!"
Poor thanks for all his fond parental care.

ADICÆOL. Aye, my brave youth, do, follow these fine rules,
And learn by them to be as mere a swine,
Driveller, and dolt, as any of the sons
Of our Hippocrates;—I swear by Bacchus,
Folly and foul contempt shall be your doom.

DICÆOL. Not so, but fair and fresh in youthful bloom
Amongst our young athletics you shall shine;
Not in the forum loit'ring time away
In gossip prattle, like our gang of idlers,
Nor yet in some vexatious paltry suit
Wrangling and quibbling in our petty courts,
But in the solemn academic grove,
Crown'd with the modest reed, fit converse hold
With your collegiate equals; there serene,
Calm as the scene around you, underneath
The fragrant foliage where the ilex spreads,
Where the deciduous poplar strews her leaves,
Where the tall elm-tree and wide-stretching plane
Sigh to the fanning breeze, you shall inhale
Sweet odours wafted in the breath of spring.
This is the regimen that will insure
A healthful body and a vigorous mind,
A countenance serene, expanded chest,
Heroic stature and a temperate tongue;
But take these modern masters, and behold
These blessings all revers'd; a pallid cheek,
Shrunk shoulders, chest contracted, sapless limbs,
A tongue that never rests, and mind debas'd,
By their vile sophistry perversely taught
To call good evil, evil good, and be
That thing, which nature spurns at, that disease,
A mere Antimachus, the sink of vice.

CHOR. Oh sage instructor, how sublime
These maxims of the former time!
How sweet this unpolluted stream

Of eloquence, how pure the theme!
Thrice happy they, whose lot was cast
Amongst the generation past,
When virtuous morals were display'd
And these grave institutes obey'd.
Now you, that vaunt yourself so high,
Prepare; we wait for your reply,
And recollect, or ere you start,
You take in hand no easy part;
Well hath he spoke, and reasons good
By better only are withstood;
Sharpen your wits then, or you'll meet
Contempt as certain as defeat.
ADICÆOL. Doubt not I'm ready, full up to the throat
And well nigh chok'd with plethory of words,
Impatient to discharge them. I do know
The mighty masters of the modern school
Term me the Lower Logic, so distinguish'd
From the old practice of the upper time,
By him personified; which name of honour
I gain'd as the projector of that method,
Which can confute and puzzle all the courts
Of law and justice—an invention worth
Thousands to them who practise it, whereas
It nonsuits all opponents.—Let that pass.
Now take a sample of it in the ease,
With which I'll baffle this old vaunting pedant
With his warm baths, that he forsooth forbids.
Harkye, old man, discuss, if so it please you,
Your excellent good reason for this rule,
That interdicts warm bathing.
DICÆOL. Simply this—
I hold it a relaxer, rendering men
Effeminate and feeble.
ADICÆOL. Hold awhile—
I have you on the hook. Answer me this—
Of all the heroes Jupiter has father'd,
Which is for strength, for courage, and a course
Of labours most renown'd?
DICÆOL. I know of none
Superior in those qualities to Hercules.
ADICÆOL. And who e'er heard Herculean baths were cold?
Yet Hercules himself you own was strong.
DICÆOL. Aye, this is in the very style of the times;
These are the dialectics now in fashion
With our young sophists, who frequent the baths
Whilst the palæstra starves.
ADICÆOL. I grant you this;

It is the style of the times, by you condemn'd,
By me approv'd, and not without good cause;
For how but thus doth ancient Nestor talk?
Can Homer err? Were all his wise men fools?
They are my witnesses.—Now for this tongue,
This member out of use by his decree,
Not so by mine.—His scholar must be silent
And chaste withal—damping prescriptions both—
For what good fortune ever did betide
The mute and modest? Instance me a case.
Dicæol. Many—Chaste Peleus so obtained his sword.
Adicæol. His sword! and what did Peleus gain by that?
Battle and blows this modest Peleus gain'd;
Whilst mean Hyperbolus, whose wretched craft
Was lamp-making, by craft of viler sort
Garbel'd his thousands, solid coin, not swords.
Dicæol. But continence befriended Peleus so,
As won the goddess Thetis to his bed.
Adicæol. And drove her out of it—for he was cold,
Languid and listless: she was brisk and stirring,
And sought the sport elsewhere. Now are you answered?
Good sooth, you're in your dotage. Mark, young sir,
These are the fruits of continence: you see
What pleasure you must forfeit to preserve it—
All the delights that woman can bestow;
No am'rous sports to catch the fair one's smile,
No luscious dainties shall you then partake,
No gay convivial revels, where the glass
With peals of laughter circulates around;
These you must sacrifice, and without these
What is your life?—So much for your delights.—
Now let us see how stands your score with nature—
You're in some scrape we'll say—intrigue—adultery—
You're caught, convicted, crush'd—for what can save you?
You have no powers of speech—but arm'd by me,
You're up to all occasions: Nothing fear;
Ev'n give your genius scope; laugh, frolic, sport,
And flout at shame; for should the wittol spouse
Detect you in the fact, you shall so pose him
In his appeal, that nothing shall stick to you;
For Jove shall take the blame from off your shoulders,
Being himself a cuckold-making god,
And you a poor frail mortal—Why should you
Be wiser, stronger, purer than a god?
Dicæol. But what if this your scholar should incur
Th' adulterer's correction,—pill'd and sanded,
And garnish'd with a radish in his crupper,
The scoff of all beholders—What fine quirk

Will clear him at that pinch, but he must pass
For a most perfect Ganymede?
Adicæol. What then?
Where is the harm?
Dicæol. Can greater harm befall him?
Adicæol. What will you say if here I can confute you?
Dicæol. Nothing—my silence shall confess your triumph.
Adicæol. Come on then—answer me to what I ask.
Our advocates—what are they?
Dicæol. Catamites.
Adicæol. Our tragic poets—what are they?
Dicæol. The same.
Adicæol. Good, very good!—our demagogues—
Dicæol. No better.
Adicæol. See there! discern you not that you are foil'd?
Cast your eyes round this company!—
Dicæol. I do.
Adicæol. And what do you discover?
Dicæol. Numerous birds
Of the same filthy feather, so Heaven help me!
This man I mark; and this, and this fine fop
With his curl'd locks.—To all these I can swear.
Adicæol. What say you then?
Dicæol. I say I am confuted—
Here, wagtails, catch my cloak—I'll be amongst you.
Socr. (*to* Strepsiades, *just returned*). Now, friend, what say you? who shall school your son?
Streps. School him and scourge him, take him to yourself.
And mind you whet him to an edge on both sides,
This for slight skirmish, that for stronger work.
Socr. Doubt not, we'll finish him to your content
A perfect sophist.
Pheidip. Perfect skin and bone—
That I can well believe.
Socr. No more—Away!

Strepsiades *retires*

Pheidip. Trust me you've made a rod for your own back.

Follows Socrates *into the house*

Chorus *address the* Spectators

Chor. Now to our candid judges we shall tell
What recompense they may expect from us,
If they indeed are studious to deserve it:
First, on your new-sown grounds in kindly showers,
Postponing other calls, we will descend.
The bearing branches of your vines shall sprout,
Nor scorch'd with summer heats nor chill'd with rain.
This to our friends who serve us,—but to him,
Who dares to slight us, let that mortal hear,

And tremble at the vengeance which awaits him:
Nor wine nor oil shall that man's farm produce;
For when his olive trees shall yield their fruit,
And his ripe vineyard tempt the gath'rer's hand,
We'll batter him to ruin, lay him bare;
And if we catch him with his roof untiled,
Heav'ns! how we'll drench him with a pelting storm
Of hail and rain incessant! above all,
Let him beware upon the wedding night;
When he brings home his own or kinsman's bride,
Let him look to't! Then we'll come down in torrents,
That he shall rather take his chance in Egypt,
Than stand the vengeful soaking we will give him.

STREPSIADES (*with a sack of meal on his shoulder, and talking to himself*). Lo! here's the fifth day gone—the fourth—the third—
The second too—day of all days to me
Most hateful and accurs'd—the dreadful eve,
Ushering the new moon, that lets in the tide
Of happy creditors, all sworn against me,
To rack and ruin me beyond redemption.
I, like a courteous debtor, who would fain
Soften their flinty bosoms, thus accost them—
"Ah, my good sir, this payment comes upon me
At a bad time, excuse me—That bill's due,
But you'll extend your grace—This you will cancel,
And totally acquit me."—By no means;
All with one voice cry out, they will be paid,
And I must be be-knav'd into the bargain,
And threaten'd with a writ to mend the matter—
Well, let it come!—They may ev'n do their worst;
I care not, so my son hath learnt the trick
Of this new rhetoric, as will appear
When I have beat this door—(*knocks at the door*)—Boy, boy! come forth!

SOCRATES *comes forth*

SOCR. Hail to Strepsiades!
STREPS. Thrice hail to Socrates!
But first I pray you (*setting down the meal against the door*) take this dole of meal,
In token of the reverence I bear you;
And now, so please you, tell me of my son,
Your late novitiate. Comes he on apace?
SOCR. He apprehends acutely.
STREPS. Oh brave news!
Oh the transcendent excellence of fraud!
SOCR. Yes, you may set your creditors at naught—
STREPS. And their avouchers too?—

SOCR. Had they a thousand.
STREPS. (*singing and dancing*). Then I'll sing out my song, and sing aloud,
And it shall be—Woe, woe to all your gang,
Ye money-jobbing caitiffs, usurers, sharks!
Hence with your registers, your cents-per-cent;
I fear you not; ye cannot hook me now.
Oh! such a son have I in training for you,
Arm'd with a two-edg'd tongue that cuts o' both sides,
The stay, support, and pillar of my house,
The scourge of my tormentors, the redeemer
Of a most wretched father—Call him forth,
Call him, I say, and let my eyes feast on him—
What hoa! My son, my boy—Your father calls;
Come forth and show yourself.

To them PHEIDIP.

SOCR. Behold him present!
STREPS. My dear—my darling—
SOCR. Lo, you have your darling.
STREPS. Joy, joy, my son! all joy—for now you wear
A face of a right character and cast.
A wrangling, quibbling, contradicting face;
Now you have got it neatly on the tongue—
The very quirk o' th' time—"What's that you say?
What is it?"—Shifting from yourself the wrong
To him that suffers it—an arch conceit
To make a transfer of iniquity,
When it has serv'd your turn—Yes, you will pass;
You've the right Attic stamp upon your forehead.
Now let me see a sample of your service,
Forsooth to say you owe me a good turn.
PHEIDIP. What vexes you, my father?
STREPS. What! the moon,
This day both new and old.
PHEIDIP. Both in one day?
Ridiculous!
STREPS. No matter—'Tis the day
Will bring my creditors upon my back
All in a swarm together.
PHEIDIP. Let them swarm!
We'll smother 'em if they dare so to miscall
One day as two days.
STREPS. What should hinder them?
PHEIDIP. What, do you ask? Can the same woman be
Both young and old at once?
STREPS. They speak by law:
The statute bears them out.
PHEIDIP. But they misconstrue

The spirit of the statute.
Streps. What's that?
Pheidip. Time-honour'd Solon was the people's friend—
Streps. This makes not to the case of new or old.
Pheidip. And he appointed two days for the process,
The old and new days—for citation that,
This for discharge—
Streps. Why did he name two days?
Pheidip. Why, but that one might warn men of their debts,
The other serve them to escape the payment;
Else were they laid by th' heels, as sure as fate,
On the new moon ensuing.
Streps. Wherefore then
Upon the former day do they commence
Their doles of first fruits at the Prytaneum,
And not at the new moon?
Pheidip. Because, forsooth,
They're hungry feeders, and make haste to thrust
Their greedy fingers in the public dish.
Streps. Hence then, ye witless creditors, begone!
We are the wise ones, we are the true sort;
Ye are but blocks, mob, cattle, empty casks—
Therefore with ecstasy I'll raise
My jocund voice in fortune's praise,
And oh, rare son!—Oh happy me!
The burden of my song shall be;
For hark! each passing neighbour cries—
All hail, Strepsiades the wise!
Across the forum as I walk,
I and my son the public talk,
All striving which shall have to boast
He prais'd me first, or praised me most—
And now, my son, my welcome guest,
Enter my house and grace my feast.

Exeunt

Enter Pasias, *and a* Witness

Pasias. Should this man be permitted to go on
At such a desperate rate? It must not be.
Better for him to have brok'n up at once
Than to be thus beset. Therefore it is
That I am forc'd upon this hostile course,
Empowering you to summon this my debtor
For the recovery of my own—good sooth,
I will not put my country to the blush,
But I must rouse Strepsiades—

Strepsiades *re-enters*

Streps. Who's this?
Pasias. The old and new day call upon you, sir.

STREPS. (*to the spectators*). Bear witness that this man has nam'd two days—
And for what debt do you assail me thus?
PASIAS. For twelve good pounds that you took up at interest
To pay for your son's racer.
STREPS. I a racer?
Do you not hear him? Can you not all witness
How mortally and from my soul I hate
All the whole racing calendar?
PASIAS. What then?
You took the gods to witness you would pay me.
STREPS. I grant you, in my folly I did swear,
But then my son had not attain'd the art
Of the new logic unconfutable.
PASIAS. And have you now the face to stand it out
Against all evidence?
STREPS. Assuredly—
Else how am I the better for my schooling?
PASIAS. And dare you, knowing it to be a falsehood,
Take the great gods to witness to your oath,
When I shall put it to you?
STREPS. What great gods?
PASIAS (*starting at the question*). Mercurius, Neptune, Jupiter himself—
STREPS. Yes, and stake down three-farthings as a handsel
That I will take the oath, so help me Jove!
PASIAS. Insolent wretch, you'll perish in your folly!
STREPS. Oh! that this madman was well scrubb'd with salt
To save his brains from addling!
PASIAS. Out upon't!
Do you make game of me?
STREPS. —I warrant me
He'll take at least six gallons for a dressing.
PASIAS. So may great Jove and all the gods deal with me
As I will handle you for this buffoonery!
STREPS. I thank you for your gods—They're pleasant fellows—
And for your Jupiter, the learn'd and wise
Hold him a very silly thing to swear by.
PASIAS. 'Tis well, rash man, 'tis well! The time will come
When you shall wish these vaunting words unsaid:
But will you pay the debt or will you not?
Say, and dismiss me.
STREPS. Set your mind at rest;
You shall have satisfaction in a twinkling— *Steps aside*
PASIAS. What think you of this chap?
WITNESS. That he will pay you.
STREPSIADES *returns*
STREPS. Where is this dun of mine? Come hither, friend,

How do you call this thing?
PASIAS. A kneading-trough,
Or, as we say, a cardopus—
STREPS. Go to!
Dost think I'll pay my money to a block-head,
That calls this kneading-trough a *cardopus*?
I tell you, man, it is a *cardopa*—
Go, go, you will not get a doit from me,
You and your *cardopus*.
PASIAS. Will you not pay me?
STREPS. Assure yourself I will not—Hence, begone!
Will you not beat your march, and quit my doors?
PASIAS. I'm gone, but take this with you, if I live
I'll sue you in the Prytaneum before night.
STREPS. You'll lose your suit, and your twelve pounds besides.
I'm sorry for your loss, but who can help it?
You may ev'n thank your cardopus for that.
Exeunt PASIAS *and* WITNESS
AMYNIAS *enters, followed by a* WITNESS.
AMYNIAS. Ah me, ah me!
STREPS. Who's that with his—Ah me?
Whom has *Carcinus* sent amongst us now—
Which of his doleful deities?—
AMYNIAS. Alas!
Would you know who I am? Know then I am
A wretch made up of woes—
STREPS. A woeful wretch—
Granted! pass on.
AMYNIAS. Oh inauspicious chance!
Oh ye hard-hearted, chariot-breaking fates!
Oh! Pallas my destroyer, what a crash
Is this that you have giv'n me!
STREPS. Hah! what ails you?
Of what can you accuse Tlepolemus?
AMYNIAS. Mock not my miseries, but bid your son
Repay what he has borrow'd.
STREPS. Take me with you—
What should my son repay?
AMYNIAS. The sum I lent him.
STREPS. Is that it? Then your case is desperate;
Truly you're out of luck.
AMYNIAS. I'm out of everything—
I overthrew my chariot—By the gods
That's being *out*, I take it, with a vengeance.
STREPS. Say rather you are kick'd by an ass—a trifle!
AMYNIAS. But, sir, my lawful money is no trifle;
I shall not choose to be kick'd out of that.
STREPS. I'll tell you what you are—Out of your wits.

AMYNIAS. How so?
STREPS. Because your brain seems wondrous leaky.
AMYNIAS. Look to't! By Mercury, I'll clap you up,
If you don't pay me.
STREPS. Hark'ye, one short question—
When Jove rains on us does he rain fresh water,
Or only vapours that the sun exhales?
Answer me that.
AMYNIAS. I care not what he rains;
I trouble not my cap with such conceits.
STREPS. And do you think a man, that has no wit
To argue upon these rare points, will argue me
Out of my money?
AMYNIAS. Let your debt go on,
And pay me up the interest.
STREPS. What is that?
What kind of thing is that same interest?
AMYNIAS. A thing it is that grows from day to day,
And month to month, swelling as time rolls on
To a round sum of money.
STREPS. Well defin'd!
One question more—What think you of the sea?
Is it no fuller now than heretofore?
AMYNIAS. No, by the Gods! not fuller, but as full:
That is my judgment of it.
STREPS. Oh thou miser!
That so would'st stint the ocean, and yet cram
Thy swelling coffers till they overflow—
Fetch me a whip, that I may lash him hence:
Take to your heels—begone!
AMYNIAS. I will convoke
My witnesses against you.
STREPS. Start! set off!—
Away! you jennet you!
AMYNIAS (*to the spectators*). Is not this outrage?
STREPS. (*cracking his whip*). Will you not bolt? will you not buckle kindly
Into your geers, or must I mount and goad you
Under the crupper, till you kick and wince
For very madness? Oho! Are you off?
A welcome riddance—All the devils drive
You and your cursèd chariot hence together!

STREPSIADES *goes into his house*

CHORUS. Mark here how rarely it succeeds
To build our trust on guilty deeds:
Mark how this old cajoling elf,
Who sets a trap to catch himself,
Falsely believes he has found the way

To hold his creditors at bay.
Too late he'll curse the Sophists' school,
That taught his son to cheat by rule,
And train'd the modest lips of youth
In the vile art of torturing truth;
A modern logic, much in use,
Invented for the law's abuse;
A subtle knack of spying flaws
To cast in doubt the clearest cause,
Whereby, in honesty's despite,
The wrong side triumphs o'er the right—
Alas! short triumph he must have,
Who glories that his son's a knave:
Ah foolish sire, the time will come
You'll wish that son of yours were dumb.

STREPSIADES *rushes out of the house, in great confusion, followed by his son*

STREPS. Hoa there! What hoa! for pity's sake some help!
Friends, kinsmen, countrymen! turn out and help!
Oh! my poor head, my cheeks are bruis'd to jelly—
Help by all means!—Why, thou ungracious cub,
Thy father would'st thou beat?
PHEIDIP. Assuredly.
STREPS. There, there! he owns that he would beat his father.
PHEIDIP. I own it, good my father!
STREPS. Parricide!
Impious assassin! Sacrilegious wretch!
PHEIDIP. All, all, and more—You cannot please me better;
I glory in these attributes. Go on!
STREPS. Monster of turpitude!
PHEIDIP. Crown me with roses!
STREPS. Wretch, will you strike your parent?
PHEIDIP. Piously,
And will maintain the right, by which I do it.
STREPS. Oh shameless villain! can there be a right
Against all nature so to treat a father?
PHEIDIP. That I shall soon make clear to your conviction.
STREPS. You, you convince me?
PHEIDIP. With the greatest ease:
And I can work the proof two several ways;
Therefore make choice between them.
STREPS. What do you mean?
PHEIDIP. I mean to say we argue up or down—
Take which you like. It comes to the same end.
STREPS. Aye, and a precious end you've brought it to,
If all my care of you must end in this,
That I have put you in the way to beat me,
(Which is a thing unnatural and profane)

And after justify it.
PHEIDIP. That I'll do.
By process clear and categorical,
That you shall fairly own yourself a convert
To a most wholesome cudgelling.
STREPS. Come on!
Give me your arguments—but spare your blows.
CHORUS. How to restrain this headstrong son of yours
Behoves you now, old man, to find the means,
For sure he could not be thus confident
Without some cause; something there needs must be,
Some strong possession of himself within,
That buoys him up to this high pitch of daring,
This bold assumption; which that we may know,
Give us distinctively the whole detail
From first to last whence this contention sprang;
So shall we hear, and hearing judge betwixt you.
STREPS. So please you then I will the cause unfold
Of this base treatment to your patient ears,
And thus it stands—When we had supp'd together,
As you all know, in friendly sort, I bade him
Take up his lute and give me the good song
Of old Simonides,—"the ram was shorn;"—
But he directly scouted my request—
It was a fashion out of date forsooth—
He would not sit twanging the lute, not he;
'Twas not for him to cackle o'er his wine,
As if he were some wench working the hand-mill—
'Twas vulgar and unseemly—
PHEIDIP. Grossly so;
And was it not high time that I should beat you,
Who had no better manners than to set
Your guest a-chirping like a grasshopper?
STREPS. These were his very words, and more than these;
For by and by he told me that Simonides
Was a most paltry poet. This you'll own
Was a tough morsel, yet I gulp'd it down,
And pass'd it off with bidding him recite
Some passage out of Æschylus, withal
Tendering a myrtle wreath, as custom is,
To grace the recitation—He forsooth,
Flouting my tender, instantly replied—
"I hold your Æschylus, of all our poets,
First of the spouters, incoherent, harsh,
Precipitous and turgid."—Oh my friends,
Was not this more than flesh and blood should bear?
Yet, yet I smother'd rage within my heart,
And calmly said—"Call something else to mind

More to your taste and from some modern bard,
So it be good withal and worth the hearing—"
Whereat, would you believe it? he began
Repeating from Euripides—Great Jove,
Guard my chaste ears from such another dose!
A perilous long-winded tale of incest
'Twixt son and daughter of the same sad mother.
Sick to the soul I spurn'd at such declaiming,
Adding, as well I might, all that my scorn
Of such vile trash could add! till, to be short,
Words begat words, and blows too as it prov'd,
For leaping from his seat he sprung upon me,
Struck, buffeted, and bang'd me out of measure,
Throttled me, pounded me well nigh to dust—
Pheidip. And what less does that heretic deserve,
Who will not praise Euripides, the first
In wisdom of all poets?
Streps. He the first!
How my tongue itches!—but the rogue is ready;
He'll beat me if I answer.
Pheidip. And with reason.
Streps. What reason, graceless cub, will bear you out
For beating me, who in your baby age
Caressed you, dandled you upon my knee,
Watch'd every motion, humour'd all your wants?
Then if you lisp'd a syllable I caught it—
Bryn cried the bantling—strait I gave you drink:
Mamman it mew'd—and that forsooth was bread:
Nay, I perform'd the nurse's dirtiest task,
And held you out before me at your needs;
And now in my necessity you show'd
No mercy to the pressing calls of nature,
But having pummel'd me till my poor bowels
Could hold no longer, kept me fast imprison'd
To struggle with occasion as I could.
Chor. Now every young man's heart beats an alarm,
Anxious to hear his advocate's appeal;
Which if he can establish, the same right
By him asserted will on all devolve,
And beating then will be so much in vogue
That old men's skins will be reduc'd to cobwebs—
Now you, that hold up this new paradox,
Look well how you defend it, for it asks
No trivial reasons to enforce persuasion.
Pheidip. How gratefully the mind receives new lights,
Emerging from the shades of prejudice,
And casting old establishments aside!
Time was but now, when every thought of mine

Was centred in the stable; then I had not
Three words upon my tongue without a stumble;
But now, since I've been put into the way
Of knowing better things, and the fine art
Of subtle disputation, I am bold
To meet this question, and convince my hearers
How right it is to punish this old sinner.
STREPS. Mount, mount your chariot! Oh, that I could see you
Seated again behind your favourite horses,
Tho' 'twere with four in hand, so that you kept
From driving me at such a pelting rate.
PHEIDIP. Now then I ask you, gathering up my thread
Where it was broken off, if you, my father,
When I was but a stripling, spar'd my back?
STREPS. No, for I studied all things for your good,
And therefore I corrected you.
PHEIDIP. Agreed.
I also am like studious of your good,
And therefore I most lovingly correct you;
If beating be a proof of love, you have it
Plenteous in measure, for by what exemption
Is your most sacred carcass freed from stripes
And mine made subject to them? Am not I
Free-born as you? Say, if the son's in tears,
Should not the father weep?
STREPS. By what one rule
Of equity?
PHEIDIP. What equity were that
If none but children are to be chastis'd?
And grant they were, the proverb's in your teeth,
Which says old age is but a second childhood.
Again, if tears are seen to follow blows,
Ought not old men to expiate faults with tears
Rather than children, who have more to plead
In favour of their failings?
STREPS. Where's the law
That warrants this proceeding? There's none such.
PHEIDIP. And what was your lawmaker but a man,
Mortal as you and I are? And tho' time
Has sanctified his statutes, may not I
Take up the cause of youth, as he of age,
And publish a new ordinance for leave
By the right-filial to correct our fathers,
Remitting and consigning to oblivion
All *ex post facto* beating? Look at instinct—
Inquire of nature how the brute creation
Kick at their parents, which in nothing differ
From lordly man, except that they compile

No laws, and hold their rights without a statute.
STREPS. If you are thus for pecking at your father
Like a young fighting-cock, why don't you peck
Your dinner from the dunghill, and at night
Roost on a perch?
PHEIDIP. The cases do not tally,
Nor does my master Socrates prescribe
Rules so absurd.
STREPS. Cease then from beating me;
Else you preclude yourself.
PHEIDIP. As how preclude?
STREPS. Because the right I have of beating you
Will be your right in time over your son,
When you shall have one.
PHEIDIP. But if I have none,
All my sad hours are lost, and you die laughing.
STREPS. There's no denying that.—How say you, sirs?
Methinks there is good matter in his plea;
And as for us old sinners, truth to say,
If we deserve a beating we must bear it.
PHEIDIP. Hear me—there's more to come—
STREPS. Then I am lost,
For I can bear no more.
PHEIDIP. Oh fear it not;
Rather believe what I have now to tell you
Will cause you to make light of what is past,
'Twill bring such comfort to you.
STREPS. Let me have it:
If it be comfort, give it me.
PHEIDIP. Then know,
Henceforth I am resolv'd to beat my mother
As I have beaten you.
STREPS. How say you? How?
Why this were to out-do all you have done.
PHEIDIP. But what if I have got a proof *in petto,*
To show the moral uses of this beating?
STREPS. Show me a proof that you have hang'd yourself,
And with your tutor Socrates beside you
Gone to the devil together in a string;
Those moral uses I will thank you for—
Oh inauspicious goddesses, O Clouds!
In you confiding, all these woes fall on me.
CHOR. Evil events from evil causes spring,
And what you suffer flows from what you've done.
STREPS. Why was I not forewarn'd? You saw me old,
And practis'd on my weak simplicity.
CHOR. 'Tis not for us to warn a wilful sinner;
We stay him not, but let him run his course,

Till by misfortunes rous'd, his conscience wakes,
And prompts him to appease th' offended gods.
STREPS. I feel my sorrows, but I own them just:
Yes, ye reforming Clouds, I'm duly punish'd
For my intended fraud.—And now, my son,
Join hands with me and let us forth together
To wreak our vengeance on those base deceivers,
That Chærephon and Socrates the chief,
Who have cajol'd us both.
PHEIDIP. Grace forbid
I should lift up my hand against my masters!
STREPS. Nay, nay, but rather dread avenging Jove,
God of your ancestors, and him revere.
PHEIDIP. You're mad, methinks, to talk to me of Jove—
Is there a god so call'd?
STREPS. There is! there is!
PHEIDIP. There is no Jupiter, I tell you so;
Vortex has whirl'd him from his throne, and reigns
By right of conquest in the Thunderer's place.
STREPS. 'Tis false, no Vortex reigns but in my brain.
PHEIDIP. Laugh at your own dull joke and be a fool! *Exit*
STREPS. (*striking his breast*). Insufferable blockhead that I was;
What ail'd me thus to court this Socrates,
Ev'n to the exclusion of the immortal gods?
O Mercury, forgive me; be not angry,
Dear tutelary god, but spare me still,
And cast a pitying eye upon my follies,
For I have been intemperate of tongue,
And dearly rue it—Oh my better genius,
Inspire me with thy counsel how to act,
Whether by legal process to assail them,
Or by such apter means as thou may'st dictate.
I have it! Well hast thou inspir'd the thought;
Hence with the lazy law; thou art not for it.
With fire and faggot I will fall upon them,
And send their school *in fumo* to the Clouds.
Hoa, Xanthias (*calling to one of his slaves*), hoa! bring forth without delay
Your ladder and your mattock, mount the roof,
Break up the rafters, whelm the house upon them,
And bury the whole hive beneath the ruins.
(XANTHIAS *mounts the roof and begins working with his mattock*)
Haste! if you love me, haste! Oh, for a torch,
A blazing torch new lighted, to set fire
To the infernal edifice.—I warrant me
I'll soon unhouse the rascals, that now carry
Their heads so high, and roll them in the dust.
One of the scholars comes out

First Disciple. Woe! mischief! misery!
Streps. (*mounts the roof and fixes a torch to the joists*). Torch, play your part:
And we shall muster up a conflagration.
First Disciple. What are you doing, fellow?
Streps. Chopping logic;
Arguing a knotty point with your house-beams.
Second Disciple. Oh horror! Who has set our house on fire?
Streps. The very man whose cloak you nabb'd so neatly.
Second Disciple. Undone and ruin'd—!
Streps. Heartily I wish it—
And mean you should so be if this same mattock
Does not deceive my hopes, and I escape
With a whole neck.

Socrates *comes forth*

Socr. Hoa there! What man is that?
You there upon the roof—what are you doing?
Streps. *Treading on air—contemplating the sun*—
Socr. Ah me! I'm suffocated, smother'd, lost—

Chærephon *appears*

Chærephon. Wretch that I am, I'm melted, scorch'd, consum'd—
Streps. Blasphemers, why did you insult the gods?
Dash, drive, demolish them! Their crimes are many,
But their contemptuous treatment of the Gods,
Their impious blasphemies, exceed them all.
Chor. Break up!—The Chorus have fulfill'd their part.

—Richard Cumberland.

THE FROGS[1]

Aristophanes

The year was 405 B.C. Although Athens had won a signal victory the preceding year at Arginusæ, the state was badly in need of sound advice. Both Sophocles and Euripides, the last of the great tragic writers of Greece, were dead, and the festival of Dionysus was suffering greatly from the loss. Dionysus decides therefore to go to Hades to fetch a tragic poet, apparently Euripides. After quite a journey to Pluto's dwelling, he makes his wish known and a critical comparison of the works of Æschylus and Euripides is arranged. Unable to decide from this poetic contest which poet he should take back, Dionysus puts to them another test: what special advice each would give the state. Æschylus wins in this test and is taken back to the upper world.

It was no doubt inevitable that the traditionalist, Aristophanes,

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[1] From Gilbert Murray, *The Frogs*, Allen & Unwin. Used by permission.

should clash with the innovator, Euripides. But the play does more than merely oppose innovation; it uncovers, through the comic method of satire, fundamental principles in the sphere of both poetic language and the representation of character, and shows a rare quality of interpretation as brought to bear upon the work of tragic poets. The play is primary source material for a study of the history and development of Greek tragedy.

Dramatis Personæ

The God DIONYSUS
XANTHIAS, *Dionysus' slave*
ÆSCHYLUS
EURIPIDES
HERACLES
CHARON
CHORUS OF FROGS
ÆACUS, *porter to Pluto*
A MAIDSERVANT *of Persephone*
A LANDLADY *in Hades*
PLATHANÊ, *the Landlady's servant*
PLUTO
A CORPSE
CHORUS OF INITIATED PERSONS

At the back of the scene is the house of HERACLES. *Enter* DIONYSUS, *disguised as* HERACLES, *with lion-skin and club, but with the high boots of tragedy and a tunic of saffron silk. He is followed by* XANTHIAS, *seated on a donkey and carrying an immense bale of luggage on a porter's pole.*

XANTHIAS (*looking round at his burden with a groan*). Sir, shall I say one of the regular things
That people in a theatre always laugh at?
DIONYSUS. Say what you like, except "I'm overloaded."
But mind, not that. That's simply wormwood to me.
XANTHIAS (*disappointed*). Not anything funny?
DIONYSUS. Not "Oh, my poor blisters!"
XANTHIAS. Suppose I made the great joke?
DIONYSUS. Why, by all means.
Don't be afraid. Only, for mercy's sake,
Don't . . .
XANTHIAS. Don't do what?
DIONYSUS. Don't shift your luggage pole
Across, and say, "I want to blow my nose."
XANTHIAS. Nor, that I've got such a weight upon my back
That unless some one helps me quickly I shall sneeze?
DIONYSUS. Oh, please, no. Keep it till I need emetics.
XANTHIAS. Then what's the good of carrying all this lumber
If I mayn't make one single good old wheeze
Like Phrynichus, Ameipsias, and Lykis?
DIONYSUS. Ah no; don't make them.—When I sit down there
(*Pointing to the auditorium*)
And hear some of those choice products, I go home

A twelvemonth older.
Xanthias (*to himself*). Oh, my poor old neck:
Blistered all round, and mustn't say it's blistered,
Because that's funny!
Dionysus. Airs and insolence!
When I, Dionysus, child of the Great Jug,
Must work and walk myself, and have him riding
Lest he should tire himself or carry things!
Xanthias. Am I not carrying things?
Dionysus. They're carrying you.
Xanthias (*showing the baggage*). I'm carrying this.
Dionysus. How?
Xanthias. With my back half-broken.
Dionysus. That bag is clearly carried by a donkey.
Xanthias. No donkey carries bags that *I* am carrying.
Dionysus. I suppose you know the donkey's carrying *you*.
Xanthias. I don't. I only know my shoulder's sore!
Dionysus. Well, if it does no good to ride the donkey,
Go turns, and let the poor beast ride on you.
Xanthias (*aside*). Just like my luck.—Why wasn't I on board
At Arginusæ? Then I'd let you have it.
Dionysus. Dismount, you rascal.—Here's the door close by
Where I must turn in first—and I on foot! (*Knocking*)
Porter! Hi, porter! Hi!
Heracles (*entering from the house*). Who's knocking there?
More like a mad bull butting at the door,
Whoever he is . . . . (*seeing* Dionysus). God bless us, what's all this?
Dionysus (*aside to* Xanthias). Boy!
Xanthias. What, sir?
Dionysus. Did you notice?
Xanthias. Notice what?
Dionysus. The man's afraid.
Xanthias. Yes, sir; (*aside*) afraid you're cracked!
Heracles (*struggling with laughter*). I wouldn't if I possibly could help it:
I'm trying to bite my lips, but all the same . . . (*roars with laughter*)
Dionysus. Don't be absurd! Come here. I want something.
Heracles. I would, but I can't yet shake this laughter off:
The lion-skin on a robe of saffron silk!
How comes my club to sort with high-heeled boots?
What's the idea? Where have you come from now?
Dionysus. I've been at sea, serving with Cleisthenes.
Heracles. You fought a battle?
Dionysus. Yes: sank several ships,
Some twelve or thirteen.
Heracles. Just you two?
Dionysus. Of course.

Xanthias. (*aside*). And then I woke, and it was all a dream!
Dionysus. Well, one day I was sitting there on deck
Reading the *Andromeda*, when all at once
A great desire came knocking at my heart,
You'd hardly think . . .
Heracles. A great desire? How big?
Dionysus. Oh, not so big. Perhaps as large as Molon.
Heracles. Who was the lady?
Dionysus. Lady?
Heracles. Well, the girl?
Dionysus. Great Heaven, there wasn't one!
Heracles. Well, I have always
Considered Cleisthenes a perfect lady!
Dionysus. Don't mock me, brother! It's a serious thing,
A passion that has worn me to a shadow.
Heracles. Well, tell us all about it.
Dionysus. No; I can't.
You never . . . But I'll think of an analogy.
You never felt a sudden inward craving
For . . . pease-broth?
Heracles. Pease-broth? Bless me, crowds of times.
Dionysus. See'st then the sudden truth? Or shall I put it
Another way?
Heracles. Oh, not about pease-broth.
I see it quite.
Dionysus. Well, I am now consumed
By just that sort of restless craving for
Euripides.
Heracles. Lord save us, the man's dead!
Dionysus. He is; and no one in this world shall stop me
From going to see him!
Heracles. Down to the place of shades?
Dionysus. The place of shades or any shadier still.
Heracles. What do you want to get?
Dionysus. I want a poet,
For most be dead; only the false live on.
Heracles. Iophon's still alive.
Dionysus. Well, there you have it;
The one good thing still left us, if it is one.
For even as to that I have my doubts.
Heracles. But say, why don't you bring up Sophocles
By preference, if you must have some one back?
Dionysus. No, not till I've had Iophon quite alone
And seen what note he gives without his father.
Besides, Euripides, being full of tricks,
Would give the slip to his master, if need were,
And try to escape with me; while Sophocles,
Content with us, will be content in Hell.

Heracles. And Agathon, where is he?
Dionysus. Gone far away,
A poet true, whom many friends regret.
Heracles. Beshrew him! Where?
Dionysus. To feast with peaceful kings!
Heracles. And Xenocles?
Dionysus. Oh, plague take Xenocles!
Heracles. Pythangelus, then?
Dionysus *shrugs his shoulder*
Xanthias (*to himself*). And no one thinks of me,
When all my shoulder's skinning, simply skinning.
Heracles. But aren't there other pretty fellows there
All writing tragedies by tens of thousands,
And miles verboser than Euripides?
Dionysus. Leaves without fruit; trills in the empty air,
And starling chatter, mutilating art!
Give them one chance and that's the end of them,
One weak assault on an unprotected Muse.
Search as you will, you'll find no poet now
With grit in him, to wake a word of power.
Heracles. How "grit"?
Dionysus. The grit that gives them heart to risk
Bold things—vast Ether, residence of God,
Or Time's long foot, or souls that won't take oaths
While tongues go swearing falsely by themselves.
Heracles. You like that stuff?
Dionysus. Like it? I rave about it.
Heracles. Why, yes; it's devilish tricky, as you say.
Dionysus. "Ride not upon my soul!" Use your own donkey.
Heracles. I only meant it was obviously humbug!
Dionysus. If ever I need advice about a *dinner*,
I'll come to you!
Xanthias (*to himself*). And no one thinks of me.
Dionysus. But why I came in these especial trappings—
Disguised as you, in fact—was this. I want you
To tell me all the hosts with whom you stayed
That time you went to fetch up Cerberus:
Tell me your hosts, your harbours, bakers' shops,
Inns, taverns—reputable and otherwise—
Springs, roads, towns, posts, and landladies that keep
The fewest fleas.
Xanthias (*as before*). And no one thinks of me!
Heracles. Bold man, and will you dare . . .
Dionysus. Now, don't begin
That sort of thing; but tell the two of us
What road will take us quickest down to Hades.—
And, please, no great extremes of heat or cold.
Heracles. Well, which one had I better tell you first?—

Which now?—Ah, yes; suppose you got a boatman
To tug you, with a hawser—round your neck . . .
DIONYSUS. A chokey sort of journey, that.
HERACLES. Well, then,
There *is* a short road, quick and smooth, the surface
Well pounded—in a mortar.
DIONYSUS. The hemlock way?
HERACLES. Exactly.
DIONYSUS. Cold and bitter! Why, it freezes
All your shins numb.
HERACLES. Do you mind one short and steep?
DIONYSUS. Not in the least . . . You know I'm no great walker.
HERACLES. Then just stroll down to Cerameicus . . .
DIONYSUS. Well?
HERACLES. Climb up the big tower . . .
DIONYSUS. Good; and then?
HERACLES. Then watch
And see them start the torch-race down below;
Lean over till you hear the men say "Go,"
And then, go.
DIONYSUS. Where?
HERACLES. Why, over.
DIONYSUS. Not for me.
It'd cost me two whole sausage bags of brains.
I won't go that way.
HERACLES. Well, how *will* you go?
DIONYSUS. The way *you* went that time.
HERACLES. The voyage is long.
You first come to a great mere, fathomless
And very wide.
DIONYSUS. How do I get across?
HERACLES. In a little boat, like that (*with a gesture*); an aged man
Will row you across the ferry . . . for two obols.
DIONYSUS. Those two old obols, everywhere at work!
I wonder how they found their way down there?
HERACLES. Oh, Theseus took them!—After that you'll see
Snakes and queer monsters, crowds and crowds.
DIONYSUS. Now don't:
Don't play at bogies! You can never move me!
HERACLES. Then deep, deep mire and everlasting filth,
And, wallowing there, such as have wronged a guest,
Or picked a wench's pocket while they kissed her,
Beaten their mothers, smacked their fathers' jaws,
Or sworn perjurious oaths before high heaven.
DIONYSUS. And with them, I should hope, such as have learned
Kinesias's latest Battle Dance,
Or copied out a speech of Morsimus!

HERACLES. Then you will find a breath about your ears
Of music, and a light before your eyes
Most beautiful—like this—and myrtle groves,
And joyous throngs of women and of men,
And clapping of glad hands.
DIONYSUS. And who will *they* be?
HERACLES. The Initiated.
XANTHIAS (*aside*). Yes; and I'm the donkey
Holiday-making at the Mysteries!
But I won't stand this weight one moment longer.
He puts down his bundle.
HERACLES. And they will forthwith tell you all you seek.
They have their dwelling just beside the road,
At Pluto's very door.—So now good-bye;
And a pleasant journey, brother.
DIONYSUS. Thanks; good-bye.
Take care of yourself. (*To* XANTHIAS, *while* HERACLES *returns into the house*) Take up the bags again.
XANTHIAS. Before I've put them down?
DIONYSUS. Yes, and be quick.
XANTHIAS. No, really, sir; we ought to hire a porter.
DIONYSUS. And what if I can't find one?
XANTHIAS. Then I'll go.
DIONYSUS. All right.—Why, here's a funeral, just in time.
(*Enter a* FUNERAL *on the right*)
Here, sir—it's you I'm addressing—the defunct;
Do you care to carry a few traps to Hades?
THE CORPSE (*sitting up*). How heavy?
DIONYSUS. What you see.
CORPSE. You'll pay two drachmas?
DIONYSUS. Oh, come, that's rather much.
CORPSE. Bearers, move on!
DIONYSUS. My good man, wait! See if we can't arrange.
CORPSE. Two drachmas down, or else don't talk to me.
DIONYSUS. Nine obols?
CORPSE (*lying down again*). Strike me living if I will!
Exit the FUNERAL
XANTHIAS. That dog's too proud! He'll come to a bad end.—
Well, I'll be porter.
DIONYSUS. That's a good brave fellow.
They walk on for some time. The scene changes, a desolate lake taking the place of the house
DIONYSUS. What *is* that?
XANTHIAS. That? A lake.
DIONYSUS. By Zeus, it is!
The mere he spoke of.
XANTHIAS. Yes; I see a boat.
DIONYSUS. Yes; by the powers!
XANTHIAS. And yonder must be Charon.

Dionysus. Charon, ahoy!
Both. Ahoy! Charon, ahoy!
Charon (*approaching in the boat*). Who is for rest from sufferings and cares?
Who's for the Carrion Crows, and the Dead Donkeys;
Lethe and Sparta and the rest of Hell?
Dionysus. I!
Charon. Get in.
Dionysus. Where do you touch? The Carrion Crows,
You said?
Charon (*gruffly*). The Dogs will be the place for you.
Get in.
Dionysus. Come, Xanthias.
Charon. I don't take slaves:
Unless he has won his freedom? Did he fight
The battle of the Cold Meat Unpreserved?
Xanthias. Well, no; my eyes were very sore just then . . .
Charon. Then trot round on your legs!
Xanthias. Where shall I meet you?
Charon. At the Cold Seat beside the Blasting Stone.
Dionysus (*to* Xanthias). You understand?
Xanthias. Oh, quite. (*Aside*) Just like my luck.
What can have crossed me when I started out?
Exit Xanthias
Charon (*to* Dionysus). Sit to your oar. Any more passengers?
If so, make haste. (*To* Dionysus) What are you doing there?
Dionysus. Why, what you told me; sitting on my oar.
Charon. Oh, are you? Well, get up again and sit (*pushing him*)
Down there—fatty!
Dionysus (*doing everything wrong*). Like that?
Charon. Put out your arms
And stretch . . .
Dionysus. Like that?
Charon. None of your nonsense here!
Put both your feet against the stretcher.—Now,
In good time, row!
Dionysus. And how do you expect
A man like me, with no experience,
No seamanship, no Salamis,—to row?
Charon. You'll row all right; as soon as you fall to,
You'll hear a first-rate tune that *makes* you row.
Dionysus. Who sings it?
Charon. Certain cycnoranidæ.
That's music!
Dionysus. Give the word then, and we'll see.
Charon *gives the word for rowing and marks the time.*
A Chorus of Frogs *under the water is heard*

Frogs. O brood of the mere and the spring,
Gather together and sing
From the depths of your throat
By the side of the boat,
Co-äx, as we move in a ring;

As in Limnæ we sang the divine
Nyseïan Giver of Wine,
When the people in lots
With their sanctified Pots
Came reeling around my shrine.

Co-äx, co-äx, co-äx,
Brekekekex co-äx.
Dionysus. Don't sing any more;
I begin to be sore!
Frogs. Brekekekex co-äx,

Co-äx, co-äx, co-äx,
Brekekekex co-äx!
Dionysus. Is it nothing to you
If I'm black and I'm blue?
Frogs. Brekekekex co-äx!
Dionysus. A plague on all of your swarming packs,
There's nothing in you except co-äx!
Frogs. Well, and what more do you need?
Though it's none of your business indeed,
When the Muse there-anent
Is entirely content,
And horny-hoofed Pan with his reed:

When Apollo is fain to admire
My voice, on account of his lyre
Which he frames with the rushes
And watery bushes—
Co-äx!—which I grow in the mire.

Co-äx, co-äx, co-äx,
Brekekekex co-äx!
Dionysus. Peace, musical sisters!
I'm covered with blisters.
Frogs. Brekekekex co-äx.

Co-äx, co-äx, co-äx,
Brekekekex co-äx!
Our song we can double
Without the least trouble:
Brekekekex co-äx,

Sing we now, if ever hopping
Through the sedge and flowering rushes;
In and out the sunshine flopping,
We have sported, rising, dropping,
With our song that nothing hushes.

Sing, if e'er in days of storm
Safe our native oozes bore us,
Staved the rain off, kept us warm,
Till we set our dance in form,
Raised our hubble-bubbling chorus:

Brekekekex co-äx, co-äx!

DIONYSUS. Brekekekex co-äx, co-äx!
I can sing it as loud as you.
FROGS. Sisters, that he never must do!

DIONYSUS. Would you have me row till my shoulder cracks?
FROGS. Brekekekex co-äx, co-äx!
DIONYSUS. Brekekekex co-äx, co-äx!
Groan away till you burst your backs.
It's nothing to me.
FROGS. Just wait till you see.
DIONYSUS. I don't care how you scold.
FROGS. Then all day long
We will croak you a song
As loud as our throats can hold.

Brekekekex co-äx, co-äx!!
DIONYSUS. Brekekekex co-äx, co-äx!!
I'll see you don't outdo me in that.
FROGS. Well, *you* shall never beat *us*—that's flat!
DIONYSUS. I'll make you cease your song
If I shout for it all day long;
My lungs I'll tax
With co-äx, co-äx
—I assure you they're thoroughly strong—
Until your efforts at last relax:
Brekekekex co-äx, co-äx!!
(*No answer from the* FROGS)
Brekekekex co-äx, co-äx!!!
I knew in the end I should stop your quacks!
CHARON. Easy there! Stop her! Lay her alongside.—
Now pay your fare and go.
DIONYSUS. There are the obols.
(DIONYSUS *peers about him*)
Ho, Xanthias! . . . Where's Xanthias?—Is that you?
XANTHIAS (*from the darkness*). Hullo!
DIONYSUS. Come this way.

XANTHIAS (*entering*). Oh, I'm
glad to see you!
DIONYSUS (*looking round*). Well, and what have we here?
XANTHIAS. Dark-
ness—and mud.
DIONYSUS. Did you see any of the perjurers here,
And father-beaters, as he said we should?
XANTHIAS. Why, didn't you?
DIONYSUS. I? Lots.
(*Looking at the audience*)
I see them now.
Well, what are we to do?
XANTHIAS. Move further on.
This is the place he said was all a-swarm
With horrid beasts.
DIONYSUS. A plague on what he said!
Exaggerating just to frighten me,
Because he knew my courage and was jealous.
Naught lives so flown with pride as Heracles!
Why, my best wish would be to meet with something,
Some real adventure, worthy of our travels!
XANTHIAS (*listening*). Stay!—Yes, upon my word. I hear a noise.
DIONYSUS (*nervously*). God bless me, where?
XANTHIAS. Behind.
DIONYSUS. Go to the
rear.
XANTHIAS. No; it's in front somewhere.
DIONYSUS. Then get in front.
XANTHIAS. Why, there I see it.—Save us!—A great beast. . . .
DIONYSUS (*cowering behind* XANTHIAS). What like?
XANTHIAS. Horrid! . . .
At least it keeps on changing!
It was a bull; now it's a mule; and now
A fair young girl.
DIONYSUS. Where is it? Let me at it!
XANTHIAS. Stay, sir; it's not a girl now, it's a dog.
DIONYSUS. It must be Empusa!
XANTHIAS. Yes. At least its head
Is all on fire.
DIONYSUS. Has it a leg of brass?
XANTHIAS. Yes, that it has. And the other leg of cow-dung.
It's she!
DIONYSUS. Where shall I go?
XANTHIAS. Well, where shall I?
DIONYSUS (*running forward and addressing the* PRIEST OF DIONYSUS
in his seat of state in the centre of the front row of the
audience). My Priest, protect me and we'll sup together!
XANTHIAS. We're done for, O Lord Heracles.

DIONYSUS (*cowering again*). Oh, don't!
Don't shout like that, man, and don't breathe that name.
XANTHIAS. Dionysus, then!
DIONYSUS. No, no. That's worse than the other. . . .
Keep on the way you're going.
XANTHIAS (*after searching about*). Come along, sir.
DIONYSUS. What is it?
XANTHIAS. Don't be afraid, sir. All goes well.
And we can say as said Hegelochus,
"Beyond these storms I catch a *piece* of *tail*!"
Empusa's gone.
DIONYSUS. Swear it.
XANTHIAS. By Zeus, she's gone!
DIONYSUS. Again.
XANTHIAS. By Zeus, she's gone!
DIONYSUS. Your solemn oath.
XANTHIAS. By Zeus!!
DIONYSUS (*raising himself*). Dear me, that made me feel quite pale.
XANTHIAS (*pointing to the Priest*). And this kind gentleman turned red for sympathy.
DIONYSUS. How can I have sinned to bring all this upon me?
What power above is bent on my destruction?
XANTHIAS. The residence of God, or Time's long foot?
DIONYSUS (*listening as flute-playing is heard*). I say!
XANTHIAS. What is it?
DIONYSUS. Don't you hear it?
XANTHIAS. What?
DIONYSUS. Flutes blowing.
XANTHIAS. Yes. And such a smell of torches
Floating towards us, all most Mystery-like!
DIONYSUS. Crouch quietly down and let us hear the music.
CHORUS (*unseen*).
Iacchus, O Iacchus!
Iacchus, O Iacchus!

XANTHIAS. That's it, sir. These are the Initiated
Rejoicing somewhere here, just as he told us.
Why, it's the old Iacchus hymn that used
To warm the cockles of Diagoras!
DIONYSUS. Yes, it must be. However, we'd best sit
Quite still and listen, till we're sure of it.

There enters gradually the CHORUS, *consisting of Men Initiated in the Eleusinian Mysteries. They are led by a hierophant, or initiating Priest, and accompanied by a throng of worshipping women.*

CHORUS. Thou that dwellest in the shadow
O great glory here beside us,

Spirit, Spirit, we have hied us
To thy dancing in the meadow!
Come, Iacchus; let thy brow
Toss its fruited myrtle bough;
We are thine, O happy dancer; O our comrade, come and guide us!
Let the mystic measure beat:
Come in riot, fiery fleet;
Free and holy all before thee,
While the Charites adore thee,
And thy Mystæ wait the music of thy feet!

XANTHIAS. O Virgin of Demeter, highly blest,
What an entrancing smell of roasted pig!

DIONYSUS. Hush! hold your tongue! Perhaps they'll give you some.

CHORUS. Spirit, Spirit, lift the shaken
Splendour of thy tossing torches!
All the meadow flashes, scorches:
Up, Iacchus, and awaken!
Come, thou star that bringest light
To the darkness of our rite,
Till thine old men leap as young men, leap with every thought forsaken
Of the dulness and the fear
Left by many a circling year:
Let thy red light guide the dances
Where thy banded youth advances
To be merry by the blossoms of the mere!

All the CHORUS *has now entered*

HIEROPHANT. Hush, oh hush! for our song begins. Let every one stand aside
Who owns an intellect muddled with sins, or in arts like these untried:
If the mystic rites of the Muses true he has never seen nor sung:
If he never the magical music knew of Cratînus the Bull-eater's tongue:
If he likes in a comedy nothing but riot and meaningless harlequinade:
Or in matters of politics cannot keep quiet and see that cabals be allayed,
But blows up spite and keeps it alight to serve his personal ends:
Or being in power at a critical hour, accepts little gifts from his friends:
Or goes selling a ship, or betraying a fort, or takes to the trade of a smuggler,
Attempting again, in Thorycion's sort,—that pestilent revenue-juggler,—
From Ægina before us to stock Epidaurus with tar and canvas and hide,

Or tries to persuade some friend in the trade for the enemy's ships to provide:
Or a teacher of choirs who forgets his position and damages Hecate's shrines:
Or the robber of poets, the mere politician, who spites us with pitiful fines
Because we have suitably made him absurd in the God's traditional rhyme:
Behold, I give word: and again give word: and give word for the third, last time:
Make room, all such, for our dance and song.—Up, you, and give us a lay
That is meet for our mirth-making all night long and for this great festival day.

CHORUS. Forth fare all;
This mead's bowers
Bear fresh flowers;
Forth, I call.
Leap, mock, dance, play;
Enough and to spare we have feasted to-day!

March: raise high
Her whose hands
Save these lands;
Raise due cry:
Maid, Maid, save these,
Tho' it may not exactly Thorycion please!

HIEROPHANT. One hymn to the Maiden; now raise ye another
To the Queen of the Fruits of the Earth.
To Demeter the Corn-giver, Goddess and Mother,
Make worship in musical mirth.

CHORUS. Approach, O Queen of orgies pure,
And us, thy faithful band, ensure
From morn to eve to ply secure
Our mocking and our clowning:
To grace thy feast with many a hit
Of merry jest or serious wit,
And laugh, and earn the prize, and flit
Triumphant to the crowning.

HIEROPHANT. Now call the God of blooming mien;
Raise the mystic chorus:
Our comrade he and guide unseen,
With us and before us.

CHORUS. Iacchus high in glory, thou whose day
Of all is merriest, hither, help our play;
Show, as we throne thee at thy Maiden's side,
How light to thee are our long leagues of way.
Iacchus, happy dancer, be our guide.

Thyself, that poorest men thy joy should share,
Didst rend thy robe, thy royal sandal tear,
That feet unshod might dance, and robes rent wide
Wave in thy revel with no after care.
Iacchus, happy dancer, be our guide.

Lo there! but now across the dance apace
A maiden tripped, a maiden fair of face,
Whose tattered smock and kerchief scarce could hide
The merry bosom peering from its place.
Iacchus, happy dancer, be our guide.

XANTHIAS. I always liked to follow some one else:
Suppose we join and dance?
DIONYSUS. Why, so say I.
They join the Dance
HIEROPHANT.
(*These verses satirise Archedêmus, the politician, who has never succeeded in making out a clear Athenian pedigree for himself; Cleisthenes, who went into mourning for imaginary relatives lost at Arginusæ; and Callias, the lady-killer, who professed a descent from Heracles, and wore a lion-skin in token thereof*)
Perhaps 'twill best beseem us
To deal with Archedêmus,
Who is toothless still and rootless, at seven years from birth:
CHORUS. Yet he leads the public preachers
Of those poor dead upper creatures,
And is prince of all the shadiness on earth!
HIEROPHANT. And Cleisthenes, says rumour,
In a wild despairing humour
Sits huddled up and tearing out his hair among the graves.
CHORUS. To believe he would incline us
That a person named Sebînus
Is tossing yet unburied on the waves!
HIEROPHANT. While Callias, says tattle,
Has attended a sea-battle,
And lionesses' scalps were the uniform he wore!
DIONYSUS (*to the* HIEROPHANT).
You'd oblige us much by telling
Me the way to Pluto's dwelling.
We are strangers newly lighted on your shore.

Hierophant. No need of distant travel
That problem to unravel;
For know that while you ask me, you are standing at the door.
Dionysus (*to* Xanthias).
Then up, my lad, be packing!
Xanthias. There's the Devil in the sacking:
It can't stay still a second on the floor!
Hierophant.
Now onward through Demeter's ring
Through the leaves and flowers,
All who love her junketing,
All who know her powers!

Fare forward you, while I go here
With matron and with maiden,
To make their night-long roaming clear
With tossing torches laden.

Chorus (*of Worshipping Women, as they file off*).
Then on 'mid the meadows deep,
Where thickest the rosebuds creep
And the dewdrops are pearliest:
A jubilant step advance
In our own, our eternal dance,
Till its joy the Glad Fates entrance
Who threaded it earliest.

For ours is the sunshine bright,
Yea, ours is the joy of light
All pure, without danger:
For we thine Elect have been,
Thy secrets our eyes have seen,
And our hearts we have guarded clean
Toward kinsman and stranger!

The Hierophant and the Worshipping Women go off. The Men remain, forming an ordinary Chorus. Dionysus *approaches the central door.*

Dionysus. I ought by rights to knock; but how, I wonder.
I don't know how they do knock in this country.
Xanthias. Oh, don't waste time. Go in and do your best,
Like Heracles in heart as well as garb.
Dionysus (*knocking*). Ho there!
The door opens and a Porter, Æacus, *appears.*
Æacus. Who summons?
Dionysus. Heracles the Brave.
Æacus. Thou rash, impure, and most abandoned man,

Foul, inly foul, yea foulest upon earth,
Who harried our dog, Cerberus, choked him dumb,
Fled, vanished, and left me to bear the blame,
Who kept him!—Now I have thee on the hip!
So close the black encavered rocks of Styx
And Acheronian crags a-drip with blood
Surround thee, and Cocytus' circling hounds,
And the hundred-headed serpent, that shall rend
Thy bowels asunder; to thy lungs shall cleave
The lamprey of Tartessus, and thy reins
And inmost entrails in one paste of gore
Teithrasian Gorgons gorge for evermore!
—To whom, even now, I speed my indignant course!
The Porter retires

DIONYSUS (*who has fallen prostrate*). Please!
XANTHIAS. What's the matter?
Quick, get up again
Before they come and see you.
DIONYSUS. But I feel
Faint.—Put a cold wet sponge against my heart.
XANTHIAS (*producing a sponge*). There; you apply it.
DIONYSUS. Thanks.
Where is it?
XANTHIAS. There.
(DIONYSUS *takes and applies it*)
Ye golden gods, is it there you keep your heart?
DIONYSUS. The nervous shock made it go down and down!
XANTHIAS. You *are* the greatest coward I ever saw,
Of gods or humans!
DIONYSUS. I a coward?—I had
The presence of mind to ask you for a sponge.
Few had done more!
XANTHIAS. Could any one do less?
DIONYSUS. A coward would still be flat there, sniffing salts;
I rose, called for a sponge, and used the sponge.
XANTHIAS. That *was* brave, by Poseidon!
DIONYSUS. I should think so.—
And weren't *you* frightened at his awful threats
And language?
XANTHIAS. I? I never cared a rap.
DIONYSUS. Oh, you're a hero, aren't you?—and want glory.
Well, you be *me*! Put on this lion's hide
And take the club—if you're so dauntless-hearted.
I'll take my turn, and be your luggage-boy.
XANTHIAS. Over with both of them! Of course I will.
Now watch if Xanthias-Heracles turns faint,
Or shows the same "presence of mind," as you.

DIONYSUS. The true Melitêan jail-bird, on my life! . . .
Well, I suppose I'd better take the luggage.

The exchange is just effected when the door again opens and there enters a MAID OF PERSEPHONE

MAID. Dear Heracles, and is it you once more?
Come in! No sooner did my mistress learn
Your coming, than she set her bread to bake,
Set pots of split-pea porridge, two or three,
A-boiling, a whole ox upon the coals,
Cakes in the oven, and big buns.—Oh, come in.

XANTHIAS (*as* HERACLES). She is very kind; perhaps some other time.

MAID. Oh, really; but I mustn't let you go!
She's doing everything herself! Braised game,
Spices and fruits and stoups of the sweetest wine—
Come in with me.

XANTHIAS. Most kind, but . . .

MAID. No excuses.
I won't let go.—A flute-player, very pretty,
Is waiting for you, and two or three such sweet
Young dancing girls.

XANTHIAS (*wavering*). Did you say dancing girls?

MAID. Yes. Do come in.—They just were going to serve
The fish, and have the table lifted in.

XANTHIAS. I will! I'll chance it!—Go straight in and tell
Those dancing girls that Heracles is coming!

(*The* MAID *retires again*)

Here, boy, take up the bags and follow me.

DIONYSUS. Stop, please!—You didn't take it seriously
When I just dressed you as Heracles for fun?
You can't be so ridiculous, Xanthias.
Take up the bags at once and bring them in.

XANTHIAS. What? Surely you don't mean to take away
Your own gift?

DIONYSUS. Mean it? No; I'm doing it!
Off with that lion-skin, quick.

Begins to strip him

XANTHIAS. Help! I'm assaulted . . .
I leave it with the Gods!

DIONYSUS (*proceeding to dress himself again*). The Gods, indeed!
What senseless vanity to expect to be
Alcmena's son, a mortal and a slave!

XANTHIAS. Well, take it. I don't care.—The time may be,
God willing, when you'll feel the need of me!

CHORUS. That's the way such points to settle,
Like a chief of tested mettle,
Weather-worn on many seas,

Not in one fixed pattern stopping,
Like a painted thing, but dropping
Always towards the side of ease.
'Tis this instinct for soft places,
To keep warm while others freeze,
Marks a man of gifts and graces,
Like our own Theramenes!

DIONYSUS. Surely 'twould the matter worsen,
If I saw this low-bred person
On his cushions sprawling, so,
Served him drinking, watched him winking:—
If he knew what I was thinking—
And he would, for certain, know,
Being a mighty shrewd deviser
Of such fancies—with a blow
P'raps he'd loosen an incisor
From the forefront of my row!

Enter a LANDLADY, *followed by her servant,* PLATHANÊ

LANDLADY. Ho, Plathanê, here, I want you, Plathanê! . . .
Here is that scamp who came to the inn before,
Ate sixteen loaves of bread. . . .
PLATHANÊ. Why, so it is:
The very man!
XANTHIAS (*aside*). Here's fun for somebody.
LANDLADY. And twenty plates of boiled meat, half-an-obol
At every gulp!
XANTHIAS (as before). Some one'll catch it now!
LANDLADY. And all that garlic.
DIONYSUS. Nonsense, my good woman,
You don't know what you're saying
PLATHANÊ. Did you think
I wouldn't know you in those high-heeled boots?
LANDLADY. And all the salt-fish I've not mentioned yet. . . .
PLATHANÊ (*to* LANDLADY). No, you poor thing; and all the good fresh cheese
The man kept swallowing, and the baskets with it!
LANDLADY (*to* XANTHIAS). And when he saw me coming for the money
Glared like a wild bull! Yes, and roared at me!
XANTHIAS. Just what he does! His manners everywhere.
LANDLADY. Tugged at his sword! Pretended to be mad!
PLATHANÊ. Yes, you poor thing; I don't know how you bore it!
LANDLADY. And we got all of a tremble, both of us,
And ran up the ladder to the loft! And he,
He tore the matting up—and off he went!
XANTHIAS. Like him, again.

PLATHANÊ. But something must be done!
LANDLADY (*to* PLATHANÊ). Run, you, and fetch me my protector, Cleon.
PLATHANÊ (*to the* LANDLADY, *as they go off in different directions*).
And you fetch me Hyperbolus, if you meet him. . . .
Then we shall crush him!
LANDLADY (*returning*). Oh, that ugly jaw!
If I could throw a stone, I'd like to break
Those wicked teeth that ground my larder dry!
PLATHANÊ (*returning on the other side*). And I should like to fling you in the pit!
LANDLADY (*turning again as she goes off*). And I should like to get a scythe, and cut
That throat that swallowed all my sausages.
PLATHANÊ (*the same*). Well, I'll go straight to Cleon, and this same day
We'll worm them out in a law-court, come what may!
The LANDLADY *and* PLATHANÊ *go off in different directions*
DIONYSUS. Plague take me! No friend left me in the world. . . .
Except old Xanthias!
XANTHIAS. I know, I know!
We all see what you want. But that's enough!
I won't be Heracles.
DIONYSUS. Now don't say that,
Xanthias—old boy!
XANTHIAS. And how am I to be
Alcmena's son—a mortal and a slave?
DIONYSUS. I know you're angry, and quite justly so.
Hit me if you like; I won't say one word back.
But, mark, if ever again in this wide world
I rob you of these clothes, destruction fall
On me myself, my wife, my little ones,—
And, if you like, on the old bat Archedêmus!
XANTHIAS. That oath will do. I take it on those terms.

CHORUS. Now 'tis yours to make repayment
For the honour of this raiment;
Wear it well, as erst you wore;
If it needs some renovating,
Think of whom you're personating,
Glare like Heracles and roar.
Else, if any fear you show, sir,
Any weakness at the core,
Any jesting, back you go, sir,
To the baggage as before!
XANTHIAS. Thank you for your kind intention,
But I had some comprehension
Of the task I undertook.

Should the lion-skin make for profit,
He'll attempt to make me doff it—
That I know—by hook or crook.
Still I'll make my acting real,
Peppery gait and fiery look.
Ha! Here comes the great ordeal:
See the door. I'm sure it shook!

The central door opens and the Porter, Æacus, *comes out with several ferocious-looking Thracian or Scythian constables*

Æacus. Here, seize this dog-stealer and lead him forth
To justice, quick.
Dionysus (*imitating* Xanthias). Here's fun for somebody.
Xanthias (*in a Heraclean attitude*). Stop, zounds! Not one step more!
Æacus. You want to fight?
Ho, Ditylas, Skeblyas, and Pardokas,
Forward! Oblige this person with some fighting!
Dionysus (*while the constables gradually overpower* Xanthias).
How shocking to assault the constables—
And stealing other people's things!
Æacus. Unnatural,
That's what I call it.
Dionysus. Quite a pain to see.
Xanthias (*now overpowered and disarmed*). Now, by Lord Zeus, if ever I've been here
Or stol'n from you the value of one hair,
You may take and hang me on the nearest tree! . . .
Now, listen: and I'll act quite fairly by you;
(*Suddenly indicating* Dionysus)
Take this poor boy, and put him to the question!
And if you find me guilty, hang me straight.
Æacus. What tortures do you allow?
Xanthias. Use all you like.
Tie him in the ladder, hang him by the feet,
Whip off his skin with bristle-whips and rack him;
You might well try some vinegar up his nose,
And bricks upon his chest, and so on. Only
No scourges made of . . . leek or young shalott.
Æacus. A most frank offer, most frank.—If my treatment
Disables him, the value shall be paid.
Xanthias. Don't mention it. Remove him and begin.
Æacus. Thank you, we'll do it here, that you may witness
Exactly what he says. (*To* Dionysus) Put down your bundle,
And mind you tell the truth.
Dionysus. I warn all present,
To torture me is an illegal act,

Being immortal! And whoever does so
Must take the consequences.
ÆACUS. Why, who *are* you?
DIONYSUS. The immortal Dionysus, son of Zeus;
And this my slave.
ÆACUS (*to* XANTHIAS). You hear his protest?
XANTHIAS. Yes;
All the more reason, that, for whipping him;
If he's a real immortal he won't feel it.
DIONYSUS. Well, but you claim to be immortal too;
They ought to give you just the same as me.
XANTHIAS. That's fair enough. All right; whichever of us
You first find crying, or the least bit minding
Your whip, you're free to say he's no true god.
ÆACUS. Sir, you behave like a true gentleman;
You come to justice of yourself!—Now then,
Strip, both.
XANTHIAS. How will you test us?
ÆACUS. Easily:
You'll each take whack and whack about.
XANTHIAS. All right.
ÆACUS (*striking* XANTHIAS). There.
XANTHIAS. Watch now, if you see me even wince.
ÆACUS. But I've already hit you!
XANTHIAS. I think not.
ÆACUS. Upon my word, it looks as if I hadn't.
Well, now I'll go and whack the other.
Strikes DIONYSUS
DIONYSUS. When?
ÆACUS. I've done it.
DIONYSUS (*with an air of indifference*).
Odd, it didn't make me sneeze!
ÆACUS. It *is* odd!—Well, I'll try the first again.
He crosses to XANTHIAS
XANTHIAS. All right. Be quick. (*The blow falls*) Whe-ew!
ÆACUS. Ah, why "whe-ew"?
It didn't hurt you?
XANTHIAS. No; I just was thinking
When my Diomean Feast would next be due.
ÆACUS. A holy thought!—I'll step across again.
Strikes DIONYSUS, *who howls*
DIONYSUS. Ow-ow!
ÆACUS. What's that?
DIONYSUS. I saw some cavalry.
ÆACUS. What makes your eyes run?
DIONYSUS. There's a smell of onions!
ÆACUS. You're sure it didn't hurt you?

Dionysus. Hurt? Not it.
Æacus. I'll step across again then to the first one.
Strikes Xanthias, *who also howls*
Xanthias. Hi-i!
Æacus. What is it now?
Xanthias. Take out that thorn.
Pointing to his foot
Æacus. What does it mean?—Over we go again.
Strikes Dionysus
Dionysus. O Lord! . . . "of Delos or of Pytho's rock."
Xanthias. It hurts. You heard?
Dionysus. It doesn't! I was saying
A verse of old Hippônax to myself.
Xanthias. You're making nothing of it. Hit him hard
Across the soft parts underneath the ribs.
Æacus (*to* Xanthias). A good idea! Turn over on your back!
Strikes him
Xanthias (*as before*). O Lord!
Dionysus. It hurts!
Xanthias. "Poseidon ruler free
Of cliffs Ægean and the grey salt sea."
Æacus. Now, by Demeter, it's beyond my powers
To tell which one of you's a god!—Come in;
We'll ask my master. He and Persephassa
Will easily know you, being gods themselves.
Dionysus. Most wisely said. Indeed I could have wished
You'd thought of that before you had me swished.
They all go into the house. The Chorus, *left alone on the stage, turns towards the audience*

Chorus.
Semi-Chorus I.
Draw near, O Muse, to the spell of my song,
Set foot in the sanctified place,
And see thy faithful Athenians throng,
To whom the myriad arts belong,
The myriad marks of grace,

Greater than Cleophon's own,
On whose lips, with bilingual moan,
A swallow from Thrace
Has taken his place
And chirps in blood-curdling tone

On the Gibberish Tree's thick branches high
As he utters a nightingale note,
A tumultuous cry
That he's certain to die
Even with an equal vote!

One of the Leaders. It behoves this sacred Chorus, in its wisdom and its bliss,
To assist the state with counsel. Now our first advice is this:
Let Athenians all stand equal; penal laws be swept away.
Some of us have been misguided, following Phrynichus astray;
Now for all of these, we urge you, let full freedom be decreed
To confess the cause that tripped them and blot out that old misdeed.
Next, no man should live in Athens outcast, robbed of every right.
Shame it is that low-born aliens, just for sharing one sea-fight,
Should forthwith become "Platæans" and instead of slaves be masters—
(Not that in the least I blame you for thus meeting our disasters;
No; I pay respectful homage to the one wise thing you've done):
But remember these men also, your own kinsmen, sire and son,
Who have ofttimes fought beside you, spilt their blood on many seas:
Grant for that one fault the pardon which they crave you on their knees.
You whom Nature made for wisdom, let your vengeance fall to sleep;
Greet as kinsmen and Athenians, burghers true to win and keep,
Whosoe'er will brave the storms and fight for Athens at your side!
But be sure, if still we spurn them, if we wrap us in our pride,
Stand alone, with Athens tossing in the long arm of the waves,
Men in days to come shall wonder, and not praise you in your graves.

Semi-Chorus II.
An' I the make of a man may trow,
And the ways that lead to a fall,
Not long will the ape that troubles us now,
Not long little Cleigenes—champion, I vow,
Of rascally washermen all,

Who hold over soap their sway
And lye and Cimolian clay,
(Which they thriftily mix
With the scrapings of bricks)—
Not long will our little one stay!
Oh, 'tis well he is warlike and ready to kick
For if once home from supper he trotted,
Talking genially thick
And without his big stick,
We should probably find him garotted.

The Other Leader. It has often struck our notice that the course our city runs

Is the same towards men and money.—She has true and worthy sons:
She has good and ancient silver, she has good and recent gold.
These are coins untouched with alloys; everywhere their fame is told;
Not all Hellas holds their equal, not all Barbary far and near,
Gold or silver, each well minted, tested each and ringing clear.
Yet, we never use them! Others always pass from hand to hand,
Sorry brass just struck last week and branded with a wretched brand.
So with men we know for upright, blameless lives and noble names,
Trained in music and palæstra, freemen's choirs and freemen's games,
These we spurn for men of brass, for red-haired things of unknown breed,
Rascal cubs of mongrel fathers—them we use at every need!
Creatures just arrived in Athens, whom our city, years ago,
Scarcely would have used as scapegoats to be slaughtered for a show!
Even now, O race demented, there is time to change your ways;
Use once more what's worth the using. If we 'scape, the more the praise
That we fought our fight with wisdom; or, if all is lost for good,
Let the tree on which they hang us, be, at least, of decent wood!

The door opens, and the two slaves, ÆACUS *and* XANTHIAS, *return*

ÆACUS. By Zeus, that's what I call a gentleman!
That master of yours!
XANTHIAS. Gentleman? That he is!
There's nothing in his head but wine and wenches!
ÆACUS. But not to whip you when you were clean convicted,
A slave caught masquerading as his master!
XANTHIAS (*significantly*). I'd like to see him try it!
ÆACUS. There you go!
The old slave trick, that I'm so fond of too.
XANTHIAS. You like it, eh?
ÆACUS. Like it? Why, when I get
Behind my master's back and quietly curse him,
I feel just like the Blessèd in the Mysteries!
XANTHIAS. What about muttering as you go outside
After a whacking?
ÆACUS. Yes; I like that too.
XANTHIAS. And prying into people's secrets, eh?
ÆACUS. By Zeus, there's nothing like it in the world!
XANTHIAS. Oh, Zeus makes brethren meet!—And what of list'ning
To what the masters say?
ÆACUS. It makes me mad!

XANTHIAS. And telling every word of it to strangers?
ÆACUS. Madder than mad, stark staring crimson madder!
XANTHIAS. O Lord Apollo, clap your right hand there,
Give me your cheek to kiss, and you kiss me!
(*They embrace; a loud noise is heard inside the house*)
But Zeus!—our own Zeus of the Friendly Jailbirds—
What is that noise . . . those shouts and quarrelling . . .
Inside?
ÆACUS. That? Æschylus and Euripides!
XANTHIAS. Eh?
ÆACUS. Yes; there's a big business just astir,
And hot dissension among all the dead.
XANTHIAS. About what?
ÆACUS. There's a law established here
Concerning all the large and liberal arts,
Which grants the foremost master in each art
Free entertainment at the Central Hearth,
And also a special throne in Pluto's row . . .
XANTHIAS. Oh, now I understand!
ÆACUS. To hold until
There comes one greater; then he must make way.
XANTHIAS. But how has this affected Æschylus?
ÆACUS. Æschylus held the throne of tragedy,
As greatest . . .
XANTHIAS. Held it? Why, who holds it now?
ÆACUS. Well, when Euripides came down, he gave
Free exhibitions to our choicest thieves,
Footpads, cut-purses, burglars, father-beaters,
—Of whom we have numbers here; and when they heard
The neat retorts, the fencing, and the twists,
They all went mad and thought him something splendid.
And he, growing proud, laid hands upon the throne
Where Æschylus sat.
XANTHIAS. And wasn't pelted off?
ÆACUS. Not he. The whole folk clamoured for a trial
To see which most was master of his craft.
XANTHIAS. The whole jail-folk?
ÆACUS. Exactly;—loud as trumpets.
XANTHIAS. And were there none to fight for Æschylus?
ÆACUS. Goodness is scarce, you know. (*Indicating the audience*)
The same as here!
XANTHIAS. And what does Pluto mean to do about it?
ÆACUS. Why, hold a trial and contest on the spot
To test their skill for certain.
XANTHIAS (*reflecting*). But, I say,
Sophocles surely must have claimed the throne?
ÆACUS. Not he; as soon as ever he came down,
He kissed old Æschylus, and wrung his hand,

And Æschylus made room on half his seat.
And now he means to wait—or so, at least,
Clidemides informs us—in reserve.
If Æschylus wins the day, he'll rest content:
If not, why then, he says, for poor Art's sake,
He must show fight against Euripides!
Xanthias. It is to be, then?
Æacus. Certainly, quite soon.
Just where you stand we'll have the shock of war.
They'll weigh the poetry line by line . . .
Xanthias. Poor thing,
A lamb set in the meat-scale and found wanting!
Æacus. They'll bring straight-edges out, and cubit-rules,
And folded cube-frames . . .
Xanthias. Is it bricks they want?
Æacus. And mitre-squares and wedges! Line by line
Euripides will test all tragedies!
Xanthias. That must make Æschylus angry, I should think?
Æacus. Well, he did stoop and glower like a mad bull.
Xanthias. Who'll be the judge?
Æacus. That was a difficulty.
Both found an utter dearth of proper critics;
For Æschylus objected to the Athenians. . . .
Xanthias. Perhaps he thought the jail-folk rather many?
Æacus. And all the world beside, he thought mere dirt
At seeing what kind of thing a poet was.
So, in the end, they fixed upon your master
As having much experience in the business.
But come in; when the master's face looks grave
There's mostly trouble coming for the slave.
They go into the house

Chorus (*the song is a parody of the metre and style of* Æschylus).
Eftsoons shall dire anger interne be the Thunderer's portion
When his foe's glib tusk fresh whetted for blood he descries;
Then fell shall his heart be, and mad; and a pallid distortion
Descend as a cloud on his eyes.

Yea, words with plumes wild on the wind and with helmets a-glancing,
With axles a-splinter and marble a-shiver, eftsoons
Shall bleed, as a man meets the shock of a Thought-builder's prancing
Stanzas of dusky dragoons.

The deep crest of his mane shall uprise as he slowly unlimbers
The long-drawn wrath of his brow, and lets loose with a roar
Epithets welded and screwed, like new torrent-swept timbers
Blown loose by a giant at war.

Then rises the man of the Mouth; then battleward flashes
A tester of verses, a smooth and serpentine tongue,
To dissect each phrase into mincemeat, and argue to ashes
That high-towered labour of lung!

The door opens again. Enter Euripides, Dionysus, *and* Æschylus

Euripides. Pray, no advice to me! I won't give way;
I claim that I'm more master of my art.
Dionysus. You hear him, Æschylus. Why don't you speak?
Euripides. He wants to open with an awful silence—
The blood-curdling reserve of his first scenes.
Dionysus. My dear sir, I must beg! Control your language.
Euripides. I know him; I've seen through him years ago;
Bard of the "noble savage," wooden-mouthed,
No door, no bolt, no bridle to his tongue,
A torrent of pure bombast—tied in bundles!
Æschylus (*breaking out*). How say'st thou, Son o' the goddess of the Greens?—
You dare speak thus of me, you phrase-collector,
Blind-beggar-bard and scum of rifled rag-bags!
Oh, you shall rue it!
Dionysus. Stop! Stop, Æschylus;
Strike not thine heart to fire on rancour old.
Æschylus. No; I'll expose this crutch-and-cripple playwright,
And what he's worth for all his insolence.
Dionysus (*to attendants*). A lamb, a black lamb, quick, boys! Bring it out
To sacrifice; a hurricane's let loose!
Æschylus (*to* Euripides). You and your Cretan dancing-solos! You
And the ugly amours that you set to verse!
Dionysus (*interposing*). One moment, please, most noble Æschylus!
And you, poor wretch, if you have any prudence,
Get out of the hailstones quick, or else, by Zeus,
Some word as big as your head will catch you crash
Behind the ear, and knock out all the . . . Telephus!
Nay, Æschylus, pray, pray control your anger;
Examine and submit to be examined
With a cool head. Two poets should not meet
In fishwife style; but here are you, straight off,
Ablaze and roaring like an oak on fire.
Euripides. For my part I'm quite ready, with no shrinking,
To bite first or be bitten, as he pleases.
Here are my dialogue, music, and construction;
Here's Peleus at your service, Meleâger,
And Æolus and . . . yes, Telephus, by all means!
Dionysus. Do you consent to the trial, Æschylus? Speak.
Æschylus. I well might take objection to the place;
It's no fair field for him and me.

DIONYSUS. Why not?
ÆSCHYLUS. Because my writings haven't died with me,
As his have; so he'll have them all to hand. . . .
However, I waive the point, if you think fit.
DIONYSUS. Go, some one, bring me frankincense and fire
That I may pray for guidance, to decide
This contest in the Muses' strictest ways;
To whom, meantime, uplift your hymn of praise!
CHORUS (*while preparations are made for the sacrifice*). All hail, ye
nine heaven-born virginal Muses,
Whiche'er of ye watch o'er the manners and uses
Of the Founts of Quotation, when, meeting in fray—
All hearts drawn tense for who wins and who loses—
With wrestling lithe each the other confuses,
Look on the pair that do battle to-day!
These be the men to take poems apart
By chopping, riving, sawing;
Here is the ultimate trial of Art
To due completion drawing!
DIONYSUS. Won't you two pray before you show your lines?
ÆSCHYLUS (*going up to the altar*). Demeter, thou who feedest all
my thought,
Grant me but worthiness to worship thee!
DIONYSUS (*to* EURIPIDES). Won't you put on some frankincense?
EURIPIDES (*staying where he is*). Oh,
thank you;
The gods I pray to are of other metal!
DIONYSUS. Your own stamp, eh? New struck?
EURIPIDES. Exactly so.
DIONYSUS. Well, pray away then to your own peculiar.
EURIPIDES. Ether, whereon I batten! Vocal chords!
Reason, and nostrils swift to scent and sneer,
Grant that I duly probe each word I hear.

CHORUS. All of us to hear are yearning
Further from these twins of learning,
What dread road they walk, what burning
Heights they climb of speech and song.
Tongues alert for battle savage,
Tempers keen for war and ravage,
Angered hearts to both belong.
He will fight with passes witty
Smooth and smacking of the city,
Gleaming blades unflecked with rust;
He will seize—to end the matter—
Tree-trunks torn and clubbed, to batter
Brains to bits, and plunge and scatter
Whole arena-fulls of dust!

DIONYSUS *is now seated on a throne as judge. The poets stand on either side before him*

DIONYSUS. Now, quick to work. Be sure you both do justice to your cases,
Clear sense, no loose analogies, and no long commonplaces.
EURIPIDES. A little later I will treat my own artistic mettle,
This person's claims I should prefer immediately to settle.
I'll show you how he posed and prosed; with what audacious fooling
He tricked an audience fresh and green from Phrynichus's schooling.
Those sole veiled figures on the stage were first among his graces,
Achilles, say, or Niobe, who never showed their faces,
But stood like so much scene-painting, and never a grunt they uttered!
DIONYSUS. Why, no, by Zeus, no more they did!
EURIPIDES. And on the Chorus spluttered
Through long song-systems, four on end, the actors mute as fishes!
DIONYSUS. I somehow loved that silence, though; and felt it met my wishes
As no one's talk does nowadays!
EURIPIDES. You hadn't yet seen through it!
That's all.
DIONYSUS. I really think you're right! But still, what made him do it?
EURIPIDES. The instinct of a charlatan, to keep the audience guessing
If Niobe ever meant to speak—the play meantime progressing!
DIONYSUS. Of course it was! The sly old dog, to think of how he tricked us!—
Don't (*to* ÆSCHYLUS) ramp and fume!
EURIPIDES (*excusing* ÆSCHYLUS). We're apt to do so when the facts convict us!
—Then after this tomfoolery, the heroine, feeling calmer,
Would utter some twelve wild-bull words, on mid-way in the drama,
Long ones, with crests and beetling brows, and gorgons round the border,
That no man ever heard on earth.
ÆSCHYLUS. The red plague . . . !
DIONYSUS. Order, order!
EURIPIDES. Intelligible—not one line!
DIONYSUS (*to* ÆSCHYLUS). Please! Won't your teeth stop gnashing?
EURIPIDES. All fosses and Scamander-beds, and bloody targes flashing,
With gryphon-eagles bronze-embossed, and crags, and riders reeling,
Which somehow never quite joined on.

Dionysus. By Zeus, sir, quite my feeling!
A question comes in Night's long hours, that haunts me like a spectre,
What kind of fish or fowl you'd call a "russet hippalector."
Æschylus (*breaking in*). It was a ship's sign, idiot, such as every joiner fixes!
Dionysus. Indeed! I thought perhaps it meant that music-man Eryxis!
[Euripides. You like then, in a tragic play, a cock? You think it mixes?]
Æschylus (*to* Euripides). And what did you yourself produce, O fool with pride deluded?
Euripides. Not "hippalectors," thank the Lord, nor "tragelaphs," as you did —
The sort of ornament they use to fill a Persian curtain!
—I had the Drama straight from you, all bloated and uncertain,
Weighed down with rich and heavy words, puffed out past comprehension.
I took the case in hand; applied treatment for such distension—
Beetroot, light phrases, little walks, hot book-juice, and cold reasoning;
Then fed her up on solos. . . .
Dionysus (*aside*). With Cephisophon for seasoning!
Euripides. I didn't rave at random, or plunge in and make confusions.
My first appearing character explained, with due allusions,
The whole play's pedigree.
Dionysus (*aside*). Your own you left in wise obscurity!
Euripides. Then no one from the start with me could idle with security.
They had to work. The men, the slaves, the women, all made speeches,
The kings, the little girls, the hags . . .
Æschylus. Just see the things he teaches!
And shouldn't you be hanged for that?
Euripides. No, by the lord Apollo!
It's democratic!
Dionysus (*to* Euripides). That's no road for you, my friend, to follow;
You'll find the "little walk" too steep; I recommend you quit it.
Euripides. Next, I taught all the town to talk with freedom.
Æschylus. I admit it.
'Twere better, ere you taught them, you had died amid their curses!
Euripides. I gave them canons to apply and squares for marking verses;
Taught them to see, think, understand, to scheme for what they wanted,

To fall in love, think evil, question all things. . . .
ÆSCHYLUS. granted, granted!
EURIPIDES. I put things on the stage that came from daily life and business.
Where men could catch me if I tripped; could listen without dizziness
To things they knew, and judge my art. I never crashed and lightened
And bullied people's senses out; nor tried to keep them frightened
With Magic Swans and Æthiop knights, loud barb and clanging vizor!
Then look at my disciples, too, and mark what creatures his are!
Phormisius is his product and the looby lump Megainetus,
All trumpet, lance, moustache, and glare, who twist their clubs of pine at us;
While Cleitophon is mine, sirs, and Theramenes the Matchless!
DIONYSUS. Theramenes! Ah, that's the man! All danger leaves him scratchless.
His friends may come to grief, and he be found in awkward fixes,
But always tumbles right end up, not aces—no: all sixes!

EURIPIDES.
This was the kind of lore I brought
To school my town in ways of thought;
I mingled reasoning with my art
And shrewdness, till I fired their heart
To brood, to think things through and through;
And rule their houses better, too.

DIONYSUS.
Yes, by the powers, that's very true!
No burgher now, who comes indoors,
But straight looks round the house and roars:
"Where is the saucepan gone? And who
  Has bitten that sprat's head away?
And, out, alas! The earthen pot
I bought last year, is not, is not!
  Where are the leeks of yesterday?
  And who has gnawed this olive, pray?"
Whereas, before they took his school,
Each sat at home, a simple, cool,
Religious, unsuspecting fool,
  And happy in his sheep-like way!

CHORUS. Great Achilles, gaze around thee!
'Twill astound thee and confound thee.
Answer now: but keep in bound the
  Words that off the course would tear,

Bit in teeth, in turmoil flocking.
Yes: it's monstrous—shameful—shocking—
Brave old warrior. But beware!

Don't retort with haste or passion;
Meet the squalls in sailor fashion,
Mainsail reefed and mast nigh bare;
Then, when safe beyond disaster
You may press him fiercer, faster,
Close and show yourself his master,
Once the wind is smooth and fair!

Dionysus. O thou who first of the Greeks did build great words to heaven-high towers,
And the essence of tragedy-padding distilled, give vent to thy pent-up showers.
Æschylus. I freely admit that I take it amiss, and I think my anger is just,
At having to answer a man like this. Still, lest I should seem nonplussed,
Pray, tell me on what particular ground a poet should claim admiration?
Euripides. If his art is true, and his counsel sound; and if he brings help to the nation,
By making men better in some respect.
Æschylus. And suppose you have done the reverse,
And have had upon good strong men the effect of making them weaker and worse,
What, do you say, should your recompense be?
Dionysus. The gallows! You needn't ask him.
Æschylus. Well, think what they were when he had them from me! Good six-footers, solid of limb,
Well-born, well-bred, not ready to fly from obeying their country's call,
Nor in latter-day fashion to loiter and lie, and keep their consciences small;
Their life was in shafts of ash and of elm, in bright plumes fluttering wide,
In lance and greaves and corslet and helm, and hearts of sevenfold hide!
Euripides (*aside*). Oh, now he's begun and will probably run a whole armourer's shop on my head!
(*To* Æschylus) Stop! How was it due in especial to you, if they were so very—well-bred?
Dionysus. Come, answer him, Æschylus! Don't be so hot, or smoulder in silent disdain.

Æschylus (*crushingly*). By a tragedy "brimming with Ares!"

Dionysus. A what?

Æschylus. The "Seven against Thebes."

Dionysus. Pray explain.

Æschylus. There wasn't a man could see that play but he hungered for havoc and gore.

Dionysus. I'm afraid that tells in the opposite way. For the Thebans profited more,
It urged them to fight without flinching or fear, and they did so; and long may you rue it!

Æschylus. The same thing was open to all of you here, but it didn't amuse you to do it!
Then next I taught you for glory to long, and against all odds stand fast;
That was "The Persians," which bodied in song the noblest deed of the past.

Dionysus. Yes, yes! When Darius arose from the grave it gave me genuine joy,
And the Chorus stood with its arms a-wave, and observed, "Yow—oy, Yow—oy!"

Æschylus. Yes, that's the effect for a play to produce! For observe, from the world's first start
Those poets have all been of practical use who have been supreme in their art.
First, Orpheus withheld us from bloodshed impure, and vouchsafed us the great revelation;
Musæus was next, with wisdom to cure diseases and teach divination.
Then Hesiod showed us the season to plough, to sow, and to reap. And the laurels
That shine upon Homer's celestial brow are equally due to his morals!
He taught men to stand, to march, and to arm. . . .

Dionysus. So that was old Homer's profession?
Then I wish he could keep his successors from harm, like Pantacles in the procession,
Who first got his helmet well strapped on his head, and then tried to put in the plume!

Æschylus. There be many brave men that he fashioned and bred, like Lamachus, now in his tomb.
And in his great spirit my plays had a part, with their heroes many and brave—
Teucers, Patrocluses, lions at heart; who made my citizens crave
To dash like them at the face of the foe, and leap at the call of a trumpet!—
But no Stheneboia I've given you, no; no Phædra, no heroine-strumpet!

If I've once put a woman in love in one act of one play, may my teaching be scouted!
EURIPIDES. No, you hadn't exactly the style to attract Aphrodite!
ÆSCHYLUS. I'm better without it.
A deal too much of that style she found in some of your friends and you,
And once, at the least, left you flat on the ground!
DIONYSUS. By Zeus, that's perfectly true.
If he dealt his neighbours such rattling blows, we must think how he suffered in person.
EURIPIDES. And what are the public defects you suppose my poor Stheneboia to worsen?
ÆSCHYLUS (*evading the question with a jest*). She makes good women, and good men's wives, when their hearts are weary and want ease,
Drink jorums of hemlock and finish their lives, to gratify Bellerophontes!
EURIPIDES. But did I invent the story I told of—Phædra, say? Wasn't it history?
ÆSCHYLUS. It was true, right enough; but the poet should hold such a truth enveloped in mystery,
And not represent it or make it a play. It's his duty to teach, and you know it.
As a child learns from all who may come in his way, so the grown world learns from the poet.
Oh, words of good counsel should flow from his voice—
EURIPIDES. And words like Mount Lycabettus
Or Parnes, such as you give us for choice, must needs be good counsel?—Oh, let us,
Oh, let us at least use the language of men!
ÆSCHYLUS. Flat cavil, sir! cavil absurd!
When the subject is great and the sentiment, then, of necessity, great grows the word;
When heroes give range to their hearts, is it strange if the speech of them over us towers?
Nay, the garb of them too must be gorgeous to view, and majestical, nothing like ours.
All this I saw, and established as law, till you came and spoilt it.
EURIPIDES. How so?
ÆSCHYLUS. You wrapped them in rags from old beggarmen's bags, to express their heroical woe,
And reduce the spectator to tears of compassion!
EURIPIDES. Well, what was the harm if I did?

Æschylus (*evading the question as before*). Bah, your modern rich man has adopted the fashion, for remission of taxes to bid;
"He couldn't provide a trireme if he tried"; he implores us his state to behold.
Dionysus. Though rags outside may very well hide good woolens beneath, if it's cold!
And when once he's exempted, he gaily departs and pops up at the Fishmongers' stalls.
Æschylus (*continuing*). Then, next, you have trained in the speech-making arts nigh every infant that crawls.
Oh, this is the thing that such havoc has wrought in the wrestling-school, narrowed the hips
Of the poor pale chattering children, and taught the crews of the pick of the ships
To answer back pat to their officer's nose! How unlike my old sailor of yore,
With no thought in his head but to guzzle his brose and sing as he bent at the oar!
Dionysus. And spit on the heads of the rowers below, and garrotte stray lubbers on shore!
But our new man just sails where it happens to blow, and argues, and rows no more!
Æschylus. What hasn't he done that is under the sun,
And the love-dealing dames that with him have begun?
One's her own brother's wife;
One says Life is not Life;
And one goes into shrines to give birth to a son!
Our city through him is filled to the brim
With monkeys who chatter to every one's whim;
Little scriveners' clerks
With their winks and their larks,
But for wrestle or race not a muscle in trim!
Dionysus. Not a doubt of it! Why, I laughed fit to cry
At the Panathenæa, a man to espy,
Pale, flabby, and fat,
And bent double at that,
Puffing feebly behind, with a tear in his eye;

Till there in their place, with cord and with brace,
Were the Potters assembled to quicken his pace;
And down they came, whack!
On sides, belly, and back,
Till he blew out his torch and just fled from the race!

Chorus. Never were such warriors, never
Prize so rich and feud so keen:
Dangerous, too, such knots to sever:

He drives on with stern endeavour,
He falls back, but rallies ever,
Marks his spot and stabs it clean!

Change your step, though! Do not tarry;
Other ways there be to harry
Old antagonists in art.
Show whatever sparks you carry,
Question, answer, thrust and parry—
Be they new or ancient, marry,
Let them fly, well-winged and smart!

If you fear, from former cases,
That the audience p'raps may fail
To appreciate your paces
Your allusions and your graces,
Look a moment in their faces!
They will tell another tale.

Oft from long campaigns returning
Thro' the devious roads of learning
These have wandered, books in hand:
Nature gave them keen discerning
Eyes; and you have set them burning!
Sharpest thought or deepest yearning—
Speak, and these will understand.

Euripides. Quite so; I'll turn then to his Prologues straight,
And make in that first part of tragedy
My first review in detail of this Genius!
His exposition always was obscure.
Dionysus. Which one will you examine!
Euripides. Which? Oh, lots!
First quote me that from the Oresteia, please.
Dionysus. Ho, silence in the court! Speak, Æschylus.
Æschylus (*quoting the first lines of the Choëphoroi*). "Guide of the Dead, warding a father's way,
Be thou my light and saviour, where I pray,
In this my fatherland, returned, restored."
Dionysus (*to* Euripides). You find some false lines there?
Euripides. About a dozen!
Dionysus. Why, altogether there are only three!
Euripides. But every one has twenty faults in drawing!
Æschylus *begins to interrupt*
Dionysus. No, stop, stop, Æschylus; or perhaps you'll find
Your debts run up to more than three iambics.

ÆSCHYLUS (*raging*). Stop to let *him* speak?
DIONYSUS. Well, that's my advice.
EURIPIDES. He's gone straight off some thousand miles astray.
ÆSCHYLUS. Of course it's foolery—but what do *I* care?
Point out the faults.
EURIPIDES. Repeat the lines again.
ÆSCHYLUS. "Guide of the Dead, warding a father's way, . . ."
EURIPIDES. Orestes speaks those words, I take it, standing
On his dead father's tomb?
ÆSCHYLUS. I don't deny it.
EURIPIDES. Then what's the father's way that Hermes wards?
Is it the way Orestes' father went,
To darkness by a woman's dark intent?
ÆSCHYLUS. No, no! He calls on Eriounian Hermes,
Guide of the Dead, and adds a word to say
That office is derived from Hermes' father.
EURIPIDES. That's worse than I supposed! For if your Hermes
Derives his care of dead men from his father, . . .
DIONYSUS (*interrupting*). Why, resurrectioning's the family trade!
ÆSCHYLUS. Dionysus, dull of fragrance is thy wine!
DIONYSUS. Well, say the next; and (*to* EURIPIDES) you look out for slips.
ÆSCHYLUS. "Be thou my light and saviour where I pray
In this my fatherland returned, restored."
EURIPIDES. Our noble Æschylus repeats himself.
DIONYSUS. How so?
EURIPIDES. Observe his phrasing, and you'll see.
First to this land "returned" and then "restored";
"Returned" is just the same thing as "restored."
DIONYSUS. Why, yes! It's just as if you asked your neighbour,
"Lend me a pail, or, if not that, a bucket."
ÆSCHYLUS. Oh, too much talking has bemuzzed your brain!
The words are not the same; the line is perfect.
DIONYSUS. Now, is it really? Tell me how you mean.
ÆSCHYLUS. Returning home is the act of any person
Who has a home; he comes back, nothing more;
An exile both returns and is restored!
DIONYSUS. True, by Apollo! (*To* EURIPIDES) What do you say to that?
EURIPIDES. I don't admit Orestes was restored.
He came in secret with no legal permit.
DIONYSUS. By Hermes, yes! (*aside*) I wonder what they mean!
EURIPIDES. Go on then to the next. ÆSCHYLUS *is silent*
DIONYSUS. Come, Æschylus,
Do as he says: (*to* EURIPIDES) and you look out for faults.
ÆSCHYLUS. "Yea, on this bank of death, I call my lord
To hear and list. . . ."
EURIPIDES. Another repetition!

"To hear and list"—the same thing palpably!
DIONYSUS. The man was talking to the dead, you dog,
Who are always called three times—and then don't hear.
ÆSCHYLUS. Come, how did *you* write prologues?
EURIPIDES. Oh, I'll show you.
And if you find there any repetitions
Or any irrelevant padding,—spit upon me!
DIONYSUS. Oh, do begin. I mustn't miss those prologues
In all their exquisite exactitude!
EURIPIDES. "At first was Œdipus in happy state."
ÆSCHYLUS. He wasn't! He was born and bred in misery.
Did not Apollo doom him still unborn
To slay his father? . . .
DIONYSUS (*aside*). His poor unborn father?
ÆSCHYLUS. "A happy state at first," you call it, do you?
EURIPIDES (*contemptuously resuming*). "At first was Œdipus in happy state,
Then changed he, and became most desolate."
ÆSCHYLUS. He didn't. He was never anything else!
Why, he was scarcely born when they exposed him
In winter, in a pot, that he might never
Grow up and be his father's murderer.
Then off he crawled to Polybus with sore feet,
Then married an old woman, twice his age,
Who further chanced to be his mother, then
Tore out his eyes: the lucky dog he was!
DIONYSUS. At least he fought no sea-fight with a colleague
Called Erasinides!
EURIPIDES. That's no criticism.
I write my prologues singularly well!
ÆSCHYLUS. By Zeus, I won't go pecking word by word
At every phrase; I'll take one little oil-can,
God helping me, and send your prologues pop!
EURIPIDES. My prologues pop . . . with oil-cans?
ÆSCHYLUS. Just one oil-can!
You write them so that nothing comes amiss,
The bed-quilt, or the oil-can, or the clothes-bag,
All suit your tragic verse! Wait and I'll prove it.
EURIPIDES. You'll prove it? Really?
ÆSCHYLUS. Yes.
DIONYSUS. Begin to quote.
EURIPIDES. "Ægyptus, so the tale is spread afar,
With fifty youths fled in a sea-borne car,
But, reaching Argos . . ."
ÆSCHYLUS. Found his oil-can gone!
DIONYSUS. What's that about the oil-can! Drat the thing!
Quote him another prologue, and let's see.
EURIPIDES. "Dionysus, who with wand and fawn-skin dight

On great Parnassus races in the light
Of lamps far-flashing, . . ."
ÆSCHYLUS. Found his oil-can gone!
DIONYSUS. Alas! again the oil-can finds our heart!
EURIPIDES (*beginning to reflect anxiously*). Oh, it won't come to much, though! Here's another,
With not a crack to stick the oil-can in!
"No man hath bliss in full and flawless health;
Lo, this one hath high race, but little wealth;
That, base in blood, hath . . ."
ÆSCHYLUS. Found his oil-can gone!
DIONYSUS. Euripides!
EURIPIDES. Well?
DIONYSUS. Better furl your sails;
This oil-can seems inclined to raise the wind!
EURIPIDES. Bah, I disdain to give a thought to it!
I'll dash it from his hands in half a minute.
He racks his memory
DIONYSUS. Well, quote another;—and beware of oil-cans.
EURIPIDES. "Great Cadmus long ago, Agenor's son,
From Sidon racing, . . ."
ÆSCHYLUS. Found his oil-can gone!
DIONYSUS. Oh, this is awful! Buy the thing outright,
Before it messes every blessed prologue!
EURIPIDES. I buy him off?
DIONYSUS. I strongly recommend it.
EURIPIDES. No; I have many prologues yet to cite
Where he can't find a chink to pour his oil.
"As rapid wheels to Pisa bore him on,
Tantalian Pelops . . ."
ÆSCHYLUS. Found his oil-can gone!
DIONYSUS. What did I tell you? There it sticks again!
You might let Pelops have a new one, though—
You get quite good ones very cheap just now.
EURIPIDES. By Zeus, not yet! I still have plenty left.
"From earth King Oineus, . . ."
ÆSCHYLUS. Found his oil-can gone!
EURIPIDES. You *must* first let me quote one line entire!
"From earth King Oineus goodly harvest won,
But, while he worshipped, . . ."
ÆSCHYLUS. Found his oil-can gone!
DIONYSUS. During the prayers! Who can have been the thief!
EURIPIDES (*desperately*). Oh, let him be! I defy him answer this—
"Great Zeus in heaven, the word of truth has flown, . . ."
DIONYSUS. O mercy! *His* is certain to be gone!
They bristle with long oil-cans, hedgehog-wise,
Your prologues; they're as bunged up as your eyes!
For God's sake change the subject.—Take his songs!

Euripides. Songs? Yes, I have materials to show
How bad his are, and always all alike.

Chorus. What in the world shall we look for next?
Æschylus' music! I feel perplexed
How he can want it mended.
I have always held that never a man
Had written or sung since the world began
Melodies half so splendid!
(Can he really find a mistake
In the master of inspiration?
I feel some consternation
For our Bacchic prince's sake!)

[The next one hundred lines, approximately, are devoted to a criticism of the choral metres of Æschylus and Euripides. These are so varied and different from English metres that the real points in the criticism cannot be very clearly portrayed in translation. They are therefore omitted.]

Dionysus. Come, stop the singing!
Æschylus. I've had quite enough!
What I want is to bring him to the balance;
The one sure test of what our art is worth!
Dionysus. So that's my business next? Come forward, please;
I'll weigh out poetry like so much cheese!
A large pair of scales is brought forward, while the Chorus *sing*

Chorus. Oh, the workings of genius are keen and laborious!
Here's a new wonder, incredible, glorious!
Who but this twain have the boldness of brain
To so quaint an invention to run?
Such a marvellous thing, if another had said it had
Happened to him, I should never have credited;
I should have just thought that he must
Simply be talking for fun!

Dionysus. Come, take your places by the balance.
Æschylus *and* Euripides. There!
Dionysus. Now, each take hold of it, and speak your verse,
And don't let go until I say "Cuckoo."
Æschylus *and* Euripides (*taking their stand at either side of the balance*). We have it.
Dionysus. Now, each a verse into the scale!
Euripides (*quoting the first verse of his "Medea"*). "Would God no Argo e'er had winged the brine."
Æschylus (*quoting his "Philoctetes"*). "Spercheios, and ye haunts of grazing kine!"

Dionysus. Cuckoo! Let go.—Ah, down comes Æschylus
Far lower.
Euripides. Why, what can be the explanation?
Dionysus. That river he put in, to wet his wares
The way wool-dealers do, and make them heavier!
Besides, you know, the verse you gave had wings!
Æschylus. Well, let him speak another and we'll see.
Dionysus. Take hold again then.
Æschylus *and* Euripides. There you are.
Dionysus. Now speak!
Euripides (*quoting his "Antigone"*). "Persuasion, save in speech, no temple hath."
Æschylus (*quoting his "Niobe"*). "Lo, one god craves no offering, even Death."
Dionysus. Let go, let go!
Euripides. Why, his goes down again!
Dionysus. He put in Death, a monstrous heavy thing!
Euripides. But my Persuasion made a lovely line!
Dionysus. Persuasion has no bulk and not much weight.
Do look about you for some ponderous line
To force the scale down, something large and strong.
Euripides. Where have I such a thing, now? Where?
Dionysus (*mischievously, quoting some unknown play of* Euripides). I'll tell you;
"Achilles has two aces and a four!"—
(*Aloud*) Come, speak your lines; this is the final bout.
Euripides (*quoting his "Meleager"*). "A mace of weighted iron his right hand sped."
Æschylus (*quoting his "Glaucus"*). "Chariot on chariot lay, dead piled on dead."
Dionysus (*as the scale turns*). He beats you this time too!
Euripides. How does he do it?
Dionysus. Two chariots and two corpses in the scale—
Why, ten Egyptians couldn't lift so much!
Æschylus (*breaking out*). Come, no more line-for-lines! Let him jump in
And sit in the scale himself, with all his books,
His wife, his children, his Cephisophon!
I'll back two lines of mine against the lot!

The central door opens and Pluto *with his suite comes forth*

A Voice. Room for the King!
Pluto (*to* Dionysus). Well, is the strife decided?
Dionysus (*to* Pluto). I won't decide! The men are both my friends;
Why should I make an enemy of either?
The one's so good, and I so love the other!
Pluto. In that case you must give up all you came for!
Dionysus. And if I do decide?

Pluto. Why, not to make
Your trouble fruitless, you may take away
Whichever you decide for.
Dionysus. Hearty thanks!
Now, both, approach, and I'll explain.—I came
Down here to fetch a poet: "Why a poet?"
That his advice may guide the City true
And so keep up my worship! Consequently,
I'll take whichever seems the best adviser.
Advise me first of Alcibiades,
Whose birth gives travail still to mother Athens.
Pluto. What is her disposition towards him?
Dionysus. Well,
She loves and hates, and longs still to possess.
I want the views of both upon that question!
Euripides. Out on the burgher, who to serve his state
Is slow, but swift to do her deadly hate,
With much wit for himself, and none for her.
Dionysus. Good, by Poseidon, that!—And what say you?
To Æschylus
Æschylus. No lion's whelp within thy precincts raise;
But, if it *be* there, bend thee to its ways!
Dionysus. By Zeus the Saviour, still I can't decide!
The one's so fine, the other so convincing!
Well, I must ask you both for one more judgment;
What steps do you advise to save our country?
Euripides. I know and am prepared to say!
Dionysus. Say on.
Euripides. Where Mistrust now has sway, put Trust to dwell,
And where Trust is, Mistrust; and all is well.
Dionysus. I don't quite follow. Please say that again,
Not quite so cleverly and rather plainer.
Euripides. If we count all the men whom now we trust,
Suspect; and call on those whom now we spurn
To serve us, we may find deliverance yet.
Dionysus. And what say you?
Æschylus. First tell me about the City;
What servants does she choose? The good?
Dionysus. Great Heavens,
She loathes them!
Æschylus. And takes pleasure in the vile?
Dionysus. Not she, but has perforce to let them serve her!
Æschylus. What hope of comfort is there for a City
That quarrels with her silk and hates her hodden?
Dionysus. That's just what *you* must answer, if you want
To rise again!
Æschylus. I'll answer there, not here.
Dionysus. No; better send up blessing from below.

Æschylus. Her safety is to count her enemy's land
Her own, yea, and her own her enemy's;
Her ships her treasures, and her treasure dross!
Dionysus. Good;—though it all goes down the juror's throat!
Pluto (*interrupting*). Come, give you judgment!
Dionysus. Well, I'll judge like this;
My choice shall fall on him my soul desires!
Euripides. Remember all the gods by whom you swore
To take me home with you, and choose your friend!
Dionysus. My tongue hath sworn;—but I'll choose Æschylus!
Euripides. What have you done, you traitor?
Dionysus. I? I've judged
That Æschylus gets the prize. Why shouldn't I?
Euripides. Canst meet mine eyes, fresh from thy deed of shame?
Dionysus. What is shame, that the . . . Theatre deems no shame?
Euripides. Hard heart! You mean to leave your old friend dead?
Dionysus. Who knoweth if to live is but to die? . . .
If breath is bread and sleep a woolly lie?
Pluto. Come in, then, both.
Dionysus. Again?
Pluto. To feast with me
Before you sail.
Dionysus. With pleasure! That's the way
Duly to crown a well-contented day!

Chorus. O blessed are they who possess
An extra share of brains!
'Tis a fact that more or less
All fortunes of men express;
As now, by showing
An intellect glowing,
This man his home regains;
Brings benefit far and near
To all who may hold him dear,
And staunches his country's tear,—
All because of his brains!

Then never with Socrates
Make one of the row of fools
Who gabble away at ease,
Letting art and music freeze,
And freely neglect
In every respect
The drama's principal rules!
Oh, to sit in a gloomy herd
A-scraping of word on word,

All idle and all absurd,—
That is the fate of fools!

PLUTO. Then farewell, Æschylus! Go your ways,
And save your town for happier days
By counsel wise; and a school prepare
For all the fools—there are plenty there!
And take me some parcels, I pray; this sword
Is for Cleophon; these pretty ropes for the Board
Of Providers. But ask them one halter to spare
For Nicomachus; one, too, is Myrmex's share.
And, along with this venomous
Draught for Archenomus,
Take them my confident prayer,
That they all will come here for a visit, and stay.
And bid them be quick; for, should they delay,
Or meet my request with ingratitude, say
I will fetch them myself, by Apollo!
And hurry the gang of them down with a run
All branded and chained—with Leucolophus' son
The sublime Adimantus to follow!
ÆSCHYLUS. I will do as you wish.—And as for my throne,
I beg you let Sophocles sit there alone,
On guard, till perchance I return some day;
For he—all present may mark what I say—
Is my Second in art and in wit.
And see, above all, that this Devil-may-care
Child of deceit with his mountebank air
Shall never on that imperial chair
By the wildest of accidents sit!
PLUTO. With holy torches in high display
Light ye the Marchers' triumphal advance;
Let Æschylus' music on Æschylus' way
Echo in song and in dance!
CHORUS. Peace go with him and joy in his journeying! Guide ye our poet
Forth to the light, ye Powers that reign in the Earth and below it;
Send good thoughts with him, too, for the aid of a travailing nation.
So shall we rest at the last, and forget our long desolation,
War and the clashing of wrong.—And for Cleophon, why, if he'd rather,
Let him fight all alone with his friends, in the far-off fields of his father.

They all go off in a procession, escorting ÆSCHYLUS.

—GILBERT MURRAY.

V. *IDEALS OF FREEDOM AND UNION*

Public speech was always practised in Greece, but came to its perfection in a democratic society in which the mass of citizens directly decided questions of state policy, great and small. Any citizen might harangue his fellows; but to influence their action persuasive speech was essential, and many gave their attention to it. In a time when professional agencies for the distribution of news were quite unknown, leading officials of a city often addressed the people simply to inform them of conditions. At Athens, too, every man engaged in a law-suit had to appear and plead for himself. This regulation not only fostered proficiency in public speaking among the rank and file, but finally brought into being a class of orators who devoted their talents to composing law-court speeches to order for a fee. In other words they were professional speech-writers. They were in great demand in a city like Athens in which litigation was most prevalent. The speeches of Lysias show to what perfection this branch of the art of oratory was developed.

In literature as early as the Homeric poems there is abundant evidence of the importance of public speech. In historic times Solon, Themistocles, and Pericles undoubtedly owed their commanding position in part to their oratorical ability. But only from a later period have genuine speeches come down to us. And it was only in a later period, the last quarter of the fifth century B.C., that oratory was technically developed as a branch of literature.

Two influences, that of the sophists, and that of the rhetoricians, both originally from outside of Athens, carried on the development. The sophists were professional teachers of all subjects which would train the youth for public life, oratory included. They promoted discussion of any and all possible questions and argumentation, though often more specious than convincing. Rhetoricians, at first under influences from the Greeks of Sicily, studied the theory and the practice of oratory. They analyzed speech-making, wrote practical treatises, and taught. These professional influences with the still greater influence of conditions of society carried the art in Athens to heights never again reached in ancient times.

Public speakers must of course deal with situations of the moment. Idealistic they may be, and often are; but they can not afford to be too theoretical; they must be practical to some degree for they have before them an audience to convince. Political ideals, programs for peace and union, as presented in extant speeches, must be thought to be of a kind that would appeal to the ordinary citizen. In reading orations then one may get very close to the ideas of the average man in the Athenian democracy.

THE GRAIN LAWS MUST BE OBEYED

Lysias

AGAINST THE CORN DEALERS[1]

Lysias was born at Athens of Syracusan parents not later than about 440 B.C., and lived there as a resident alien most of his life. His death took place about 380 B.C.

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[1] Reprinted by permission of the publishers from Loeb Classical Library, *Lysias*, translated by W. R. M. Lamb, Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, 1930.

Lysias' talents for oratory were spent almost exclusively in writing speeches for others to use. He made a decided advance in oratorical prose in the direction of simplicity and clearness, bringing it closer to everyday speech and making it a more natural tool for the average man. He exhibited a remarkable ability also for suiting a speech to the character of the person for whom it was written. He is said to have "proved himself superior to all other orators in attributing to each individual his appropriate emotions, characteristics, and actions."

Few important states have depended on imports more than Athens did. Among the more urgently needed imports was grain; and keeping an adequate grain supply was a major concern, as the officials, regulations, and laws concerned with it—some even carrying the death penalty—amply show. This oration shows that Athens had its grain dealers who were quite ready to tamper with the grain supply and to resort to any and all tricks to run the price up outrageously within a single day. It shows also what a touchy subject this was at the time.

This oration was delivered by some senator before an Athenian court sometime around 394-387 B.C.

Many people have come to me, gentlemen of the jury, in surprise at my accusing the corn-dealers in the Council, and are telling me that you, however sure you are of their guilt, none the less regard those who deliver speeches about them as slander-mongers. I therefore propose to speak first of the grounds on which I have found it necessary to accuse them.

When the Committee of the time brought up their case before the Council, the anger felt against them was such that some of the orators said that they ought to be handed over without trial to the Eleven, for the penalty of death. But I, thinking it monstrous that the Council should get into the way of such practice, rose and said that in my opinion we ought to try the corn-dealers in accordance with the law; for I thought that if they had committed acts deserving of death you would be no less able than we to come to a just decision, while, if they were not guilty, they ought not to perish without trial. After the Council adopted this view, attempts were made to discredit me by saying that I hoped to save the corn-dealers by these remarks. Now before the Council, when the case came up for their hearing, I justified myself in a practical way: while the rest kept quiet, I rose and accused these men, and made it evident to all that my remarks were not made in their defence, but in support of the established laws. Well, these were my reasons for beginning my task, in fear of those incriminations; but I consider it would be disgraceful to leave off before you have given such verdict upon them as you may prefer.

So, first of all, go up on the daïs. Tell me, sir, are you a resident alien? Yes. Do you reside as an alien to obey the city's laws, or to do just as you please? To obey. Must you not, then, expect to be put to death, if you have committed a breach of the laws for which death is the penalty? I must. Then answer me: do you acknowledge that you bought up corn in excess of the fifty measures which the law sets as the limit? I bought it up on an order from the magistrates.

Well now, gentlemen, if he proves that there is a law which orders the corn-dealers to buy up the corn on an order from the magistrates, acquit him: if not, it is just that you should condemn him. For we have produced to you the law which forbids anyone in the city to buy up corn in excess of fifty measures.

This accusation of mine should have sufficed, gentlemen of the jury, since this man acknowledges that he bought up the corn, while the law clearly forbids him to do so; and you have sworn to decide in accordance with the laws. Nevertheless, in order that you may be convinced that they are actually traducing the magistrates, it is necessary to speak of them at some greater length. For since these men shifted the blame on to them, we called the magistrates before us and questioned them. Two of them denied any knowledge of the matter; but Anytus stated that in the previous winter, as the corn was dear, and these men were outbidding each other and fighting amongst themselves, he had advised them to cease their competition, judging it beneficial to you, their customers, that they should purchase at as reasonable a price as possible: for they were bound, in selling, to add no more than an obol to the price. Now, that he did not order them to buy up the corn for holding in store, but only advised them not to buy against each other, I will produce to you Anytus himself as witness.

Testimonies

These statements were made by him in the time of the former Council, whereas these men evidently bought up the corn in the time of the present one.

So now you have heard that it was not on an order from the magistrates that they bought up the corn; yet, in my opinion, however true their statements may be on these points, they will not be clearing themselves, but only accusing the magistrates. For where we have laws expressly drafted for the case, surely punishment should fall alike on those who disobey them and on those who order an infringement of them.

But in fact, gentlemen of the jury, I believe they will not have recourse to this argument, but will repeat, perhaps, what they said before the Council,—that it was in kindness to the city that they bought up the corn, so that they might sell it to you at as reasonable a price as possible. But I will give you a very strong and signal proof that they are lying. If they were doing this for your benefit, they ought to have been found selling it at the same price for a number of days, until the stock that they had bought up was exhausted. But in fact they were selling at a profit of a drachma several times in the same day, as though they were buying by the medimnus at a time. I adduce you as witnesses of this. And it seems to me a strange thing that, when they have to contribute to a special levy of which everyone is to have knowledge, they refuse, making poverty their pretext; but illegal acts, for which death is the penalty, and in which secrecy was important to them,—these they assert that they committed in kindness to you. Yet you are all aware that they are the last persons to whom such statements are appropriate. For their interests are the opposite of other men's: they make most profit when, on some bad news reaching the city, they sell their corn at a high price. And they are so delighted to see your disasters that they either get news of them in advance of anyone else, or fabricate the rumour themselves; now it is the loss of your ships in the Black Sea, now the capture of vessels on their outward voyage by the Lacedæmonians, now the blockade of your trading ports, or the impending rupture of the truce; and they have carried their enmity to such lengths that they choose the same critical moments as your foes to overreach you. For, just when you find yourselves worst off for corn, these persons snap it up and refuse to sell it, in order to prevent our disputing about the price: we are to be glad enough if we come away from them with a purchase made at any price, however high. And thus at times, although there is peace, we are besieged by these men. So long is it now that the city has been convinced of their knavery and disaffection that, while for the sale of all other commodities you have appointed the market-clerks as controllers, for this trade alone you elect special corn-controllers by lot; and often you have been known to inflict the extreme penalty on those officials, who were citizens, for having failed to defeat the villainy of these men. Now, what should be your treatment of the actual offenders, when you put to death even those who are unable to control them?

You should reflect that it is impossible for you to vote an acquittal. For if you reject the charge, when they admit that they are combining against the traders, you will be regarded as aiming a blow at the importers. If they were putting up some other defence, nobody could censure a verdict for acquittal; for it rests with you to choose which side you are to believe. But, as matters stand, your action cannot but be thought extraordinary, if you dismiss unpunished those who confess to breaking the law. Remember, gentlemen of the jury, that many in the past have met this charge with denial, and have produced witnesses; yet you have condemned them to death because you gave more credence to the statements of their accusers. But surely it would be astounding if, in passing judgement on the same offences, you are more eager to punish those who deny! And, moreover, gentlemen, I conceive it is obvious to you all that suits of this kind are of the closest concern to the people of our city; and hence they will inquire what view you take of such matters, in the belief that, if you condemn these men to death, the rest will be brought to better order; while if you dismiss them unpunished, you will have voted them full licence to do just as they please. You must chastise them, gentlemen, not only on account of the past, but also to give an example for the future: even so these people will be barely tolerable. Consider that great numbers in this business have been tried for their lives: so much profit do they make by it that they choose rather to risk death every day than to cease making illicit gain out of you. Nay, more, not even if they implore and beseech you, would you be justified in taking pity on them: far rather ought you to pity those of our citizens who perished by their villainy, and the traders against whom they have combined. These you will gratify and render more zealous by punishing the accused. Otherwise, what do you suppose their feelings will be, when they learn that you have acquitted the retailers who confessed to overreaching the importers?

I do not see what more there is to say: when suits against other malefactors are heard, you have to get your information from the accusers; whereas the villainy of these men is understood by you all. So, if you convict them, you will both do justice and buy your corn at a fairer price: otherwise, it will be dearer.

—W. R. M. Lamb.

DO NOT DEPRIVE THE UNFORTUNATE

Lysias

FOR THE CRIPPLE[1]

Athens too dealt with the vexing problem of state aid for war orphans and for certain physically disabled individuals. Such aid (about three cents a day in this case) was voted, it seems, by the Senate and had to be confirmed each year by that body. This meant that any person with a grudge against the recipient of such aid could appear and contest the grant each year. The present oration seems to have been delivered by a cripple before the Senate to answer such an objection.

Nothing is known of the date of the speech, except that it was later than the fall of the Thirty (403 B.C.).

I can almost find it in me to be grateful to my accuser, gentlemen of the Council, for having involved me in these proceedings. For previously I had no excuse for rendering an account of my life; but now, owing to this man, I have got one. So I will try to show you in my speech that this man is lying, and that my own life until this day has been deserving of praise rather than envy; for it is merely from envy, in my opinion, that he has involved me in this ordeal. But I ask you, if a man envies those whom other people pity, from what villainy do you think such a person would refrain? Is it possible that he hopes to get money by slandering me? And if he makes me out an enemy on whom he seeks to be avenged, he lies; for his villainy has always kept me from having any dealings with him either as a friend or as an enemy. So now, gentlemen, it is clear that he envies me because, although I have to bear this sore misfortune, I am a better citizen than he is. For indeed I consider, gentlemen, that one ought to remedy the afflictions of the body with the activities of the spirit; for if I am to keep my thoughts and the general tenor of my life on the level of my misfortune, how shall I be distinguished from this man?

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[1] Reprinted by permission of the publishers from Loeb Classical Library, *Lysias,* translated by W. R. M. Lamb, Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, 1930.

Well, in regard to those matters, let these few words of mine suffice: I will now speak as briefly as I can on the points with which I am here concerned. My accuser says that I have no right to receive my civil pension, because I am able-bodied and not classed as disabled, and because I am skilled in a trade which would enable me to live without this grant. In proof of my bodily strength, he instances that I mount on horseback; of the affluence arising from my trade, that I am able to associate with people who have means to spend. Now, as to the affluence from my trade and the nature of my livelihood in general, I think you are all acquainted with these: I will, however, make some brief remarks of my own. My father left me nothing, and I have only ceased supporting my mother on her decease two years ago; while as yet I have no children to take care of me. I possess a trade that can give me but slight assistance: I already find difficulty in carrying it on myself, and as yet I am unable to procure someone to relieve me of the work. I have no other income besides this dole, and if you deprive me of it I might be in danger of finding myself in the most grievous plight. Do not, therefore, gentlemen, when you can save me justly, ruin me unjustly; what you granted me when I was younger and stronger, do not take from me when I am growing older and weaker; nor, with your previous reputation for showing the utmost compassion even towards those who are in no trouble, be moved now by this man to deal harshly with those who are objects of pity even to their enemies; nor, by having the heart to wrong me, cause everyone else in my situation to despond. And indeed, how extraordinary the case would be, gentlemen! When my misfortune was but simple, I am found to have been receiving this pension; but now, when old age, diseases, and the ills that attend on them are added to my trouble, I am to be deprived of it! The depth of my poverty, I believe, can be revealed more clearly by my accuser than by anyone else on earth. For if I were charged with the duty of producing tragic drama, and should challenge him to an exchange of property, he would prefer being the producer ten times over to making the exchange once. Surely it is monstrous that he should now accuse me of having such great affluence that I can consort on equal terms with the wealthiest people, while, in the event of such a thing as I have suggested, he should make that choice. Why, what could be more villainous?

As to my horsemanship, which he has dared to mention to you, feeling neither awe of fortune nor shame before you, there is not much to tell. For I, gentlemen, am of opinion that all who suffer from some affliction make it their single aim and constant study to manage the condition that has befallen them with the least amount of discomfort. I am such an one, and in the misfortune that has stricken me I have devised this facility for myself on the longer journeys that I find necessary. But the strongest proof, gentlemen, of the fact that I mount horses because of my misfortune, and not from insolence, as this man alleges, is this: if I were a man of means, I should ride on a saddled mule, and would not mount other men's horses. But in fact, as I am unable to acquire anything of the sort, I am compelled, now and again, to use other men's horses. Well, I ask you, gentlemen, is it not extraordinary that, if he saw me riding on a saddled mule, he would hold his peace,—for what could he say?—and then, because I mount borrowed horses, he should try to persuade you that I am able-bodied; and that my using two sticks, while others use one, should not be argued by him against me as a sign of being able-bodied, but my mounting horses should be advanced by him as a proof to you that I am able-bodied? For I use both aids for the same reason.

So utterly has he surpassed the whole human race in impudence that he tries with his single voice to persuade you all that I am not classed as disabled. Yet if he should persuade any of you on this point, gentlemen, what hinders me from drawing a lot for election as one of the nine archons, and you from depriving me of my obol as having sound health, and voting it unanimously to this man as being a cripple? For surely, after you have deprived a man of the grant as being able-bodied, the law-officers are not going to debar this same person, as being disabled, from drawing a lot! Nay, indeed, you are not of the same opinion as he is, nor is he either, and rightly so. For he has come here to dispute over my misfortune as if over an heiress, and he tries to persuade you that I am not the sort of man that you all see me to be; but you—as is incumbent on men of good sense—have rather to believe your own eyes than this person's words.

He says that I am insolent, savage, and utterly abandoned in my behavior, as though he needed the use of terrifying terms to speak the truth, and could not do it in quite gentle language. But I expect you, gentlemen, to distinguish clearly between those people who are at liberty to be insolent and those who are debarred from it. For insolence is not likely to be shown by poor men labouring in the utmost indigence, but by those who possess far more than the necessaries of life; nor by men disabled in body, but by those who have most reason to rely on their own strength; nor by those already advanced in years, but by those who are still young and have a youthful turn of mind. For the wealthy purchase with their money escape from the risks that they run, whereas the poor are compelled to moderation by the pressure of their want. The young are held to merit indulgence from their elders; but if their elders are guilty of offence, both ages unite in reproaching them. The strong are at liberty to insult whomsoever they will with impunity, but the weak are unable either to beat off their aggressors when insulted, or to get the better of their victims if they choose to insult. Hence it seems to me that my accuser was not serious in speaking of my insolence, but was only jesting: his purpose was, not to persuade you that such is my nature, but to set me in a comic light, as a fine stroke of fancy.

He further asserts that my shop is the meeting-place of a number of rogues who have spent their own money and hatch plots against those who wish to preserve theirs. But you must all take note that these statements of his are no more accusations against me than against any one else who has a trade, nor against those who visit my shop any more than those who frequent other men of business. For each of you is in the habit of paying a call at either a perfumer's or a barber's or a shoemaker's shop, or wherever he may chance to go,—in most cases, it is to the tradesmen who have set up nearest the market-place, and in fewest, to those who are farthest from it. So if any of you should brand with roguery the men who visit my shop, clearly you must do the same to those who pass their time in the shops of others; and if to them, to all the Athenians: for you are all in the habit of paying a call and passing your time at some shop or other.

But really I see no need for me to be so very particular in rebutting each one of the statements that he has made, and to weary you any longer. For if I have argued the principal points, what need is there to dwell seriously on trifles in the same way as he does? But I beg you all, gentlemen of the Council, to hold the same views concerning me as you have held till now. Do not be led by this man to deprive me of the sole benefit in my country of which fortune has granted me a share, nor let this one person prevail on you to withdraw now what you all agreed to grant me in the past. For, gentlemen, since Heaven had deprived us of the chiefest things, the city voted us this pension, regarding the chances of evil and of good as the same for all alike. Surely I should be the most miserable of creatures if, after being deprived by my misfortune of the fairest and greatest things, the accuser should cause me the loss of that which the city bestowed in her thoughtful care for men in my situation. No, no, gentlemen; you must not vote that way. And why should I find you thus inclined? Because anyone has ever been brought to trial at my instance and lost his fortune? There is nobody who can prove it. Well, is it that I am a busybody, a hot-head, a seeker of quarrels? That is not the sort of use I happen to make of such means of subsistence as I have. That I am grossly insolent and savage? Even he would not allege this himself, except he should wish to add one more to the series of his lies. Or that I was in power at the time of the Thirty, and oppressed a great number of the citizens? But I went into exile with your people to Chalcis, and when I was free to live secure as a citizen with those persons, I chose to depart and share your perils. I therefore ask you, gentlemen of the Council, not to treat me, a man who has committed no offence, in the same way as those who are guilty of numerous wrongs, but to give the same vote as the other Councils did on my case, remembering that I am neither rendering an account of State moneys placed in my charge, nor undergoing now an inquiry into my past proceedings in any office, but that the subject of this speech of mine is merely an obol. In this way you will all give the decision that is just, while I, in return for that, will feel duly grateful to you; and this man will learn in the future not to scheme against those who are weaker than himself, but only to overreach his equals.

—W. R. M. LAMB.

THE PRIMACY OF ATHENS[1]

ISOCRATES

[From the *Panegyricus*]

Isocrates, who was born at Athens in 436 and died in 338 B.C., was most successful as a teacher of rhetoric and political theory. Most of his writings, of which twenty-one speeches and nine letters are extant, are devoted mainly to questions of politics, with the central theme running through them of the necessity of Greek unity to meet threatening attacks from without. His dream as a rhetorician was to establish oratory on a philosophical basis and to work out its principles as an art in such a way as to win for it recognition like that accorded poetry.

He perfected a flowery, periodic style, and introduced rhythms into prose, particularly at the close of periods. The simple style of Lysias gave way to an effort for display, which to a modern reader often must seem overdone. Doubtless its success depended on proper delivery. It was largely imitated by Greek, and later Roman, orators, and through Cicero's works has had an influence on literary prose in modern times. Isocrates' principal works are the Areopagiticus *in which he would restore to the Areopagus its ancient powers, and the* Panegyricus.

Isocrates claimed leadership for Athens in the new and unified nation he was struggling for not merely because of what she had achieved politically, but also and chiefly because of her intellectual and cultural supremacy. He developed this idea in the Panegyricus *delivered in 380 B.C.*

In the first place, then, the first need of our nature was supplied by the agency of our state; for even though the story is a mythical one, yet it is fit to be told even at the present day. When Demeter came into the country in her wandering, after the rape of Persephone, and was kindly disposed to our forefathers on account of the services they rendered her, which can be told to none but the initiated, she bestowed two gifts which surpass all others: the fruits of the earth, which have saved us from the life of wild beasts, and the mystic rite, the partakers in which have brighter hopes concerning the end of life and the eternity beyond,—under these circumstances Athens showed such love for men, as well as for the gods, that, when she became mistress of these great blessings, she did not grudge them to the rest of the world, but shared her advantages with all. Now as to the festival, we to this day celebrate it every year; and as to the fruits of the earth, Athens has once for all taught the uses to which they can be put, the operations which they require, and the benefits which arise from them. Indeed no one will venture to disbelieve this statement, after I have made a few additional remarks. For in the first place, the very considerations which would lead a man to despise the story on account of its antiquity, would give him probable reason to suppose that the events had actually happened; for that many have told the story of these events, and all have heard it, should make us regard it, though not recent, yet as worthy of belief. In the second place, we can not only take refuge in the fact that we have received the tradition and rumour from a distant period, but we can also produce greater proofs than this of these things. For most of the cities of Hellas, as a memorial of our old services, send to us each year first-fruits of their corn, and those that omit to do so have often been commanded by the Pythia to pay the due proportion of their produce and perform their ancestral duties to our state. Yet can anything have stronger claims on our belief than that which is the subject of divine ordinance and of widespread approval in Hellas, where ancient story bears common witness to present deeds, and modern events agree with the legends of men of old? Besides this, if we leave all this out of consideration and take a survey from the beginning, we shall find that those who first appeared upon the earth did not at once find life in its present condition, but little by little procured for themselves its advantages. Whom then should we think most likely either to receive it as a gift from the gods or to win it by their own efforts? Surely those who are admitted to have been the first to exist, and are at once most highly gifted for the pursuits of life and most piously disposed towards the gods. Now what high honour ought to accrue to those who have produced such great blessings, it were a superfluous task to point out; for no one could find a reward commensurate with what has been achieved.

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So much then concerning the greatest of our good works, first accomplished and most universal in its effects. But, in the same period, Athens, seeing the barbarians occupying the greater part of the country, and the Hellenes confined in a small space and driven by scarcity of land into intestine conspiracies and civil wars, and perishing, either from want of daily necessities or in war, was not content to leave things so, but sent forth leaders into the states who took those most in need of subsistence, made themselves their generals and conquered the barbarians in war, founded many states on both continents, colonized all the islands, and saved both those who followed them and those who stayed behind; for to the latter they left the home country sufficient for their needs, and the former they provided with more territory than they already possessed; for they acquired all the surrounding districts of which we are now in occupation. In this way too they afforded great facilities to those who in later times wished to send out colonists and to imitate our state; for it was not necessary for them to run risk in acquiring new territory, but they could go and live on land which we had marked out. Now who can show a leadership more ancestral than one which arose before most Hellenic cities were founded, or more beneficial than one which drove the barbarians from their homes, and led on the Hellenes to such prosperity?

Yet, after aiding in the accomplishment of the most pressing duties, Athens did not neglect the rest, but deemed it the first step only in a career of beneficence to find food for those in want, a step which is incumbent upon a people who aim at good government generally, and thinking that life which was limited to mere subsistence was not enough to make men desire to live, she devoted such close attention to the other interests of man, that of all the benefits which men enjoy, not derived from the gods but which we owe to our fellow-men, none have arisen without the aid of Athens, and most of them have been brought about by her agency. For finding the Hellenes living in lawlessness and dwelling in a scattered fashion, oppressed by tyrannies or being destroyed by anarchy, she also released them from these evils, either by becoming mistress of them or by making herself an example; for she was the first to lay down laws and establish a constitution. This is clear from the fact that, when men in the earliest times introduced indictments for homicide, and determined to settle their mutual disputes by argument and not by violence, they followed our laws in the mode of trial which they adopted.

Nay more, the arts also, whether useful for the necessities of life or contrived for pleasure, were by her either invented or put to proof and offered to the rest of the world for their use. In other respects, moreover, she ordered her administration in such a spirit of welcome to strangers and of friendliness to all, as to suit both those who were in want of money and those who desired to enjoy the wealth they possessed, and not to fail in serving either the prosperous, or those who were unfortunate in their own states, but so that each of these classes finds with us a delightful sojourn or a safe refuge. And further, since the territory possessed by the several states was not in every case self-sufficing, but was defective in some products and bore more than was sufficient of others, and much embarrassment arose where to dispose of the latter, and from whence to import the former, she provided a remedy for these troubles also; for she established the

Piræus as a market in the centre of Hellas, of such superlative excellence that articles, which it is difficult for the several states to supply to each other one by one, can all be easily procured from Athens.

Now those who established the great festivals are justly praised for handing down to us a custom which leads us to make treaties with one another, to reconcile the enmities that exist among us, and to assemble in one place; besides that, in making common prayers and sacrifices we are reminded of the original bond of kinship between us, and are more kindly disposed towards each other for the future, we renew old friendships and make new ones, and neither for ordinary men nor for those of distinguished qualities is the time idly spent, but by the concourse of Hellenes opportunity arises for the latter to display their natural excellencies, and for the former to be spectators of their mutual contests, and neither spend their time dissatisfied, but each has whereof to be proud, the spectators when they see the competitors toiling on their behalf, and the competitors when they think that everyone has come to look at them. Great then as are the benefits we derive from the assemblies, in these respects, too, our state is not left behind. For indeed she can show many most beautiful spectacles, some passing all bounds in expenditure, others of high artistic repute, and some excelling in both these respects; then, the multitude of strangers who visit us is so great, that if there is any advantage in mutual intercourse, that also has been compassed by her. In addition to this, you can find with us the truest friendships and the most varied acquaintanceships; and, moreover, see contests not merely of speed and strength, but also of oratory and mind, and in all other productions of art, and for these the greatest prizes. For in addition to those which the state herself offers, she also helps to persuade others to bestow the like; for those recognized by us receive such credit as to be universally approved. Apart from this, whereas the other festivals are assembled at long intervals and soon dispersed, our state, on the contrary, is for those who visit her one long festival without ceasing.

Practical philosophy, moreover, which helped to discover and establish all these institutions, which at once educated us for action and softened our mutual intercourse, which distinguished calamities due to ignorance from those which spring from necessity, and taught us to avoid the former and nobly to endure the latter, was introduced by Athens; she also paid honour to eloquence, which all men desire, and begrudge to those who are skilled in it: for she was aware that this is the only distinguishing characteristic which we of all creatures possess, and that by this we have won our position of superiority to all the rest of them; she saw that in other spheres of action men's fortunes are so capricious that often in them the wise fail and the foolish succeed, and that the proper and skilful use of language is beyond the reach of men of poor capacity, but is the function of a soul of sound wisdom, and that those who are considered clever or stupid differ from each other mainly in this respect; she saw, besides, that men who have received a liberal education from the very first are not to be known by courage, or wealth, or such-like advantages, but are most clearly recognised by their speech, and that this is the surest token which is manifested of the education of each one of us, and that those who make good use of language are not only influential in their own states, but also held in honour among other people. So far has Athens left the rest of mankind behind in thought and expression that her pupils have become the teachers of the world, and she has made the name of Hellas distinctive no longer of race but of intellect, and the title of Hellene a badge of education rather than of common descent.

But that I may not seem to be lingering over details of my subject when I proposed to treat of the whole, nor to be eulogizing Athens on these grounds from inability to praise her for her achievements in war, I will say no more to those who take pride in what I have mentioned; but I think that our forefathers deserve to be honoured as much for the dangers they incurred as for the rest of their services. Neither small nor few nor obscure were the struggles they endured, but many and terrible and great, some for their own country, others for the general liberty; for during the whole time they did not cease to open their state to all, and were the champions of those among the Hellenes who from time to time were the victims of oppression. For that very reason some accuse us of a foolish policy, in that we have been accustomed to support the weaker, as if such arguments did not rather justify our admirers. For it was not in ignorance of the superiority of great alliances in regard to security that we took these counsels concerning them, but, while knowing much more accurately than other men the results of such a course, we nevertheless preferred to help the weak even against our interest rather than for profit's sake to join in the oppressions of the strong. . . .

Now I ought, I think, to speak also of the achievements of Athens against the barbarians, especially as the leadership of Hellas against them was the original subject of my speech. Now if I were to enumerate all the perils we went through I should be telling too long a tale; but in dealing with the greatest of them I will try to adopt the same method of narration that I followed just now. For the races best fitted for rule and the possessors of the widest imperial power are the Scythians, the Thracians, and the Persians, and it happens that all these have had hostile designs against us, and that our state has fought decisively against all of them. Now what argument will be left for my opponents, if I can prove that, if any of the Hellenes were unable to get justice, it was to Athens that they directed their petitions, and that, when barbarians wished to enslave Hellas, Athens was the first object of their attacks? . . .

Now honourable indeed are these deeds, and befitting those who dispute for the leadership; but akin to those which I have mentioned, and such as were to be expected from the descendants of men so great, were the achievements of those who made war against Darius and

Xerxes. For although that was the greatest war ever set on foot, and never had so many perilous struggles taken place at one and the same time—against enemies who fancied themselves irresistible on account of their numbers, and allies who considered their valour unsurpassable—our ancestors conquered both, in the way that was suitable in each case, and proving superior in the face of every danger, earned as an immediate reward the meed of valour, and not long afterwards obtained the dominion of the sea, at the gift of the rest of the Hellenes, and without dispute from those who now seek to rob us of it.

Now let no one think me ignorant that the Lacedæmonians, too, in those critical times deserved credit for many good services to Hellas; but on this account I have even more reason to praise our state, in that, in conflict with such great competitors, she proved so far superior to them. But I wish to speak a little more at length about these two states, and not to skim over the subject too quickly, that it may be to us a memorial, both of the valour of our ancestors and of the hatred of the barbarians. And yet I am not unaware that it is difficult for one who comes latest to the task to speak of a subject long ago occupied by previous speakers, and on which those citizens best able to speak have often spoken on the occasion of public funerals; for it follows that the chief part must have been already used up, and only a few unimportant points omitted. Nevertheless, starting from what still remains to be said, since it is convenient for my purpose, I must not shrink from making mention concerning them.

Now I think that the greatest services have been rendered and the greatest praises deserved by those who exposed their persons in the forefront of danger for the sake of Hellas; yet it is not fair either to forget those who lived before this war and held power in these two states respectively. For they it was who trained beforehand those coming after them, inclined the multitude to virtue, and created formidable antagonists for the barbarians. For they did not despise the public interests, nor enjoy the resources of the state as their own, while neglecting her interests as no concern of theirs; but they were as solicitous for the common welfare as for their own domestic happiness, and at the same time properly stood aloof from matters which did not affect them. They did not estimate happiness by the standard of money, but they thought that the surest and best wealth was possessed by the man who pursued such conduct as would enable him to gain the best reputation for himself and leave behind the greatest fame for his children. They did not emulate one another's shameless audacity, nor cultivate effrontery in their own persons, but deemed it more terrible to be ill-spoken of by their fellow-citizens than to die nobly for the state, and were more ashamed of public errors than they are now of their own personal faults. The reason of this was that they took care that their laws should be exact and good, those concerned with the relations of every-day life even more than those that had to do with private contracts. For they knew that good men and true will have no need of many written documents, but, whether on public or private matters, will easily come to an agreement by the aid of a few recognised principles. Such was their public spirit, that the object of their political parties was to dispute, not which should destroy the other and rule over the rest, but which should be first in doing some service to the state; and they organized their clubs, not for their private interests, but for the benefit of the people. They pursued the same method in their dealings with other states, treating the Hellenes with deference and not with insolence, considering that their rule over them should be that of a general, not of a despot, and desiring to be addressed as leaders rather than masters, and to be entitled saviours and not reviled as destroyers; they won over states by kindness instead of overthrowing them by force; they made their word more trustworthy than their oath is now, and thought it their duty to abide by treaties as by the decrees of necessity; not proud of their power so much as ambitious to live in self-restraint, they thought it right to have the same feelings towards their inferiors as they expected their superiors to have towards them, and they considered their own cities as merely private towns, while they looked upon Hellas as their common fatherland. Possessed of such ideas, and educating the younger generation in such manners, they brought to light such valiant men in those who fought against the barbarians from Asia, that no one, either poet or sophist, has ever yet been able to speak in a manner worthy of their achievements. And I can readily excuse them; for it is just as hard to praise those who have surpassed the virtues of other men as those who have never done anything good; for whereas the latter have no deeds to support them, the former have no language befitting them. For what language could be commensurate with the deeds of men who were so far superior to those who made the expedition against Troy, that, while they spent ten years against one city, those men in a short time defeated the whole might of Asia, and not only saved their own countries but also liberated the whole of Hellas? And what deeds or toils or dangers would they have shrunk from attempting in order to win living reputations, when they were so readily willing to lose their lives for the sake of a posthumous fame? And I even think that the war must have been contrived by one of the gods in admiration of their valour, that men of such quality should not remain in obscurity nor end their lives ingloriously, but should be thought worthy of the same rewards as those children of the gods who are called demi-gods; for even their bodies the gods rendered up to the inflexible laws of nature, but made immortal the memory of their valour.

Now, continuous as was the jealousy between our ancestors and the Lacedæmonians, yet in those times they exercised their rivalry for the highest objects, considering themselves to be not enemies but competitors, and not courting the barbarian with a view to the servitude of Hellas, but having one aim in the common safety, their only rivalry being which of them should achieve it. Now the first proof they gave of their high qualities was on the occasion of the expedition sent by Darius: for when the enemy landed in Attica our ancestors on their part did not wait for their allies; but, treating the public peril as if it were their own, they went with their own forces alone to meet a foe who had despised the whole of Hellas, prepared with their small numbers to encounter many myriads, as if other men's lives and not their own were at stake; and the Lacedæmonians no sooner heard of the war in Attica than, neglecting everything else, they came to help us, making as much haste as if their own country were being laid waste. A proof of their rapidity and emulation is that our ancestors are said on one and the same day to have heard of the landing of the barbarians, marched out to protect the borders of their territory, fought a victorious engagement and set up a trophy over their enemies, while the Lacedæmonians in three days and as many nights traversed twelve hundred stadia in marching order. So strenuously did they hasten, the one to share in the dangers, and the others to fight before reinforcements should arrive. The next occasion was that of the subsequent expedition, which Xerxes led in person, leaving his royal residence and making bold to become a general, and collecting all Asia together; in the description of whose fall the highest flights of eloquence have fallen short of the reality. He reached such a pitch of arrogance that, deeming it a small task to subdue Hellas, and wishing to leave such a memorial behind him as human nature cannot attain to, he did not cease till he had devised and forced to completion the feat which is in everyone's mouth, of sailing with his army across the mainland and marching on foot through the sea, by bridging the Hellespont, and cutting a canal through Athos.

It was one, then, of such lofty pride and such great achievements, master of so many men, that they went to encounter, dividing the risk between them,—the Lacedæmonians to Thermopylæ against his land forces, choosing a thousand of their number and taking a few of their allies with them, intending in the narrow pass to bar their further advance, and our ancestors to Artemisium, having manned sixty triremes against the whole fleet of the enemy. And they took heart to do these things, not so much from contempt of their enemies as in rivalry with each other, the Lacedæmonians envying our state the battle of Marathon and seeking to do the like, and fearing lest twice in succession Athens should bring deliverance to the Hellenes, while our people on their part wished above all to preserve their existing fame, and to make it clear to all that their former victory too was due to valour and not to luck, and in the next place also to encourage the Hellenes to undertake a sea-fight, by proving to them that in naval ventures just as in those by land it is the prowess of the common people that prevails. But though they displayed equal daring, their fortunes were not alike; the Lacedæmonians were destroyed—their spirits were victorious—their bodies only fainted and failed (for indeed it would be a sin to say that they were defeated; for no one of them deigned to flee); our ancestors on their part defeated the advanced squadron, but when they heard that the enemy were masters of the pass, they sailed back home, arranged affairs in the city, and directed the remainder of their efforts so well, that, many and glorious as were their previous achievements, they excelled yet more in the closing scenes of their perils. For . . . though they might have not merely escaped the dangers besetting them, but have received special distinctions, which the Great King offered them in the belief that, if he added the fleet of our state to his forces, he would immediately conquer Peloponnesus as well,—they would hear nothing of his gifts, nor did they in anger against the Hellenes for their betrayal gladly hasten to make terms with the barbarians, but for their own part they made ready to fight for freedom, and forgave the others for preferring slavery. For they considered that, though the humble states were right in seeking safety by every means, those which claimed to be at the head of Hellas could not possibly try to escape their peril. . . .

Now when an expedition against the barbarians is being proposed, who ought to have the leadership? Surely they who in the former war won the greatest fame, having often borne the brunt on their own shoulders, and in united contests having gained the prize of valour. Surely they who abandoned their own country for the general deliverance, and who not only in olden times founded most of the Hellenic states, but also in later days rescued them from the greatest disasters. Should we not be most hardly treated, if, after having endured the largest share of troubles, we should be thought worthy of a lesser share of honours, and, after having in those days occupied the foremost post, should now be compelled to follow the lead of others?

J. H. Freese.

ATHENS, AWAKE!

Demosthenes

[*Third Olynthiac*]

Demosthenes was born in 384 B.C., lived most of his life in Athens, and killed himself by poison in 322 to escape being captured by the Macedonians.

Demosthenes was the leading Athenian statesman in the period of the rise of Macedon to world power. He foresaw and vigorously opposed the designs of Philip, proclaiming in ringing speeches, which are named The Philippics, *the new dangers confronting Greece, and passionately advocating a policy of nationalism to ward them off. His orations show clearly the contrast that exists between speeches framed for the practical uses of promoting policies and those of a man like Isocrates, which are the result of rhetorical theory and intended as works of art.*

Building on a technique that had been perfected by generations of orators before him, avoiding the extreme simplicity of Lysias and *the artificiality of Isocrates, adding a splendid vocabulary and a rhythmic melody, giving emphasis to all these qualities by a burning patriotism and a tremendous vigor of delivery, he won for himself the reputation of the greatest of Greek orators. About forty of his orations are extant.*

The Olynthiac orations were prompted by an appeal from the people of Olynthus in 349 B.C. for aid in resisting the move of Philip against them. The Athenians themselves were not in immediate danger, but Demosthenes saw in the attack on Olynthus an indication of what was to come at a later time.

Not the same ideas, men of Athens, are presented to me, when I look at our condition, and when at the speeches which are delivered. The speeches, I find, are about punishing Philip; but our condition is come to this, that we must mind we are not first damaged ourselves. Therefore, it seems to me, these orators commit the simple error of not laying before you the true subject of debate. That once we might safely have held our own and punished Philip too, I know well enough; both have been possible in my own time, not very long ago. But now, I am persuaded, it is sufficient in the first instance to effect the preservation of our allies. When this has been secured, one may look out for revenge on Philip; but before we lay the foundation right, I deem it idle to talk about the end.

The present crisis, O Athenians, requires, if any ever did, much thought and counsel. Not that I am puzzled, what advice to give in the matter; I am only doubtful, in what way, Athenians, to address you thereupon. For I have been taught both by hearsay and experience, that most of your advantages have escaped you, from unwillingness to do your duty, not from ignorance. I request you, if I speak my mind, to be patient, and consider only, whether I speak the truth, and with a view to future amendment. You see to what wretched plight we are reduced by some men haranguing for popularity.

I think it necessary, however, first to recall to your memory a few past events. You remember, Athenians, when news came three or four years ago, that Philip was in Thrace besieging Heræum. It was then the fifth month, and after much discussion and tumult in the assembly you resolved to launch forty galleys, that every citizen under forty-five should embark, and a tax be raised of sixty talents. That year passed; the first, second, third month arrived; in that month, reluctantly, after the mysteries, you dispatched Charidemus with ten empty ships and five talents of money; for as Philip was reported to be sick or dead (both rumors came), you thought there was no longer any occasion for help, and discontinued the armament. But that was the very occasion; if we had then sent help quickly, as we resolved, Philip would not have been saved to trouble us now.

Those events can not be altered. But here is the crisis of another war, in which I am recalling the past, that you may not repeat your error. How shall we deal with it, men of Athens? If you lend not the utmost possible aid, see how you will have manœuvred every thing for Philip's benefit. There were the Olynthians, possessed of some power; and matters stood thus: Philip distrusted them and they Philip. We negotiated for peace with them; this hampered (as it were) and annoyed Philip, that a great city, reconciled to us, should be watching opportunities against him. We thought it necessary by all means to make that people his enemies; and lo, what erewhile you clamored for, has somehow or other been accomplished. Then what remains, Athenians, but to assist them vigorously and promptly? I know not. For besides the disgrace that would fall upon us, if we sacrificed any of our interests, I am alarmed for the consequences, seeing how the Thebans are affected toward us, the Phocian treasury exhausted, nothing to prevent Philip, when he has subdued what lies before him, from turning to matters here. Whoever postpones until then the performance of his duty, wishes to see the peril at hand, when he may hear of it elsewhere, and to seek auxiliaries for himself, when he may be auxiliary to others; for that this will be the issue, if we throw away our present advantage, we all know pretty well.

But, it may be said, we have resolved that help is necessary, and we will send it; tell us only how. Marvel not then, Athenians, if I say something to astonish the multitude. Appoint law-revisers: at their session enact no statutes, for you have enough, but repeal those which are at present injurious; I mean, just plainly, the laws concerning our theatrical fund; and some concerning the troops, whereof the former divide the military fund among stayers-at-home for theatrical amusement, the latter indemnify deserters, and so dishearten men well inclined to the service. When you have repealed these, and made the road to good counsel safe, then find a man to propose what you all know to be desirable. But before doing so, look not for one who will advise good measures and be destroyed by you for his pains. Such a person you will not find, especially as the only result would be, for the adviser and mover to suffer wrongfully, and, without forwarding matters, to render good counsel still more dangerous in the future. Besides, Athenians, you should require the same men to repeal these laws, who have introduced them. It is unjust, that their authors should enjoy a popularity which has injured the commonwealth, while the adviser of salutary measures suffers by a displeasure that may lead to general improvement. Till this is set right, Athenians, look not that anyone should be so powerful with you as to transgress these laws with impunity, or so senseless as to plunge into ruin right before him.

Another thing, too, you should observe, Athenians: that a decree is worth nothing, without a readiness on your part to do what you determine. Could decrees of themselves compel you to perform your duty, or execute what they prescribe, neither would you with many decrees have accomplished little or nothing, nor would Philip have insulted you so long. Had it depended on decrees, he would have been chastised long ago. But the course of things is otherwise. Action, posterior in order of time to speaking and voting, is in efficacy prior and superior. This requisite you want; the others you possess. There are among you, Athenians, men competent to advise what is needful, and you are exceedingly quick at understanding it; ay, and you will be able now to perform it, if you act rightly. For what time or season would you have better than the present? When will you do your duty, if not now? Has not the man got possession of all our strongholds? And if he become master of this country, shall we not incur foul disgrace? Are not they, to whom we promised sure protection in case of war, at this moment in hostilities? Is he not an enemy, holding our possessions—a barbarian—anything you like to call him? But, O heavens! after permitting, almost helping him to accomplish these things, shall we inquire who were to blame for them? I know we shall not take the blame to ourselves. For so in battles, no runaway accuses himself, but his general, his neighbor, any one rather; though, sure enough, the defeat is owing to all the runaways; for each one who accuses the rest might have stood his ground, and had each done so they would have conquered. Now then, does any man not give the best advice? Let another rise and give it, but not censure the last speaker. Does a second give better advice? Follow it, and success attend you! Perhaps it is not pleasant: but that is not the speaker's fault, unless he omits some needful prayer. To pray is simple enough, Athenians, collecting all that one desires in a short petition: but to decide when measures are the subject of consideration is not quite so easy; for we must choose the profitable rather than the pleasant, where both are not compatible.

But if any one can let alone our theatrical fund, and suggest other supplies for the military, is he not cleverer? it may be asked. I grant it, if this were possible: but I wonder if any man ever was or will be able, after wasting his means in useless expenses, to find means for useful. The wishes of men are indeed a great help to such arguments, and therefore the easiest thing in the world is self-deceit; for every man believes what he wishes, though the reality is often different. See then, Athenians, what the realities allow, and you will be able to serve and have pay. It becomes not a wise or magnanimous people to neglect military operations for want of money and bear disgraces like these; or, while you snatch up arms to march against Corinthians and Megarians, to let Philip enslave Greek cities for lack of provisions for your troops.

I have not spoken for the idle purpose of giving offense: I am not so foolish or perverse, as to provoke your displeasure without intending your good: but I think an upright citizen should prefer the advancement of the commonweal to the gratification of his audience. And I hear, as perhaps you do, that the speakers in our ancestors' time, whom all that address you praise, but not exactly imitate, were politicians after this form and fashion;—Aristides, Nicias, my namesake, Pericles. But since these orators have appeared, who ask, What is your pleasure? what shall I move? how can I oblige you? the public welfare is complimented away for a moment's popularity, and these are the results: the orators thrive, you are disgraced. Mark, O Athenians, what a summary contrast may be drawn between the doings in our olden time and in yours. It is a tale brief and familiar to all; for the examples by which you may still be happy are found not abroad, men of Athens, but at home. Our forefathers, whom the speakers humored not nor caressed, as these men caress you, for five-and-forty years took the leadership of the Greeks by general consent, and brought above ten thousand talents into the citadel; and the king of this country was submissive to them, as a barbarian should be to Greeks; and many glorious trophies they erected for victories won by their own fighting on land and sea, and they are the sole people in the world who have bequeathed a renown superior to envy. Such were their merits in the affairs of Greece: see what they were at home, both as citizens and as men. Their public works are edifices and ornaments of such beauty and grandeur in temples and consecrated furniture, that posterity have no power to surpass them. In private they were so modest and attached to the principle of our constitution, that whoever knows the style of house which Aristides had, or Miltiades, and the illustrious of that day, perceives it to be no grander than those of the neighbors. Their politics were not for money-making; each felt it his duty to exalt the commonwealth. By a conduct honorable towards the Greeks, pious to the gods, brotherlike among themselves, they justly attained a high prosperity.

So fared matters with them under the statesmen I have mentioned. How fare they with you under the worthies of our time? Is there any likeness or resemblance? I pass over other topics, on which I could expatiate; but observe: in this utter absence of competitors (Lacedæmonians depressed, Thebans employed, none of the rest capable of disputing the supremacy with us), when we might hold our own securely and arbitrate the claims of others, we have been deprived of our rightful territory, and spent above fifteen hundred talents to no purpose; the allies, whom we gained in war, these persons have lost in peace, and we have trained up against ourselves an enemy thus formidable. Or let any one come forward and tell me, by whose contrivance but ours Philip has grown strong. Well, sir, this looks bad, but things at home are better. What proof can be adduced? The parapets that are white-washed? The roads that are repaired? fountains, and fooleries? Look at the men of whose statesmanship these are the fruits. They have risen from beggary to opulence, or from obscurity to honor; some have made their private houses more splendid than the public buildings; and in proportion as the state has declined, their fortunes have been exalted.

What has produced these results? How is it that all went prosperously then, and now goes wrong? Because anciently the people, having the courage to be soldiers, controlled the statesmen, and disposed of all emoluments; any of the rest was happy to receive from the people his share of honor, office, or advantage. Now, contrariwise, the statesmen dispose of emoluments; through them every thing is done; you the people, enervated, stripped of treasure and allies, are become as underlings and hangers-on, happy if these persons dole you out show-money or send you paltry beeves; and, the unmanliest part of all, you are grateful for receiving your own. They, cooping you in the city, lead you to your pleasures, and make you tame and submissive to their hands. It is impossible, I say, to have a high and noble spirit, while you are engaged in petty and mean employments: whatever be the pursuits of men, their characters must be similar. By Ceres, I should not wonder, if I, for mentioning these things, suffered more from your resentment than the men who have brought them to pass. For even liberty of speech you allow not on all subjects; I marvel indeed you have allowed it here.

Would you but even now, renouncing these practices, perform military service and act worthily of yourselves; would you employ these domestic superfluities as a means to gain advantage abroad; perhaps, Athenians, perhaps you might gain some solid and important advantage, and be rid of these perquisites, which are like the diet ordered by physicians for the sick. As that neither imparts strength, nor suffers the patient to die, so your allowances are not enough to be of substantial benefit, nor yet permit you to reject them and turn to something else. Thus do they increase the general apathy. What? I shall be asked: mean you stipendiary service? Yes, and forthwith the same arrangement for all, Athenians, that each, taking his dividend from the public, may be what the state requires. Is peace to be had? You are better at home, under no compulsion to act dishonorably from indigence. Is there such an emergency as the present? Better to be a soldier, as you ought, in your country's cause, maintained by those very allowances. Is any one of you beyond the military age? What he now irregularly takes without doing service, let him take by just regulation, superintending and transacting needful business. Thus, without derogating from or adding to our political system, only removing some irregularity, I bring it into order, establishing a uniform rule for receiving money, for serving in war, for sitting on juries, for doing what each according to his age can do, and what occasion requires. I never advise we should give to idlers the wages of the diligent, or sit at leisure, passive and helpless, to hear that such a one's mercenaries are victorious; as we now do. Not that I blame any one who does you a service: I only call upon you, Athenians, to perform on your own account those duties for which you honor strangers, and not to surrender that post of dignity which, won through many glorious dangers, your ancestors have bequeathed.

I have said nearly all that I think necessary. I trust you will adopt that course which is best for the country and yourselves.

—C. R. Kennedy.

GREECE AGAINST PHILIP

DEMOSTHENES

[*Third Philippic*]

The third Philippic, *delivered in 341 B.C., contains the definite statement of Demosthenes' plan for a federation of Greek states. The orator succeeded in rousing the Athenians and certain of their near neighbors for the time being to the necessity for action, but in the face of actual defeat in the field he was unable to hold them together for any length of time.*

Many speeches, men of Athens, are made in almost every assembly about the hostilities of Philip, hostilities which ever since the treaty of peace he has been committing as well against you as against the rest of the Greeks; and all (I am sure) are ready to avow, though they forbear to do so, that our counsels and our measures should be directed to his humiliation and chastisement: nevertheless, so low have our affairs been brought by inattention and negligence, I fear it is a harsh truth to say, that if all the orators had sought to suggest, and you to pass resolutions for the utter ruining of the commonwealth, we could not methinks be worse off than we are. A variety of circumstances may have brought us to this state; our affairs have not declined from one or two causes only: but, if you rightly examine, you will find it chiefly owing to the orators, who study to please you rather than advise for the best. Some of whom, Athenians, seeking to maintain the basis of their own power and repute, have no forethought for the future, and therefore think you also ought to have none; others, accusing and calumniating practical statesmen, labor only to make Athens punish Athens, and in such occupations to engage her, that Philip may have liberty to say and do what he pleases. Politics of this kind are common here, but are the causes of your failures and embarrassment. I beg, Athenians, that you will not resent my plain speaking of the truth. Only consider. You hold liberty of speech in other matters to be the general right of all residents of Athens, insomuch that you allow a measure of it even to foreigners and slaves, and many servants may be seen among you speaking their thoughts more freely than citizens in some other states; and yet you have altogether banished it from your councils. The result has been, that in the assembly you give yourself airs and are flattered at hearing nothing but compliments, yet in your measures and proceedings you are brought to the utmost peril. If such be your disposition now, I must be silent: if you will listen to good advice without flattery, I am ready to speak. For though our affairs are in a deplorable condition, though many sacrifices have been made, still, if you will choose to perform your duty, it is possible to repair it all. A paradox, and yet a truth, am I about to state. That which is the most lamentable in the past is best for the future. How is this? Because you performed no part of your duty, great or small, and therefore you fared ill: had you done all that became you, and your situation were the same, there would be no hope of amendment. Philip has indeed prevailed over your sloth and negligence, but not over your country: you have not been worsted; you have not even bestirred yourselves.

If now we were all agreed that Philip is at war with Athens and infringing the peace, nothing would a speaker need to urge or advise but the safest and easiest way of resisting him. But since, at the very time when Philip is capturing cities and retaining divers of our dominions and assailing all people, there are men so unreasonable as to listen to repeated declarations in the assembly, that some of us are kindling war, one must be cautious and set this matter right: for whoever moves or advises a measure of defence is in danger of being accused afterward as the author of the war.

I will first then examine and determine this point, whether it be in our power to deliberate on peace or war. If the country may be at peace, if it depends on us (to begin with this), I say we ought to maintain peace, and I call upon the affirmant to move a resolution to take some measure, and not to palter with us. But if another, having arms in his hand and a large force around him, amuses you with the name of peace, while he carries on the operations of war, what is left but to defend yourselves? You may profess to be at peace, if you like, as he does; I quarrel not with that. But if any man supposes this to be a peace, which will enable Philip to master all else and attack you last, he is a madman, or he talks of a peace observed toward him by you, not toward you by him. This it is that Philip purchases by all his expenditure, the privilege of assailing you without being assailed in turn.

If we really wait until he avows that he is at war with us, we are the simplest of mortals, for he would not declare that, though he marched even against Attica and Piræus, at least if we may judge from his conduct to others. For example, to the Olynthians he declared, when he was forty furlongs from their city, that there was no alternative, but either they must quit Olynthus or he Macedonia; though before that time, whenever he was accused of such an intent, he took it ill and sent ambassadors to justify himself. Again, he marched towards the Phocians as if they were allies, and there were Phocian envoys who accompanied his march, and many among you contended that his advance would not benefit the Thebans. And he came into Thessaly of late as a friend and ally, yet he has taken possession of Pheræ; and lastly he told those wretched people of Oreus, that he had sent his soldiers out of good-will to visit them, as he heard they were in trouble and dissension, and it was the part of allies and true friends to lend assistance on such occasions. People who would never have harmed him, though they might have adopted measures of defence, he chose to deceive rather than warn them of his attack; and think ye he would declare war against you before he began it, and that while you are willing to be deceived? Impossible. He would be the silliest of mankind, if, while you the injured parties make no complaint against him, but are accusing your own countrymen, he should terminate your intestine strife and jealousies, warn you to turn against him, and remove the pretexts of his hirelings for asserting, to amuse you, that he makes no war upon Athens. O heavens! would any rational being judge by words rather than by actions, who is at peace with him and who at war? Surely none. Well then; Philip immediately after the peace, before Diopithes was in command or the settlers in the Chersonese had been sent out, took Serrium and Doriscus, and expelled from Serrium and the Sacred Mount the troops whom your general had stationed there. What do you call such conduct? He had sworn the peace. Don't say—what does it signify? how is the state concerned?—Whether it be a trifling matter, or of no concernment to you, is a different question: religion and justice have the same obligation, be the subject of the offense great or small. Tell me now; when he sends mercenaries into Chersonesus, which the king and all the Greeks have acknowledged to be yours, when he avows himself an auxiliary and writes us word so, what are such proceedings? He says he is not at war; I can not however admit such conduct to be an observance of the peace; far otherwise: I say, by his attempt on Megara, by his setting up despotism in Eubœa, by his present advance into Thrace, by his intrigues in Peloponnesus, by the whole course of operations with his army, he has been breaking the peace and making war upon you; unless indeed you will say, that those who establish batteries are not at war, until they apply them to the walls. But that you will not say: for whoever contrives and prepares the means of my conquest, is at war with me, before he darts or draws the bow. What, if any thing should happen, is the risk you run? The alienation of the Hellespont, the subjugation of Megara and Eubœa to your enemy, the siding of the Peloponnesians with him. Then can I allow, that one who sets such an engine at work against Athens is at peace with her? Quite the contrary. From the day he destroyed the Phocians I date his commencement of hostilities. Defend yourselves instantly, and I say you will be wise: delay it, and you may wish in vain to do so hereafter. So much do I dissent from your other counselors, men of Athens, that I deem any discussion about Chersonesus or Byzantium out of place. Succor them—I advise that—watch that no harm befalls them, send all necessary supplies to your troops in that quarter; but let your deliberations be for the safety of all Greece, as being in the utmost peril. I must tell you why I am so alarmed at the state of our affairs: that, if my reasonings are correct, you may share them, and make some provision at least for yourselves, however disinclined to do so for others: but if, in your judgment, I talk nonsense and absurdity, you may treat me as crazed, and not listen to me, either now or in the future.

That Philip from a mean and humble origin has grown mighty, that the Greeks are jealous and quarreling among themselves, that it was far more wonderful for him to rise from that insignificance, than it would be now, after so many acquisitions, to conquer what is left; these and similar matters, which I might dwell upon, I pass over. But I observe that all people, beginning with you, have conceded to him a right, which in former times has been the subject of contest in every Grecian war. And what is this? The right of doing what he pleases, openly fleecing and pillaging the Greeks, one after another, attacking and enslaving their cities. You were at the head of the Greeks for seventy-three years, the Lacedæmonians for twenty-nine; and the Thebans had some power in these latter times after the battle of Leuctra. Yet neither you, my countrymen, nor Thebans nor Lacedæmonians, were ever licensed by the Greeks to act as you pleased; far otherwise. When you, or rather the Athenians of that time, appeared to be dealing harshly with certain people, all the rest, even such as had no complaint against Athens, thought proper to side with the injured parties in a war against her. So, when the Lacedæmonians became masters and succeeded to your empire, on their attempting to encroach and make oppressive innovations, a general war was declared against them, even by such as had no cause of complaint. But wherefore mention other people? We ourselves and the Lacedæmonians, although at the outset we could not allege any natural injuries, thought proper to make war for the injustice that we saw done to our neighbors. Yet all the faults committed by the Spartans in those thirty years, and by our ancestors in the seventy, are less, men of Athens, than the wrongs which, in thirteen incomplete years that Philip has been uppermost, he has inflicted on the Greeks; nay they are scarcely a fraction of these, as may easily be shown in a few words. Olynthus and Methone and Apollonia, and thirty-two cities on the borders of Thrace, I pass over; all which he has so cruelly destroyed, that a visitor could scarcely tell if they were ever inhabited; and of the Phocians, so considerable a people exterminated, I say nothing. But what is the condition of Thessaly? Has he not taken away her constitutions and her cities, and established tetrarchies, to parcel her out, not only by cities, but also by provinces, for subjection? Are not the Eubœan states governed now by despots, and that in an island near to Thebes and Athens? Does he not expressly write in his epistles, "I am at peace with those who are willing to obey me?" Nor does he write so and not act accordingly. He is gone to the Hellespont; he marched formerly against Ambracia; Elis, such an important city in Peloponnesus, he possesses; he plotted lately to get Megara; neither Hellenic nor Barbaric land contains the man's ambition. And we the Greek community, seeing and hearing this, instead of sending embassies to one another about it and expressing indignation, are in such a miserable state, so intrenched in our miserable towns, that to this day we can attempt nothing that interest or necessity requires; we can not combine, or form any association for succor and alliance; we look unconcernedly on the man's growing power, each resolving (methinks) to enjoy the interval that another is destroyed in, not caring or striving for the salvation of Greece: for none can be ignorant, that Philip, like some course or attack of fever or other disease, is coming even on those that yet seem very far removed. And you must be sensible, that whatever wrong the Greeks sustained from Lacedæmonians or from us, was at least inflicted by genuine people of Greece; and it might be felt in the same manner as if a lawful son, born to a large fortune, committed some fault or error in the management of it; on that ground one would consider him open to censure and reproach, yet it could not be said that he was an alien, and not heir to the property which he so dealt with. But if a slave or a spurious child wasted and spoiled what he had no interest in—Heavens! how much more heinous and hateful would all have pronounced it! And yet in regard to Philip and his conduct they feel not this, although he is not only no Greek and noway akin to Greeks, but not even a Barbarian of a place honorable to mention; in fact, a vile fellow of Macedon, from which a respectable slave could not be purchased formerly.

What is wanting to make his insolence complete? Besides his destruction of Grecian cities, does he not hold the Pythian games, the common festival of Greece, and, if he comes not himself, send his vassals to preside? Is he not master of Thermopylæ and the passes into Greece, and, holds he not those places by garrisons and mercenaries? Has he not thrust aside Thessalians, ourselves, Dorians, the whole Amphictyonic body, and got preaudience of the oracle, to which even the Greeks do not all pretend? Does he not write to the Thessalians, what form of government to adopt? send mercenaries to Porthmus, to expel the Eretrian commonalty; others to Oreus, to set up Philistides as ruler? Yet the Greeks endure to see all this; methinks they view it as they would a hailstorm, each praying that it may not fall on himself, none trying to prevent it. And not only are the outrages which he does to Greece submitted to, but even the private wrongs of every people; nothing can go beyond this! Has he not wronged the Corinthians by attacking Ambracia and Leucas? the Achaians, by swearing to give Naupactus to the Ætolians? from the Thebans taken Echinus? Is he not marching against the Byzantines his allies? From us—I omit the rest—but keeps he not Cardia, the greatest city of the Chersonese? Still under these indignities we are all slack and disheartened, and look toward our neighbors, distrusting one another, instead of the common enemy. And how think ye a man, who behaves so insolently to all, how will he act, when he gets each separately under his control?

But what has caused the mischief? There must be some cause, some good reason, why the Greeks were so eager for liberty then, and now are eager for servitude. There was something, men of Athens, something in the hearts of the multitude then, which there is not now, which overcame the wealth of Persia, and maintained the freedom of Greece, and quailed not under any battle by land or sea; the loss whereof has ruined all, and thrown the affairs of Greece into confusion. What was this? Nothing subtle or clever: simply that whoever took money from the aspirants for power or the corruptors of Greece were universally detested: it was dreadful to be convicted of bribery;

the severest punishment was inflicted on the guilty, and there was no intercession or pardon. The favorable moments for enterprise, which fortune frequently offers to the careless against the vigilant, to them that will do nothing against those that discharge all their duty, could not be bought from orators or generals; no more could mutual concord, nor distrust of tyrants and barbarians, nor anything of the kind. But now all such principles have been sold as in open market, and those imported in exchange, by which Greece is ruined and diseased. What are they? Envy where a man gets a bribe; laughter if he confesses it; mercy to the convicted; hatred of those that denounce the crime: all the usual attendants upon corruption. For as to ships and men and revenues and abundance of other materials, all that may be reckoned as constituting national strength—assuredly the Greeks of our day are more fully and perfectly supplied with such advantages than the Greeks of the olden time. But they are all rendered useless, unavailable, unprofitable, by the agency of these traffickers.

That such is the present state of things, you must see, without requiring my testimony: that it was different in former times, I will demonstrate, not by speaking my own words, but by showing an inscription of your ancestors, which they graved on a brazen column and deposited in the citadel, not for their own benefit (they were right-minded enough without such records) but for a memorial and example to instruct you, how seriously such conduct should be taken up. What says the inscription then? It says: "Let Arthmius, son of Pythonax the Zelite, be declared an outlaw, and an enemy of the Athenian people and their allies, him and his family." Then the cause is written why this was done: because he brought Median gold into Peloponnesus. That is the inscription. By the gods! only consider and reflect among yourselves, what must have been the spirit, what the dignity of those Athenians who acted so! One Arthmius a Zelite, subject of the king (for Zelea is in Asia), because in his master's service he brought gold into Peloponnesus, not to Athens, they proclaimed an enemy of the Athenians and their allies, him and his family, and outlawed. That is, not the outlawry commonly spoken of: for what would a Zelite care, to be excluded from Athenian franchises? It means not that; but in the statutes of homicide it is written, in cases where prosecution for murder is not allowed, but killing is sanctioned, "and let him die an outlaw," says the legislator: by which he means, that whoever kills such a person shall be unpolluted. Therefore they considered that the preservation of all Greece was their own concern: (but for such an opinion, they would not have cared whether people in Peloponnesus were bought and corrupted): and whomsoever they discovered taking bribes, they chastised and punished so severely as to record their names in brass. The natural result was, that Greece was formidable to the Barbarian, not the Barbarian to Greece. 'Tis not so now: since neither in this nor in other respects are your sentiments the same. But what are they? You know yourselves: why am I to upbraid you with every thing? The Greeks in general are alike and no better than you. Therefore I say, our present affairs demand earnest attention and wholesome counsel. Shall I say what? Do you bid me, and won't you be angry?

[Here is read the public document which Demosthenes produces, after which he resumes his address.]

There is a foolish saying of persons who wish to make us easy, that Philip is not yet as powerful as the Lacedæmonians were formerly, who ruled everywhere by land and sea, and had the king for their ally, and nothing withstood them; yet Athens resisted even that nation, and was not destroyed. I myself believe, that, while every thing has received great improvement, and the present bears no resemblance to the past, nothing has been so changed and improved as the practice of war. For anciently, as I am informed, the Lacedæmonians and all Grecian people would for four or five months, during the season only, invade and ravage the land of their enemies with heavy-armed and national troops, and return home again: and their ideas were so old-fashioned, or rather national, they never purchased an advantage from any; theirs was a legitimate and open warfare. But now you doubtless perceive, that the majority of disasters have been effected by treason; nothing is done in fair field or combat. You hear of Philip marching where he pleases, not because he commands troops of the line, but because he has attached to him a host of skirmishers, cavalry, archers, mercenaries, and the like. When with these he falls upon a people in civil dissension, and none (for mistrust) will march out to defend the country, he applies engines and besieges them. I need not mention, that he makes no difference between winter and summer, that he has no stated season of repose. You, knowing these things, reflecting on them, must not let the war approach your territories, nor get your necks broken, relying on the simplicity of the old war with the Lacedæmonians, but take the longest time beforehand for defensive measures and preparations, see that he stirs not from home, avoid any decisive engagement. For a war, if we choose, men of Athens, to pursue a right course, we have many natural advantages; such as the position of his kingdom, which we may extensively plunder and ravage, and a thousand more; but for a battle he is better trained than we are.

Nor is it enough to adopt these resolutions and oppose him by warlike measures: you must on calculation and on principle abhor his advocates here, remembering that it is impossible to overcome your enemies abroad, until you have chastised those who are his ministers within the city. Which, by Jupiter and all the gods, you can not and will not do! You have arrived at such a pitch of folly or madness or—I know not what to call it: I am tempted often to think, that some evil genius is driving you to ruin—for the sake of scandal or envy or jest or any other cause, you command hirelings to speak, (some of whom would not deny themselves to be hirelings), and laugh when they abuse people. And this, bad as it is, is not the worst: you have allowed these persons more liberty for their political conduct than your faithful counselors: and see what evils are caused by listening to such men with indulgence. I will mention facts that you will all remember.

In Olynthus some of the statesmen were in Philip's interest, doing everything for him; some were on the honest side, aiming to preserve their fellow-citizens from slavery. Which party now destroyed their country? or which betrayed the cavalry, by whose betrayal Olynthus fell? The creatures of Philip; they that, while the city stood, slandered and calumniated the honest counselors so effectually, that the Olynthian people were induced to banish Apollonides.

Nor is it there only, and nowhere else, that such practice has been ruinous. In Eretria, when, after riddance of Plutarch and his mercenaries, the people got possession of their city and of Porthmus, some were for bringing the government over to you, others to Philip. His partisans were generally, rather exclusively, attended to by the wretched and unfortunate Eretrians, who at length were persuaded to expel their faithful advisers. Philip, their ally and friend, sent Hipponicus and a thousand mercenaries, demolished the walls of Porthmus, and established three rulers, Hipparchus, Automedon, Clitarchus. Since that he has driven them out of the country, twice attempting their deliverance: once he sent the troops with Eurylochus, afterward those of Parmenio.

What need of many words? In Oreus Philip's agents were Philistides, Menippus, Socrates, Thoas, and Agapæus, who now hold the government: that was quite notorious: one Euphræus, a man that formerly dwelt here among you, was laboring for freedom and independence. How this man was in other respects insulted and trampled on by the people of Oreus, were long to tell: but a year before the capture, discovering what Philistides and his accomplices were about, he laid an information against them for treason. A multitude then combining, having Philip for their paymaster, and acting under his direction, take Euphræus off to prison as a disturber of the public peace. Seeing which, the people of Oreus, instead of assisting the one and beating the others to death, were not angry with them, but said his punishment was just, and rejoiced at it. So the conspirators, having full liberty of action, laid their schemes and took their measures for the surrender of the city; if any of the people observed it, they were silent and intimidated, remembering the treatment of Euphræus; and so wretched was their condition, that on the approach of such a calamity none dared to utter a word, until the enemy drew up before the walls: then some were for defence, others for betrayal. Since the city was thus basely and wickedly taken, the traitors have held despotic rule; people who formerly rescued them, and were ready for any maltreatment of Euphræus, they have either banished or put to death; Euphræus killed himself, proving by deed that he had resisted Philip honestly and purely for the good of his countrymen.

What can be the reason—perhaps you wonder—why the Olynthians and Eretrians and Orites were more indulgent to Philip's advocates than to their own? The same which operates with you. They who advise for the best can not always gratify their audience, though they would; for the safety of the state must be attended to: their opponents by the very counsel which is agreeable advance Philip's interest. One party required contribution; the other said there was no necessity: one were for war and mistrust; the other for peace, until they were ensnared. And so on for everything else (not to dwell on particulars); the one made speeches to please for the moment, and gave no annoyance; the other offered salutary counsel that was offensive. Many rights did the people surrender at last, not from any such motive of indulgence or ignorance, but submitting in the belief that all was lost. Which, by Jupiter and Apollo, I fear will be your case, when on calculation you see that nothing can be done. I pray, men of Athens, it may never come to this! Better die a thousand deaths than render homage to Philip, or sacrifice any of your faithful counselors. A fine recompense have the people of Oreus got, for trusting themselves to Philip's friends and spurning Euphræus! Finely are the Eretrian commons rewarded, for having driven away your ambassadors and yielded to Clitarchus! Yes; they are slaves, exposed to the lash and the torture. Finally he spared the Olynthians, who appointed Lasthenes to command their horse, and expelled Apollonides! It is folly and cowardice to cherish such hopes, and, while you take evil counsel and shirk every duty, and even listen to those who plead for your enemies, to think you inhabit a city of such magnitude, that you can not suffer any serious misfortune. Yea, and it is disgraceful to exclaim on any occurrence, when it is too late, "Who would have expected it? However—this or that should have been done, the other left undone." Many things could the Olynthians mention now, which, if foreseen at the time, would have prevented their destruction. Many could the Orites mention, many the Phocians, and each of the ruined states. But what would it avail them? As long as the vessel is safe, whether it be great or small, the mariner, the pilot, every man in turn should exert himself, and prevent its being overturned either by accident or design: but when the sea hath rolled over it, their efforts are vain. And we, likewise, O Athenians, while we are safe, with a magnificent city, plentiful resources, lofty reputation—what must we do? Many of you, I dare say, have been longing to ask. Well then, I will tell you; I will move a resolution: pass it, if you please.

First, let us prepare for our own defence; provide ourselves, I mean, with ships, money, and troops—for surely, though all other people consented to be slaves, we at least ought to struggle for freedom. When we have completed our own preparations and made them apparent to the Greeks, then let us invite the rest, and send our ambassadors every where with the intelligence, to Peloponnesus, to Rhodes, to Chios, to the king, I say (for it concerns his interest, not to let Philip make universal conquest); that, if you prevail, you may have partners of your dangers and expenses, in case of necessity, or at all events that you may delay the operations. For, since the war is against an individual, not against the collected power of a state, even this may be useful; as were the embassies last year to Peloponnesus, and the remonstrances with which I and Polyeuctus, that excellent man, and Hegesippus, and Clitomachus, and Lycurgus, and the other envoys went around, and arrested Philip's progress, so that he neither attacked Ambracia nor started for Peloponnesus. I say not, however, that you should invite the rest without adopting measures to protect yourselves; it would be folly, while you sacrifice your own interest, to profess a regard for that of strangers, or to alarm others about the future, while for the present you are unconcerned. I advise not this: I bid you send supplies to the troops in Chersonesus, and do what else they require; prepare yourselves and make every effort first, then summon, gather, instruct the rest of the Greeks. That is the duty of a state possessing a dignity such as yours. If you imagine that Chalcidians or Megarians will save Greece, while you run away from the contest, you imagine wrong. Well for any of those people, if they are safe themselves. This work belongs to you: this privilege your ancestors bequeathed to you, the prize of many perilous exertions. But if every one will sit seeking his pleasure, and studying to be idle himself, never will he find others to do his work, and more than this, I fear we shall be under the necessity of doing all that we like not, at one time. Were proxies to be had, our inactivity would have found them long ago; but they are not.

Such are the measures which I advise, which I propose: adopt them, and even yet, I believe, our prosperity may be re-established. If any man has better advice to offer, let him communicate it openly. Whatever you determine, I pray to all the gods for a happy result.

—C. R. Kennedy.

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A STATESMAN'S POLICIES IN CRITICAL TIMES

Demosthenes

(ON THE CROWN)

Demosthenes' earnest and insistent pleas for strong and effective action against Philip fell for more than a decade on the ears of a democracy too decadent to pay the price of such opposition. Philip's victory at Chæronea in 338 B.C. proved only too well the timeliness of Demosthenes' warning, and some of his fellow-citizens saw the greatness of the service he had tried to render.

In 336 B.C. one such citizen named Ctesiphon proposed (1) that a gold crown for distinguished service be conferred on Demosthenes and (2) that the award be proclaimed in the theatre at the Greater Dionysia. This proposal was countered by a charge of unconstitutionality brought by Æschines, an inveterate enemy and political opponent *of Demosthenes. The case was brought to trial in 330 B.C., and Demosthenes won overwhelmingly with what is considered his greatest oration, entitled* On the Crown, *about two-thirds of which follows.*

I beg of all the gods, men of Athens, that you will be as well disposed to me in this contest as I have always been toward you and this city. That is my first prayer. My second, chiefly for you and for your honor and sense of right, is this: that the gods may put it in your hearts never to allow my adversary here to become your adviser as to how you will hear me (which would be a shameful procedure), but that you will be guided in this matter by the law and by your oath which, in addition to its other just stipulations, binds you to hear both sides with equal fairness. And this means not only that you will not prejudge the case and that you will extend to each party an equal measure of goodwill, but also that you will permit each contestant to use that order of argument and that general plan of defense which he has decided upon and worked out beforehand.

Many things work to Æschines' advantage in this contest but to my disadvantage. Two of these are of great disadvantage to me. The first is that our stakes in this contest are not equal ones; because for him not to win his suit and for me not to obtain your approval to-day are not matters of equal import. For I—but I prefer to say nothing inauspicious at the beginning of my speech, whereas he is accusing me from a positive advantage.

The second disadvantage to me is that all men naturally enjoy listening to taunts and accusations but resent those who praise themselves. Of these alternatives, that which affords pleasure is on Æschines' side, while that which offends practically everybody is left to me. For if, out of caution against such offense, I shall omit all reference to my past deeds and policies, I shall seem unable to refute the accusations against me or to show why I am worthy of the proposed honor. And if I shall discuss my public policies and services, I shall be compelled to speak frequently of myself. I shall try to do this with the greatest possible modesty, and this man who brought this suit should justly be held responsible for all I shall be compelled to say about myself. . . .

Since, then, I am to give today an account of both my private life and my public policies, I call again upon the gods and pray in your presence: first, that I may receive from you in this contest as much goodwill as I have always had toward Athens and all of you; and secondly, that the gods may put it in your hearts to vote in this case for that which shall redound to the common glory and to your individual sense of right.

If Æschines had confined his charges to matters in the indictment, I would have proceeded directly in my defense to the preliminary decree of the senate. But since he has spent an equal amount of time on other matters, most of which were false accusations against me, I think it right and necessary, men of Athens, to reply first to these extraneous falsehoods, so that none of you shall be misled by them into listening less kindly to me in this trial.

Observe how just and simple my defense is against the calumnies he has abusively uttered about my private life. I have never lived anywhere except in Athens. Now if you have known me to be the sort of person this fellow has charged me with being, do not listen to me a moment longer, but rise and cast your votes against me. If, though, you have thought and really know that I and my forbears are much better than he is, being, as we are, (to put the matter inoffensively), as good as the average respectable citizen, then do not believe his other statements either, (since they are all patent fabrications), and proffer me in this contest that goodwill you have always displayed toward me in many former ones.

In your maliciousness, Æschines, you conceived the thoroughly silly notion that I would pass over my public policies and achievements and turn rather to those slanders of yours. I will do nothing of the kind. I am not that foolish. I shall first take up your slanderous falsehoods against my public policies, and return later, if the jury so wishes, to your unbridled ribaldry.

Æschines' accusations against me are numerous, and for some of them the laws demand great and even extreme penalties. This contest has a peculiar character: it contains accusations and charges for which, if true, the state could never exact anything like an adequate penalty; and mixed in with these are also the malice, insolence, calumny, abuse and the like of a personal enemy. To try to deprive one of the right to come before the people and be heard is never just; but to do this out of envy and malice is, by the gods, men of Athens, neither right, constitutional, nor just. At the time he saw me committing wrongs against the state, especially if they were as great as he has just dramatically portrayed them to be, he should have invoked the legal processes against wrongdoing: impeaching me and bringing me to trial before you by that means, if he saw me doing things which deserved impeachment, and indicting me for illegal proposals if he saw me proposing illegal measures. . . .

Had it been his policy and practice to bring legal action at the time of the deeds he later complains of, his present accusations would then be consistent with his acts. But, after holding himself aloof from the path of right and justice, and after failing to bring these matters to the test at the time of their occurrence, he comes forward at this late date piling up charges and scoffings and calumnies, and playing a part. Moreover, although he has brought this suit against Ctesiphon, his charges are really directed at me; for, although this suit is legally aimed at the disfranchisement of another, he has placed in the very front of the whole contest his personal enmity to me, an enmity in which he has never faced me squarely and openly. And yet, men of Athens, in addition to all the other things one could say in behalf of Ctesiphon, this too, it seems to me, could be reasonably said: we ought to settle our enmities among ourselves, and not, while refusing to come to grips with each other, seek out some other person to injure instead. That is the height of injustice.

From all this any one can see that the rest of his accusations are equally dishonest and untrue. Yet I want to examine each of them individually, and especially his false statements about the peace and the embassy in which he attributed to me his doings and those of Philocrates. It is necessary, therefore, and perhaps fitting, to remind you just how matters were at that time so that you may see each thing in the light of the situation as it then existed.[1]

When the Phocian war began—not by my fault, for I was still outside politics—you were at first disposed to hope that the Phocians would escape ruin, although you knew that they were in the wrong, and to exult over any misfortune that might befall the Thebans, with whom you were justly and reasonably indignant because of the immoderate use they had made of the advantage they gained at Leuctra. The Peloponnesus was divided. The enemies of the Lacedæmonians were not strong enough to destroy them; and the aristocrats whom the Lacedæmonians had put into power had lost control of the several states. In those states and everywhere else there was indiscriminate strife and confusion. Philip, observing these conditions, which were apparent enough, spent money freely in bribing traitorous persons in all the cities, and tried to promote embroilment and disorder. He based his designs on the errors and follies of others, and the growth of his power was perilous to us all. When it was evident that the Thebans, now fallen from arrogance to disaster, and much distressed by the prolongation of the war, would be compelled to seek the protection of Athens, Philip, to forestall such an appeal and coalition, offered peace to you and succour to them. Now what contributed to his success, when he found you ready to fall into his trap almost eagerly, was the baseness, or, if you prefer the term, the stupidity, or both, of the other Greek states. You were fighting a long and incessant war for purposes in which, as the event has proved, they were all concerned, and yet they helped you neither with money, nor with men, nor with anything else; and so, in your just and natural indignation, you readily accepted Philip's suggestion. The peace conceded to him at that time was due to the causes I have named, and not, as Æschines maliciously insists, to me; and the misdeeds and the corruption of Æschines and his party during that peace will be found, on any honest inquiry, to be the true cause of our present troubles. These distinctions and explanations I offer merely for the sake of accuracy; for if you should suppose that there was any guilt, or ever so much guilt, in that peace-making business, the suspicion does not concern me. The first man to raise the question of peace in a speech was Aristodemus, the actor, and the man who took up the cue, moved the resolution, and, with Æschines, became Philip's hired agent, was Philocrates of Hagnus—your confederate, Æschines, not mine, though you lie till you are black in the face. Their supporters in the debate were Eubulus and Cephisophon—on whose motives I have at present nothing to say. I never spoke in favour of the peace. And yet, though the facts are such and demonstrated to be such, he has the amazing impudence to tell you that I am to blame for the terms of peace, and that I stopped the city from arranging the terms in conjunction with a congress of the Greek states. Why, you, you—but I can find no epithet bad enough for you—was there any single occasion when you, having observed me in your presence trying to rob the state of a negotiation and of an alliance which you have just described as of the greatest importance, either made any protest, or rose to give the people any information whatsoever about the proceeding which you now denounce? Yet if I had really intrigued with Philip to stop a Panhellenic coalition, it was your business not to hold your peace, but to cry aloud, to protest, to inform the people. You did nothing of the sort. No one ever heard that fine voice of yours. Of course not; for at that time there was no embassy visiting any of the Greek states, but all the states had long ago been sounded out, and there is not an honest word in his whole story. Moreover, his falsehoods are the worst of slanders upon Athens. If at one and the same time you were inviting the Greeks to make war and sending envoys to Philip to negotiate peace, you were playing a part worthy of Eurybatus the impostor, not of a great city or of honest men. But it is false; it is false! For what purpose could you have summoned them at that crisis? For peace? They were all enjoying peace. For war? You were already discussing terms of peace. Therefore it is clear that I did not promote, and was in no way responsible for, the original peace, and that all his other calumnies are equally false.

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[1] The translation up to this point is by P. H. Epps. The translation from here on is reprinted by permission of the publishers from Loeb Classical Library, Demosthenes, *De Corona and De Falsa Legatione*, translated by C. A. Vince and J. H. Vince, Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, 1926.

Now observe what policy we severally adopted after the conclusion of peace. You will thereby ascertain who acted throughout as Philip's agent, and who served your interests and sought the good of the city. I proposed in the Council that the ambassadors should sail without delay to any place where they might learn that Philip was to be found, and there receive from him the oath of ratification; but in spite of my resolution they refused to go. What was the reason of that refusal? I will tell you. It suited Philip's purposes that the interval should be as long, and ours that it should be as short as possible; for you had suspended all your preparations for war, not merely from the day of ratification, but from that on which you first began to expect peace. That was just what Philip was contriving all the time, expecting with good reason that he would hold safely any Athenian possessions which he might seize before the ratification, as no one would break the peace to recover them. Foreseeing that result, and appreciating its importance, I moved that the embassy should repair to the place where they would find Philip and swear him in without delay, in order that the oath might be taken while your allies the Thracians were still holding the places about which Æschines was so sarcastic—Serrium, Myrtenum, and Ergisce—and that Philip might not get control of Thrace by seizing the positions of advantage and so providing himself amply with men and money for the furtherance of his ulterior designs. . . .

My object in moving this decree was to serve Athens, not Philip. Nevertheless these excellent envoys took so little heed of it that they loitered in Macedonia for three whole months, until Philip returned from Thrace, having subdued the whole country; though they might have reached the Hellespont in ten or perhaps in three or four days, and rescued the outposts by receiving the oaths of ratification before Philip captured them. . . .

Such then is the history of the first act of knavery on Philip's part, and venality on the part of these dishonest men at the time of the embassy. For that act I avow that I was then, am still, and ever shall be their enemy and their adversary. I will next exhibit an act of still greater turpitude which comes next in order of time. When Philip had sworn to the peace, having first secured Thrace because of their disobedience to my decree, he bribed them to postpone our departure from Macedonia until he had made ready for his expedition against the Phocians. . . . I earnestly beg you, men of Athens, to bear in mind throughout this trial that, if Æschines had not gone outside the articles of indictment in his denunciation of me, I too would not have digressed; but as he has resorted to every sort of imputation and slander, I am compelled to reply briefly to all his charges in turn. What then were the speeches he made at that crisis—the speeches that brought everything to ruin? He told you that you need not be excited because Philip had passed Thermopylæ; that, if only you kept quiet, you would get all you wanted, and would within two or three days learn that Philip was now the friend of those to whom he came as enemy, and the enemy of those to whom he came as friend. The bonds of amity, he declared, with his most impressive eloquence, are fortified not by words but by community of interest; and it was an interest common to Philip, to the Phocians, and to all of you alike, to be quit of the unfeeling and offensive behaviour of the Thebans. Some of you were delighted to hear these remarks, for at that time we all disliked the Thebans. What was the result—not the distant, but the immediate result? That the Phocians perished and their cities were demolished; that you took his advice and kept quiet—and before long were carrying in your chattels from the country; and that Æschines pocketed his fee. A further result was that Athens got all the ill will of the Thebans and Thessalians, and Philip all their gratitude for these transactions. . . . And the man who was hand-in-glove with Philip, and helped him to win that blind confidence, who brought lying reports to Athens and deluded his fellow-citizens, was this same Æschines who to-day bewails the sorrows of the Thebans and recites their pitiful story, being himself guilty of those sorrows, guilty of the distresses of the Phocians, guilty of all the sufferings of every nation in Greece. Yes, Æschines, beyond a doubt, you are sincerely grieved by that tale of woe, you are wrung with pity for the poor Thebans, you, who hold estates in Bœotia, you, who till the farms that once were theirs; it is I who exult —I, who was at once claimed as a victim by the perpetrator of those wrongs!

When you had been deluded by Philip through the agency of the men who took his pay when on embassy and brought back fictitious reports, and when the unhappy Phocians were likewise deluded, and all their cities destroyed, what happened? Those vile Thessalians and those ill-conditioned Thebans regarded Philip as their friend, their benefactor, and their deliverer. He was all in all to them; they would not listen to the voice of anyone who spoke ill of him. You Athenians, though suspicious and dissatisfied, observed the terms of peace, for you could do nothing. The rest of the Greeks, though similarly overreached and disappointed, observed the peace; and yet in a sense the war against them had already begun; for when Philip was moving hither and thither, subduing Illyrians and Triballians, and some Greeks as well, when he was gradually getting control of large military resources, and when certain Greek citizens, including Æschines, were availing themselves of the liberty of the peace to visit Macedonia and take bribes, all these movements were really acts of war upon the states against which Philip was making his preparations. That they failed to perceive it is another story, and does not concern me. My forebodings and expostulations were unceasing; I uttered them in the Assembly and in every city to which I was sent. But all the cities were demoralized. The active politicians were venal and corrupted by the hope of money: the unofficial classes and the people in general were either blind to the future or ensnared by the listlessness and indolence of their daily life; in all the malady had gone so far that they expected the danger to descend anywhere but upon themselves, and even hoped to derive their security at will from the perils of others. In the result, of course, the excessive and inopportune apathy of the common people has been punished by the loss of their independence, while their leaders, who fancied they were selling everything except themselves, discover too late that their own liberty was the first thing they sold. Instead of the name of trusty friend, in which they rejoiced when they were taking their bribes, they are dubbed toad-eaters and scoundrels, and other suitable epithets. What did they expect? Men of Athens, it is not because he wants to do a traitor a good turn that a man spends his money; nor, when he has once got what he paid for, has he any further use for the traitor's counsels. Otherwise treason would be the most profitable of all trades. But it is not so. How could it be? Far from it! As soon as the man who grasps at power has achieved his purpose, he is the master of those who sold him his mastery; and then—yes, then!—knowing their baseness, he loathes them, mistrusts them, and reviles them. . . . The man who is most vigilant in defence of his country and most vigorous in his opposition to treason—he is the man, Æschines, who provides you traitors and mercenaries with something that you can betray for a bribe; and, if you are still secure and still drawing your pay, you owe this to the great majority of these citizens, and to those who thwarted your purposes—for your own efforts would long ago have brought you to destruction.

I could say much more about the history of that time, but I suppose that what has been said is more than enough. My antagonist is to blame, for he has so bespattered me with the sour dregs of his own knavery and his own crimes, that I was obliged to clear myself in the eyes of men too young to remember those transactions. But it has perhaps been wearisome to you, who, before I said a word, knew all about his venality. However, he calls it friendship and amity; and only just now he spoke of "the man who taunts me with the friendship of Alexander." I taunt you with the friendship of Alexander! Where did you get it? How did you earn it? I am not out of my mind, and I would never call you the friend either of Philip or Alexander, unless we are to call a harvester or other hired labourer the friend of the man who pays him for his job. But it is not so. How could it be? Far from it! I call you Philip's hireling of yesterday, and Alexander's hireling of to-day, and so does every man in this Assembly. If you doubt my word, ask them; or rather I will ask them myself. Come, men of Athens, what do you think? Is Æschines Alexander's hireling, or Alexander's friend?—You hear what they say.

I propose then at last to come to my defence against the actual indictment, and to a recital of my public acts, that Æschines may hear from me what he knows perfectly well, the grounds on which I claim that I deserve even larger rewards than those proposed by the council. . . . I will proceed at once to the history of my own actions; and let no one imagine that I am straying from the indictment if I touch upon Hellenic policy and Hellenic questions; for by attacking as mendacious that clause of the decree which alleges that in word and deed I have acted for the common good, it is Æschines who has made a discussion of the whole of my public life necessary and pertinent to the indictment. Further, out of many spheres of public activity I chose Hellenic affairs as my province, and therefore I am justified in taking Hellenic policy as the basis of my demonstration.

Well, I pass by those successes which Philip achieved and maintained before I became a politician and a public speaker, as I do not think that they concern me. I will, however, remind you of enterprises of his which were thwarted after the day on which I entered public life. Of these I will render an account, premising only that Philip started with this enormous advantage. In all the Greek states—not in some but in every one of them—it chanced that there had sprung up the most abundant crop of traitorous, venal, and profligate politicians ever known within the memory of mankind. These persons Philip adopted as his satellites and accomplices. The disposition of Greeks towards one another was already vicious and quarrelsome; and he made it worse. Some he cajoled; some he bribed; some he corrupted in every possible way. He split them into many factions, although all had one common interest—to thwart his aggrandizement. Now seeing that all Greece was in such a plight, and still unconscious of a gathering and ever-growing evil, what was the right policy for Athens to adopt, and the right action for her to take? That is the question, men of Athens, which you ought to consider, and that is the issue on which I ought to be called to account; for I was the man who took up a firm position in that department of your public affairs. Was it the duty of our city, Æschines, to abase her pride, to lower her dignity, to rank herself with Thessalians and Dolopians, to help Philip to establish his supremacy over Greece, to annihilate the glories and the prerogatives of our forefathers? Or, if she rejected that truly shameful policy, was she to stand by and permit aggressions which she must have long foreseen, and knew would succeed if none should intervene? I would now like to ask the man who censures our past conduct most severely, what party he would have wished our city to join. The party that shares the guilt of all the disasters and dishonours that have befallen Greece,—the party, as one may say, of the Thessalians and their associates? Or that which permitted those disasters in the hope of selfish gain, the party in which we may include the Arcadians, the Messenians, and the Argives? Why, the fate of many, indeed of all, of those nations is worse than ours. For if, after his victory, Philip had at once taken himself off, and relapsed into inactivity, harassing neither his own allies nor any other Greeks, there might have been some reason for finding fault with the opponents of his enterprises; but seeing that, wherever he could, he destroyed the prestige, the authority, the independence, and even the constitution of every city alike, who can deny that you chose the most honourable of all policies when you followed my advice?

To resume my argument: I ask you, Æschines, what was the duty of Athens when she perceived that Philip's purpose was to establish a despotic empire over all Greece? What language, what counsels, were incumbent upon an adviser of the people at Athens, of all places in the world, when I was conscious that, from the dawn of her history to the day when I first ascended the tribune, our country had ever striven for primacy, and honour, and renown, and that to serve an honourable ambition and the common welfare of Greece she had expended her treasure and the lives of her sons far more generously than any other Hellenic state fighting only for itself; and knowing as I did that our antagonist Philip himself, contending for empire and supremacy, had endured the loss of his eye, the fracture of his collarbone, the mutilation of his hand and his leg, and was ready to sacrifice to the fortune of war any and every part of his body, if only the life of the shattered remnant should be a life of honour and renown? Surely no man will dare to call it becoming that in a man reared at Pella, then a mean and insignificant city, such lofty ambition should be innate as to covet the dominion of all Greece, and admit that aspiration to his soul, while you, natives of Athens, observing day by day, in every speech you hear and in every spectacle you behold, memorials of the high prowess of your forefathers, should sink to such cowardice as by a spontaneous, voluntary act to surrender your liberty to a Philip. No one will make that assertion. The only remaining, and the necessary, policy was to resist with justice all his unjust designs. That policy was adopted by you from the start in a spirit that well became you, and forwarded by me in all my proposals, according to the opportunities of my public life. I admit the charge. Tell me; what ought I to have done? I put the question to you, Æschines, dismissing for the moment everything else—Amphipolis, Pydna, Potidæa, Halonnesus. . . . Here was a man annexing Eubœa and making it a basis of operations against Attica, attacking Megara, occupying Oreus, demolishing Porthmus, establishing the tyranny of Philistides at Oreus and of Cleitarchus at Eretria, subjugating the Hellespont, besieging Byzantium, destroying some of the Greek cities, reinstating exiled traitors in others: by these acts was he, or was he not, committing injustice, breaking treaty, and violating the terms of peace? Was it, or was it not, right that some man of Grecian race should stand forward to stop those aggressions? If it was not right, if Greece was to present the spectacle, as the phrase goes, of the looting of Mysia, while Athenians still lived and breathed, then I am a busybody, because I spoke of those matters, and Athens, too, is a busybody because she listened to *me*; and let all her misdeeds and blunders be charged to my account! But if it was right that some one should intervene, on whom did the duty fall, if not on the Athenian democracy? That then was my policy. I saw a man enslaving all mankind, and I stood in his way. I never ceased warning you and admonishing you to surrender nothing. . . .

When Philip was driven out of Eubœa by your arms, and also,—though these men choke themselves with their denials,—by my policy and my decrees, he cast about for a second plan of attack against Athens; and observing that we consume more imported corn than any other nation, he proposed to get control of the carrying trade in corn. He advanced towards Thrace, and the first thing he did was to claim the help of the Byzantines as his allies in the war against you. When they refused, declaring with entire truth that the terms of alliance included no such obligation, he set up a stockade against their city, planted artillery, and began a siege. I will not further ask what was your proper course in those circumstances,—the answer is too obvious. But who sent reinforcements to the Byzantines and delivered them? Who prevented the estrangement of the Hellespont at that crisis? You, men of Athens; and when I say you, I mean the whole city. Who advised the city, moved the resolutions, took action, devoted himself whole-heartedly and without stint to that business? I did; and I need not argue how profitable my policy was, for you know it by experience. . . .

Thus my considered policy was not only successful in delivering the Chersonese and Byzantium, in preventing the subjugation of the Hellespont to Philip, and in bringing distinction to the city, but it exhibited to mankind the noble spirit of Athens and the depravity of Philip. For he, the ally of the Byzantines, was besieging them in the sight of all men: could anything be more discreditable and outrageous? But you, who might with justice have found fault with them for earlier acts of trespass, so far from being vindictive and deserting them in their distress, appeared as their deliverers, and by that conduct won renown,—the goodwill of the whole world. Moreover all know that you have awarded crowns to many politicians; but no one can name any man—I mean any statesman or orator—except me, by whose exertions the city itself has been crowned.

I wish to show you that the attack Æschines made on the Eubœans and the Byzantines by raking up old stories of their disobliging conduct towards you, was mere spiteful calumny,—not only because, as I think you all must know, those stories are false, but because, even if they were entirely true, the merits of my policy are not affected,—by relating, with due brevity, two or three of the noble actions of your own commonwealth; for the public conduct of a state, like the private conduct of a man, should always be guided by its most honourable traditions. When the Lacedæmonians, men of Athens, had the supremacy of land and sea, and were holding with governors and garrisons all the frontiers of Attica, Eubœa, Tanagra, all Bœotia, Megara, Ægina, Ceos, and the other islands, for at that time Athens had no ships and no walls, you marched out to Haliartus, and again a few days later to Corinth. The Athenians of those days had good reason to bear malice against the Corinthians and the Thebans for their conduct during the Decelean War; but they bore no malice whatever. Yet in making both these expeditions, Æschines, they were not requiting benefits received, and they knew they were taking risks. They did not use those pleas as excuses for deserting men who had sought their protection. For the sake of honour and glory they willingly encountered those perils,—a righteous and a noble resolve! For every man death is the goal of life, though he keep himself cloistered in his chamber; but it behoves the brave to set their hands to every noble enterprise, bearing before them the buckler of hope, and to endure gallantly whatever fate God may allot. So your forefathers played their part; so also did the elder among yourselves. The Lacedæmonians were no friends or benefactors of ours; they had done many grievous wrongs to our commonwealth; but when the Thebans, after their victory at Leuctra, threatened to exterminate them, you balked that revenge, without fear of the prowess and high repute of the Thebans, without thought of the past misdeeds of the people for whom you imperilled yourselves. And so you taught to all Greece the lesson that, however gravely a nation may have offended against you, you keep your resentment for proper occasions, but if ever their life or their liberty is endangered, you will not indulge your rancour or take your wrongs into account. . . . Having before my eyes the spectacle of a city in all those great enterprises ready to fight the battles of her neighbours, what advice was I to give and what policy to urge, when her deliberations in some measure concerned herself? To bear malice against men who were seeking deliverance? To search for excuses for deserting the common cause? Should I not have deserved death if even in word I had sought to tarnish our honourable traditions? In word, I say; for the deed you would never have done. Of that I am well assured, for if you so wished, what stood in your way? Was it not in your power? Were not Æschines and his friends there to advise you? . . .

As for the proclamation in the Theatre, I will not insist that thousands of names have been a thousand times so proclaimed, nor that I myself have been crowned again and again before now. But, really now, are you so unintelligent and blind, Æschines, that you are incapable of reflecting that a crown is equally gratifying to the person crowned wheresoever it is proclaimed, but that the proclamation is made in the Theatre merely for the sake of those by whom it is conferred? For the whole vast audience is stimulated to do service to the commonwealth, and applauds the exhibition of gratitude rather than the recipient; and that is the reason why the state has enacted this statute. Please take and read it.

(*The Statute is read*)

You hear, Æschines, how the statute expressly makes an exception: "persons named in any decree of the Council or the Assembly always excepted. They are to be proclaimed." Then why this miserable pettifogging? Why these insincere arguments? Why do you not try hellebore for your complaint? Are you not ashamed to prosecute for spite, not for crime; misquoting this statute, curtailing that statute, when they ought to be read in their entirety to a jury sworn to vote according to their direction? And, while behaving like that, you treat us to your definition of all the qualities proper to a patriotic politician—as though you had bespoken a statue according to specification, and it had been delivered without the qualities specified! As though talk, not deeds and policy, were the criterion of patriotism! And then you raise your voice, like a clown at a carnival, and pelt me with epithets both decent and obscene, suitable for yourself and your kindred, but not for me. . . .

A righteous and conscientious verdict is now sufficiently indicated; but I have still, as it seems—not because I have any taste for railing, but because of his calumnies—to state the bare necessary facts about Æschines, in return for a great many lies. I must let you know who this man, who starts on vituperation so glibly—who ridicules certain words of mine though he has himself said things that every decent man would shrink from uttering—really is, and what is his parentage. Why, if my calumniator had been Æacus, or Rhadamanthus, or Minos, instead of a mere scandal-monger, a market-place loafer, a poor devil of a clerk, he could hardly have used such language, or equipped himself with such offensive expressions. Hark to his melodramatic bombast: "Oh, Earth! Oh, Sun! Oh, Virtue," and all that vapouring; his appeals to "intelligence and education, whereby we discriminate between things of good and evil report"—for that was the sort of rubbish you heard him spouting. Virtue! you runagate; what have you or your family to do with virtue? How do you distinguish between good and evil report? Where and how did you qualify as a moralist? Where did you get your right to talk about education? No really educated man would use such language about himself, but would rather blush to hear it from others; but people like you, who make stupid pretensions to the culture of which they are utterly destitute, succeed in disgusting everybody whenever they open their lips, but never in making the impression they desire.

I am at no loss for information about you and your family; but I am at a loss where to begin. Shall I relate how your father Tromes was a slave in the house of Elpias, who kept an elementary school near the Temple of Theseus, and how he wore shackles on his legs and a timber collar round his neck? or how your mother practised daylight nuptials in an outhouse next door to Heros the bone-setter, and so brought you up to act in tableaux vivants and to excel in minor parts on the stage? However, everybody knows that without being told by me. Shall I tell you how Phormio the boatswain, a slave of Dio of Phrearrii, uplifted her from that chaste profession? But I protest that, however well the story becomes you, I am afraid I may be thought to have chosen topics unbecoming to myself. I will pass by those early days, and begin with his conduct of his own life; for indeed it has been no ordinary life, but such as is an abomination to a free people. Only recently—recently, do I say? Why it was only the day before yesterday when he became simultaneously an Athenian and an orator, and, by the addition of two syllables, transformed his father from Tromes to Atrometus, and bestowed upon his mother the highsounding name of Glaucothea, although she was universally known as the Banshee, a nickname she owed to the pleasing diversity of her acts and experiences—it can have no other origin. You were raised from servitude to freedom, and from beggary to opulence, by the favour of your fellow-citizens, and yet you are so thankless and ill-conditioned that, instead of showing them your gratitude, you take the pay of their enemies and conduct political intrigues to their detriment. I will not deal with speeches which, on a disputable construction, may be called patriotic, but I will recall to memory acts by which he was proved beyond doubt to have served your enemies.

You all remember Antiphon, the man who was struck off the register, and came back to Athens after promising Philip that he would set fire to the dockyard. When I had caught him in hiding at Peiræus, and brought him before the Assembly, this malignant fellow raised a huge outcry about my scandalous and undemocratic conduct in assaulting citizens in distress and breaking into houses without a warrant, and so procured his acquittal. Had not the Council of the Areopagus, becoming aware of the facts, and seeing that you had made a most inopportune blunder, started further inquiries, arrested the man, and brought him into court a second time, the vile traitor would have slipped out of your hands and eluded justice, being smuggled out of the city by our bombastic phrase-monger. As it was, you put him on the rack and then executed him, and you ought to have done the same to Æschines. In fact, the Council of the Areopagus knew well that Æschines had been to blame throughout this affair, and therefore when after choosing him by vote to speak in support of your claims to the Temple at Delos, by a misapprehension such as has often been fatal to your public interests, you invited the co-operation of that Council and gave them full authority, they promptly rejected him as a traitor, and gave the brief to Hypereides. On this occasion the ballot was taken at the altar, and not a single vote was cast for this wretch. . . .

I omit thousands of stories that I could tell you about him. The fact is, I could cite many clear instances of his conduct at that time, helping the enemy and maligning me; only it is not your way to score up such offences for accurate remembrance and due resentment. You have a vicious habit of allowing too much indulgence to anyone who chooses by spiteful calumnies to trip up the heels of a man who gives you good advice. You give away a sound policy in exchange for the entertainment you derive from invective; and so it is easier and safer for a public man to serve your enemies and pocket their pay than to choose and maintain a patriotic attitude.

Though it was a scandalous shame enough, God knows, openly to take Philip's side against his own country even before the war, make him a present, if you choose, make him a present of that. But when our merchantmen had been openly plundered, when the Chersonese was being ravaged, when the man was advancing upon Attica, when there could no longer be any doubt about the position, but war had already begun—even after that this malignant mumbler of blank verse can point to no patriotic act. No profitable proposition, great or small, stands to the credit of Æschines. If he claims any, let him cite it now, while my hour-glass runs. But there is none. Now one of two things: either he made no alternative proposal because he could find no fault with my policy, or he did not disclose his amendments because his object was the advantage of the enemy. . . .

In your presence, men of Athens, I now invoke all the gods and goddesses whose domain is the land of Attica. I invoke also Pythian Apollo, the ancestral divinity of this city, and I solemnly beseech them all that, if I shall speak the truth now, and if I spoke truth to my countrymen when first I saw this miscreant putting his hand to that transaction—for I knew it, I knew it instantly—they may grant to me prosperity and salvation. But if with malice or in the spirit of personal rivalry I lay against him any false charge, I pray that they may dispossess me of everything that is good. . . .

For Philip there could be no end or quittance of hostilities with Athens unless he should make the Thebans and Thessalians her enemies. . . . How did he manage it? By hiring Æschines. Nobody, of course, had any inkling; nobody was watching—according to your usual custom! Æschines was nominated for the deputation to Thermopylæ; three or four hands were held up, and he was declared elected. He repaired to the Council, invested with all the prestige of Athens, and at once, putting aside and disregarding everything else, addressed himself to the business for which he had taken pay. He concocted a plausible speech about the legendary origin of the consecration of the Cirrhæan territory, and by this narration induced the commissioners, men unversed in oratory and unsuspicious of consequences, to vote for a tour of survey of the land which the Amphissians said they were cultivating because it belonged to them, while Æschines accused them of intruding on consecrated ground. . . .

With Æschines as their trusty guide, the Amphictyons began their tour of the territory; but the Locrians fell upon them, were within an ace of spearing the whole crowd, and did actually seize and carry off the sacred persons of several commissioners. Complaints were promptly laid, and so war against the Amphissians was provoked. . . . The persons engaged in the plot, mostly scoundrels of old standing from Thessaly and other states, prepared to put the war into Philip's hands at the next congress. . . .

Having, through the agency of these men, promoted such relations between Thebes and Athens, and being encouraged by these decrees and these replies, Philip came with his forces and occupied Elatea, imagining that, whatever might happen, you and the Thebans would never come to agreement. You all remember the commotion that ensued at Athens; nevertheless let me recount some small but essential details.

Evening had already fallen when a messenger arrived bringing to the presiding councillors the news that Elatea had been taken. They were sitting at supper, but they instantly rose from table, cleared the booths in the market-place of their occupants, and unfolded the hurdles, while others summoned the commanders and ordered the attendance of the trumpeter. The commotion spread through the whole city. At daybreak on the morrow the presidents summoned the Council to the Council House, and the citizens flocked to the place of assembly. Before the Council could introduce the business and prepare the agenda, the whole body of citizens had taken their places on the hill. The Council arrived, the presiding Councillors formally reported the intelligence they had received, and the courier was introduced. As soon as he had told his tale, the marshal put the question, Who wishes to speak? No one came forward. The marshal repeated his question again and again, but still no one rose to speak, although all the commanders were there, and all the orators, and although the country with her civic voice was calling for the man who should speak for her salvation; for we may justly regard the voice, which the crier raises as the laws direct, as the civic voice of our country. Now had it been the duty of every man who desired the salvation of Athens to come forward, all of you, aye, every Athenian citizen, would have risen in your places and made your way to the tribune: for that salvation, I am well assured, was the desire of every heart. If that duty had fallen upon the wealthy, the Three Hundred would have risen; if upon those who were alike wealthy and patriotic, the men who thereafter gave those generous donations which signalized at once their wealth and their patriotism. But, it seems, the call of the crisis on that momentous day was not only for the wealthy patriot but for the man who from first to last had closely watched the sequence of events, and had rightly fathomed the purposes and the desires of Philip; for anyone who had not grasped those purposes, or had not studied them long beforehand, however patriotic and however wealthy he might be, was not the man to appreciate the needs of the hour, or to find any counsel to offer to the people. On that day, then, the call was manifestly for me. I came forward and addressed you; and I will now ask your careful attention to the speech I then made, for two reasons: first, that you may understand that I, alone among your orators and politicians, did not desert the post of patriotism in the hour of peril, but proved myself one who in the midst of panic could, both in speech and in suggestion, do what duty bade on your behalf; and secondly, because at the cost of a few minutes of study you may gain experience which will stand you in good stead for your policy in times to come.

What I said was this. "In my judgement the present position of affairs is misunderstood by those who are so much alarmed by the apprehension that all Thebes is at the disposal of Philip. If that were true, I am quite certain that we should have heard of him not at Elatea but on our own frontiers. But I know with certainty that he has come to complete his preparations at Thebes. Let me tell you how he is situated. He has at his command all those Thebans whom he was able to win by fraud or corruption; but he cannot by any means prevail upon those who have resisted him from the first and who are still his opponents. His present object, and the purpose for which he has occupied Elatea, is that, by an exhibition of his power in the neighbourhood of Thebes, and by bringing up armed forces, he may encourage and embolden his friends, and overawe his adversaries, hoping that the latter will yield to intimidation or to compulsion and will so concede what at present they refuse. If," I added, "at this crisis we are determined to remember all the provocative dealings of the Thebans with us in past time, and to distrust them still on the score of enmity, in the first place, we shall be acting exactly as Philip would beg us to act; and secondly, I am afraid that, if his present opponents give him a favourable reception, and unanimously become Philip's men, both parties will join in an invasion of Attica. If, however, you will listen to my advice, and apply your minds to consideration, but not to captious criticism, of what I lay before you, I believe that you will find my proposals acceptable, and that I shall disperse the perils that overhang our city. Let me then tell you what to do. In the first place, get rid of your present terror; or rather direct it elsewhere, and be as frightened as you will for the Thebans. They lie nearer to peril; the danger threatens them first. Next, let all men of military age, and all the cavalry, march out to Eleusis, and show the world that you are under arms. Then your partisans at Thebes will have equal freedom to speak their minds for righteousness' sake, knowing that, just as the men who have sold their country to Philip are supported by a force at Elatea ready to come to their aid, so also you are in readiness to help men who are willing to fight for independence, and will come to their aid, if they are attacked. In the next place, I would have you appoint ten ambassadors, and give them authority, in consultation with the military commanders, to determine the time of the march to Thebes and the conduct of the campaign. Now for my advice on the treatment of the difficulty after the arrival of the ambassadors at Thebes. I beg your careful attention to this. Do not ask any favour of the Thebans: for that the occasion is not creditable. Pledge yourselves to come to their aid at their call, on the ground that they are in extremities, and that we have a clearer foresight of the future than they. And so, if they accept our overtures and take our advice, we shall have accomplished our desires and have acted on a principle worthy of our traditions; while, if success does not fall to our lot, they will have themselves to blame for their immediate blunder, and we shall have done nothing mean or discreditable."

In those words, or to that effect, I spoke, and left the tribune. My speech was universally applauded, and there was no opposition. I did not speak without moving, nor move without serving as ambassador, nor serve without convincing the Thebans. I went through the whole business from beginning to end, devoting myself ungrudgingly to your service in face of the perils that encompassed our city. Please produce the decree made at that time.

(*The Decree of Demosthenes is read*)

Such was the first beginning and such the basis of our negotiations with Thebes; the first, I say, for hitherto the two cities had been dragged by these men into mutual enmity, hatred, and distrust. The decree was made, and the danger that environed the city passed away like a summer cloud. Then was the time therefore for an honest man to point, if he could, to a better way; now cavilling comes too late. That is the salient difference between the statesmen and the charlatan, who are indeed in all respects unlike one another. The statesman declares his judgement before the event, and accepts responsibility to his followers, to fortune, to the chances of the hour, to every critic of his policy. The charlatan holds his peace when he ought to speak, and then croaks over any untoward result. That then, as I said, was the opportunity for any man who cared for Athens or for honest discussion. But I will make a large concession. If even now any man can point to a better way, nay, if any policy whatever, save mine, was even practicable, I plead guilty. If anyone has now discerned any course which might have been taken profitably then, I admit that I ought not to have missed it. But if there is none, if there never was any, if to this very day no one is able to name any, what was a statesman to do? Surely to choose the best policy among those that were visible and feasible. That is what I did, Æschines, when the marshal put the question, "Who wishes to speak?" He did not ask, "Who wishes to rake up old grievances?" or, "Who wishes to be answerable for the future?" In those days you sat speechless at every assembly; I came forward and spoke. You had nothing to say then; very well,—show us our duty now. Tell me what plan I ought to have discovered. Tell me what favourable opportunity was lost to the state by my default. Tell me of any alliance, or any negotiation, to which I ought by preference to have introduced the people.

Bygones are bygones, all the world over. No one proposes deliberation about the past; it is the present and the future that call the statesman to his post. And at that time, as we all thought, there were future perils and there were present perils. Look at the policy I chose in the light of those perils; do not carp at results. The issue depends on the will of a higher Power; the mind of the statesman is manifested in his policy. You must not accuse me of crime, because Philip happened to win the battle; for the event was in God's hands, not mine. Show me that I did not adopt, as far as human calculation could go, all the measures that were practicable, or that I did not carry them out with honesty and diligence, and with an industry that overtaxed my strength; or else show me that the enterprises I initiated were not honourable, worthy of Athens, and inevitable. Prove that, and then denounce me; but not till then. If the hurricane that burst upon us has been too strong, not for us alone, but for every Hellenic state,—what then? As if a shipowner, who had done everything in his power for a prosperous voyage, who had equipped his craft with every appliance he could think of to ensure her safety, should encounter a great storm, and then, because his tackle was overstrained or even shattered, should be accused of the crime of shipwreck! "But," he might say, "I was not at the helm"—nor was I in command of the army—"and I could not control fortune, but fortune controls all."

. . . Æschines, if the future was revealed to you and to nobody else, you should have given us the benefit of your predictions when we were deliberating; if you had no foreknowledge, you are open to the charge of ignorance just like the rest of us. Then what better right have you to denounce me than I to denounce you? In respect of the business of which I am speaking—and at present I discuss nothing else—I am a better citizen than you, in so far as I devoted myself to a course of action that was unanimously approved, neither shirking nor even counting any personal danger. You made no more acceptable suggestion, otherwise mine would not have been adopted; and in carrying out mine you were not of the slightest use. You are proved after the event to have behaved throughout like a worthless and most unpatriotic citizen. . . . You stand revealed in your life and conduct, in your public performances and also in your public abstinences. A project approved by the people is going forward. Æschines is speechless. A regrettable incident is reported. Æschines is in evidence. He reminds one of an old sprain or fracture: the moment you are out of health it begins to be active.

As he lays so much stress on results, let me venture on a paradox. If it seems extravagant, I beg that you will not be surprised, but that you will still give friendly consideration to what I am saying. Suppose that the future had been revealed to all of us, that every one had known what would happen, and that you, Æschines, had predicted and protested, and shouted and stormed—though in fact you never opened your mouth—even then the city could not have departed from that policy, if she had any regard for honour, or for our ancestors, or for the days that are to come. All that can be said now is, that we have failed: and that is the common lot of humanity, if God so wills. But then, if Athens, after claiming the primacy of the nations, had run away from her claims, she would have been held guilty of betraying Greece to Philip. If, without striking a blow, she had abandoned the cause for which our forefathers flinched from no peril, is there a man who would not have spat in your face? In your face, Æschines: not at Athens, not at me! How could we have returned the gaze of visitors to our city, if the result had been what it is—Philip the chosen lord paramount of all Greece—and if other nations had fought gallantly to avert that calamity without our aid, although never before in the whole course of history had our city preferred inglorious security to the perils of a noble cause? There is no man living, whether Greek or barbarian, who does not know that the Thebans, or the Lacedæmonians, who held supremacy before them, or the king of Persia himself, would cheerfully and gratefully have given Athens liberty to keep what she had and to take what she chose, if only she would do their behest and surrender the primacy of Greece. But to the Athenians of old, I suppose, such temporizing was forbidden by their heredity, by their pride, by their very nature. Since the world began, no man has ever prevailed upon Athens to attach herself in the security of servitude to the oppressors of mankind however formidable: in every generation she has striven without a pause in the perilous contention for primacy, and honour, and renown. Such constancy you deem so exemplary, and so congenial to your character, that you still sing the praises of those of your forefathers by whom it was most signally displayed. And you are right. Who would not exult in the valour of those famous men who, rather than yield to a conqueror's behests, left city and country and made the war-galleys their home; who chose Themistocles, the man who gave them that counsel, as their commander, and stoned Cyrsilus to death for advising obedient submission? Aye, and his wife also was stoned by your wives. The Athenians of that day did not search for a statesman or a commander who should help them to a servile security: they did not ask to live, unless they could live as free men. Every man of them thought of himself as one born, not to his father and his mother alone, but to his country. What is the difference? The man who deems himself born only to his parents will wait for his natural and destined end; the son of his country is willing to die rather than see her enslaved, and will look upon those outrages and indignities, which a commonwealth in subjection is compelled to endure, as more dreadful than death itself.

If I had attempted to claim that you were first inspired with the spirit of your forefathers by me, every one would justly rebuke me. But I do not: I am asserting these principles as your principles; I am showing you that such was the pride of Athens long before my time,—though for myself I do claim some credit for the administration of particular measures. Æschines, on the other hand, arraigns the whole policy, stirs up your resentment against me as the author of your terrors and your dangers, and, in his eagerness to strip me of the distinction of a moment, would rob you of the enduring praises of posterity. For if you condemn Ctesiphon on the ground of my political delinquency, you yourselves will be adjudged as wrongdoers, not as men who owed the calamities they have suffered to the unkindness of fortune. But no; you cannot, men of Athens, you cannot have done wrongly when you accepted the risks of war for the redemption and the liberties of mankind; I swear it by our forefathers who bore the brunt of warfare at Marathon, who stood in array of battle at Platæa, who fought in the sea-fights of Salamis and Artemisium, and by all the brave men who repose in our public sepulchres, buried there by a country that accounted them all to be alike worthy of the same honour—all, I say, Æschines, not the successful and the victorious alone. So justice bids: for by all the duty of brave men was accomplished: their fortune was such as Heaven severally allotted to them.

And then a disreputable quill-driver like you, wanting to rob me of a distinction given me by the kindness of my fellow citizens, talked about victories and battles and ancient deeds of valour, all irrelevant to the present trial. But I, who came forward to advise my country how to retain her supremacy—tell me, you third-rate tragedian, in what spirit did it beseem me to ascend the tribune? As one who should give to the citizens counsel unworthy of their traditions? I should have deserved death! Men of Athens, you jurymen are not to judge public and private causes in the same temper. You look at contracts of everyday business in the light of relevant statutes and facts, but at questions of public policy with due regard to the proud traditions of our forefathers. If you feel bound to act in the spirit of that dignity, whenever you come into court to give judgement on public causes, you must bethink yourselves that with his staff and his badge every one of you receives in trust the ancient pride of Athens.

However, in touching upon the achievements of our ancestors, I have passed by some of my decrees and other measures. I will now therefore return to the point at which I digressed.

When we reached Thebes we found ambassadors from Philip and from the Thebans and others of his allies already there, our friends panic-stricken, and his friends full of confidence. To prove that this is not a statement made to-day to serve my own turn, please read the dispatch which the ambassadors sent at the time. The prosecutor is so extraordinarily malicious that he gives the credit of any duty successfully performed not to me but to opportunity, but holds me and my bad luck responsible for everything that miscarried. I am a speaker and a statesman, yet it would seem that, in his view, I am to have no credit for the results of discussion and deliberation, but am solely responsible for all the misadventures of our arms and our generalship. Can you imagine a cruder or more abominable calumny? Read the dispatch.

(*The Ambassadors' Dispatch is read*)

After that, the Thebans invited you to join them. You marched out: you reinforced them. I pass over the incidents of the march: but their reception of you was so friendly that, while their own infantry and cavalry lay outside the walls, they gave you access to their homes, to their citadel, to their wives and children and most precious possessions. On that day the Thebans publicly paid three fine compliments—to your valour, to your righteousness, and to your sobriety. When they decided to fight on your side rather than against you, they adjudged you to be braver men than Philip, and your claim to be more righteous than his; and when they put into your power what they, like all other men, were most anxious to safeguard, namely their wives and their children, they exhibited their confidence in your sobriety. And thereby, men of Athens, they showed a just appreciation of your character. After the entry of your soldiers no man ever laid even a groundless complaint against them, so soberly did you conduct yourselves. Fighting shoulder to shoulder with them in the two earliest engagements,—the battle by the river, and the winter battle,—you proved yourselves irreproachable fighters, admirable alike in discipline, in equipment, and in determination. Your conduct elicited the praises of other nations, and was acknowledged by yourselves in services of thanksgiving to the gods. I should like to ask Æschines a question: when all that was going on, when the whole city was a scene of enthusiasm and rejoicing and thanksgiving, did he take part in the worship and festivity of the populace, or did he sit still at home, grieving and groaning and sulking over public successes? If he was present as one of the throng, surely his behaviour is scandalous and even sacrilegious. . . . If he was not present, he deserves many deaths for shrinking from a sight in which every one else rejoiced. Please read these decrees.

(*The Decrees are read*)

These decrees, men of Athens, exhibit the same wording and phrasing as those proposed formerly by Aristonicus, and now by Ctesiphon. Æschines did not prosecute them himself, nor did he support the accusation of the man who did arraign them. . . . At that time, I imagine, there was no chance of doing what he does now, when out of a lot of old dates and decrees he selects for slanderous purposes any that nobody knew beforehand or would expect to hear cited to-day, transposes dates, substitutes fictitious reasons for the true reasons of transactions, and so makes a show of speaking to the point. That trick was not possible then. All speeches must have been made on a basis of truth, within a short time of the facts, when the jury still remembered details and almost knew them by heart. That is why, after shirking inquiry at the time when the events were recent, he has returned to the issue to-day, expecting, I suppose, that you will conduct a forensic competition rather than an inquiry into political conduct, and that the decision will turn upon diction rather than sound policy.

Then he resorts to sophistry, and tells you that you must ignore any opinion of himself and me which you brought with you from home; and that, as, when you cast up a man's accounts, though you anticipate a surplus, you acquiesce in the result if the totals balance, so you must now accept the result of the calculation. Every dishonest contrivance, you will observe, is rotten to the core. By his ingenious apologue he has admitted that we are both here as acknowledged advocates—I of our country, he of Philip; for if such had not been the view you take of us, he would not have been at pains to convert you. I shall prove without difficulty that he has no right to ask you to reverse that opinion—not by using counters, for political measures are not to be added up in that fashion, but by reminding you briefly of the several transactions, and appealing to you who hear me as both the witnesses and the auditors of my account. We owe it to that policy of mine which he denounces that, instead of the Thebans joining Philip in an invasion of our country, as everyone expected, they fought by our side and stopped him; that, instead of the seat of war being in Attica, it was seven hundred furlongs away on the far side of Bœotia; that, instead of privateers from Eubœa harrying us, Attica was at peace on the sea-frontier throughout the war; and that, instead of Philip taking Byzantium and holding the Hellespont, the Byzantines fought on our side against him. Do you see any resemblance between this computation of results and your casting up of counters? Are we to cancel the gains to balance the losses, instead of providing that they shall never be forgotten? . . .

I will not shrink from observing that any man who wished to bring an orator to the proof honestly, and not merely to slander him, would never have laid such charges as you have alleged, inventing analogies, and mimicking my diction and gestures. The fate of Greece, forsooth, depended on whether I used this word or that, or moved my hand this way or that way! No; he would have considered, in the light of actual facts, the means and resources possessed by the city when I entered on administration, and those accumulated by me when at the head of affairs; and also the condition of our adversaries. If I had impaired our resources, he would have proved that the fault lay at my door: if I had greatly increased them, he would have spared his slanders. As you avoided this test, I will apply it; and the jury will see whether I state the case fairly. . . .

If I am accused to-day for what was actually done, suppose that, while I was haggling over nice calculations, these cities had marched off and joined Philip—suppose he had become suzerain of Eubœa, Thebes, and Byzantium—what do you think these unprincipled men would have done or said then? Would they not have told you that we had made Philip a present of our allies? That they had been driven away when they wanted to join us? That through the Byzantines he had gained the mastery of the Hellespont, and control of the corn-supply of all Greece? That by means of the Thebans Attica had become the scene of a distressing war with her own neighbours? That the sea had become useless for ships because of privateers with Eubœa for their base? Would they not have made all those complaints, and plenty more? Oh, men of Athens, what a vile monster is the calumniator, gathering malice from everywhere, always backbiting! But this fellow is by very nature a spiteful animal, absolutely incapable of honesty or generosity; this monkey of melodrama, this bumpkin tragedy-king, this pinchbeck orator! What use has all your cleverness ever been to your country? What! talk about bygones to-day? It is as though a physician visiting his patients should never open his mouth, or tell them how to get rid of their complaint, so long as they are ill; but, as soon as one of them dies, and the obsequies are celebrated, should follow the corpse to the grave, and deliver his prescription at last from the tombstone: "If our departed friend had done this or that, he would never have died!" You lunatic! what is the use of talking now?

You will find that even our defeat, if this reprobate must needs exult over what he ought to have deplored, did not fall upon the city through any fault of mine. Make your reckoning in this way: wherever I was sent as your representative, I came away undefeated by Philip's ambassadors—from Thessaly, from Ambracia, from the Illyrians, from the kings of Thrace, from Byzantium, from every other place, and finally from Thebes; but wherever Philip was beaten in diplomacy, he attacked the place with an army and conquered it. And for those defeats, Æschines, you call me to account! Are you not ashamed to jeer at a man for cowardice, and then to require that same man to overcome the whole power of Philip single-handed, and to do it by mere words? For what else had I at my disposal? Certainly not the personal courage of each man, not the good fortune of the troops engaged, not that generalship for which you are unreasonable enough to hold me responsible. Make as strict an inquiry as you will into everything for which an orator is responsible; I ask no indulgence. But for what is he responsible? For discerning the trend of events at the outset, for forecasting results, for warning others. That I have always done. Further, he ought to reduce to a minimum those delays and hesitations, those fits of ignorance and quarrelsomeness, which are the natural and inevitable failings of all free states, and on the other hand to promote unanimity and friendliness, and whatever impels a man to do his duty. All that also I have made my business: and herein no man can find any delinquency on my part. Let any man you like be asked by what means Philip achieved most of his successes: the universal reply will be, by his army and by bribing and corrupting politicians. Well, I had no control or authority over your forces, and therefore no question of their performances can touch me. Moreover, in the matter of corruption or purity I have beaten Philip. In bribery, just as the purchaser has vanquished the seller, whenever the bargain is struck, so the man who refuses the price and remains incorruptible has vanquished the purchaser. Therefore, in my person, Athens is undefeated.

These, and such as these, with many others are the grounds furnished by my conduct to justify the proposal of the defendant. I will now mention grounds furnished by all of you. Immediately after the battle, in the very midst of danger and alarm, at a time when it would not have been surprising if most of you had treated me unkindly, the people, with a full knowledge of all my doings, in the first place, adopted by vote my proposals for the safety of the city. All those measures of defence—the disposition of outposts, the entrenchments, the expenditure on the fortifications—were taken on resolutions moved by me. In the second place, they appointed me Food Controller, selecting me from the whole body of citizens. Then the men who made it their business to injure me formed a cabal, and set in motion all the machinery of indictments, audits, impeachments, and the like—not at first by their own agency, but employing persons by whom they imagined they would be screened. You will remember how, during that early period, I was put on my trial every day; and how the recklessness of Sosicles, and the spite of Philocrates, and the frenzy of Diondas and Melantus, and everything else, were turned to account by them for my detriment. Nevertheless, by the favour, first of the gods, and secondly of you and the rest of the Athenians, I came through unscathed. . . .

Ah, says he, but look at that glorious boast of Cephalus—never once indicted! Yes, glorious, and also lucky. But why should a man who has been often indicted but never convicted be the more justly open to reproach? However, men of Athens, so far as Æschines is concerned, I can repeat that glorious boast: for he never indicted me or prosecuted me on indictment; and so, by his own admission, I am no worse a citizen than Cephalus.

At every point his morose and spiteful temper is conspicuous, and especially in what he said about fortune. As a general remark, I must say that it is a stupid thing for any human being to reproach his brother man on the score of fortune. Seeing that a man who thinks he is doing very well and regards himself as highly fortunate, is never certain that his good fortune will last till the evening, how can it be right to boast about it, or use it to insult other people? But, since Æschines has treated this topic, like many others, so vaingloriously, I beg you to observe, men of Athens, that my discourse on fortune will be more veracious, and more suitable to a mere man, than his. I attribute good fortune to our city, and so, I observe, does the oracle of Zeus at Dodona; but the present fortune of all mankind I account grievous and distressing. Is there a man living, Greek or barbarian, who has not in these days undergone many evils? I reckon it as part of the good fortune of Athens that she has chosen the noblest policy, and that she is better off than the Greeks who expected prosperity from their betrayal of us. If she has been unsuccessful, if everything has not fallen out as we desired, I regard that as our appointed share in the general ill-fortune of mankind. My personal fortune, or that of any man among you, must, I imagine, be estimated in the light of his private circumstances. That is my view of fortune: a just and correct view, as it seems to me, and, I think, also to you. But he declares that a poor, insignificant thing like my individual fortune has been more powerful than the great and good fortune of Athens. Now how is that possible?

If, Æschines, you are determined at all costs to investigate my fortune, compare it with your own; and, should you find mine to be better than yours, stop your vilification. Begin your inquiry then at the beginning. And I beg earnestly that no one will blame me for want of generosity. No sensible man, in my judgement, ever turns poverty into a reproach, or prides himself on having been nurtured in affluence. But I am compelled by this troublesome man's scurrility and backbiting to deal with these topics; and I will treat them with as much modesty as the state of the case permits.

In my boyhood, Æschines, I had the advantage of attending respectable schools: and my means were sufficient for one who was not to be driven by poverty into disreputable occupations. When I had come of age, my circumstances were in accordance with my upbringing. I was in a position to provide a chorus, to pay for a war-galley, and to be assessed to property-tax. I renounced no honourable ambition either in public or in private life: and rendered good service both to the commonwealth and to my own friends. When I decided to take part in public affairs, the political services I chose were such that I was repeatedly decorated both by my own country and by many other Grecian cities; and even my enemies, such as you, never ventured to say that my choice was other than honourable. Such has been my fortune throughout my career. I could tell you more, but I forbear, fearing to weary you with details in which I take some pride.

But do you—you who are so proud and so contemptuous of others—compare your fortune with mine. In your childhood you were reared in abject poverty. You helped your father in the drudgery of a grammar-school, grinding the ink, sponging the benches, and sweeping the school-room, holding the position of a menial, not of a freeborn boy. On arriving at manhood you assisted your mother in her initiations, reading the service-book while she performed the ritual, and helping generally with the paraphernalia. At night it was your duty to mix the libations, to clothe the catechumens in fawn-skins, to wash their bodies, to scour them with the loam and the bran, and, when their lustration was duly performed, to set them on their legs, and give out the hymn:

> Here I leave my sins behind,
> Here the better way I find;

and it was your pride that no one ever emitted that holy ululation so powerfully as yourself. I can well believe it! When you hear the stentorian tones of the orator, can you doubt that the ejaculations of the acolyte were simply magnificent? In day-time you marshalled your gallant throng of bacchanals through the public streets, their heads garlanded with fennel and white poplar; and, as you went, you squeezed the fat-cheeked snakes, or brandished them above your head, now shouting your *Euoi Saboi*! now footing it to the measure of *Hyes Attes*! *Attes Hyes*!—saluted by all the old women with such proud titles as Master of the Ceremonies, Fugleman, Ivy-bearer, Fan-carrier; and at last receiving your recompense of tipsy-cakes, and cracknels, and currant-buns. With such rewards who would not rejoice greatly, and account himself the favourite of fortune?

After getting yourself enrolled on the register of your parish—no one knows how you managed it; but let that pass—anyhow, when you were enrolled, you promptly chose a most gentlemanly occupation, that of clerk and errand-boy to minor officials. After committing all the offences with which you now reproach other people, you were relieved of that employment; and I must say that your subsequent conduct did no discredit to your earlier career. You entered the service of those famous players Simylus and Socrates, better known as the Growlers. You played small parts to their lead, picking up figs and grapes and olives, like an orchard-robbing costermonger, and making a better living out of those missiles than by all the battles that you fought for dear life. For there was no truce or armistice in the warfare between you and your audiences, and your casualties were so heavy, that no wonder you taunt with cowardice those of us who have no experience of such engagements.

However, passing by things for which your poverty may be blamed, I will address myself to actual charges against your way of living. When in course of time it occurred to you to enter public life, you chose such a line of political action that, so long as the city prospered, you lived the life of a hare, in fear and trembling and constant expectation of a sound thrashing for the crimes that burdened your conscience: although, when every one else is in distress, your confidence is manifest to all men. What treatment does a man, who recovered his high spirits on the death of a thousand of his fellow-citizens, deserve at the hands of the survivors? I shall omit a great many other facts that I might relate; for I do not think that I ought to recount glibly all his discreditable and infamous qualities, but only such as I may mention without discredit to myself.

And now, Æschines, I beg you to examine in contrast, quietly and without acrimony, the incidents of our respective careers: and then ask the jury, man by man, whether they would choose for themselves your fortune or mine. You were an usher, I a pupil; you were an acolyte, I a candidate; you were clerk-at-the-table, I addressed the House; you were a player, I a spectator; you were cat-called, I hissed; you have ever served our enemies, I have served my country. Much I pass by; but on this very day, I am on proof for the honour of a crown, and acknowledged to be guiltless; you have already the reputation of an informer, and the question at hazard for you is, whether you are still to continue in that trade, or be stopped for ever by getting less than your quota of votes. And that is the good fortune enjoyed by you, who denounce the shabbiness of mine! . . .

Such has been my character in public life. In private life, if any of you are not aware that I have been generous and courteous, and helpful to the distressed, I do not mention it. I will never say a word, or tender any evidence about such matters as the captives I have ransomed, or the dowries I have helped to provide, or any such acts of charity. It is a matter of principle with me. My view is that the recipient of a benefit ought to remember it all his life, but that the benefactor ought to put it out of his mind at once, if the one is to behave decently, and the other with magnanimity. To remind a man of the good turns you have done to him is very much like a reproach. Nothing shall induce me to do anything of the sort; but whatever be my reputation in that respect, I am content. . . .

Among other people I find this sort of distinction universally observed.—A man has sinned wilfully: he is visited with resentment and punishment. He has erred unintentionally: pardon takes the place of punishment. Suppose that he has committed no sin or error at all, but, having devoted himself to a project approved by all, has, in common with all, failed of success. In that case he does not deserve reproach or obloquy, but condolence. This distinction will be found not only embodied in our statutes, but laid down by nature herself in her unwritten laws and in the moral sense of the human race. Now Æschines so far surpasses all mankind in savagery and malignity that he turns even misadventures, which he has himself cited as such, into crimes for which I am to be denounced.

To crown all—as though all his own speeches had been made in a disinterested and patriotic spirit—he bids you be on your guard against me, for fear I should mislead and deceive you, calling me an artful speaker; a mountebank, an impostor, and so forth. He seems to think that if a man can only get in the first blow with epithets that are really applicable to himself, they must be true, and the audience will make no reflexions on the character of the speaker. But I am sure you all know him well, and will regard those epithets as more appropriate to him than to me. I am also sure that my artfulness—well, be it so; although I notice that in general an audience controls the ability of a speaker, and that his reputation for wisdom depends upon your acceptance and your discriminating favour. Be that as it may, if I do possess any skill in speaking, you will all find that that skill has always been exercised on public concerns and for your advantage, never on private occasions and to your detriment. On the other hand the ability of Æschines is applied not only to speaking on behalf of your enemies, but to the detriment of anyone who has annoyed or quarrelled with him. He never uses it honestly or in the interests of the commonweal. No upright and honourable citizen must ever expect a jury impanelled in the public service to bolster up his own resentment or enmity or other passions, nor will he go to law to gratify them. If possible he will exclude them from his heart: if he cannot escape them, he will at least cherish them calmly and soberly. In what circumstances, then, ought a politician or an orator to be vehement? When all our national interests are imperilled; when the issue lies between the people and their adversaries. Then such is the part of a chivalrous and patriotic citizen. But for a man who never once sought to bring me to justice for any public, nor, I will add, for any private offence, whether for the city's sake or for his own, to come into court armed with a denunciation of a crown and of a vote of thanks, and to lavish such a wealth of eloquence on that plea, is a symptom of a peevish, jealous, small-minded, good-for-nothing disposition. And the exhibition of his turpitude is complete when he relinquishes his controversy with me, and directs the whole of his attack upon the defendant. It really makes me think, Æschines, that you deliberately went to law, not to get satisfaction for any transgression, but to make a display of your oratory and your vocal powers. But it is not the diction of an orator, Æschines, or the vigour of his voice that has any value: it is supporting the policy of the people, and having the same friends and the same enemies as your country. With such a disposition, a man's speeches will always be patriotic: but the man who pays court to those from whom the state apprehends danger to herself, is not riding at the same anchor as the people, and therefore does not look to the same quarter for his security. I do; mark that! My purposes are my countrymen's purposes; I have no peculiar or personal end to serve. Can you say the same? No, indeed! Why, immediately after the battle you went on embassy to visit Philip, the author of all the recent calamities of your country, although hitherto you had notoriously declined that employment. And who is the deceiver of his country? Surely the man who does not say what he thinks. For whom does the marshal read the commination? For him. What graver crime can be charged to an orator than that his thoughts and his words do not tally? In that crime you were detected; and yet you still raise your voice, and dare to look your fellow-citizens in the face! Do you imagine that they do not know who you are? that they are sunk in such slumber and oblivion that they do not remember the harangues you made while the war was still going on, when you protested with oaths and curses that you had no dealings with Philip—that I had laid that charge against you out of private malice, and that it was not true? But no sooner had the news of the battle reached us than you ignored all your protests, and confessed, or rather claimed, that you were Philip's friend and Philip's guest—a euphemism for Philip's hired servant; for with what show of equality or honesty could Philip possibly be the host or the friend or even the acquaintance of Æschines, son of Glaucothea the tambourinist? I cannot see: but the truth is, you took his pay to injure the interests of your countrymen. And yet you, a traitor publicly convicted on information laid by yourself after the fact, vilify and reproach me for misfortunes for which you will find I am less responsible than any other man.

Our city owes to me, Æschines, both the inception and the success of many great and noble enterprises; nor was she unmindful. It is a proof of her gratitude that, when the people wanted one who should speak over the bodies of the slain, shortly after the battle, you were nominated but they did not appoint you, in spite of your beautiful voice, nor Demades, although he had recently arranged the peace, nor Hegemon, nor any of your party: they appointed me. Then you came forward, and Pythocles with you—and, gracious Heavens! how coarsely and impudently you spoke!—making the very same charges that you have repeated to-day; but, for all your scurrility, they appointed me nevertheless. You know very well why; but you shall hear the reason again from me. They were conscious both of the patriotism and energy with which I had conducted their business, and also of the dishonesty of you and your friends: for, when the city had made a false step, you had acknowledged relations which you had strenuously denied on oath in the days of prosperity. They conceived that men who found impunity for their ambitions in our national calamities had long been their secret, and were now their declared, enemies. They thought it becoming that the orator who should speak over the bodies of the slain, and magnify their prowess, should not be one who had visited the homes and shared the loving cup of their adversaries; that the man who in Macedonia had taken part with their murderers in revels and songs of exultation over the calamities of Greece, should not be chosen for high distinction at Athens; and that the chosen speaker should not lament their fate with the feigning voice of an actor, but express the mourning of his very soul. Such sympathy they discerned in themselves, and in me; but not in your party; and that is why they appointed me, and did not appoint you. The sentiments of the people were shared by those fathers and brothers of the dead who were chosen by the people to conduct the obsequies. In obedience to the custom that requires the funeral feast to be held in the home of the nearest relative of the dead they ordered it to be held at my house; and with good reason. Each hero had some kinsman who by the ties of blood stood nearer to himself, but to the whole company of the fallen no man was nearer of kin than I. When they had met with their untimely fate, he who was most deeply concerned in their safety and their success, claimed the chief share in mourning for them all.

Read for his benefit the epitaph, which the state resolved by public vote to inscribe upon their monument. Even from these verses, Æschines, you may learn something of your own callousness, and malignity, and brutality. Read.

Epitaph

Here lie the brave, who for their country's right
Drew sword, and put th' insulting foe to flight.
Their lives they spared not, bidding Death decide
Who flinched and lived, and who with courage died.
They fought and fell that Greece might still be free,
Nor crouch beneath the yoke of slavery.
Zeus spoke the word of doom; and now they rest
Forspent with toil upon their country's breast.
God errs not, fails not; God alone is great;
But man lies helpless in the hands of fate.

Do you hear this admonition, that it is the gods alone who err not and fail not? It attributes the power of giving success in battle not to the statesman, but to the gods. Accursed slanderer! why do you revile me for their death? Why do you utter words which I pray the gods to divert to the undoing of your children and yourself?

Among all the slanders and lies which he launched against me, men of Athens, what amazed me most was that, when he recounted the disasters that befell our city at that time, his comments were never such as would have been made by an honest and loyal citizen. He shed no tears; he had no emotion of regret in his heart; he vociferated, he exulted, he strained his throat. He evidently supposed himself to be testifying against me, but he was really offering proof against himself that in all those distressing events he had had no feeling in common with other citizens. Yet a man who professes such solicitude, as he has professed to-day, for our laws and constitution, whatever else he lacks, ought at least to possess the quality of sympathizing both with the sorrows and the joys of the common people; and, in choosing his political principles, he ought not to range himself with their enemies. But that is clearly what he has done, when he declares that I am responsible for everything, and that the city has fallen into trouble by my fault. Your policy of bearing succour to the Greeks did not originate in my statesmanship and my principles. If you were to acknowledge that my influence caused you to resist a despotism that threatened the ruin of Greece, you would bestow on me a favour greater than all the gifts you have ever conferred on anyone. I do not claim that favour; I cannot claim it without injustice to you: and I am certain that you will not grant it. If Æschines had acted an honest part, he would never have indulged his spite against me by impairing and defaming the noblest of your national glories.

But why reproach him for that imputation, when he has uttered calumnies of far greater audacity? A man who accuses me of Philippism —Heaven and Earth, of what lie is he not capable? I solemnly aver that, if we are to cast aside lying imputations and spiteful mendacity, and inquire in all sincerity who really are the men to whom the reproach of all that has befallen might by general consent be fairly and honestly brought home, you will find that they are men in the several cities who resemble Æschines, and do not resemble me. At a time when Philip's resources were feeble and very small indeed, when we were constantly warning, exhorting, admonishing them for the best, these men flung away their national prosperity for private and selfish gain; they cajoled and corrupted all the citizens within their grasp, until they had reduced them to slavery. . . . Every one of them, men of Athens, is a man of the same way of thinking in the politics of his own country as Æschines and his friends are in ours. They too are profligates, sycophants, fiends incarnate; they have mutilated their own countries; they have pledged away their liberty in their cups, first to Philip, and now to Alexander. They measure their happiness by their belly and their baser parts; they have overthrown for ever that freedom and independence which to the Greeks of an earlier age were the very standard and canon of prosperity.

Of this disgraceful and notorious conspiracy, of this wickedness, or rather, men of Athens, if I am to speak without trifling, this betrayal of the liberties of Greece, you—thanks to my policy—are guiltless in the eyes of the world, as I am guiltless in your eyes. And then, Æschines, you ask for what merit I claim distinction! I tell you that, when all the politicians in Greece, starting with you, had been corrupted, first by Philip, and now by Alexander, neither opportunity, nor civil speeches, nor large promises, nor hope, nor fear, nor any other inducement, could provoke or suborn me to betray the just claims and the true interests of my country, as I conceived them; and that, whatever counsels I have offered to my fellow-citizens here, I have not offered, like you, as if I were a false balance with a bias in favour of the vendor. With a soul upright, honest and incorruptible, appointed to the control of more momentous transactions than any statesman of my time, I have administered them throughout in all purity and righteousness. . . . I did not fortify Athens with masonry and brickwork: they are not the works on which I chiefly pride myself. Regard my fortifications as you ought, and you will find armies and cities and outposts, seaports and ships and horses, and a multitude ready to fight for their defence. These were the bastions I planted for the protection of Attica so far as it was possible to human forethought; and therewith I fortified, not the ring-fence of our port and our citadel, but the whole country. Nor was I beaten by Philip in forethought or in armaments; that is far from the truth. The generals and the forces of the allies were beaten by his good fortune. . . . If the superior power of some deity or of fortune, or the incompetence of commanders, or the wickedness of traitors, or all these causes combined, vitiated and at last shattered the whole enterprise,—is Demosthenes guilty?

It was the duty, Æschines, of an upright and honourable citizen to take these or similar measures. If they had been successful, we should have been, beyond controversy, the greatest of nations and a nation that deserved its greatness: and, though they have failed, there remains the result that our reputation stands high, and that no man can find fault with Athens or her policy, but lays the blame on the fortune that so ordered the issue. Assuredly it was not the duty of such a citizen to abandon the cause of his country, to take the hire of her adversaries, to wait on the occasions, not of Athens, but of her enemies. It was not his duty to look with an evil eye upon a man who had made it his business to support or propose measures worthy of our traditions, and was resolved to stand by such measures; nor to treasure vindictively the memory of private annoyances. Nor was it his duty to hold his peace dishonestly and deceptively, as you so often do. There is, indeed, a silence that is honest and beneficial to the city, such as is observed in all simplicity by the majority of you citizens. Not such, but far, far different, is the silence of Æschines. Withdrawing himself from public life whenever he thinks fit—and that is very frequently—he lies in wait for the time when you will be weary of the incessant speaker, or when some unlucky reverse has befallen you, or any of those vexations that are so frequent in the life of mortal men; and then, seizing the occasion, he breaks silence and the orator reappears like a sudden squall, with his voice in fine training; he strings together the words and the phrases that he has accumulated, emphatically and without a pause; but, alas, they are all useless, they serve no good purpose, they are directed to the injury of this or that citizen, and to the discredit of the whole community. Yet if all that assiduous practice, Æschines, had been conducted in a spirit of honesty and of solicitude for your country's well-being, it should have yielded a rich and noble harvest for the benefit of us all—alliances of states, new revenues, development of commerce, useful legislation, measures of opposition to our avowed enemies. In days of old all those services afforded the recognized test of statesmanship: and the time through which you have passed supplied to an upright politician many opportunities of showing his worth; but among such men you won no position—you were neither first, second, third, fourth, fifth, sixth, nor anywhere in the race—at least when the power of your country was to be enlarged. What alliance does Athens owe to your exertions? What auxiliary expedition, what gain of amity or reputation? What embassy or service, by which the credit of the city has been raised? What project in domestic, Hellenic, or foreign policy, of which you took charge, has ever been successful? What war-galleys, or munitions, or docks, or fortifications, or cavalry, do we owe to you? Of what use in the wide world are you? What public-spirited assistance have you ever given to rich or to poor? . . . On what occasions are you a man of spirit? When are you a shining light? Whenever something is to be said in prejudice of your fellow-citizens; then your voice is magnificent, then your memory is wonderful; then we hear the great tragedian, the Theocrines of the legitimate drama.

Then you remind us of the heroes of past generations. Quite right: but it is not fair, men of Athens, to take advantage of the affection you cherish for the departed, and analyse me, who am still living in your midst, by comparing me with them. Everybody knows that against the living there is always an undercurrent of more or less jealousy, while the dead are no longer disliked even by their enemies. Such is human nature; am I then to be criticized and canvassed by comparison with my predecessors? Heaven forbid! No, Æschines; that is unfair and unjust; compare me with yourself, or with any living man you choose, whose principles are identical with yours. Consider this question: is it more decent and patriotic that for the sake of the services of men of old times, enormous as they were, nay, great beyond expression, the services that are now being rendered to the present age should be treated with ingratitude and vituperation, or that every man who achieves anything in a spirit of loyalty should receive some share of the respect and consideration of his fellow-citizens? If I must deal with that subject, I say that, if my policy and my principles are considered, they will be found to resemble in spirit and purpose those of the venerated names of antiquity. Yours are like those of the men who maligned them: for it is certain that, even in their days, there were men who were always carping at the living and commending the dead —a spiteful vocation, and just like yours. You tell me I am not at all like those great men. Are you like them, Æschines? Or your brother? Or any other orator of this generation? In my opinion, none. Then, my honest friend—to call you nothing worse—assay a living man by the standard of living men, men of his own time. That is the test you apply to everything else—to dramatists, to choruses, to athletes. Philammon did not leave Olympia without a crown, because he was not so strong as Glaucus of Carystus, or other bygone champions: he was crowned and proclaimed victor, because he fought better than the men who entered the ring against him. You must compare me with the orators of today; with yourself, for instance, or anyone you like: I exclude none. When the commonwealth was at liberty to choose the best policy, when there was a competition of patriotism open to all comers, I made better speeches than any other man, and all business was conducted by my resolutions, my statutes, my diplomacy. Not one of you ever put in an appearance—except when you must needs fall foul of my measures. But when certain deplorable events had taken place, and there was a call, not for counsellors, but for men who would obey orders, who were ready to injure their country for pay, and willing to truckle to strangers, then you and your party were at your post, great men with gorgeous equipages. I was powerless, I admit; but I was still the better patriot.

There are two traits, men of Athens, that mark the disposition of the well-meaning citizen;—that is a description I may apply to myself without offence. When in power, the constant aim of his policy should be the honour and the ascendancy of his country; and on every occasion and in all business he should preserve his loyalty. That virtue depends on his natural disposition: ability and success depend upon other considerations. Such, you will find, has been my disposition, abidingly and without alloy. Look at the facts. They demanded that I should be given up; they arraigned me before the Amphictyonic

Council; they tried me with threats, they tried me with promises: they set these miscreants to worry me like a pack of wolves; but through it all I never renounced my loyalty to you. At the very outset of my career I had chosen once for all the path of political uprightness and integrity, and resolved to support, to magnify, and to associate myself with the honour, the power, and the glory of my native land. I do not perambulate the market-place, gaily exulting in the good fortune of the alien, holding out my right hand, and telling the glad tidings to anyone I think likely to send word over yonder. When I hear of my country's successes, I do not shudder, and sigh, and hang down my head, like those blasphemers who traduce Athens, forgetting that thereby they are traducing themselves; who turn their eyes abroad, and, when the alien has prospered by the distresses of Greece, applaud his good fortune, and declare that we must try to preserve it for ever.

Never, O ye Powers of Heaven, never vouchsafe to them the fulfilment of that desire. If it be possible, implant even in them a better purpose and a better spirit; but, if their malady is incurable, consign them, and them alone, to utter and untimely destruction by land and sea, and to us who remain grant speedy deliverance from the terrors that hang over our heads, and a salvation that shall never fail.

—C. A. and J. H. Vince.

THE OATH OF THE ALLIED GREEKS

The cities of Greece, which had banded together to beat back the Persian invasion of Xerxes, supposedly took the following oath at the beginning of the campaign which culminated in the decisive victory at Platæa in 479 B.C. It may be that the form of it, found in the historian Diodorus and elsewhere, is actually of a later date; but in any case it expresses ideas held by Greeks not later than the fourth century B.C.

I will not regard life as of more value than freedom, nor will I desert my leaders whether they be living or dead. All of the Allies dying in battle will I fitly bury. And, after defeating the Barbarians in the war, of the cities which fought for Greece I will let none be laid waste; but of those which took the side of the Barbarians I will exact a tenth. And of the sacred places burned and cast down by the Barbarians I will rebuild none at all; but I will let them be for men of after time a memorial of the ungodliness of the Barbarians.

—G. A. Harrer.

THE EPHEBIC OATH

On reaching the age of manhood and being formally entered as citizens on the rolls of the city, the young men of Athens, who were termed Epheboi, took an oath as a part of the ceremony of induction into the regular term of military training and service. The wording here followed has been preserved only in the late Greek writers Stobæus and Pollux, but it was in use at least as early as the fourth century B.C.

I will not disgrace the sacred arms, nor will I desert my comrade in the ranks. I, alone or with many others, will defend the sacred and holy places. My fatherland I will transmit in no worse state but greater and better than I found it. I will obey those in authority, and I will observe wholeheartedly the laws now in force and whatever others the people may pass. And if anyone seeks to annul the laws or refuses to obey them, I will not heed him; but, alone or with many others, I will defend them. And I will honor the religion of my fathers. Be the witnesses of these things the gods Aglauros, Enyalios, Zeus, Thallo, Auxo, and Hegemone.

—G. A. Harrer.

VI. SPECULATIONS OF THE PHILOSOPHERS

The early Greek philosophers had been interested primarily in the natural world about them, but in the fifth century the theme shifted from nature to man. Formerly verse had been the vehicle for philosophical speculation, but now prose became the medium. As a form of literature it was probably derived from the work of the rhetoricians and sophists. Socrates, often classed as a sophist himself, discussed ethical principles with his disciples by means of question and answer, and, though he wrote nothing, he may be regarded as the originator of the philosophical form. For it was his pupils Xenophon and Plato who established the dialogue as the method of such expression.

The same influences of individual freedom peculiar to the period which led to the general participation of all men in public affairs, which allowed the widest field for freedom of thought and of speech, and which awakened curiosity in all manner of subjects, fostered also searching inquiries into the education of the citizen for his career and into the training of character for his political and moral responsibilities. Consequently, ethics, religion, intellectual training, government, the constitution of society, and man's relation to his natural environment, were subjected to examination and analysis. Through the idealism and poetic gifts of Plato such themes were lifted out of the sphere of the merely scholarly into that of pure literature; and through the critical and analytical powers of Aristotle the bounds of man's knowledge were immeasurably extended.

THE PRIMITIVE STATE[1]

PLATO

[From *The Republic*, Book II]

Plato, the Prince of Philosophers, was born in Athens in 427 B.C. of a rich and aristocratic family. He was a devoted disciple of Socrates, and on the latter's death in 399 B.C. withdrew from Athens for a time. Upon his return he formed a school in a grove sacred to Academus, whence our word "academy." He visited the court of the tyrants of Syracuse more than once, possibly with the expectation of realizing through them his ideal of government. He died in Athens in 347 B.C.

His writings are in the form of dialogues, in which the chief speaker is usually Socrates. The works which have come down to us under his name include forty-two dialogues, thirteen letters, and a collection of definitions. Of these not more than thirty of the dialogues have been universally accepted as genuine. Plato's central doctrine is that of the reality of the world of ideas, which exist absolutely and independently, and which represent the perfection to which we refer all things in our judgments of the true, the good, and the beautiful. Reason is supreme and achieves knowledge only by passing through the process of dialectic from appearance to reality, or from the images of ideas to the ideas themselves. Plato's chief application of his theory is to be found in the Republic *and the* Laws, *in which he constructs the ideal state—a state which is to be governed by those who have been trained to perfect wisdom by the method of dialectic, and which is to be preserved by the laws derived from the world of absolute ideas.*

States owe their origin, their development, their political career to man's economic needs. Wars are the result of economic necessity. In its early stages the society of the state is wholly a matter of division of labor in the production of commodities; but as it grows more complex, the division of labor must be extended to other spheres than production. The final stage demands three groups of citizens—those who direct the state, those who protect it, and those who produce.

A State, I said, arises, as I conceive, out of the needs of mankind; no one is self-sufficing, but all of us have many wants. Can any other origin of a State be imagined?

There can be no other.

Then, as we have many wants, and many persons are needed to supply them, one takes a helper for one purpose and another for another; and when these partners and helpers are gathered together in one habitation the body of inhabitants is termed a State.

True, he said.

And they exchange with one another, and one gives, and another receives, under the idea that the exchange will be for their good.

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[1] From *The Republic of Plato*, by Benjamin Jowett, 1921, Oxford, at the Clarendon Press. Used by permission.

Very true.

Then, I said, let us begin and create in idea a State; and yet the true creator is our necessity.

Of course, he replied.

Now the first and greatest of necessities is food, which is the condition of life and existence.

Certainly.

The second is a dwelling, and the third clothing and the like.

True.

And now let us see how our city will be able to supply this great demand: We may suppose that one man is a husbandman, another a builder, some one else a weaver—shall we add to them a shoemaker, or perhaps some other purveyor to our bodily wants?

Quite right.

The barest notion of a State must include four or five men.

Clearly.

And how will they proceed? Will each bring the result of his labours into a common stock?—the individual husbandman, for example, producing for four, and labouring four times as long and as much as he need in the provision of food with which he supplies others as well as himself; or will he have nothing to do with others and not be at the trouble of producing for them, but provide for himself alone a fourth of the food in a fourth of the time, and in the remaining three fourths of his time be employed in making a house or a coat or a pair of shoes, having no partnership with others, but supplying himself all his own wants?

Adeimantus thought that he should aim at producing food only and not at producing everything.

Probably, I replied, that would be the better way; and when I hear you say this, I am myself reminded that we are not all alike; there are diversities of natures among us which are adapted to different occupations.

Very true.

And will you have a work better done when the workman has many occupations, or when he has only one?

When he has only one.

Further, there can be no doubt that a work is spoilt when not done at the right time?

No doubt.

For business is not disposed to wait until the doer of the business is at leisure; but the doer must follow up what he is doing, and make the business his first object.

He must.

And if so, we must infer that all things are produced more plentifully and easily and of a better quality when one man does one thing which is natural to him and does it at the right time, and leaves other things.

Undoubtedly.

Then more than four citizens will be required: for the husbandman will not make his own plough or mattock, or other implements of agriculture, if they are to be good for anything. Neither will the builder make his tools—and he too needs many; and in like manner the weaver and shoemaker.

True.

Then carpenters, and smiths, and many other artisans, will be sharers in our little State, which is already beginning to grow?

True.

Yet even if we add neatherds, shepherds, and other herdsmen, in order that our husbandmen may have oxen to plough with, and builders as well as husbandmen may have draught cattle, and curriers and weavers fleeces and hides,—still our State will not be very large.

That is true; yet neither will it be a very small State which contains all these.

Then, again, there is the situation of the city—to find a place where nothing need to be imported is wellnigh impossible.

Impossible.

Then there must be another class of citizens who will bring the required supply from another city?

There must.

But if the trader goes empty-handed, having nothing which they require who would supply his need, he will come back empty-handed.

That is certain.

And therefore what they produce at home must be not only enough for themselves, but such both in quantity and quality as to accommodate those from whom their wants are supplied.

Very true.

Then more husbandmen and more artisans will be required?

They will.

Not to mention the importers and exporters, who are called merchants?

Yes.

Then we shall want merchants?

We shall.

And if merchandise is to be carried over the sea, skilful sailors will also be needed, and in considerable numbers?

Yes, in considerable numbers.

Then, again, within the city, how will they exchange their productions? To secure such an exchange was, as you will remember, one of our principal objects when we formed them into a society and constituted a State.

Clearly they will buy and sell.

Then they will need a market-place, and a money-token for purposes of exchange.

Certainly.

Suppose now that a husbandman, or an artisan, brings some production to market, and he comes at a time when there is no one to exchange with him,—is he to leave his calling and sit idle in the market-place?

Not at all; he will find people there who, seeing the want, undertake the office of salesmen. In well-ordered states they are commonly those who are the weakest in bodily strength, and therefore, of little use for any other purpose; their duty is to be in the market, and to give money in exchange for goods to those who desire to sell and to take money from those who desire to buy.

This want, then, creates a class of retail-traders in our State. Is not "retailer" the term which is applied to those who sit in the market-place engaged in buying and selling, while those who wander from one city to another are called merchants?

Yes, he said.

And there is another class of servants, who are intellectually hardly on the level of companionship; still they have plenty of bodily strength for labour, which accordingly they sell, and are called, if I do not mistake, hirelings, hire being the name which is given to the price of their labour.

True.

Then hirelings will help to make up our population?

Yes.

And now, Adeimantus, is our State matured and perfected?

I think so.

Where, then, is justice, and where is injustice, and in what part of the State did they spring up?

Probably in the dealings of these citizens with one another. I cannot imagine that they are more likely to be found anywhere else.

I dare say that you are right in your suggestion, I said; we had better think the matter out, and not shrink from the enquiry.

Let us then consider, first of all, what will be their way of life, now that we have thus established them. Will they not produce corn, and wine, and clothes, and shoes, and build houses for themselves? And when they are housed, they will work, in summer, commonly, stripped and barefoot, but in winter substantially clothed and shod. They will feed on barley-meal and flour of wheat, baking and kneading them, making noble cakes and loaves; these they will serve up on a mat of reeds or on clean leaves, themselves reclining the while upon the beds strewn with yew or myrtle. And they and their children will feast, drinking of the wine which they have made, wearing garlands on their heads, and hymning the praises of the gods, in happy converse with one another. And they will take care that their families do not exceed their means; having an eye to poverty or war.

But, said Glaucon, interposing, you have not given them a relish to their meal.

True, I replied, I had forgotten; of course they must have a relish—salt, and olives, and cheese, and they will boil roots and herbs such as country people prepare; for a dessert we shall give them figs, and peas, and beans; and they will roast myrtle-berries and acorns at the fire, drinking in moderation. And with such a diet they may be expected to live in peace and health to a good old age, and bequeath a similar life to their children after them.

Yes, Socrates, he said, and if you were providing for a city of pigs, how else would you feed the beasts?

But what would you have, Glaucon? I replied.

Why, he said, you should give them the ordinary conveniences of life. People who are to be comfortable are accustomed to lie on sofas, and dine off tables, and they should have sauces and sweets in the modern style.

Yes, I said, now I understand: the question which you would have me consider is, not only how a State, but how a luxurious State is created; and possibly there is no harm in this, for in such a State we shall be more likely to see how justice and injustice originate. In my opinion the true and healthy constitution of the State is the one which I have described. But if you wish also to see a State at fever-heat, I have no objection. For I suspect that many will not be satisfied with the simpler way of life. They will be for adding sofas, and tables, and other furniture; also dainties, and perfumes, and incense, and courtesans, and cakes, all these not of one sort only, but in every variety; we must go beyond the necessaries of which I was at first speaking, such as houses, and clothes, and shoes: the arts of the painter and the embroiderer will have to be set in motion, and gold and ivory and all sorts of materials must be procured.

True, he said.

Then we must enlarge our borders; for the original healthy State is no longer sufficient. Now will the city have to fill and swell with a multitude of callings which are not required by any natural want; such as the whole tribe of hunters and actors, of whom one large class have to do with forms and colours; another will be the votaries of music—poets and their attendant train of rhapsodists, players, dancers, contractors; also makers of divers kinds of articles, including women's dresses. And we shall want more servants. Will not tutors be also in request, and nurses wet and dry, tire-women and barbers, as well as confectioners and cooks; and swineherds, too, who were not needed and therefore had no place in the former edition of our State, but are needed now? They must not be forgotten: and there will be animals of many other kinds, if people eat them.

Certainly.

And living in this way we shall have much greater need of physicians than before?

Much greater.

And the country which was enough to support the original inhabitants will be too small now, and not enough?

Quite true.

Then a slice of our neighbour's land will be wanted by us for pasture and tillage, and they will want a slice of ours, if, like ourselves, they exceed the limit of necessity, and give themselves up to the unlimited accumulation of wealth?

That, Socrates, will be inevitable.

And so we shall go to war, Glaucon. Shall we not?

Most certainly, he replied.

Then, without determining as yet whether war does good or harm, thus much we may affirm, that now we have discovered war to be derived from causes which are also the causes of almost all the evils in States, private as well as public.

Undoubtedly.

And our State must once more enlarge; and this time the enlargement will be nothing short of a whole army, which will have to go out and fight with the invaders for all that we have, as well as for the things and persons whom we were describing above.

Why? he said: are they not capable of defending themselves?

No, I said; not if we were right in the principle which was acknowledged by all of us when we were framing the State: the principle, as you will remember, was that one man cannot practise many arts with success.

Very true, he said.

But is not war an art?

Certainly.

And an art requiring as much attention as shoemaking?

Quite true.

And the shoemaker was not allowed by us to be a husbandman, or a weaver, or a builder—in order that we might have our shoes well made; but to him and to every other worker was assigned one work for which he was by nature fitted, and at that he was to continue working all his life long and at no other; he was not to let opportunities slip, and then he would become a good workman. Now nothing can be more important than that the work of a soldier should be well done. But is war an art so easily acquired that a man may be a warrior who is also a husbandman, or shoemaker, or other artisan; although no one in the world would be a good dice or draught player who merely took up the game as a recreation, and had not from his earliest years devoted himself to this and nothing else? No tools will make a man a skilled workman, or master of defence, nor be of any use to him who has not learned how to handle them, and has never bestowed any attention upon them. How then will he who takes up a shield or other implement of war become a good fighter all in a day, whether with heavy-armed or any other kind of troops?

Yes, he said, the tools which would teach men their own use would be beyond price.

And the higher the duties of the guardian, I said, the more time, and skill, and art, and application will be needed by him?

No doubt, he replied.

Will he not also require natural aptitude for his calling?

Certainly.

Then it will be our duty to select, if we can, natures which are fitted for the task of guarding the city?

It will.

And the selection will be no easy matter, I said; but we must be brave and do our best.

We must.

Is not the noble youth very like a well-bred dog in respect of guarding and watching?

What do you mean?

I mean that both of them ought to be quick to see, and swift to overtake the enemy when they see him; and strong too, if, when they have caught him, they have to fight with him.

All these qualities, he replied, will certainly be required by them.

Well, and your guardian must be brave if he is to fight well?

Certainly.

And is he likely to be brave who has no spirit, whether horse or dog or any other kind of animal? Have you never observed how invincible and unconquerable is spirit and how the presence of it makes the soul of any creature to be absolutely fearless and indomitable?

I have.

Then now we have a clear notion of the bodily qualities which are required in the guardian.

True.

And also the mental ones; his soul is to be full of spirit?

Yes.

But are not these spirited natures apt to be savage with one another, and with everybody else?

A difficulty by no means easy to overcome, he replied.

Whereas, I said, they ought to be dangerous to their enemies, and gentle to their friends; if not, they will destroy themselves without waiting for their enemies to destroy them.

True, he said.

What is to be done then? I said; how shall we find a gentle nature which has also a great spirit, for the one is the contradiction of the other?

True.

He will not be a good guardian who is wanting in either of these two qualities; and yet the combination of them appears to be impossible; and hence we must infer that to be a good guardian is impossible.

I am afraid that what you say is true, he replied.

Here feeling perplexed I began to think over what had preceded. —My friend, I said, no wonder that we are in a perplexity; for we have lost sight of the image which we had before us.

What do you mean? he said.

I mean to say that there do exist natures gifted with those opposite qualities.

And where do you find them?

Many animals, I replied, furnish examples of them; our friend the dog is a very good one: you know that well-bred dogs are perfectly gentle to their familiars and acquaintances, and the reverse to strangers.

Yes, I know.

Then there is nothing impossible or out of the order of nature in our finding a guardian who has a similar combination of qualities?

Certainly not.

Would not he who is fitted to be a guardian, besides the spirited nature, need to have the qualities of a philosopher?

I do not apprehend your meaning.

The trait of which I am speaking, I replied, may be also seen in the dog, and is remarkable in the animal.

What trait?

Why, a dog, whenever he sees a stranger, is angry; when an acquaintance, he welcomes him, although the one has never done him any harm, nor the other any good. Did this never strike you as curious?

The matter never struck me before; but I quite recognise the truth of your remark.

And surely this instinct of the dog is very charming:—your dog is a true philosopher.

Why?

Why, because he distinguishes the face of a friend and of an enemy only by the criterion of knowing and not knowing. And must not an animal be a lover of learning who determines what he likes and dislikes by the test of knowledge and ignorance?

Most assuredly.

And is not the love of learning the love of wisdom, which is philosophy?

They are the same, he replied.

And may we not say confidently of man also, that he who is likely to be gentle to his friends and acquaintances, must by nature be a lover of wisdom and knowledge?

That we may safely affirm.

Then he who is to be a really good and noble guardian of the State will require to unite in himself philosophy and spirit and swiftness and strength?

Undoubtedly.

—BENJAMIN JOWETT.

EDUCATION FOR CITIZENSHIP[1]

Plato

[From *The Republic*, Books II and III]

Plato protests against the almost universal practice of using Homer and Hesiod as textbooks for religious and moral instruction. The ethical standards to be demanded of a poet are summarized in the two principles that God is the source of good only, and that God is invariably true. Indeed, Plato would banish poetry almost altogether from his ideal state, not only because of its false religious and moral teachings, but also because he regards the fictions of poets as no more than imitations of reality and therefore harmful.

Come then, and let us pass a leisure hour in story-telling, and our story shall be the education of our heroes.

By all means.

And what shall be their education? Can we find a better than the traditional sort?—and this has two divisions, gymnastic for the body, and music for the soul.

True.

Shall we begin education with music, and go on to gymnastic afterwards?

By all means.

And when you speak of music, do you include literature or not?

I do.

And literature may be either true or false?

Yes.

And the young should be trained in both kinds, and we begin with the false?

I do not understand your meaning, he said.

You know, I said, that we begin by telling children stories which, though not wholly destitute of truth, are in the main fictitious; and these stories are told them when they are not of an age to learn gymnastics.

Very true.

That was my meaning when I said that we must teach music before gymnastics.

Quite right, he said.

You know also that the beginning is the most important part of any work, especially in the case of a young and tender thing; for that is the time at which the character is being formed and the desired impression is more readily taken.

Quite true.

And shall we just carelessly allow children to hear any casual tales which may be devised by casual persons, and to receive into their minds ideas for the most part the very opposite of those which we should wish them to have when they are grown up?

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[1] From *The Republic of Plato*, by Benjamin Jowett, 1921, Oxford, at the Clarendon Press. Used by permission.

We cannot.

Then the first thing will be to establish a censorship of the writers of fiction, and let the censors receive any tale of fiction which is good, and reject the bad; and we will desire mothers and nurses to tell their children the authorised ones only. Let them fashion the mind with such tales, even more fondly than they mould the body with their hands; but most of those which are now in use must be discarded.

Of what tales are you speaking? he said.

You may find a model of the lesser in the greater, I said; for they are necessarily of the same type, and there is the same spirit in both of them.

Very likely, he replied; but I do not as yet know what you would term the greater.

Those, I said, which are narrated by Homer and Hesiod, and the rest of the poets, who have ever been the great story-tellers of mankind.

But which stories do you mean, he said; and what fault do you find with them?

A fault which is most serious, I said; the fault of telling a lie, and, what is more, a bad lie.

But when is this fault committed?

Whenever an erroneous representation is made of the nature of gods and heroes,—as when a painter paints a portrait not having the shadow of a likeness to the original.

Yes, he said, that sort of thing is certainly very blameable; but what are the stories which you mean?

First of all, I said, there was that greatest of all lies in high places, which the poet told about Uranus, and which was a bad lie too,—I mean what Hesiod says that Uranus did, and how Cronus retaliated on him. The doings of Cronus, and the sufferings which in turn his son inflicted upon him, even if they were true, ought certainly not to be lightly told to young and thoughtless persons; if possible, they had better be buried in silence. But if there is an absolute necessity for their mention, a chosen few might hear them in a mystery, and they should sacrifice not a common pig, but some huge and unprocurable victim; and then the number of the hearers will be very few indeed.

Why, yes, said he, those stories are extremely objectionable.

Yes, Adeimantus, they are stories not to be repeated in our State; the young man should not be told that in committing the worst of crimes he is far from doing anything outrageous; and that even if he chastises his father when he does wrong, in whatever manner, he will only be following the example of the first and greatest among the gods.

I entirely agree with you, he said; in my opinion those stories are quite unfit to be repeated.

Neither, if we mean our future guardians to regard the habit of quarrelling among themselves as of all things the basest, should any word be said to them of the wars in heaven, and of the plots and fightings of the gods against one another, for they are not true. No, we shall never mention the battles of the giants, or let them be embroidered on garments; and we shall be silent about the innumerable other quarrels of gods and heroes with their friends and relatives. If they would only believe us we would tell them that quarrelling is unholy, and that never up to this time has there been any quarrel between citizens; this is what old men and old women should begin by telling children; and when they grow up, the poets also should be told to compose for them in a similar spirit. But the narrative of Hephæstus binding Hera his mother, or how on another occasion Zeus sent him flying for taking her part when she was being beaten, and all the battles of the gods in Homer—these tales must not be admitted into our State, whether they are supposed to have an allegorical meaning or no. For a young person cannot judge what is allegorical and what is literal; anything that he receives into his mind at that age is likely to become indelible and unalterable; and therefore it is most important that the tales which the young first hear should be models of virtuous thoughts.

There you are right, he replied; but if any one asks where are such models to be found and of what tales are you speaking—how shall we answer him?

I said to him, You and I, Adeimantus, at this moment are not poets, but founders of a State: now the founders of a State ought to know the general forms in which poets should cast their tales, and the limits which must be observed by them, but to make the tales is not their business.

Very true, he said; but what are these forms of theology which you mean?

Something of this kind, I replied:—God is always to be represented as he truly is, whatever be the sort of poetry, epic, lyric, or tragic, in which the representation is given.

Right.

And is he not truly good? and must he not be represented as such?

Certainly.

And no good thing is hurtful?

No, indeed.

And that which is not hurtful hurts not?

Certainly not.

And that which hurts not does no evil?

No.

And can that which does no evil be a cause of evil?

Impossible.

And the good is advantageous?

Yes.

And therefore the cause of well-being?

Yes.

It follows therefore that the good is not the cause of all things, but of the good only.

Assuredly.

Then God, if he be good, is not the author of all things, as the many assert, but he is the cause of a few things only, and not of most things that occur to men. For few are the goods of human life, and many are the evils, and the good is to be attributed to God alone; of the evils the causes are to be sought elsewhere, and not in him.

That appears to me to be most true, he said. . . .

But shall our superintendence go no further, and are the poets only to be required by us to express the image of the good in their works, on pain, if they do anything else, of expulsion from our State? Or is the same control to be extended to other artists, and are they also to be prohibited from exhibiting the opposite forms of vice and intemperance and meanness and indecency in sculpture and building and the other creative arts; and is he who cannot conform to this rule of ours to be prevented from practising his art in our State, lest the taste of our citizens be corrupted by him? We would not have our guardians grow up amid images of moral deformity, as in some noxious pasture, and there browse and feed upon many a baneful herb and flower day by day, little by little, until they silently gather a festering mass of corruption in their own soul. Let our artists rather be those who are gifted to discern the true nature of the beautiful and graceful; then will our youth dwell in a land of health, amid fair sights and sounds, and receive the good in everything; and beauty, the effluence of fair works, shall flow into the eye and ear, like a health-giving breeze from a purer region, and insensibly draw the soul from earliest years into likeness and sympathy with the beauty of reason.

There can be no nobler training than that, he replied.

And therefore, I said, Glaucon, musical training is a more potent instrument than any other, because rhythm and harmony find their way into the inward places of the soul, on which they mightily fasten, imparting grace, and making the soul of him who is rightly educated graceful, or of him who is ill-educated ungraceful; and also because he who has received this true education of the inner being will most shrewdly perceive omissions or faults in art and nature, and with a true taste, while he praises and rejoices over and receives into his soul the good, and becomes noble and good, he will justly blame and hate the bad, now in the days of his youth, even before he is able to know the reason why; and when reason comes he will recognise and salute the friend with whom his education has made him long familiar.

Yes, he said, I quite agree with you in thinking that our youth should be trained in music and on the grounds which you mention.

Just as in learning to read, I said, we were satisfied when we knew the letters of the alphabet, which are very few, in all their recurring sizes and combinations; not slighting them as unimportant whether they occupy a space large or small, but everywhere eager to make them out; and not thinking ourselves perfect in the art of reading until we recognise them wherever they are found:

True—

Or, as we recognise the reflection of letters in the water, or in a mirror, only when we know the letters themselves; the same art and study giving us the knowledge of both:

Exactly—

Even so, as I maintain, neither we nor our guardians, whom we have to educate, can ever become musical until we and they know the essential forms of temperance, courage, liberality, magnificence, and their kindred, as well as the contrary forms, in all their combinations, and can recognise them and their images wherever they are found, not slighting them either in small things or in great, but believing them all to be within the sphere of one art and study.

Most assuredly.

And when a beautiful soul harmonizes with a beautiful form, and the two are cast in one mould, that will be the fairest of sights to him who has an eye to see it?

The fairest indeed.

And the fairest is also the loveliest?

That may be assumed.

And the man who has the spirit of harmony will be most in love with the loveliest; but he will not love him who is of an inharmonious soul?

That is true, he replied, if the deficiency be in his soul; but if there be any merely bodily defect in another he will be patient of it, and will love all the same. . . .

After music comes gymnastic, in which our youth are next to be trained.

Certainly.

Gymnastic as well as music should begin in early years; the training in it should be careful and should continue through life. Now my belief is,—and this is a matter upon which I should like to have your opinion in confirmation of my own, but my own belief is,—not that the good body by any bodily excellence improves the soul, but, on the contrary, that the good soul, by her own excellence, improves the body as far as this may be possible. What do you say?

Yes, I agree.

Then, to the mind when adequately trained, we shall be right in handing over the more particular care of the body; and in order to avoid prolixity we will now only give the general outlines of the subject.

Very good.

That they must abstain from intoxication has been already remarked by us; for of all persons a guardian should be the last to get drunk and not know where in the world he is.

Yes, he said; that a guardian should require another guardian to take care of him is ridiculous indeed.

But next, what shall we say of their food; for the men are in training for the greatest contest of all—are they not?

Yes, he said.

And will the habit of body of our ordinary athletes be suited to them?

Why not?

I am afraid, I said, that a habit of body such as they have is but a sleepy sort of thing, and rather perilous to health. Do you not observe that these athletes sleep away their lives, and are liable to most dangerous illnesses if they depart, in ever so slight a degree, from their customary regimen?

I do.

Then, I said, a finer sort of training will be required for our warrior athletes, who are to be like wakeful dogs, and to see and hear with the utmost keenness; amid the many changes of water and also of food, of summer heat and winter cold, which they will have to endure when on a campaign, they must not be liable to break down in health.

That is my view.

The really excellent gymnastic is twin sister of that simple music which we were just now describing.

How so?

Why, I conceive that there is a gymnastic which, like our music, is simple and good; and especially the military gymnastic.

What do you mean?

My meaning may be learned from Homer; he, you know, feeds his heroes at their feasts, when they are campaigning, on soldiers' fare; they have no fish, although they are on the shores of the Hellespont, and they are not allowed boiled meats but only roast, which is the food most convenient for soldiers, requiring only that they should light a fire, and not involving the trouble of carrying about pots and pans.

True.

And I can hardly be mistaken in saying that sweet sauces are nowhere mentioned in Homer. In proscribing them, however, he is not singular; all professional athletes are well aware that a man who is to be in good condition should take nothing of the kind.

Yes, he said; and knowing this, they are quite right in not taking them.

Then you would not approve of Syracusan dinners, and the refinements of Sicilian cookery?

I think not.

Nor, if a man is to be in good condition, would you allow him to have a Corinthian girl as his fair friend?

Certainly not.

Neither would you approve of the delicacies, as they are thought, of Athenian confectionery?

Certainly not.

All such feeding and living may be rightly compared by us to melody and song composed in the panharmonic style, and in all the rhythms.

Exactly.

There complexity engendered licence, and here disease; whereas simplicity in music was the parent of temperance in the soul, and simplicity in gymnastic of health in the body.

Most true, he said.

But when intemperance and diseases multiply in a State, halls of justice and medicine are always being opened; and the arts of the doctor and the lawyer give themselves airs, finding how keen is the interest which not only the slaves but the freemen of a city take about them.

Of course.

And yet what greater proof can there be of a bad and disgraceful state of education than this, that not only artisans and the meaner sort of people need the skill of first-rate physicians and judges, but also those who would profess to have had a liberal education? Is it not disgraceful, and a great sign of the want of good-breeding, that a man should have to go abroad for his law and physic because he has none of his own at home, and must therefore surrender himself into the hands of other men whom he makes lords and judges over him?

Of all things, he said, the most disgraceful.

—BENJAMIN JOWETT.

PHILOSOPHERS AS KINGS[1]

PLATO

[From *The Republic*, Books V and VI]

Plato conceives the philosopher to be that man who has passed beyond the stage of mistaking appearances for reality, who has discovered not only that the true, the good, and the beautiful may exist, but has actually beheld them as absolute ideas, and who is therefore incapable of prejudice, error, deception, injustice. He is aware that the ideal state he proposes is impracticable, but he maintains that an approximation is possible if the control be entrusted to such philosophers.

I think, I said, that there might be a reform of the State if only one change were made, which is not a slight or easy though still a possible one.

What is it? he said.

Now then, I said, I go to meet that which I liken to the greatest of the waves; yet shall the word be spoken, even though the wave break and drown me in laughter and dishonour; and do you mark my words.

Proceed.

I said: *Until philosophers are kings, or the kings and princes of this world have the spirit and power of philosophy, and political greatness*

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[1] From *The Republic of Plato*, by Benjamin Jowett, 1921, Oxford, at the Clarendon Press. Used by permission.

and wisdom meet in one, and those commoner natures who pursue either to the exclusion of the other are compelled to stand aside, cities will never have rest from their evils,—no, nor the human race, as I believe,—and then only will this our State have a possibility of life and behold the light of day. Such was the thought, my dear Glaucon, which I would fain have uttered if it had not seemed too extravagant; for to be convinced that in no other State can there be happiness private or public is indeed a hard thing.

Socrates, what do you mean? I would have you consider that the word which you have uttered is one at which numerous persons, and very respectable persons too, in a figure pulling off their coats all in a moment, and seizing any weapon that comes to hand, will run at you might and main, before you know where you are, intending to do heaven knows what; and if you don't prepare an answer, and put yourself in motion, you will be "pared by their fine wits," and no mistake.

You got me into the scrape, I said.

And I was quite right; however, I will do all I can to get you out of it; but I can only give you good-will and good advice, and, perhaps, I may be able to fit answers to your questions better than another—that is all. And now, having such an auxiliary, you must do your best to show the unbelievers that you are right.

I ought to try, I said, since you offer me such invaluable assistance. And I think that, if there is to be a chance of our escaping, we must explain to them whom we mean when we say that philosophers are to rule in the State; then we shall be able to defend ourselves: There will be discovered to be some natures who ought to study philosophy and to be leaders in the State; and others who are not born to be philosophers, and are meant to be followers rather than leaders.

Then now for a definition, he said.

Follow me, I said, and I hope that I may in some way or other be able to give you a satisfactory explanation.

Proceed.

I dare say that you remember, and therefore I need not remind you, that a lover, if he is worthy of the name, ought to show his love, not to some one part of that which he loves, but to the whole.

I really do not understand, and therefore beg of you to assist my memory.

Another person, I said, might fairly reply as you do; but a man of pleasure like yourself ought to know that all who are in the flower of youth do somehow or other raise a pang or emotion in a lover's breast, and are thought by him to be worthy of his affectionate regards. Is not this a way which you have with the fair: one has a snub nose, and you praise his charming face; the hook-nose of another has, you say, a royal look; while he who is neither snub nor hooked has the grace of regularity: the dark visage is manly, the fair are children of the gods; and as to the sweet "honey pale," as they are called, what is the very name but the invention of a lover who talks in diminutives, and is not averse to paleness if appearing on the cheek of youth? In a word, there is no excuse which you will not make, and nothing which you will not say, in order not to lose a single flower that blooms in the spring-time of youth.

If you make me an authority in matters of love, for the sake of the argument, I assent.

And what do you say of lovers of wine? Do you not see them doing the same? they are glad of any pretext of drinking any wine.

Very good.

And the same is true of ambitious men; if they cannot command an army, they are willing to command a file; and if they cannot be honoured by really great and important persons, they are glad to be honoured by lesser and meaner people,—but honour of some kind they must have.

Exactly.

Once more let me ask: Does he who desires any class of goods, desire the whole class or a part only?

The whole.

And may we not say of the philosopher that he is a lover, not of a part of wisdom only, but of the whole?

Yes, of the whole.

And he who dislikes learning, especially in youth, when he has no power of judging what is good and what is not, such an one we maintain not to be a philosopher or a lover of knowledge, just as he who refuses his food is not hungry, and may be said to have a bad appetite and not a good one?

Very true, he said.

Whereas he who has a taste for every sort of knowledge and who is curious to learn and is never satisfied, may be justly termed a philosopher? Am I not right?

Glaucon said: If curiosity makes a philosopher, you will find many a strange being will have a title to the name. All the lovers of sights have a delight in learning, and must therefore be included. Musical amateurs, too, are a folk strangely out of place among philosophers, for they are the last persons in the world who would come to anything like a philosophical discussion, if they could help, while they run about at the Dionysiac festivals as if they had let out their ears to hear every chorus; whether the performance is in town or country—that makes no difference—they are there. Now are we to maintain that all these and any who have similar tastes, as well as the professors of quite minor arts, are philosophers?

Certainly not, I replied; they are only an imitation.

He said: Who then are the true philosophers?

Those, I said, who are lovers of the vision of truth. . . .

And what is the next question? he asked.

Surely, I said, the one which follows next in order. Inasmuch as philosophers only are able to grasp the eternal and unchangeable, and those who wander in the region of the many and variable are not philosophers, I must ask you which of the two classes should be the rulers of our State?

And how can we rightly answer that question?

Whichever of the two are best able to guard the laws and institutions of our State—let them be our guardians.

Very good.

Neither, I said, can there be any question that the guardian who is to keep anything should have eyes rather than no eyes?

There can be no question of that.

And are not those who are verily and indeed wanting in the knowledge of the true being of each thing, and who have in their souls no clear pattern, and are unable as with a painter's eye to look at the absolute truth and to that original to repair, and having perfect vision of the other world to order the laws about beauty, goodness, justice in this, if not already ordered, and to guard and preserve the order of them—are not such persons, I ask, simply blind?

Truly, he replied, they are much in that condition.

And shall they be our guardians when there are others who, besides being their equals in experience and falling short of them in no particular of virtue, also know the very truth of each thing?

There can be no reason, he said, for rejecting those who have this greatest of all great qualities; they must always have the first place unless they fail in some other respect.

Suppose then, I said, that we determine how far they can unite this and the other excellences.

By all means.

In the first place, as we began by observing, the nature of the philosopher has to be ascertained. We must come to an understanding about him, and, when we have done so, then, if I am not mistaken, we shall also acknowledge that such a union of qualities is possible, and that those in whom they are united, and those only, should be rulers in the State.

What do you mean?

Let us suppose that philosophical minds always love knowledge of a sort which shows them the eternal nature not varying from generation and corruption.

Agreed.

And further, I said, let us agree that they are lovers of all true being; there is no part whether greater or less, or more or less honourable, which they are willing to renounce; as we said before of the lover and the man of ambition.

True.

And if they are to be what we were describing, is there not another quality which they should also possess?

What quality?

Truthfulness: they will never intentionally receive into their mind falsehood, which is their detestation, and they will love the truth.

Yes, that may be safely affirmed of them.

"May be," my friend, I replied, is not the word; say rather, "must be affirmed": for he whose nature is amorous of anything cannot help loving all that belongs or is akin to the object of his affections.

Right, he said.

And is there anything more akin to wisdom than truth?

How can there be?

Can the same nature be a lover of wisdom and a lover of falsehood?

Never.

The true lover of learning then must from his earliest youth, as far as in him lies, desire all truth?

Assuredly.

But then again, as we know by experience, he whose desires are strong in one direction will have them weaker in others; they will be like a stream which has been drawn off into another channel.

True.

He whose desires are drawn towards knowledge in every form will be absorbed in the pleasures of the soul, and will hardly feel bodily pleasure—I mean, if he be a true philosopher and not a sham one.

That is most certain.

Such a one is sure to be temperate and the reverse of covetous; for the motives which make another man desirous of having and spending, have no place in his character.

Very true.

Another criterion of the philosophical nature has also to be considered.

What is that?

There should be no secret corner of illiberality; nothing can be more antagonistic than meanness to a soul which is ever longing after the whole of things both divine and human.

Most true, he replied.

Then how can he who has magnificence of mind and is the spectator of all time and all existence, think much of human life?

He cannot.

Or can such a one account death fearful?

No indeed.

Then the cowardly and mean nature has no part in true philosophy?

Certainly not.

Or again: can he who is harmoniously constituted, who is not covetous or mean, or a boaster, or a coward—can he, I say, ever be unjust or hard in his dealings?

Impossible.

Then you will soon observe whether a man is just and gentle, or rude and unsociable; these are the signs which distinguish even in youth the philosophical nature from the unphilosophical.

True.

There is another point which should be remarked.

What point?

Whether he has or has not a pleasure in learning; for no one will love that which gives him pain, and in which after much toil he makes little progress.

Certainly not.

And again, if he is forgetful and retains nothing of what he learns, will he not be an empty vessel?

That is certain.

Labouring in vain, he must end in hating himself and his fruitless occupation?

Yes.

Then a soul which forgets cannot be ranked among genuine philosophic natures; we must insist that the philosopher should have a good memory?

Certainly.

And once more, the inharmonious and unseemly nature can only tend to disproportion?

Undoubtedly.

And do you consider truth to be akin to proportion or to disproportion?

To proportion.

Then, besides other qualities, we must try to find a naturally well-proportioned and gracious mind, which will move spontaneously towards the true being of everything.

Certainly.

Well, and do not all these qualities, which we have been enumerating, go together, and are they not, in a manner, necessary to a soul, which is to have a full and perfect participation of being?

They are absolutely necessary, he replied.

And must not that be a blameless study which he only can pursue who has the gift of a good memory, and is quick to learn,—noble, gracious, the friend of truth, justice, courage, temperance, who are his kindred?

The god of jealousy himself, he said, could find no fault with such a study.

And to men like him, I said, when perfected by years and education, and to these only you will entrust the State. . . .

They will begin by taking the State and the manners of men, from which, as from a tablet, they will rub out the picture, and leave a clean surface. This is no easy task. But whether easy or not, herein will lie the difference between them and every other legislator,—they will have nothing to do with either individual or State, and will inscribe no laws, until they have either found, or themselves made, a clean surface.

They will be very right, he said.

Having effected this, they will proceed to trace an outline of the constitution?

No doubt.

And when they are filling in the work, as I conceive, they will often turn their eyes upwards and downwards: I mean that they will first look at absolute justice and beauty and temperance, and again at the human copy; and will mingle and temper the various elements of life into the image of a man; and this they will conceive according to that other image, which, when existing among men, Homer calls the form and likeness of God.

Very true, he said.

And one feature they will erase and another they will put in, until they have made the ways of men, as far as possible, agreeable to the ways of God.

Indeed, he said, in no way could they make a fairer picture.

And now, I said, are we beginning to persuade those whom you described as rushing at us with might and main, that the painter of constitutions is such a one as we were praising; at whom they were so very indignant because to his hands we committed the State; and are they growing a little calmer at what they have just heard?

Much calmer, if there is any sense in them.

Why, where can they still find any ground for objection? Will they doubt that the philosopher is a lover of truth and being?

They would not be so unreasonable.

Or that his nature, being such as we have delineated, is akin to the highest good?

Neither can they doubt this.

But again, will they tell us that such a nature, placed under favourable circumstances, will not be perfectly good and wise if any ever was? Or will they prefer those whom we have rejected?

Surely not.

Then will they still be angry at our saying, that, until philosophers bear rule, States and individuals will have no rest from evil, nor will this our imaginary State ever be realized?

I think that they will be less angry.

Shall we assume that they are not only less angry but quite gentle, and that they have been converted and for very shame, if for no other reason, cannot refuse to come to terms?

By all means, he said.

Then let us suppose that the reconciliation has been effected. Will any one deny the other point, that there may be sons of kings or princes who are by nature philosophers?

Surely no man, he said.

And when they have come into being will any one say that they must of necessity be destroyed; that they can hardly be saved is not denied even by us; but that in the whole course of ages no single one of them can escape—who will venture to affirm this?

Who indeed!

But, said I, one is enough; let there be one man who has a city obedient to his will, and he might bring into existence the ideal polity about which the world is so incredulous.

Yes, one is enough.

The ruler may impose the laws and institutions which we have been describing, and the citizens may possibly be willing to obey them?

Certainly.

And that others should approve of what we approve is no miracle or impossibility?

I think not.

But we have sufficiently shown, in what has preceded, that all this, if only possible, is assuredly for the best.

We have.

And now we say not only that our laws, if they could be enacted, would be for the best, but also that the enactment of them, though difficult, is not impossible.

Very good.

And so with pain and toil we have reached the end of one subject but more remains to be discussed.

—Benjamin Jowett.

* * *

THE IMAGE OF THE CAVE[1]

Plato

[From *The Republic*, Book VII]

The use of the myth for purposes of illustration is characteristic of Plato. It is the poet in him which, not satisfied with argument only, calls to his aid the powers of the imagination and of the emotions. The image of the cave is an allegory of the process by which we proceed from ignorance to knowledge. The several stages of the process correspond to the several stages in education, from the fictions of poetry to reality as understood by philosophers.

And now, I said, let me show in a figure how far our nature is enlightened or unenlightened:—Behold! human beings living in an underground den, which has a mouth open towards the light and reaching all along the den; here they have been from their childhood, and have their legs and necks chained so that they cannot move, and can only see before them, being prevented by the chains from turning round their heads. Above and behind them a fire is blazing at a distance, and between the fire and the prisoners there is a raised way; and you will see, if you look, a low wall built along the way, like the screen which marionette players have in front of them, over which they show the puppets.

I see.

And do you see, I said, men passing along the wall carrying all sorts of vessels, and statues and figures of animals made of wood and stone and various materials, which appear over the wall? Some of them are talking, others silent.

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[1] From *The Republic of Plato*, by Benjamin Jowett, 1921, Oxford, at the Clarendon Press. Used by permission.

You have shown me a strange image, and they are strange prisoners.

Like ourselves, I replied; and they see only their own shadows, or the shadows of one another, which the fire throws on the opposite wall of the cave?

True, he said; how could they see anything but the shadows if they were never allowed to move their heads?

And of the objects which are being carried in like manner they would see only the shadows?

Yes, he said.

And if they were able to converse with one another, would they not suppose that they were naming what was actually before them?

Very true.

And suppose further that the prison had an echo which came from the other side, would they not be sure to fancy when one of the passersby spoke that the voice which they heard came from the passing shadow?

No question, he replied.

To them, I said, the truth would be literally nothing but the shadows of the images.

That is certain.

And now look again, and see what will naturally follow if the prisoners are released and disabused of their error. At first, when any of them is liberated and compelled suddenly to stand up and turn his neck round and walk and look towards the light, he will suffer sharp pains; the glare will distress him, and he will be unable to see the realities of which in his former state he had seen the shadows; and then conceive some one saying to him, that what he saw before was an illusion, but that now, when he is approaching nearer to being and his eye is turned towards more real existence, he has a clearer vision,—what will be his reply? And you may further imagine that his instructor is pointing to the objects as they pass and requiring him to name them,—will he not be perplexed? Will he not fancy that the shadows which he formerly saw are truer than the objects which are now shown to him?

Far truer.

And if he is compelled to look straight at the light, will he not have a pain in his eyes which will make him turn away to take refuge in the objects of vision which he can see, and which he will conceive to be in reality clearer than the things which are now being shown to him?

True, he said.

And suppose once more, that he is reluctantly dragged up a steep and rugged ascent, and held fast until he is forced into the presence of the sun himself, is he not likely to be pained and irritated? When he approaches the light his eyes will be dazzled, and he will not be able to see anything at all of what are now called realities.

Not all in a moment, he said.

He will require to grow accustomed to the sight of the upper world. And first he will see the shadows best, next the reflections of men and other objects in the water, and then the objects themselves; then he will gaze upon the light of the moon and the stars and the spangled heaven; and he will see the sky and the stars by night better than the sun or the light of the sun by day?

Certainly.

Last of all he will be able to see the sun, and not mere reflections of him in the water, but he will see him in his own proper place, and not in another; and he will contemplate him as he is.

Certainly.

He will then proceed to argue that this is he who gives the seasons and the years, and is the guardian of all that is in the visible world, and in a certain way the cause of all things which he and his fellows have been accustomed to behold?

Clearly, he said, he would first see the sun and then reason about him.

And when he remembered his old habitation, and the wisdom of the den and his fellow prisoners, do you not suppose that he would felicitate himself on the change, and pity them?

Certainly he would.

And if they were in the habit of conferring honours among themselves on those who were quickest to observe the passing shadows and to remark which of them went before, and which followed after, and which were together; and who were therefore best able to draw conclusions as to the future, do you think that he would care for such honours and glories, or envy the possessors of them? Would he not say with Homer, "Better to be the poor servant of a poor master," and to endure anything, rather than think as they do and live after their manner?

Yes, he said, I think that he would rather suffer anything than entertain these false notions and live in this miserable manner.

Imagine once more, I said, such a one coming suddenly out of the sun to be replaced in his old situation; would he not be certain to have his eyes full of darkness?

To be sure, he said.

And if there were a contest, and he had to compete in measuring the shadows with the prisoners who had never moved out of the den, while his sight was still weak, and before his eyes had become steady (and the time which would be needed to acquire this new habit of sight might be very considerable), would he not be ridiculous? Men would say of him that up he went and down he came without his eyes; and that it was better not even to think of ascending; and if any one tried to loose another and lead him up to the light, let them only catch the offender, and they would put him to death.

No question, he said.

This entire allegory, I said, you may now append, dear Glaucon, to the previous argument; the prison-house is the world of sight, the light of the fire is the sun, and you will not misapprehend me if you interpret the journey upwards to be the ascent of the soul into the intellectual world according to my poor belief, which, at your desire, I have expressed—whether rightly or wrongly God knows. But, whether true or false, my opinion is that in the world of knowledge the idea of good appears last of all, and is seen only with an effort; and, when seen, is also inferred to be the universal author of all things beautiful and right, parent of light and of the lord of light in this visible world, and the immediate source of reason and truth in the intellectual; and that this is the power upon which he who would act rationally either in public or private life must have his eye fixed.

I agree, he said, as far as I am able to understand you.

Moreover, I said, you must not wonder that those who attain to this beatific vision are unwilling to descend to human affairs; for their souls are ever hastening into the upper world where they desire to dwell; which desire of theirs is very natural, if our allegory may be trusted.

Yes, very natural.

And is there anything surprising in one who passes from divine contemplations to the evil state of man, misbehaving himself in a ridiculous manner; if, while his eyes are blinking and before he has become accustomed to the surrounding darkness, he is compelled to fight in courts of law, or in other places, about the images or the shadows of images of justice, and is endeavouring to meet the conceptions of those who have never yet seen absolute justice?

Anything but surprising, he replied.

Any one who has common sense will remember that the bewilderments of the eyes are of two kinds, and arise from two causes, either from coming out of the light or from going into the light, which is true of the mind's eye, quite as much as of the bodily eye; and he who remembers this when he sees any one whose vision is perplexed and weak, will not be too ready to laugh; he will first ask whether that soul of man has come out of the brighter life, and is unable to see because unaccustomed to the dark, or having turned from darkness to the day is dazzled by excess of light. And he will count the one happy in his condition and state of being, and he will pity the other; or, if he have a mind to laugh at the soul which comes from below into the light, there will be more reason in this than in the laugh which greets him who returns from above out of the light into the den.

That, he said, is a very just distinction.

But then, if I am right, certain professors of education must be wrong when they say that they can put a knowledge into the soul which was not there before, like sight into blind eyes.

They undoubtedly say this, he replied.

Whereas, our argument shows that the power and capacity of learning exists in the soul already; and that just as the eye was unable to turn from darkness to light without the whole body, so too the instrument of knowledge can only by the movement of the whole soul be turned from the world of becoming into that of being, and learn by degrees to endure the sight of being, and of the brightest and best of being, or in other words, of the good.

Very true.

And must there not be some art which will effect conversion in the easiest and quickest manner; not implanting the faculty of sight, for that exists already, but has been turned in the wrong direction, and is looking away from the truth?

Yes, he said, such an art may be presumed.

And whereas the other so-called virtues of the soul seem to be akin to bodily qualities, for even when they are not originally innate they can be implanted later by habit and exercise, the virtue of wisdom more than anything else contains a divine element which always remains, and by this conversion is rendered useful and profitable; or, on the other hand, hurtful and useless. Did you never observe the narrow intelligence flashing from the keen eye of a clever rogue—how eager he is, how clearly his paltry soul sees the way to his end; he is the reverse of blind, but his keen eye-sight is forced into the service of evil, and he is mischievous in proportion to his cleverness?

Very true, he said.

But what if there had been a circumcision of such natures in the days of their youth; and they had been severed from those sensual pleasures, such as eating and drinking, which, like leaden weights, were attached to them at their birth, and which drag them down and turn the vision of their souls upon the things that are below—if, I say, they had been released from these impediments and turned in the opposite direction, the very same faculty in them would have seen the truth as keenly as they see what their eyes are turned to now.

Very likely.

Yes, I said; and there is another thing which is likely, or rather a necessary inference from what has preceded, that neither the uneducated and uninformed of the truth, nor yet those who never make an end of their education, will be able ministers of State; not the former, because they have no single aim of duty which is the rule of all their actions, private as well as public; nor the latter, because they will not act at all except upon compulsion, fancying that they are already dwelling apart in the islands of the blest.

Very true, he replied.

Then, I said, the business of us who are the founders of the State will be to compel the best minds to attain that knowledge which we have already shown to be the greatest of all—they must continue to ascend until they arrive at the good; but when they have ascended and seen enough we must not allow them to do as they do now.

What do you mean?

I mean that they remain in the upper world: but this must not be allowed; they must be made to descend again among the prisoners in the den, and partake of their labours and honours, whether they are worth having or not.

But is not this unjust? he said; ought we to give them a worse life, when they might have a better?

You have again forgotten, my friend, I said, the intention of the legislator, who did not aim at making any one class in the State happy above the rest; the happiness was to be in the whole State, and he held the citizens together by persuasion and necessity, making them benefactors of the State, and therefore benefactors of one another; to this end he created them, not to please themselves, but to be his instruments in binding up the State.

True, he said, I had forgotten.

Observe, Glaucon, that there will be no injustice in compelling our philosophers to have a care and providence of others; we shall explain to them that in other States, men of their class are not obliged to share in the toils of politics; and this is reasonable, for they grow up at their own sweet will, and the government would rather not have them. Being self-taught, they cannot be expected to show any gratitude for a culture which they have never received. But we have brought you into the world to be rulers of the hive, kings of yourselves and of the other citizens, and have educated you far better and more perfectly than they have been educated, and you are better able to share in the double duty. Wherefore each of you, when his turn comes, must go down to the general underground abode, and get the habit of seeing in the dark. When you have acquired the habit, you will see ten thousand times better than the inhabitants of the den, and you will know what the several images are, and what they represent, because you have seen the beautiful and just and good in their truth. And thus our State, which is also yours, will be a reality, and not a dream only, and will be administered in a spirit unlike that of other States, in which men fight with one another about shadows only and are distracted in the struggle for power, which in their eyes is a great good. Whereas the truth is that the State in which the rulers are most reluctant to govern is always the best and most quietly governed, and the State in which they are most eager, the worst.

—BENJAMIN JOWETT.

THE VISION OF ER[1]

PLATO

[From *The Republic*, Book X]

The vision of Er is an allegory suggested by thoughts on the immortality of the soul. Into the picture of the other world are introduced

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[1] From *The Republic of Plato*, by Benjamin Jowett, 1921, Oxford, at the Clarendon Press. Used by permission.

generalizations on the parts chance, virtue, and knowledge play in man's life.

Well, I said, I will tell you a tale; not one of the tales which Odysseus tells to the hero Alcinous, yet this too is a tale of a hero, Er the son of Armenius, a Pamphylian by birth. He was slain in battle, and ten days afterwards, when the bodies of the dead were taken up already in a state of corruption, his body was found unaffected by decay, and carried away home to be buried. And on the twelfth day, as he was lying on the funeral pile, he returned to life and told them what he had seen in the other world. He said that when his soul left the body he went on a journey with a great company, and that they came to a mysterious place at which there were two openings in the earth; they were near together, and over against them were two other openings in the heaven above. In the intermediate space there were judges seated, who commanded the just, after they had given judgment on them and had bound their sentences in front of them, to ascend by the heavenly way on the right hand; and in like manner the unjust were bidden by them to descend by the lower way on the left hand; these also bore the symbols of their deeds, but fastened on their backs. He drew near, and they told him that he was to be the messenger who would carry the report of the other world to men, and they bade him hear and see all that was to be heard and seen in that place. Then he beheld and saw on one side the souls departing at either opening of heaven and earth when sentence had been given on them; and at the two other openings other souls, some ascending out of the earth dusty and worn with travel, some descending out of heaven clean and bright. And arriving ever and anon they seemed to have come from a long journey, and they went forth with gladness into the meadow, where they encamped as at a festival; and those who knew one another embraced and conversed, the souls which came from earth curiously inquiring about the things above, and the souls which came from heaven about the things beneath. And they told one another of what had happened by the way, those from below weeping and sorrowing at the remembrance of the things which they had endured and seen in their journey beneath the earth (now the journey lasted a thousand years), while those from above were describing heavenly delights and visions of inconceivable beauty. The story, Glaucon, would take too long to tell; but the sum was this:—He said that for every wrong which they had done to any one they suffered tenfold, or once in a hundred years—such being reckoned to be the length of man's life, and the penalty being thus paid ten times in a thousand years. If, for example, there were any who had been the cause of many deaths, or had betrayed or enslaved cities or armies, or been guilty of any other evil behaviour, for each and all of their offences they received punishment ten times over, and the rewards of beneficence and justice and holiness were in the same proportion. I need hardly repeat what he said concerning young children dying almost as soon as they were born. Of piety and impiety to gods and parents, and of murders, there were retributions other and greater far which he described. He mentioned that he was present when one of the spirits asked another, "Where is Ardiæus the Great?" (Now this Ardiæus lived a thousand years before the time of Er: he had been the tyrant of some city of Pamphylia, and had murdered his aged father and his elder brother, and was said to have committed many other abominable crimes). The answer of the other spirit was: "He comes not hither and will never come. And this," said he, "was one of the dreadful sights which we ourselves witnessed. We were at the mouth of the cavern, and, having completed all our experiences, were about to reascend, when of a sudden Ardiæus appeared and several others, most of whom were tyrants; and there were also besides the tyrants private individuals who had been great criminals: they were just, as they fancied, about to return into the upper world, but the mouth, instead of admitting them, gave a roar whenever any of these incurable sinners or some one who had not been sufficiently punished tried to ascend; and then wild men of fiery aspect, who were standing by and heard the sound, seized and carried them off; and Ardiæus and others they bound head and foot and hand, and threw them down and flayed them with scourges, and dragged them along the road at the side, carding them on thorns like wool, and declaring to the passers-by what were their crimes, and that they were being taken away to be cast into hell." And of all the many terrors which they had endured, he said that there was none like the terror which each of them felt at that moment, lest they should hear the voice; and when there was silence, one by one they ascended with exceeding joy. These, said Er, were the penalties and retributions, and there were blessings as great. . . .

When Er and the spirits arrived, their duty was to go at once to Lachesis; but first of all there came a prophet who arranged them in order; then he took from the knees of Lachesis lots and samples of lives, and having mounted a high pulpit, spoke as follows: "Hear the word of Lachesis, the daughter of Necessity. Mortal souls, behold a new cycle of life and mortality. Your genius will not be allotted to you, but you will choose your genius; and let him who draws the first lot have the first choice, and the life which he chooses shall be his destiny. Virtue is free, and as a man honours or dishonours her he will have more or less of her; the blame is his who chooses; God is blameless." When the Interpreter had thus spoken he scattered lots indifferently among them all, and each of them took up the lot which fell near him, all but Er himself (he was not allowed), and each as he took his lot perceived the number which he had obtained. Then the Interpreter placed on the ground before them the samples of lives; and there were many more lives than the souls present, and they were of all sorts. There were lives of every animal and of man in every condition. And there were tyrannies among them, some lasting out the tyrant's life, others which broke off in the middle and came to an end in poverty and exile and beggary; and there were lives of famous men, some who were famous for their form and beauty as well as for their strength and success in games, or, again, for their birth and the qualities of their ancestors; and some who were the reverse of famous for the opposite qualities. And of women likewise; there was not, however, any definite character in them, because the soul, when choosing a new life, must of necessity become different. And there was every other quality, and they all mingled with one another, and also with elements of wealth and poverty, and disease and health; and there were mean states also. And here, my dear Glaucon, is the supreme peril of our human state; and therefore the utmost care should be taken. Let each one of us leave every other kind of knowledge and seek and follow one thing only, if peradventure he may be able to learn and may find some one who will make him able to learn and discern between good and evil, and so to choose always and everywhere the better life as he has opportunity. He should consider the bearing of all these things which have been mentioned severally and collectively upon virtue; he should know what the effect of beauty is when combined with poverty or wealth in a particular soul, and what are the good and evil consequences of noble and humble birth, of private and public station, of strength and weakness, of cleverness and dullness, and of all the natural and acquired gifts of the soul, and the operation of them when conjoined; he will then look at the nature of the soul, and from the consideration of all these qualities he will be able to determine which is the better and which is the worse; and so he will choose, giving the name of evil to the life which will make his soul more unjust, and good to the life which will make his soul more just; all else he will disregard. For we have seen and know that this is the best choice both in life and after death. A man must take with him into the world below an adamantine faith in truth and right, that there too he may be undazzled by the desire of wealth or the other allurements of evil, lest, coming upon tyrannies and similar villainies, he do irremediable wrongs to others and suffer yet worse himself; but let him know how to choose the mean and avoid the extremes on either side, as far as possible, not only in this life but in all that which is to come. For this is the way of happiness.

And according to the report of the messenger from the other world this was what the prophet said at the time: "Even for the last comer, if he chooses wisely and will live diligently, there is appointed a happy and not undesirable existence. Let not him who chooses first be careless, and let not the last despair." And when he had spoken, he who had the first choice came forward and in a moment chose the greatest tyranny; his mind having been darkened by folly and sensuality, he had not thought out the whole matter before he chose, and did not at first sight perceive that he was fated, among other evils, to devour his own children. But when he had time to reflect, and saw what was in the lot, he began to beat his breast and lament over his choice, forgetting the proclamation of the prophet; for, instead of throwing the blame of his misfortune on himself, he accused chance and the gods, and everything rather than himself. Now he was one of those who came from heaven, and in a former life had dwelt in a well-ordered State, but his virtue was a matter of habit only, and he had no philosophy. And it was true of others who were similarly overtaken, that the greater number of them came from heaven and therefore they had never been schooled by trial, whereas the pilgrims who came from earth having themselves suffered and seen others suffer were not in a hurry to choose. And owing to this inexperience of theirs, and also because the lot was a chance, many of the souls exchanged a good destiny for an evil or an evil for a good. For if a man had always on his arrival in this world dedicated himself from the first to sound philosophy, and had been moderately fortunate in the number of the lot, he might, as the messenger reported, be happy here, and also his journey to another life and return to this, instead of being rough and underground, would be smooth and heavenly. Most curious, he said, was the spectacle—sad and laughable and strange; for the choice of the souls was in most cases based on their experience of a previous life. There he saw the soul which had once been Orpheus choosing the life of a swan out of enmity to the race of women, hating to be born of a woman because they had been his murderers; he beheld also the soul of Thamyras choosing the life of a nightingale; birds, on the other hand, like the swan and other musicians, wanting to be men. The soul which obtained the twentieth lot chose the life of a lion, and this was the soul of Ajax the son of Telamon, who would not be a man, remembering the injustice which was done to him in the judgment about the arms. The next was Agamemnon, who took the life of an eagle, because, like Ajax, he hated human nature by reason of his sufferings. About the middle came the lot of Atalanta; she, seeing the great fame of an athlete, was unable to resist the temptation: and after her there followed the soul of Epeus the son of Panopeus passing into the nature of a woman cunning in the arts; and far away among the last who chose, the soul of the jester Thersites was putting on the form of a monkey. There came also the soul of Odysseus having yet to make a choice, and his lot happened to be the last of them all. Now the recollection of former toils had disenchanted him of ambition, and he went about for a considerable time in search of the life of a private man who had no cares; he had some difficulty in finding this, which was lying about and had been neglected by everybody else; and when he saw it, he said that he would have done the same had his lot been first instead of last, and that he was delighted to have it. And not only did men pass into animals, but I must also mention that there were animals tame and wild who changed into one another and into corresponding human natures—the good into the gentle and the evil into the savage, in all sorts of combinations.

All the souls had now chosen their lives, and they went in the order of their choice to Lachesis, who sent with them the genius whom they had severally chosen, to be the guardian of their lives and the fulfiller of the choice: this genius led the souls first to Clotho, and drew them within the revolution of the spindle impelled by her hand, thus ratifying the destiny of each; and then, when they were fastened to this, carried them to Atropos, who spun the threads and made them irreversible, whence without turning round they passed beneath the throne of Necessity; and when they had all passed, they marched on in a scorching heat to the plain of Forgetfulness, which was a barren waste destitute of trees and verdure; and then towards evening they encamped by the river of Unmindfulness, whose water no vessel can hold; of this they were all obliged to drink a certain quantity, and those who were not saved by wisdom drank more than was necessary; and each one as he drank forgot all things. Now after they had gone to rest, about the middle of the night there was a thunderstorm and earthquake, and then in an instant they were driven upwards in all manner of ways to their birth, like stars shooting. He himself was hindered from drinking the water. But in what manner or by what means he returned to the body he could not say; only, in the morning, awaking suddenly, he found himself lying on the pyre.

And thus, Glaucon, the tale has been saved and has not perished, and will save us if we are obedient to the word spoken; and we shall pass safely over the river of Forgetfulness and our soul will not be defiled. Wherefore my counsel is, that we hold fast ever to the heavenly way and follow after justice and virtue always, considering that the soul is immortal and able to endure every sort of good and every sort of evil. Thus shall we live dear to one another and to the gods, both while remaining here and when, like conquerors in the games who go round to gather gifts, we receive our reward. And it shall be well with us both in this life and in the pilgrimage of a thousand years which we have been describing.

—BENJAMIN JOWETT.

THE SALVATION OF GOVERNMENT[1]

PLATO

[From *The Laws*, Book XII]

Plato became more and more convinced that his ideal state as set forth in the Republic, *though satisfying in theory, could not be put into actual practice. Later he came back to the problem from a new angle with the purpose of so modifying his theory as to make it workable. Practical laws are necessary to regulate life, and laws can be devised and enforced only if entrusted to a council of wise men.*

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[1] From *The Dialogues of Plato*, by Benjamin Jowett, 1875, Oxford, at the Clarendon Press.

CLEINIAS. And now what, according to you, is to be the salvation of our government and of our laws, and how is it to be effected?

ATHENIAN. Were we not saying that there must be in our city a council which was to be of this sort: Ten of the oldest guardians of the law, and all those who have obtained prizes of virtue, were to meet, and the council was also to include those who had visited foreign countries in the hope of hearing something that might be of use in the preservation of the laws, and who, having come safely home, and having been tested in these same matters, had proved themselves worthy to take part in the meeting;—each of the members was to select some young man of not less than thirty years of age, he himself judging in the first instance whether the young man is worthy by nature and education, and then introducing him to the others, and if he seem to them also to be worthy he was to be adopted by them; but if not, they are forbidden to elect him, and still more is he forbidden to accept their nomination. The meeting of the council was to be held early in the morning, when everybody was at leisure from all other business, whether public or private—something of that sort was said by us before.

CLE. True.

ATH. Then now returning to the council, I would say further,—that this institution, having all the required conditions, might save us all, and be the anchor of the state, if let down into the sea.

CLE. How so?

ATH. Now is the time for me to speak the truth in all earnestness.

CLE. Well said, and I hope that you will fulfil your intention.

ATH. Know, Cleinias, that every work has a saviour, as of the animal the soul and the head are the chief saviour.

CLE. Once more, what do you mean?

ATH. The well-being of those two is obviously the preservation of every living thing?

CLE. How is that?

ATH. The soul, besides other things, contains mind, and the head, besides other things, contains sight and hearing; and the mind, mingling with the noblest of the senses, and becoming one with them, may be truly called the salvation of all things.

CLE. Yes, quite so.

ATH. Yes, indeed; but with what is that intellect concerned which, mingling with the senses, is the salvation of ships in storms as well as in fair weather? In the ship, is it not the mind which pilots; and the sailors uniting their perceptions with the piloting mind, preserve themselves and the ship?

CLE. Very true.

ATH. We do not want many illustrations about such matters:—What aim would the general of an army, or what aim would a physician propose to himself, if he were seeking to attain salvation?

CLE. Very good.

ATH. Does not the general aim at victory and superiority in war, and do not the physician and his minister aim at producing health in the body?

Cle. Certainly.

Ath. And a physician who is ignorant about the body, that is to say, who knows not that which we just now called health, or a general who knows not victory, or any others who are ignorant of the particulars of the arts which we mentioned, cannot be said to have understanding about any of these matters?

Cle. Impossible.

Ath. And what would you say of the state, if a person proves to be ignorant of the aim to which the statesman should look? Ought he to be called a ruler at all; and further, will he ever be able to preserve that of which he does not even know the aim?

Cle. Impossible.

Ath. And therefore, if our settlement of the country is to be perfect, we ought to have some institution, which, as I was saying, will tell what is the aim of the state, and will inform us how we are to attain this, and what law or what man will advise us with that view. Any state which has no such institution is likely to be devoid of mind and sense, and in all her actions will proceed by mere chance.

Cle. Very true.

Ath. In which, then, of the parts or institutions of the state is any such guardian power to be found? Can we say?

Cle. I am not quite certain, Stranger; but I have a suspicion that you are referring to the assembly which you just now said was to meet at night.

Ath. You have answered rightly, Cleinias; and we must assume, as the argument implies, that this council possesses all virtue; and the beginning of virtue is not to make mistakes by guessing many things, but to look at one thing, and on this to fix all our aims.

Cle. Quite true.

Ath. Then now we shall see why there is nothing wonderful in states going astray—the reason is that their legislators have such different aims; nor is there anything wonderful in some laying down as their rule of justice, that certain individuals should bear rule in the state, whether they be good or bad, and others that the citizens should be rich, not caring whether they are the slaves of other men or not. The tendency of others, again, is towards freedom, and some legislate with a view to both at once; they want to be at the same time free and the lords of other states; but the wisest men, as they deem themselves to be, look to all these and similar aims, and there is no one of them which they exclusively honour, and to which they would have all things look.

Cle. Then, Stranger, our old assertion will hold, for we were saying that laws generally should look to one thing only; and this, as we admitted, was rightly said to be virtue.

Ath. Yes.

Cle. And we said that virtue was of four kinds?

ATH. Quite true.

CLE. And that mind was the leader of all four, and that to her the three other virtues and all other things ought to have regard?

ATH. You follow me capitally, Cleinias, and I would ask you to follow me to the end, for we have told you to what the mind of the pilot, the mind of the general and of the physician ought respectively to look; and now we may turn to the mind political, of which, as of a human creature, we will ask a question: O wonderful being, to what are you looking? The Physician is able to tell his single aim in life, but you, the superior, as you declare yourself to be, of all intelligent beings, when you are asked are not able to tell. Can you, Megillus, and you, Cleinias, say distinctly what is the aim of the mind political, in return for the many explanations of things which I have given you?

CLE. We cannot, Stranger.

ATH. Well, but ought we not to desire to see it, and to see in what it is found?

CLE. For example, in what?

ATH. For example, we were saying that there are four kinds of virtue, and as there are four of them, each of them must be one.

CLE. Certainly.

ATH. And further, all four of them we call one; for we say that courage is a virtue, and that prudence is a virtue, and the same of two others, as if they were in reality not many but one.

CLE. Quite so.

ATH. There is no difficulty in seeing in what way the two differ from one another, and have received two names, and so of the rest. But there is more difficulty in explaining why we call these two and the rest of them by the single name of virtue.

CLE. How do you mean?

ATH. I have no difficulty in explaining what I mean. Let us distribute the subject into questions and answers.

CLE. Once more, what do you mean?

ATH. Do you ask me what is that one thing which I call virtue, and then again speak of as two, one part being courage and the other wisdom? I will tell you how that occurs: One of them has to do with fear; in this the beasts also participate, and quite young children,—I mean courage; for a courageous temper is a gift of nature and not of reason. But without reason there never has been, or is, or will be a wise and understanding soul; hence the difference.

CLE. That is true.

ATH. I have now told you in what way the two are different, and do you in return tell me in what way they are one and the same. Suppose that I ask you in what way the four are one, and when you have answered me, you will have a right to ask of me in return in what way they are four; and then let us proceed to enquire whether in the case of things which have a name and also a definition to them, true knowledge consists in knowing the name only and not the definition? Can he who is good for anything be ignorant about great and glorious truths without discredit?

Cle. I suppose not.

Ath. And is there anything greater to the legislator and the guardian of the law, and to him who thinks that he excels all other men in virtue, and has the rewards of virtue, than these very qualities of which we are now speaking,—courage, temperance, wisdom, justice?

Cle. How can there be anything greater?

Ath. And ought not the interpreters, the teachers, the lawgivers, the guardians of others to excel all other men, and perfectly to show him who desires to learn and know, or whose evil actions require to be punished and reproved, what is the nature of virtue and vice—shall the teacher be some poet who may find his way into the city, or some chance instructor of youth who professes to be better than he who has won the palm in every virtue? And can we wonder that when the guardians are not adequate in speech or action, and have no adequate knowledge of virtue, the city being unguarded should experience the common fate of cities in our day?

Cle. Wonder! No.

Ath. Well, then, as I was saying just now, what are we to do? How can we provide our guardians with a more than common virtue in speech or action, or in what way can our city be truly likened to the head and senses of rational beings because possessing such a guardian power?

Cle. What, Stranger, is the drift of your comparisons?

Ath. Do we not see that the city is the trunk, and are not the younger guardians, who are chosen for their natural gifts, placed in the head of the state, having their souls all full of eyes, with which they look about the whole city? They keep watch and hand over their perceptions to the memory, and inform the elders of all that happens in the city; and those whom we compared to the mind, because they have many wise thoughts—that is to say, the old men—take counsel, and making use of the younger men as their ministers, and advising with them,—in this way both together truly preserve the whole state:—Shall this be the order of our state, or shall we have some other order? Shall we say that they are all alike the owners of the state, and not merely individuals among them who have had the most careful training and education?

Cle. That, my good sir, is impossible.

Ath. Then we ought to proceed to some more exact training than that which has preceded.

Cle. Certainly.

Ath. And must not that of which we are in need be the one to which we were just now alluding?

Cle. Very true.

Ath. Did we not say that the workman or guardian, if he be perfect in every respect, ought not only to be able to see the many aims, but he should press onward to the one, which he should know, and knowing, order all things with a view to that?

CLE. True.

ATH. And can any one have a more exact way of considering or contemplating anything, than the being able to look at one idea gathered from many different things?

CLE. Perhaps not.

ATH. Not "perhaps not," but "certainly not," my good sir, is the right answer. There never has been a truer method than this discovered by any man.

CLE. I bow to your authority, Stranger; let us proceed in the way which you propose.

ATH. Then, as would appear, we must compel the guardians of our divine state to perceive, in the first place, what that principle is which is the same in all the four—the same, as we affirm, in courage and in temperance, and in justice and in prudence, and which, being one, we call, as we ought, by the single name of virtue. To this, my friends, we will, if you please, hold fast, and not let go until we have sufficiently explained what that is to which we are to look, whether to be regarded as one or as a whole, or as both, or in whatever way. Are we likely ever to be in a virtuous condition if we cannot tell whether virtue is many, or four, or one? Certainly, if you will take our advice, we shall in some way contrive that this principle has a place amongst us; but if you have made up your mind that we should let the matter alone, we will.

CLE. We must not, Stranger; by the God of strangers I swear that we must not; for in our opinion you speak most truly, but we should like to know how you will accomplish your purpose.

ATH. Wait a little before you ask; and let us, first of all, be quite agreed with one another that the purpose has to be accomplished.

CLE. Certainly, if that is possible.

ATH. Well, and about the good and the honourable, are we to take the same view—that each of them are many, but that our guardians are to regard them as in some sense one?

CLE. We must consider in what sense.

ATH. And are we to consider only, and to be unable to say what we think?

CLE. Certainly not; that would be the state of a slave.

ATH. And may not the same be said of all good men—that the true guardians of the laws ought to know their truth, and to be able to interpret them in words, and carry them out in action, judging of what is and of what is not well, according to nature?

CLE. Certainly.

ATH. Is not the knowledge of the Gods one of the noblest sorts of knowledge;—to know that they are and know how great is their power, as far as in man lies? We do indeed excuse the majority of mankind, who only follow the voice of the laws, but refuse to admit as guardians any who do not labour to obtain every possible evidence that there is respecting the Gods; they are forbidden and not allowed to choose as a guardian of the law, or to place in the select order of virtue, him who is not an inspired man, and has not laboured at these things.

Cle. It is certainly just, as you say, that he who is indolent about such matters or incapable should be rejected, and that things honourable should be put away from him.

Ath. Are we assured that there are two things which lead men to believe in the Gods, as we have already stated?

Cle. What are they?

Ath. One is the argument about the soul, which has been already mentioned—that it is the eldest and most divine of all things, to which motion attaining generation gives perpetual existence; the other was an argument from the order of motion of the heavens, and of all things under the dominion of the mind which ordered the universe. If a man look upon the world not lightly or foolishly, there was never any one so godless who did not experience an effect opposite to that which the many imagine. For they think that those who handle these matters by the help of astronomy, and the accompanying arts of demonstration, may become godless; because they see, as far as they can see, things happening by necessity, and not by an intelligent will accomplishing good.

Cle. But what is the fact?

Ath. Just the opposite of the opinion which once prevailed among men, that the sun and stars are without soul. Even in those days men wondered about them, and that which is now ascertained was then conjectured by some who had a more exact knowledge of them—that if they had been things without soul, and had no mind, they could never have moved according to such exact calculations; and even at that time some ventured to hazard the conjecture that mind was the orderer of the universe. But these same persons again mistaking the nature of the soul, which they conceived to be younger and not older than the body, once more overturned the world, or rather, I should say, themselves, for what they saw before their eyes in heaven, all appeared to be full of stones, and earth, and many other lifeless bodies, and to these they assigned the various causes of all things. Such studies gave rise to much atheism and perplexity, and the poets took occasion to be abusive,—comparing the philosophers to she-dogs uttering vain howlings, and saying other nonsense of the same sort. But now, as I said, the case is reversed.

Cle. How is that?

Ath. No man can be a true worshipper of the Gods who does not know these two principles—that the soul is the eldest of all things which are born, and is immortal and rules over all bodies; moreover, as I have now said several times, he who has not contemplated the mind of nature which is said to exist in the stars, and gone through the previous training, and seen the connection of them with music, and harmonized them all with laws and institutions, is not able to give a reason of such things as have a reason. And he who is unable to acquire this in addition to the ordinary virtues of a citizen, can hardly be a good ruler of a whole state; but he should be the subordinate of other rulers. Wherefore, Cleinias and Megillus, let us consider whether we may not add to all the other laws which we have discussed this further one,—that the nocturnal assembly of the magistrates, which has also been associated with us in our whole scheme of education, shall be a guard set according to law for the salvation of the state.

—BENJAMIN JOWETT.

LOVE[1]

PLATO

[From *The Symposium*]

Through the mouth of Socrates Plato teaches that love is a universal principle manifesting itself in all nature, from the lowest plants and animals to the philosopher. In its lower forms it is physical and material; in its highest form it passes from the physical and material to the mystical contemplation of the good and the beautiful in whatever shape embodied.

In the magnificent oration which you have uttered, I think that you were right, my dear Agathon, when you said that you would begin with the nature of love and afterwards speak of his works—that is a way of beginning which I very much approve. And as you have spoken thus eloquently of the nature of love, may I ask you further, Whether love is the love of something or of nothing? And here I must explain myself: I do not want you to say that love is the love of a father or the love of a mother—that would be ridiculous; but to answer as you would, if I asked is a father a father of something? to which you would find no difficulty in replying, of a son or daughter: and that would be right.

Very true, said Agathon.

And you would say the same of a mother?

He assented.

Yet let me ask you one more question in order to illustrate my meaning. Is not a brother to be regarded essentially as a brother of something?

Certainly, he replied.

That is, of a brother or sister?

Yes, he said.

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[1] From *The Dialogues of Plato*, by Benjamin Jowett, 1875, Oxford, at the Clarendon Press.

And now, said Socrates, I will ask about love:—Is love of something or of nothing?

Of something, surely, he replied.

Keep in mind what this is, and tell me what I want to know—whether love desires that of which love is.

Yes, surely.

And does he possess, or does he not possess, that which he loves and desires?

Probably not, I should say.

Nay, replied Socrates, I would have you consider whether "necessarily" is not rather the word. The inference that he who desires something is in want of something, and that he who desires nothing is in want of nothing, is in my judgment, Agathon, absolutely and necessarily true. What do you think?

I agree with you, said Agathon.

Very good. And would he who is great desire to be great, or he who is strong desire to be strong?

That would be inconsistent with our previous admissions.

True. For he who is anything cannot want to be that which he is?

Very true.

And yet, added Socrates, if a man being strong desired to be strong, or being swift desired to be swift, or being healthy desired to be healthy, in that case he might be thought to desire a quality which he already has. I give the example in order that we may avoid misconception. For the possessors of these qualities, Agathon, must be supposed to have their respective advantages at the time, whether they choose or not; and who can desire that which he has? Therefore, when a person says, I am well and wish to be well, or I am rich and wish to be rich, and I desire to have simply what I have—to him we shall reply: "You, my friend, having wealth and health and strength, want to have the continuance of them; for at this moment, whether you choose or not, you have them. And when you say, I desire that which I have and nothing else, is not your meaning that you want to have what you now have in the future?" He must agree with us—must he not?

He must, said Agathon.

Then said Socrates, this is equivalent, not to desiring what he has or possesses already, but to desiring that what he has may be preserved to him in the future?

Very true, he said.

Then he and every one who desires, desires that which he has not already, and which is future and not present, and which he has not, and is not, and of which he is in want;—these are the sort of things which love and desire seek?

Very true, he said.

Then now, said Socrates, let us recapitulate the argument. First, is not love the love of something, and of something too which is wanting to a man?

Yes, he replied.

Remember further what you said in your speech, or if you do not remember I will remind you: you said that the love of the beautiful set in order the empire of the gods, for that of deformed things there is no love—did you not say something like that?

Yes, said Agathon.

Yes, my friend, and the remark was a just one. And if this is true, love is the love of beauty and not of deformity?

He assented.

And the admission has been already made that love is of that which a man wants and has not?

True, he said.

Then love wants and has not beauty?

Certainly, he replied.

Then would you call that beautiful which wants and does not possess beauty?

Certainly not.

Then would you still say that love is beautiful?

Agathon replied: I fear that I did not understand what I was saying.

Yet you made a fair speech, Agathon, replied Socrates; but once more:—Is not the good also the beautiful?

Yes.

Then in wanting the beautiful, love wants also the good?

I cannot refute you, Socrates, said Agathon. And let us suppose that what you say is true.

Say rather, dear Agathon, that you cannot refute the truth; for Socrates is easily refuted.

And now I will take my leave of you, and rehearse the tale of love which I heard from Diotima of Mantinea, a woman wise in this and in many other kinds of knowledge, who in the days of old, when the Athenians offered sacrifice before the coming of the plague, delayed the disease ten years. She was my instructress in the art of love, and I shall repeat to you what she said to me, beginning with the admissions made by Agathon, which are nearly if not quite the same which I made to the wise woman when she questioned me: I think that this will be the easiest way, and I shall take both parts myself as well as I can. Like Agathon, she spoke first of the being and nature of love, and then of his works. And I said to her in nearly the same words which he used to me, that love was a mighty god, and likewise fair; and she proved to me as I proved to him that, by my own showing, love was neither fair nor good. "What do you mean, Diotima," I said, "is love then evil and foul?" "Hush," she cried; "is that to be deemed foul which is not fair?" "Certainly," I said. "And is that which is not wise, ignorant? do you not see that there is a mean between wisdom and ignorance?" "And what may that be?" I said. "Right opinion," she replied; "which, as you know, being incapable of giving a reason, is not knowledge (for how can knowledge be devoid of reason? nor again, ignorance, for neither can ignorance attain the truth), but is clearly something which is a mean between ignorance and wisdom."

"Quite true," I replied. "Do not then insist," she said, "that what is not fair is of necessity foul, or what is not good evil; or infer that because love is not fair and good, he is therefore foul and evil; for he is in a mean between them." "Well," I said, "love is surely admitted by all to be a great god." "By those who know or by those who do not know?" "By all." "And how, Socrates," she said with a smile, "can love be acknowledged to be a great god by those who say that he is not a god at all?" "And who are they?" I said. "You and I are two of them," she replied. "How can that be?" I said. "That is very intelligible," she replied; "for you yourself would acknowledge that the gods are happy and fair—of course you would—would you dare to say that any god was not?" "Certainly not," I replied. "And you mean by the happy, those who are the possessors of things good and fair?" "Yes." "And you admitted that Love, because he was in want, desires those good and fair things of which he is in want?" "Yes, I admitted that." "But how can he be a god who has no share in the good or the fair?" "That is not to be supposed." "Then you see that you also deny the divinity of Love."

"What then is love?" I asked; "Is he mortal?" "No." "What then?" "As in the former instance, he is neither mortal nor immortal, but in a mean between the two." "What is he then, Diotima?" "He is a great spirit, and like all spirits he is intermediate between the divine and the mortal." "And what," I said, "is his power?" "He interprets," she replied, "between gods and men, conveying to the gods the prayers and sacrifices of men, and to men the commands and replies of the gods; he is the mediator who spans the chasm which divides them, and in him all is bound together, and through him the arts of the prophet and the priest, their sacrifices and mysteries and charms, and all prophecy and incantation find their way. For God mingles not with man; but through Love all the intercourse and speech of God with man, whether awake or asleep, is carried on. The wisdom which understands this is spiritual; all other wisdom, such as that of arts and handicrafts, is mean and vulgar. Now these spirits of intermediate power are many and diverse, and one of them is Love." "And who," I said, "was his father, and who his mother?" "The tale," she said, "will take time; nevertheless I will tell you. On the birthday of Aphrodite there was a feast of the gods, at which the god Poros or Plenty, who is the son of Metis or Discretion, was one of the guests. When the feast was over, Penia or Poverty, as the manner is on such occasions, came about the doors to beg. Now Plenty, who was the worse for nectar (there was no wine in those days), went into the garden of Zeus and fell into a heavy sleep; and Poverty considering her own circumstances, plotted to have a child by him, and accordingly she lay down at his side and conceived Love, who partly because he is naturally a lover of the beautiful, and because Aphrodite herself is beautiful, and also because he was born on her birthday, is her follower and attendant. And as his parentage is, so also are his fortunes. In the first place he is always poor, and anything but tender and fair, as the many imagine him; and he is hard-featured and squalid, and has no shoes, nor a house to dwell in; on the bare earth exposed he lies under the open heaven, in the streets, or at the doors of houses, taking his rest; and like his mother he is always in distress. Like his father too, whom he also partly resembles, he is always plotting against the fair and good; he is bold, enterprising, strong, a hunter of men, always weaving some intrigue or other, keen in the pursuit of wisdom, and never wanting resources; a philosopher at all times, terrible as an enchanter, sorcerer, sophist; for as he is neither mortal nor immortal, he is alive and flourishing at one moment when he is in plenty, and dead at another moment, and again alive by reason of his father's nature. But that which is always flowing in is always flowing out, and so he is never in want and never in wealth; and further, he is in a mean between ignorance and knowledge. The truth of the matter is as follows: No god is a philosopher or seeker after wisdom, for he is wise already; nor does any man who is wise seek after wisdom. Neither do the ignorant seek after wisdom. For herein is the evil of ignorance, that he who is neither good nor wise is nevertheless satisfied: he has no desire for that of which he feels no want." "But who then, Diotima," I said, "are the lovers of wisdom, if they are neither the wise nor the foolish?" "A child may answer that question," she replied; "they are those who, like love, are in a mean between the two. For wisdom is a most beautiful thing, and love is of the beautiful; and therefore love is also a philosopher or lover of wisdom, and being a lover of wisdom is in a mean between the wise and the ignorant. And this again is a quality which Love inherits from his parents; for his father is wealthy and wise, and his mother is poor and foolish. Such, my dear Socrates, is the nature of the spirit Love. The error in your conception of him was very natural, and as I imagine from what you say, has arisen out of a confusion of love and the beloved, which made you think that love was all beautiful. For the beloved is the truly beautiful, and delicate, and perfect, and blessed; but the principle of love is of another nature, and is such as I have described."

I said: "O thou stranger woman, thou sayest well, and now, assuming love to be such as you say, what is the use of him to us men?" "That, Socrates," she replied, "I will proceed to unfold: of his nature and birth I have already spoken; and you acknowledge that love is of the beautiful. But some one will say: Of the beautiful in what, Socrates and Diotima?—or rather let me put the question more clearly, and ask: When a man loves the beautiful, what does he desire?" I answered her "That the beautiful may be his." "Still," she said, "the answer suggests a further question: What is given by the possession of beauty?" "To what you have asked," I replied, "I have no answer ready." "Then," she said, "let me put the word 'good' in the place of the beautiful, and repeat the question once more: If he who loves loves the good, what does he desire?" "The possession of the good," I said. "And what does he gain who possesses the good?" "Happiness," I replied; "there is no difficulty in answering that." "Yes," she said, "the happy are made happy by the acquisition of good things. Nor is there any need to ask why a man desires happiness; the answer is already final." "You are right," I said. "And is this wish and this desire common to all? and do all men always desire their own good, or only some men?—what say you?" "All men," I replied; "the desire is common to all." "Why, then," she rejoined, "are not all men, Socrates, said to love, but only some of them, whereas you say that all men are always loving the same things?" "I myself wonder," I said, "why that is." "There is nothing to wonder at," she replied; "the reason is that one part of love is separated off and receives the name of the whole, but the other parts have other names." "Give an illustration," I said. She answered me as follows: "There is poetry, which, as you know, is complex and manifold. All creation or passage of non-being into being is poetry or making, and the processes of all art are creative; and the masters of arts are all poets or makers." "Very true." "Still," she said, "you know that they are not called poets, but have other names; the specific term, poetry, is confined to that portion of the art which is separated off from the rest of poetry, and is concerned with music and metre; and this is what is called poetry, and they who possess this kind of poetry are called poets." "Very true," I said. "And the same holds of love. For you may say generally that all desire of good and happiness is only the great and subtle power of love; but those who turn towards him by any other path, whether the path of money-making or gymnastics or philosophy, are not called lovers—the name of the genus is reserved for those whose affection takes one form only—they alone are said to love, or to be lovers." "I dare say," I replied, "that you are right." "Yes," she added, "and you hear people say that lovers are seeking for their other half; but I say that they are seeking neither for the half of themselves, nor for the whole, unless the half or the whole be also a good. And they will cut off their own hands and feet and cast them away, if they are evil; for they love not what is their own, but what is another's, unless indeed by the words 'good' and 'their own' and 'bad' and 'another's' they mean the same thing. For there is nothing which men love but the good. Do you think that there is?" "Certainly, I should say, that there is nothing." "Then," she said, "the conclusion of the whole matter is, that men love the good." "Yes," I said. "To which may be added that they love the possession of the good?" "Yes, that may be added." "And not only the possession, but the everlasting possession of the good?" "That may be added too." "Then love," she said, "may be described generally as the love of the everlasting possession of the good?" "That is most true."

"Then if this be the nature of love, can you tell me further," she said, "what is the manner of the pursuit? What are they doing who show all this eagerness and heat which is called love? Answer me." "Nay, Diotima," I replied, "if I had known, I should not have wondered at your wisdom, neither should I have come to you to learn about this very matter." "Well," she said, "I will teach you;—love is only birth in beauty, whether of body or soul." "The oracle requires an explanation," I said; "I do not understand you." "I will make my meaning clearer," she replied. "I mean to say, that all men are bringing to the birth in their bodies and in their souls. There is a certain age at which human nature is desirous of procreation—procreation which must be in beauty and not in deformity; and this procreation is the union of man and woman, and is a divine thing; for conception and generation are an immortal principle in the mortal creature, and in the inharmonious they can never be. But the deformed is always inharmonious with the divine, and the beautiful harmonious. Beauty, then, is the destiny or goddess of parturition who presides at birth, and therefore when approaching beauty the conceiving power is propitious, and diffuse, and benign, and begets and bears fruit: at the sight of ugliness it frowns and contracts in pain, and is averted and morose, and shrinks up, and not without a pang refrains from conception. And this is the reason why, when the hour of conception arrives, and the teeming nature is full, there is such a flutter and ecstacy about beauty whose approach is the alleviation of the pain of travail. For love, Socrates, is not, as you imagine, the love of the beautiful only." "What then?" "The love of generation and of birth in beauty." "Yes," I said. "Yes, indeed," she replied. "But why of generation?" I said. "Because to the mortal, generation is a sort of eternity and immortality," she replied; "and if, as has been already admitted, love is of the everlasting possession of the good, all men will necessarily desire immortality together with good. Wherefore love is of immortality."

All this she taught me at various times when she spoke of love. And I remember that she once said to me, "What is the cause, Socrates, of love, and the attendant desire? See you not how all animals, birds as well as beasts, in their desire of procreation, are in agony when they take the infection of love, which begins with the desire of union; whereto is added the care of offspring, on behalf of whom the weakest are ready to battle against the strongest even to the uttermost, and to die for them, and will let themselves be tormented with hunger or suffer anything in order to maintain their offspring. Man may be supposed to act thus from reason; but why should animals have these passionate feelings? Can you tell me why?" Again I replied that I did not know. She said to me: "And do you expect ever to become a master in the art of love, if you do not know this?" "But that, Diotima, is the reason why I came to you; as I have told you already, I am aware that I need a teacher, and I wish that you would explain to me the cause of this and of the other mysteries of love." "Marvel not," she said, "if you believe that love is of the immortal, as we have already several times acknowledged; for here again, and on the same principle too, the mortal nature is seeking as far as is possible to be everlasting and immortal: and this is only to be attained by generation, because generation always leaves behind a new existence in place of the old. Nay even in the life of the same individual there is succession and not absolute unity; a man is called the same, and yet in the short interval which elapses between youth and age, and in which every animal is said to have life and identity, he is undergoing a perpetual process of loss and reparation—hair, flesh, bones, blood, and the whole body are always changing. Which is true not only of the body, but also of the soul, whose habits, tempers, opinions, desires, pleasures, pains, fears, never remain the same in any one of us but are always coming and going; and equally true of knowledge, which is still more surprising—for not only do the sciences in general come and go, so that in respect of them we are never the same; but each of them individually experiences a like change. For what is implied in the word 'recollection,' but the departure of knowledge, which is ever being forgotten and is renewed and preserved by recollection, and appears to be the same although in reality new, according to that law of succession by which all mortal things are preserved, not absolutely the same, but by substitution, the old worn-out mortality leaving another new and similar existence behind—unlike the divine, which is always the same and not another? And in this way, Socrates, the mortal body, or mortal anything, partakes of immortality; but the immortal in another way. Marvel not then at the love which all men have of their offspring; for that universal love and interest is for the sake of immortality."

I was astonished at her words, and said: "Is this really true, O thou wise Diotima?" And she answered with all the authority of a sophist: "Of that, Socrates, you may be assured;—think only of the ambition of men, and you will wonder at the senselessness of their ways, unless you consider how they are stirred by the love of an immortality of fame. They are ready to run risks greater far than they would have run for their children, and to spend money and undergo any sort of toil, and even to die for the sake of leaving behind them a name which shall be eternal. Do you imagine that Alcestis would have died to save Admetus, or Achilles to avenge Patroclus, or your own Codrus in order to preserve the kingdom for his sons, if they had not imagined that the memory of their virtues, which is still retained among us, would be immortal? Nay," she said, "I am persuaded that all men do all things, and the better they are the more they do them, in hope of the glorious fame of immortal virtue; for they desire the immortal.

"They whose bodies only are creative, betake themselves to women and beget children—this is the character of their love; their offspring, as they hope, will preserve their memory and give them the blessedness and immortality which they desire in the future. But creative souls—for there certainly are men who are more creative in their souls than in their bodies—conceive that which is proper for the soul to conceive or retain. And what are these conceptions?—wisdom and virtue in general. But such creators are poets and all artists who are deserving of the name inventor. But the greatest and fairest sort of wisdom by far is that which is concerned with the ordering of states and families, and which is called temperance and justice. And he who in youth has the seed of these implanted in him and is himself inspired, when he comes to maturity desires to beget and generate.

He wanders about seeking beauty that he may beget offspring—for in deformity he will beget nothing—and naturally embraces the beautiful rather than the deformed body; above all when he finds a fair and noble and well-nurtured soul, he embraces the two in one person, and to such a one he is full of speech about virtue and the nature and pursuits of a good man; and he tries to educate him; and at the touch of the beautiful which is ever present to his memory, even when absent, he brings forth that which he had conceived long before, and in company with him tends that which he brings forth; and they are married by a far nearer tie and have a closer friendship than those who beget mortal children, for the children who are their common offspring are fairer and more immortal. Who, when he thinks of Homer and Hesiod and other great poets, would not rather have their children than ordinary human ones? Who would not emulate them in the creation of children such as theirs, which have preserved their memory and given them everlasting glory? Or who would not have such children as Lycurgus left behind him to be the saviours, not only of Lacedæmon, but of Hellas, as one may say? There is Solon, too, who is the revered father of Athenian laws; and many others there are in many other places, both among Hellenes and barbarians. All of them have given to the world many noble works, and have been the parents of virtue of every kind, and many temples have been raised in their honour for the sake of their children; which were never raised in honour of any one, for the sake of his mortal children.

"These are the lesser mysteries of love, into which even you, Socrates, may enter; to the greater and more hidden ones which are the crown of these, and to which, if you pursue them in a right spirit, they will lead, I know not whether you will be able to attain. But I will do my utmost to inform you, and do you follow if you can. For he who would proceed aright in this matter should begin in youth to visit beautiful forms; and first, if he be guided by his instructor aright, to love one such form only—out of that he should create fair thoughts; and soon he will of himself perceive that the beauty of one form is akin to the beauty of another; and then if beauty of form in general is his pursuit, how foolish would he be not to recognize that the beauty in every form is one and the same! And when he perceives this he will abate his violent love of the one, which he will despise and deem a small thing, and will become a lover of all beautiful forms; in the next stage he will consider that the beauty of the mind is more honourable than the beauty of the outward form. So that if a virtuous soul have but a little comeliness, he will be content to love and tend him, and will search out and bring to the birth thoughts which may improve the young, until he is compelled to contemplate and see the beauty of institutions and laws, and to understand that the beauty of them all is of one family, and that personal beauty is a trifle; and after laws and institutions he will go on to the sciences, that he may see their beauty, being not like a servant in love with the beauty of one youth or man or institution, himself a slave mean and narrow-minded, but drawing towards and contemplating the vast sea of beauty, he will create many fair and noble thoughts in boundless love of wisdom; until on that shore he grows and waxes strong, and at last the vision is revealed to him of a single science, which is the science of beauty everywhere. To this I will proceed; please to give me your very best attention.

"He who has been instructed thus far in the things of love, and who has learned to see the beautiful in due order and succession, when he comes toward the end will suddenly perceive a nature of wondrous beauty (and this, Socrates, is the final cause of all our former toils) —and nature which in the first place is everlasting, not growing and decaying, or waxing and waning; in the next place not fair in one point of view and foul in another, or at one time or in one relation or at one place fair, at another time or in another relation or at another place foul, as if fair to some and foul to others, or in the likeness of a face or hands or any other part of the bodily frame, or in any form of speech or knowledge, or existing in any other being; as for example, in an animal, or in heaven, or in earth, or in any other place, but beauty only, absolute, separate, simple, and everlasting, which without diminution and without increase, or any change, is imparted to the ever-growing and perishing beauties of all other things. He who under the influence of true love rising upward from these begins to see that beauty, is not far from the end. And the true order of going or being led by another to the things of love, is to use the beauties of earth as steps along which he mounts upwards for the sake of that other beauty, going from one to two, and from two to all fair forms, and from fair forms to fair practices, and from fair practices to fair notions, until from fair notions he arrives at the notion of absolute beauty, and at last knows what the essence of beauty is. This, my dear Socrates," said the stranger of Mantinea, "is that life above all others which man should live, in the contemplation of beauty absolute; a beauty which if you once beheld, you would see not to be after the measure of gold, and garments, and fair boys and youths, whose presence now entrances you; and you and many a one would be content to live seeing them only and conversing with them without meat or drink, if that were possible—you only want to be with them and to look at them. But what if man had eyes to see the true beauty—the divine beauty, I mean, pure and clear and unalloyed, not clogged with the pollutions of mortality, and all the colours and vanities of human life—thither looking, and holding converse with the true beauty divine and simple? Do you not see that in that communion only, beholding beauty with the eye of the mind, he will be enabled to bring forth, not images of beauty, but realities (for he has hold not of an image but of a reality), and bringing forth and nourishing true virtue to become the friend of God and be immortal, if mortal man may. Would that be an ignoble life?"

Such, Phædrus—and I speak not only to you, but to all of you—were the words of Diotima; and I am persuaded of their truth. And being persuaded of them, I try to persuade others, that in the attainment of this end human nature will not easily find a better helper than love. And therefore, also, I say that every man ought to honour him as I myself honour him, and walk in his ways, and exhort others to do the same, and praise the power and spirit of love according to the measure of my ability now and ever.

The words which I have spoken, you, Phædrus, may call an encomium of love, or anything else which you please.

—Benjamin Jowett.

WHAT IS HOLINESS?[1]

Plato

[The *Euthyphro*]

In this dialogue Plato is not so much interested in arriving at an answer to the question of what holiness is, as in pointing out how easy it is to fall into error through hasty and careless thinking. It is a lesson in dialectic.

Euthyphro. Why have you left the Lyceum, Socrates? and what are you doing in the porch of the King Archon? Surely you cannot be engaged in an action before him, as I am.

Socrates. Not in an action, Euthyphro; impeachment is the word which the Athenians use.

Euth. What! I suppose that some one has been prosecuting you, for I cannot believe that you are the prosecutor of another.

Soc. Certainly not.

Euth. Then some one else has been prosecuting you?

Soc. Yes.

Euth. And who is he?

Soc. A young man who is little known, Euthyphro; and I hardly know him: his name is Meletus, and he is of the deme of Pitthis. Perhaps you may remember his appearance; he has a beak, and long straight hair, and a beard which is ill grown.

Euth. No, I do not remember him, Socrates. But what is the charge which he brings against you?

Soc. What is the charge? Well, a very serious charge, which shows a good deal of character in the young man, and for which he is certainly not to be despised. He says he knows how the youth are corrupted and who are their corruptors. I fancy that he must be a wise man, and seeing that I am anything but a wise man, he has found me out, and is going to accuse me of corrupting his young friends. And of this our mother the state is to be the judge. Of all our political men he is the only one who seems to me to begin in the right way, with the cultivation of virtue in youth; like a good husbandman, he makes the young shoots his first care, and clears away us who are the destroyers of them. That is the first step; he will afterwards attend to the elder branches; and if he goes on as he has begun, he will be a very great public benefactor.

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[1] From *The Dialogues of Plato*, by Benjamin Jowett, 1875, Oxford, at the Clarendon Press.

Euth. I hope that he may; but I rather fear, Socrates, that the reverse will turn out to be the truth. My opinion is that in attacking you he is simply aiming a blow at the state in a sacred place. But in what way does he say that you corrupt the young?

Soc. He brings a wonderful accusation against me, which at first hearing excites surprise: he says that I am a poet or maker of gods, and that I make new gods and deny the existence of old ones; this is the ground of his indictment.

Euth. I understand, Socrates; he means to attack you about the familiar sign, which occasionally, as you say, comes to you. He thinks that you are a neologian, and he is going to have you up before the court for this. He knows that such a charge is readily received by the world. I can tell you that, for when I myself speak in the assembly about divine things, and foretell the future to them, they laugh at me as a madman; and yet every word that I say is true. But they are jealous of all of us. I suppose that we must be brave and not mind them.

Soc. Their laughter, friend Euthyphro, is not a matter of much consequence. For a man may be thought wise; but the Athenians, I suspect, do not trouble themselves about him until he begins to impart his wisdom to others; and then for some reason or other, perhaps, as you say, from jealousy, they are angry.

Euth. I am never likely to try their temper in this way.

Soc. I dare say not, for you are select in your acquaintance, and seldom impart your wisdom. But I have a benevolent habit of pouring out myself to everybody, and would even pay for a listener, and I am afraid that the Athenians know this; and therefore, as I was saying, if the Athenians would only laugh at me as you say that they laugh at you, the time might pass gaily enough in the court; but perhaps they may be in earnest, and then what the end will be you soothsayers only can predict.

Euth. I dare say that the affair will end in nothing, Socrates, and that you will win your cause; and I think that I shall win mine.

Soc. And now what is your suit, Euthyphro? are you the pursuer or the defendant?

Euth. I am the pursuer.

Soc. Of whom?

Euth. You will think me mad when I tell you.

Soc. Why, has the fugitive wings?

Euth. Nay, he is not very volatile at his time of life.

SOC. Who is he?

EUTH. My father.

SOC. Your father! my good man?

EUTH. Yes.

SOC. And of what is he accused?

EUTH. Of murder, Socrates.

SOC. By the powers, Euthyphro! how little does the common herd know of the nature of right and truth. A man must be an extraordinary man, and have made great strides in wisdom, before he could have seen his way to this.

EUTH. Indeed, Socrates, he must have made great strides.

SOC. I suppose that the man whom your father murdered was one of your relatives; if he had been a stranger you would never have thought of prosecuting him.

EUTH. I am amused, Socrates, at your making a distinction between one who is a relation and one who is not a relation; for surely the pollution is the same in either case, if you knowingly associate with the murderer when you ought to clear yourself and him by proceeding against him. The real question is whether the murdered man has been justly slain. If justly, then your duty is to let the matter alone; but if unjustly, then even if the murderer is under the same roof with you and eats at the same table, proceed against him. Now the man who is dead was a poor dependent of mine who worked for us as a field labourer at our farm in Naxos, and one day in a fit of drunken passion he got into a quarrel with one of our domestic servants and slew him. My father bound him hand and foot and threw him into a ditch, and then sent to Athens to ask of a diviner what he should do with him. Meantime he had no care or thought of him, being under the impression that he was a murderer; and that even if he did die there would be no great harm. And this was just what happened. For such was the effect of cold and hunger and chains upon him, that before the messenger returned from the diviner, he was dead. And my father and family are angry with me for taking the part of the murderer and prosecuting my father. They say that he did not kill him, and that if he did, the dead man was but a murderer, and I ought not to take any notice, for that a son is impious who prosecutes a father. Which shows, Socrates, how little they know of the opinions of the gods about piety and impiety.

SOC. Good heavens, Euthyphro! and have you such a precise knowledge of piety and impiety, and of divine things in general, that, supposing the circumstances to be as you state, you are not afraid that you too may be doing an impious thing in bringing an action against your father?

EUTH. The best of Euthyphro, and that which distinguishes him, Socrates, from other men, is his exact knowledge of all these matters. What should I be good for without that?

SOC. Rare friend! I think that I cannot do better than be your disciple.

Then before the trial with Meletus comes on I shall challenge him, and say that I have always had a great interest in religious questions, and now, as he charges me with rash imaginations and innovations in religion, I have become your disciple. You, Meletus, as I shall say to him, acknowledge Euthyphro to be a great theologian, and sound in his opinions; and if you approve of him you ought to approve of me, and not have me into court; but if you disapprove, you should begin by indicting him who is my teacher, and who is the real corruptor, not of the young, but of the old; that is to say, of myself whom he instructs, and of his old father whom he admonishes and chastises. And if Meletus refuses to listen to me, but will go on, and will not shift the indictment from me to you, I cannot do better than to repeat this challenge in the court.

EUTH. Yes, Socrates; and if he attempts to indict me I am mistaken if I do not find a flaw in him; the court shall have a great deal more to say to him than to me.

SOC. And I, my dear friend, knowing this, am desirous of becoming your disciple. For I observe that no one appears to notice you—not even this Meletus; but his sharp eyes have found me out at once, and he has indicted me for impiety. And therefore, I adjure you to tell me the nature of piety and impiety, which you said that you knew so well, and of murder, and the rest of them. What are they? Is not piety in every action always the same? and impiety again, is not that always the opposite of piety, and also the same with itself, having, as impiety, one notion which includes whatever is impious?

EUTH. To be sure, Socrates.

SOC. And what is piety, and what is impiety?

EUTH. Piety is doing as I am doing; that is to say, prosecuting any one who is guilty of murder, sacrilege, or of any similar crime—whether he be your father or your mother, or whoever he may be, that makes no difference—and not prosecuting them is impiety. And please to consider, Socrates, what a notable proof I will give you of the truth of what I am saying, which I have already given to others:—of the principle, I mean, that the impious, whoever he may be, ought not to go unpunished. For do not men regard Zeus as the best and most righteous of the gods?—and yet they admit that he bound his father (Cronos) because he wickedly devoured his sons, and that he too had punished his own father (Uranus) for a similar reason, in a nameless manner. And yet when I proceed against my father, they are angry with me. So inconsistent are they in their way of talking when the gods are concerned, and when I am concerned.

SOC. May not this be the reason, Euthyphro, why I am charged with impiety—that I cannot away with these stories about the gods? and therefore I suppose that people think me wrong. But, as you who are well informed about them approve of them, I cannot do better than assent to your superior wisdom. For what else can I say, confessing as I do, that I know nothing about them? I wish that you would tell me whether you really believe that they are true.

EUTH. Yes, Socrates; and things more wonderful still, of which the world is in ignorance.

SOC. And do you really believe that the gods fought with one another, and had dire quarrels, battles, and the like, as the poets say, and as you may see represented in the works of great artists? The temples are full of them; and notably the robe of Athene, which is carried up to the Acropolis at the great Panathenæa, is embroidered with them. Are all these tales of the gods true, Euthyphro?

EUTH. Yes, Socrates; and, as I was saying, I can tell you, if you would like to hear them, many other things about the gods which would quite amaze you.

SOC. I dare say; and you shall tell me them at some other time when I have leisure. But just at present I would rather hear from you a more precise answer, which you have not as yet given, my friend, to the question, What is "piety"? In reply, you only say that piety is: doing as you do, charging your father with murder.

EUTH. And that is true, Socrates.

SOC. I dare say, Euthyphro, but there are many other pious acts.

EUTH. There are.

SOC. Remember that I did not ask you to give me two or three examples of piety, but to explain the general idea which makes all pious things to be pious. Do you not recollect that there was one idea which made the impious impious, and the pious pious?

EUTH. I remember.

SOC. Tell me what you mean, and then I shall have a standard to which I may look, and by which I may measure the nature of actions, whether yours or any one's else, and say that this action is pious, and that impious.

EUTH. I will tell you, if you like.

SOC. I should very much like.

EUTH. Piety, then, is that which is dear to the gods, and impiety is that which is not dear to them.

SOC. Very good, Euthyphro; you have now given me the sort of answer which I wanted. But whether what you say is true or not I cannot as yet tell, although I have no doubt that you will prove the truth of your words.

EUTH. Of course.

SOC. Come, then, and let us examine what we are saying. That thing or person which is dear to the gods is pious, and that thing or person which is hateful to the gods is impious. Was not that said?

EUTH. Yes, that was said.

SOC. And that seems to have been very well said too?

EUTH. Yes, Socrates, I think so; it was certainly said.

SOC. And further, Euthyphro, the gods were admitted to have enmities and hatreds and differences—that was also said?

EUTH. Yes, that was said.

Soc. And what sort of difference creates enmity and anger? Suppose for example that you and I, my good friend, differ about a number; do differences of this sort make us enemies and set us at variance with one another? Do we not go at once to calculation, and end them by a sum?

Euth. True.

Soc. Or suppose that we differ about magnitudes, do we not quickly put an end to that difference by measuring?

Euth. That is true.

Soc. And we end a controversy about heavy and light by resorting to a weighing-machine?

Euth. To be sure.

Soc. But what differences are those which, because they cannot be thus decided, make us angry and set us at enmity with one another? I dare say the answer does not occur to you at the moment, and therefore I will suggest that this happens when the matters of difference are the just and unjust, good and evil, honourable and dishonourable. Are not these the points about which, when differing, and unable satisfactorily to decide our differences, you and I and all men quarrel, when we do quarrel?

Euth. Yes, Socrates, that is the nature of the differences about which we quarrel.

Soc. And the quarrels of the gods, noble Euthyphro, when they occur, are of like nature?

Euth. They are.

Soc. They have differences of opinion, as you say, about good and evil, just and unjust, honourable and dishonourable: there would have been no quarrels among them, if there had been no such differences—would there now?

Euth. You are quite right.

Soc. Does not every man love that which he deems noble and just and good, and hate the opposite of them?

Euth. Very true.

Soc. But, as you say, people regard the same things, some as just and others as unjust; about which they dispute; and so there arise wars and fightings among them.

Euth. Yes, that is true.

Soc. Then the same things, as appears, are hated by the gods and loved by the gods, and are both hateful and dear to them?

Euth. True.

Soc. And upon this view the same things, Euthyphro, will be pious and also impious?

Euth. That, I suppose, is true.

Soc. Then, my friend, I remark with surprise that you have not answered what I asked. For I certainly did not ask you to tell me what was that which is both pious and impious: and now what is loved by the gods appears also to be hated by them. And therefore, Euthyphro, in thus chastising your father you may very likely be doing what is agreeable to Zeus but disagreeable to Cronos or Uranus, and what is acceptable to Hephæstus but unacceptable to Hera, and there may be other gods who have similar differences of opinion.

EUTH. But I believe, Socrates, that all the gods would be agreed as to the propriety of punishing a murderer: there would be no difference of opinion about that.

SOC. Well, but speaking of men, Euthyphro, did you ever hear any one arguing that a murderer or any sort of evil-doer ought to be let off?

EUTH. I should say rather that these are the questions which they are always arguing, especially in courts of law: they commit all sorts of crimes, and there is nothing which they will not do or say to escape punishment.

SOC. But do they admit their guilt, Euthyphro, and yet say that they ought not to be punished?

EUTH. No; they do not.

SOC. Then there are some things which they do not venture to say and do: for they do not venture to argue that the guilty are to be unpunished, but they deny their guilt, do they not?

EUTH. Yes.

SOC. Then they do not argue that the evil-doer should not be punished, but they argue about the fact of who the evil-doer is, and what he did and when?

EUTH. True.

SOC. And the gods are in the same case, if as you assert they quarrel about just and unjust, and some of them say that there is injustice done among them, and others of them deny this. For surely neither God nor man will ever venture to say that the doer of evil is not to be punished?

EUTH. That is true, Socrates, in the main.

SOC. But they join issue about particulars; and this applies not only to men but to the gods, who, if they dispute at all, dispute about some act which is called in question, and which some affirm to be just, others to be unjust. Is not that true?

EUTH. Quite true.

SOC. Well then, my dear friend Euthyphro, do tell me, for my better instruction and information, what proof have you that in the opinion of all the gods a servant who is guilty of murder, and is put in chains by the master of the dead man, and dies because he is put in chains before his corrector can learn from the interpreters what he ought to do with him, dies unjustly; and that on behalf of such a one a son ought to proceed against his father and accuse him of murder. How would you show that all the gods absolutely agree in approving of his act? Prove to me that, and I will applaud your wisdom as long as I live.

EUTH. That would not be an easy task, although I could make the matter very clear indeed to you.

Soc. I understand; you mean to say that I am not so quick of apprehension as the judges: for to them you will be sure to prove that the act is unjust, and hateful to the gods.

Euth. Yes indeed, Socrates; at least if they will listen to me.

Soc. But they will be sure to listen if they find that you are a good speaker. There was a notion that came into my mind while you were speaking; I said to myself: "Well, and what if Euthyphro does prove to me that all the gods regarded the death of the serf as unjust, how do I know anything more of the nature of piety and impiety? for granting that this action may be hateful to the gods, still these distinctions have no bearing on the definition of piety and impiety; for that which is hateful to the gods has been shown to be also pleasing and dear to them." And therefore, Euthyphro, I do not ask you to prove this; I will suppose, if you like, that all the gods condemn and abominate such an action. But I will amend the definition so far as to say that what all the gods hate is impious, and what they love pious or holy; and what some of them love and others hate is both or neither. Shall this be our definition of piety and impiety?

Euth. Why not, Socrates?

Soc. Why not! certainly, as far as I am concerned, Euthyphro, there is no reason why not. But whether this admission will greatly assist you in the task of instructing me as you promised, is a matter for you to consider.

Euth. Yes, I should say that what all the gods love is pious and holy, and the opposite which they all hate, impious.

Soc. Ought we to enquire into the truth of this, Euthyphro, or simply to accept the mere statement on our own authority and that of others? What do you say?

Euth. We should enquire; and I believe that the statement will stand the test of enquiry.

Soc. That, my good friend, we shall know better in a little while. The point which I should first wish to understand is whether the pious or holy is beloved by the gods because it is holy, or holy because it is beloved of the gods.

Euth. I do not understand your meaning, Socrates.

Soc. I will endeavour to explain: we speak of carrying and we speak of being carried, of leading and being led, seeing and being seen. And here is a difference, the nature of which you understand.

Euth. I think that I understand.

Soc. And is not that which is beloved distinct from that which loves?

Euth. Certainly.

Soc. Well; and now tell me, is that which is carried in this state of carrying because it is carried, or for some other reason?

Euth. No; that is the reason.

Soc. And the same is true of that which is led and of that which is seen?

Euth. True.

SOC. And a thing is not seen because it is visible, but conversely, visible because it is seen; nor is a thing led because it is in the state of being led, or carried because it is in the state of being carried, but the converse of this. And now I think. Euthyphro, that my meaning will be intelligible; and my meaning is, that any *state* of action or being acted upon implies previous action or being acted upon. It does not become because it is becoming, but it is in a state of becoming because it becomes; neither is it acted upon because it is in a state of being acted upon, but it is in a state of being acted upon because it is acted upon. Do you admit that?

EUTH. I agree.

SOC. Is not that which is loved in some state either of becoming or of being made to become something?

EUTH. Yes.

SOC. And the same holds as in the previous instances; the state of being loved follows the act of being loved, and not the act the state.

EUTH. Certainly.

SOC. And what do you say of piety, Euthyphro: is not piety, according to your definition, loved by all the gods?

EUTH. Yes.

SOC. Because it is pious or holy, or for some other reason?

EUTH. No, that is the reason.

SOC. It is loved because it is holy, not holy because it is loved?

EUTH. Yes.

SOC. And it is in a state of being loved by the gods, and dear to them, because it is loved by them.

EUTH. Certainly.

SOC. Then that which is loved of God, Euthyphro, is not holy, nor is that which is holy loved of God, as you affirm; but they are two different things.

EUTH. How do you mean, Socrates?

SOC. I mean to say that the holy has been acknowledged by us to be loved of God because it is holy, not to be holy because it is loved.

EUTH. Yes.

SOC. We agreed too that what is dear to the gods is dear to them because they love it and not loved by them because it is dear.

EUTH. True.

SOC. But, friend Euthyphro, if that which is holy is the same as that which is dear to God, and that which is holy is loved as being holy, then that which is dear to God would have been loved as being dear to God; but if that which is dear to God is dear to him because loved by him, then that which is holy would have been holy because loved by him. But now you see that the reverse is the case, and that they are quite different from one another. For one is of a kind to be loved because it is loved, and the other is loved because it is of a kind to be loved. Thus you appear to me, Euthyphro, when I ask you what is the essence of holiness, to offer an attribute only, and not the essence—the attribute of being loved by all the gods. But you still refuse to explain to me the nature of holiness. And therefore, if you please, I will ask you not to hide your treasure, but to tell me once more what holiness or piety really is, whether dear to the gods or not (for that is a matter about which we will not quarrel). And what is impiety?

EUTH. I really do not know, Socrates, how to say what I mean. For somehow or other our arguments, on whatever ground we rest them, seem to turn round and walk away.

SOC. Your words, Euthyphro, are like the handiwork of my ancestor Dædalus; and if I were the sayer or propounder of them, you might say that this comes of my being his relation; and that this is the reason why my arguments walk away and will not remain fixed where they are placed. But now, since these notions are your own, you must find some other gibe; for they certainly, as you yourself allow, show an inclination to be on the move.

EUTH. Nay, Socrates, I shall still say that you are the Dædalus who sets arguments in motion; not I, certainly, but you make them move or go round, for they would never have stirred, as far as I am concerned.

SOC. Then I must be greater than Dædalus; for whereas he only made his own inventions to move, I move those of other people as well. And the beauty of it is, that I would rather not. For I would give the wisdom of Dædalus, and the wealth of Tantalus, to be able to detain them and keep them fixed. But enough of this. As I perceive that you are indolent, I will myself endeavour to show you how you might instruct me in the nature of piety; and I hope that you will not grudge your labour. Tell me, then,—Is not that which is pious necessarily just?

EUTH. Yes.

SOC. And is, then, all which is just pious? or, is that which is pious all just, but that which is just, only in part and not all, pious?

EUTH. I do not understand you, Socrates.

SOC. And yet I know that you are as much wiser than I am, as you are younger. But, as I was saying, revered friend, the abundance of your wisdom makes you indolent. Please to exert yourself, for there is no real difficulty in understanding me. What I mean I may explain by an illustration of what I do not mean. The poet (Stasinus) sings—

> "Of Zeus, the author and creator of all these things,
> You will not tell: for where there is fear there is also reverence."

And I disagree with this poet. Shall I tell you in what I disagree?

EUTH. By all means.

SOC. I should not say that where there is fear there is also reverence; for I am sure that many persons fear poverty and disease, and the like evils, but I do not perceive that they reverence the objects of their fear.

EUTH. Very true.

SOC. But where reverence is, there is fear; for he who has a feeling of reverence and shame about the commission of any action, fears and is afraid of an ill reputation.

EUTH. No doubt.

SOC. Then we are wrong in saying that where there is fear there is also reverence; and we should say, where there is reverence there is also fear. But there is not always reverence where there is fear; for fear is a more extended notion, and reverence is a part of fear, just as the odd is a part of number, and number is a more extended notion than the odd. I suppose that you follow me now?

EUTH. Quite well.

SOC. That was the sort of question which I meant to raise when asking whether the just is the pious, or the pious the just; and whether there may not be justice where there is not always piety; for justice is the more extended notion of which piety is only a part. Do you agree in that?

EUTH. Yes; that, I think, is correct.

SOC. Then, now, if piety is a part of justice, I suppose that we should enquire what part? If you had pursued the enquiry in the previous cases; for instance, if you had asked me what is an even number, and what part of number the even is, I should have had no difficulty in replying, a number which represents a figure having two equal sides. Do you agree?

EUTH. Yes.

SOC. In like manner, I want you to tell me what part of justice is piety or holiness, that I may be able to tell Meletus not to do me injustice, or indict me for impiety, as I am now adequately instructed by you in the nature of piety or holiness, and their opposites.

EUTH. Piety or holiness, Socrates, appears to me to be that part of justice which attends to the gods, as there is the other part of justice which attends to men.

SOC. That is good, Euthyphro; yet still there is a little point about which I should like to have further information, what is the meaning of "attention"? For attention can hardly be used in the same sense when applied to the gods as when applied to other things. For instance, horses are said to require attention, and not every person is able to attend to them, but only a person skilled in horsemanship. Is not that true?

EUTH. Quite true.

SOC. I should suppose that the art of horsemanship is the art of attending to horses?

EUTH. Yes.

SOC. Nor is every one qualified to attend to dogs, but only the huntsman?

EUTH. True.

SOC. And I should also conceive that the art of the huntsman is the art of attending to dogs?

Euth. Yes.

Soc. As the art of the oxherd is the art of attending to oxen?

Euth. Very true.

Soc. And as holiness or piety is the art of attending to the gods?—that would be your meaning, Euthyphro?

Euth. Yes.

Soc. And is not attention always designed for the good or benefit of that to which the attention is given? As in the case of horses, you may observe that when attended to by the horseman's art they are benefited and improved, are they not?

Euth. True.

Soc. As the dogs are benefited by the huntsman's art, and the oxen by the art of the oxherd, and all other things are tended or attended for their good and not for their hurt?

Euth. Certainly, not for their hurt.

Soc. But for their good?

Euth. Of course.

Soc. And does piety or holiness, which has been defined as the art of attending to the gods, benefit or improve them? Would you say that when you do a holy act you make any of the gods better?

Euth. No, no; that is certainly not my meaning.

Soc. Indeed, Euthyphro, I did not suppose that this was your meaning; far otherwise. And I asked you the nature of the attention, because I thought that you could not mean this.

Euth. You do me justice, Socrates; for that is not my meaning.

Soc. Good: but I must still ask what is this attention to the gods which is called piety?

Euth. It is such, Socrates, as servants show to their masters.

Soc. I understand—a sort of ministration to the gods.

Euth. Exactly.

Soc. Medicine is also a sort of ministration or service, tending to the attainment of some object—would you not say health?

Euth. Yes.

Soc. Again, there is an art which ministers to the ship-builder with a view to the attainment of some result?

Euth. Yes, Socrates, with a view to the building of a ship.

Soc. As there is an art which ministers to the house-builder with a view to the building of a house?

Euth. Yes.

Soc. And now tell me, my good friend, about the art which ministers to the gods: what work does that help to accomplish? For you must surely know if, as you say, you are of all men living the one who is best instructed in religion.

Euth. And that is true, Socrates.

Soc. Tell me then, oh tell me—what is that fair work which the gods do by the help of us as their ministers?

Euth. Many and fair, Socrates, are the works which they do.

Soc. Why, my friend, and so are those of a general. But the chief of them is easily told. Would you not say that victory in war is the chief of them?

EUTH. Certainly.

SOC. Many and fair, too, are the works of the husbandman, if I am not mistaken; but his chief work is the production of food from the earth?

EUTH. Exactly.

SOC. And of the many and fair things which the gods do, which is the chief and principal one?

EUTH. I have told you already, Socrates, that to learn all these things accurately will be very tiresome. Let me simply say that piety is learning how to please the gods in word and deed, by prayers and sacrifices. That is piety, which is the salvation of families and states, just as the impious, which is unpleasing to the gods, is their ruin and destruction.

SOC. I think that you could have answered in much fewer words the chief question which I asked, Euthyphro, if you had chosen. But I see plainly that you are not disposed to instruct me: else why, when we reached the point, did you turn aside? Had you only answered me I should have learned of you by this time the nature of piety. Now, as the asker of a question is necessarily dependent on the answerer, whither he leads I must follow; and can only ask again, what is the pious, and what is piety? Do you mean that they are a sort of science of praying and sacrificing?

EUTH. Yes, I do.

SOC. And sacrificing is giving to the gods, and prayer is asking of the gods?

EUTH. Yes, Socrates.

SOC. Upon this view, then, piety is a science of asking and giving?

EUTH. You understand me capitally, Socrates.

SOC. Yes, my friend; the reason is that I am a votary of your science, and give my mind to it, and therefore nothing which you say will be thrown away upon me. Please then to tell me, what is the nature of this service to the gods? Do you mean that we prefer requests and give gifts to them?

EUTH. Yes, I do.

SOC. Is not the right way of asking to ask of them what we want?

EUTH. Certainly.

SOC. And the right way of giving is to give to them in turn what they want of us. There would be no meaning in an art which gives to any one that which he does not want.

EUTH. Very true, Socrates.

SOC. Then piety, Euthyphro, is an art which gods and men have of doing business with one another?

EUTH. That is an expression which you may use, if you like.

SOC. But I have no particular liking for anything but the truth. I wish, however, that you would tell me what benefit accrues to the gods from our gifts. There is no doubt about what they give to us;

for there is no good thing which they do not give; but how we can give any good thing to them in return is far from being equally clear. If they give everything and we give nothing, that must be an affair of business in which we have very greatly the advantage of them.

EUTH. And do you imagine, Socrates, that any benefit accrues to the gods from what they receive of us?

SOC. But if not, Euthyphro, what sort of gifts do we confer upon the gods?

EUTH. What should we confer upon them, but tributes of honour; and, as I was just now saying, what is pleasing to them?

SOC. Piety, then, is pleasing to the gods, but not beneficial or dear to them?

EUTH. I should say that nothing could be dearer.

SOC. Then once more the question is repeated that piety is dear to the gods?

EUTH. Certainly.

SOC. And when you say this, can you wonder at your words not standing firm, but walking away? Will you accuse me of being the Dædalus who makes them walk away, not perceiving that there is another and far greater artist than Dædalus who makes them go round in a circle, and that is yourself; for the argument, as you will perceive, comes round to the same point. I think that you must remember our saying that the holy or pious was not the same as that which is loved of the gods. Do you remember that?

EUTH. I do.

SOC. And are you not saying that what is loved of the gods is holy, but this is the same as what is dear to them—do you see that?

EUTH. True.

SOC. Then either we were wrong in our former assertion; or, if we were right then, we are wrong now.

EUTH. I suppose that is the case.

SOC. Then we must begin again and ask, What is piety? That is an enquiry which I should never be weary of pursuing as far as in me lies; and I entreat you not to scorn me, but to apply your mind to the utmost, and tell me the truth. For, if any man knows, you are he; and therefore I shall detain you, like Proteus, until you tell. For if you had not certainly known the nature of piety and impiety, I am confident that you would never, on behalf of a serf, have charged your aged father with murder. You would not have run such a risk of doing wrong in the sight of the gods, and you would have had too much respect for the opinions of men. I am sure, therefore, that you know the nature of piety and impiety. Speak out then, my dear Euthyphro, and do not hide your knowledge.

EUTH. Another time, Socrates; for I am in a hurry, and must go now.

SOC. Alas! my companion, and will you leave me in despair? I was hoping that you would instruct me in the nature of piety and impiety, so that I might have cleared myself of Meletus and his indictment. Then I might have proved to him that I had been converted by Euthyphro, and was done with rash innovations and speculations, in which I had indulged through ignorance, and was about to lead a better life.

—BENJAMIN JOWETT.

THE DEFENSE OF SOCRATES[1]

PLATO

[From *The Apology*]

The teachings of Socrates are known to us only through the writings of others, especially of his pupils Xenophon and Plato. Socrates was regarded by many of his contemporaries, like Aristophanes, as a mere sophist, and was charged with corrupting the youth by spreading dangerous moral and religious doctrines. Brought to trial, he spoke in his own defense, employing the same language and manner of speaking in which he had carried on his work in and around Athens. True to his nature, Socrates displays even here a greater concern for keeping faith with the fullest truth, and for his state and fellow-Athenians, than for being acquitted. Whether Plato reports the speech just as it was spoken, or writes it himself after the manner of the historians, in either case there can be little doubt that it is a true account of the point of view of Socrates on the question involved.

[SOCRATES]. What effect my accusers had upon you, Men of Athens, I know not. As for me, they well-nigh made me forget who I was, so telling were their speeches! And yet, so to say, not one atom of truth did they utter. But that which astonished me most among all their fabrications was this, that they said you must be on your guard, and not be deceived by me, as I was a masterly speaker. That they should not be ashamed when they were promptly going to be caught by me in a lie, through the fact, since I shall show myself to be no orator at all, therein methought they reached the very height of their effrontery; unless perchance what they call a masterly speaker means the one who tells the truth. If that is what they are saying, then I will admit I am an orator, though not of the sort they describe.

Well then, as I say, these men have uttered nothing, or next to nothing, that is true. From me, however, you shall hear the simple truth. But, by Heaven! fellow citizens, it will not be in language like theirs, decked out with epithets and phrases, nor beautifully ordered; rather you shall hear such utterances as come to me, in any words that offer, for of the justice of what I say I am convinced, and from me you need none of you expect aught else. No, Gentlemen! it would hardly befit a man of my age to come into your presence moulding phrases like a youngster. And nevertheless, my fellow citizens, and above all, I do request and beg of you this thing: if you should hear me pleading my cause with the same expressions I habitually have used in speaking, whether at the market by the counters, where many of you have heard me, or elsewhere, do not for that reason marvel and make a disturbance. The facts stand thus. At the age of seventy years I now for the first time have come up before a tribunal, and so I am an absolute stranger to the language of this place. Let it be as if I really were a foreigner here, since then you surely would excuse me if I used the accent and manner of speech in which I was reared. And so I now make this request of you, a matter of justice as it seems to me, that you let me use my way of speaking; it may be better, it may be worse, but the only thing you have to consider is this, and this is what you have to put your mind on, whether that which I say is right or not. That is the merit of a judge; the merit of a speaker is to tell the truth.

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[1] From *Plato on the Trial and Death of Socrates* by Lane Cooper, Cornell University Press. Copyright, 1941, by Lane Cooper. Used by permission.

To begin with, fellow citizens, it is right for me to answer the earliest charges falsely brought against me, and my first accusers, and then I must answer the charges and accusers that come later.

Many, in fact, were they who formerly brought charges against me, yes many years ago, and spoke not a word of truth. And them I fear more than I do the group of Anytus, dangerous as these are too. No, Gentlemen, those others are more dangerous, for they have prejudiced the major part of you since your childhood, convincing you of an utterly false charge against me; to wit, "There is a person, Socrates by name, a 'wise man,' who speculates about the heavens above, and also searches into everything below the earth, and in argument can make the worse case win." Those persons who have spread this charge abroad, they, fellow citizens, are my dangerous accusers; for people who listen to them think that men who make the said investigations do not believe in any gods. Add that these accusers are many in number, have brought their charges for a long time now, and, moreover, made them to you when you most readily believed things, when some of you were children or striplings; sheer accusation of an absent person without anybody to defend him. And what is most baffling of all, it is impossible to identify and name them, unless perchance in the case of a certain comic poet. For the rest, for all who through jealousy and malice misled you, and those who, once they were misled, got others to believe the same—with all these it is impossible to deal. There is no means of bringing one of them here to court, or putting a single one to cross-examination. No, in making my defence I am simply forced to fight, as it were, with shadows, and to question with nobody to make reply. Accordingly, I ask you to assume with me that, as I say, my accusers fall into these two classes, one group who are accusing me at present, the other those who of old accused me as aforesaid; and understand that it is these I must reply to first, for it is they whom you heard bringing charges earlier, and far more than this group who now come after.

Well then, fellow citizens, I must now make my defence, and must try to clear away in this brief time that calumny which you have entertained so long. I would that this might come to pass, if so it should be better for both you and me, and if it profits me to plead. But I think the task to be a hard one, and what its nature is I am by no means unaware. Still, let the outcome be as it pleases God; the law must be obeyed, and the defence be made.

Let us, then, go back and look at the original accusation from which the slander arose, the slander that gave Meletus his ground for this indictment he has lodged against me. Let us see. Precisely what did the slanderers say when they slandered? We must read their complaint as if it were a legal accusation: "Socrates is wicked; overdoes inquiry into what occurs below the earth and in the heavens; in arguing makes the worse case win; and teaches others to do the same as he." Such is in substance the accusation—what you actually saw in the comedy [the *Clouds*] of Aristophanes, where a man called "Socrates" is swung about, declaring that he treads the air, and sputtering a deal of other nonsense on matters of which I have not one bit of knowledge either great or small. And I do not say so in disparagement of any science such as that, if any one is learned in such matters; I should not wish to be attacked by Meletus upon so grave a charge. But actually, fellow citizens, to me these matters are of absolutely no concern. I call the greater part of you yourselves to witness, and beg all who ever heard me in discussion to tell one another and declare it; many of you are in a position to do this. Declare to one another, therefore, whether any of you ever heard me dealing with such matters either briefly or at length. In that way you will see what all the rest amounts to of what the generality of people say concerning me.

No, there is nothing in it whatsoever. And if you have heard anybody say that I profess to give instruction, and get money in that way, neither is that true; although to my mind it is very fine indeed if any one is able to instruct his fellows, as are Gorgias of Leontini, and Prodicus of Ceos, and Hippias of Elis. Each one of them is able, Gentlemen, to go to city after city and attract young men; youths who might without expense consort with any one they chose among their own fellow citizens, these they persuade to give up that fellowship, to consort with them, to pay them money, and to be grateful to them besides. And indeed there is another man of learning here, from Paros, who, I learned, was staying in the City, for I happened to be calling on a man, Callias son of Hipponicus, who has paid more money to the Sophists than have all the others put together. And so I questioned him, he having, in fact, two sons:

"Callias," said I, "if your two sons had been colts or calves, we should have no trouble in finding some one to look after them, who for pay would make them fine and good according to the standard of their kind. We should pick some trainer of horses, say, or farmer. But now that they are human beings, whom have you in mind to put in charge of them? Who is there with a knowledge of their proper quality, the excellence of a human being and a citizen? I fancy you have given thought to this since you have sons. Is there any one," said I, "or not?"

"Yes, certainly," said he.

"Who?" said I. "Whence comes he? What does he charge for teaching?"

"Socrates," he said, "it is Evenus; comes from Paros; charge, five minæ."

So I thought Evenus was a lucky man if he really had this art, and would teach it at so reasonable a rate. For myself, I should be very proud and self-conceited if I knew all that. But the truth is, fellow citizens, I have no such knowledge.

Then perhaps some one of you may be inclined to ask: "But, Socrates, what *is* the matter with you? What is the origin of these charges that are made against you? Unless you acted very differently from everybody else, surely no such story and repute would have arisen—if you did not do something other than most people do. Tell us what it is, in order to keep us from rushing to our own conclusion about you."

That, I take it, would be fairly spoken; and I shall try to show you what it is that has given me this name and ill repute. Pray listen. Some of you, perhaps, will take me to be joking, but be assured that I shall tell you the simple truth. The fact is, fellow citizens, that I have got this name through my possession of a certain wisdom. What sort of wisdom is it? A wisdom, doubtless, that appertains to man. With respect to this, perhaps, I actually am wise; whereas those others whom I just now mentioned may possibly be wise with a wisdom more than human, or else I do not know what to say of it; as for me, I certainly do not possess it, and whoever says I do is lying, and seeks to injure me.

And, fellow citizens, do not interrupt me even if I say what seems extravagant, for the statement I shall make is not my own; instead, I shall refer you to a witness whose word can be accepted. Your witness to my wisdom, if I have any, and to its nature, is the god at Delphi. You certainly knew Chærephon. He was a friend of mine from our youth, and a friend of your popular party as well; he shared in your late exile, and accompanied you on your return. Now you know the temper of Chærephon, how impulsive he was in everything he undertook. Well so it was when once he went to Delphi, and made bold to ask the oracle this question—and, Gentlemen, please do not make an uproar over what I say; he asked if there was any one more wise than I. Then the Pythian oracle made response that there was no one who was wiser. To this response his brother here will bear you witness, since Chærephon himself is dead.

Now bear in mind the reason why I tell you this. It is because I am going on to show you whence this calumny of me has sprung; for when I heard about the oracle, I communed within myself: "What can the god be saying, and what does the riddle mean? Well I know in my own heart that I am without wisdom great or small. What is it that he means, then, in declaring me to be most wise? It cannot be that he is lying; it is not in his nature." For a long time I continued at a loss as to his meaning, then finally decided, much against my will, to seek it in the following way.

I went to one of those who pass for wise men, feeling sure that there if anywhere I could refute the answer, and explain to the oracle: "Here is a man that is wiser than I, but you said I was the wisest." The man I went to was one of our statesmen; his name I need not mention. Him I thoroughly examined, and from him, as I studied him and conversed with him, I gathered, fellow citizens, this impression. This man appeared to me to seem to be wise to others, and above all to himself, but not to be so. And then I tried to show him that he thought that he was wise, but was not. The result was that I gained his enmity and the enmity as well of many of those who were present. So, as I went away, I reasoned with myself: "At all events I am wiser than this man is. It is quite possible that neither one of us knows anything fine and good. But this man fancies that he knows when he does not, while I, whereas I do not know, just so I do not fancy that I know. In this small item, then, at least, I seem to be wiser than he, in that I do not fancy that I know what I do not." Thereafter I went to another man, one of those who passed for wiser than the first, and I got the same impression. Whereupon I gained his enmity as well as that of many more.

Thereafter I went from one man to another, perceiving, with grief and apprehension, that I was getting hated, but it seemed imperative to put the service of the god above all else. In my search for the meaning of the oracle I must go to all who were supposed to have some knowledge. And, fellow citizens, by the Dog, since I have to tell you the truth, here is pretty much what I encountered. The persons with the greatest reputation seemed to me to be the ones who were well-nigh the most deficient, as I made my search in keeping with the god's intent; whereas others of inferior reputation I found to be men superior in regard to their possession of the truth. I needs must tell you all about my wandering course, a veritable round of toils heroic, which I underwent to prove that the oracle was not to be refuted.

After the statesmen, I went to the poets, tragic, dithyrambic, and the rest. There, I thought, my ignorance would be self-evident in comparison with them. So I took those poems of theirs which seemed to me to have been most carefully wrought by them, and asked the authors what they meant, in order that I might at the same time learn from them. Well, Gentlemen, I am ashamed to tell you the truth; and yet it must be done. The fact is, pretty nearly everybody, so to say, who was present could have spoken better than the authors did about the poems they themselves had written. So here again in a short time I learned this about the poets too, that not by wisdom do they make what they compose, but by a gift of nature and an inspiration similar to that of the diviners and the oracles. These also utter many beautiful things, but understand not one of them. And such, I saw, was the experience of the poets. At the same time I perceived that their poetic gift led them to fancy that in all else, too, they were the wisest of mankind, when they were not. So I went away from them as well, believing that I had the same advantage over them as over the statesmen.

To make an end, I went, then, to the artisans. Conscious that I did not, so to say, know anything myself, I was certain I should find that they knew many things and fine. Nor in that was I deceived; they did indeed know things which I did not, and in that they were wiser than I. But, fellow citizens, these excellent workmen seemed to me to have the same defect as the poets. Because they were successful in the practice of their art, each thought himself most wise about all other things of the highest import, and this mistake of theirs beclouded all that wisdom. So I asked myself the question, for the oracle, whether I preferred to be just what I was, neither wise as they were wise nor ignorant as they were ignorant, or to be both wise and ignorant like them. And my response to myself and the oracle was that it paid me to be as I was.

Such, fellow citizens, was the quest which brought me so much enmity, hatreds so utterly harsh and hard to bear, whence sprang so many calumnies, and this name that is given me of being "wise"; for every time I caught another person in his ignorance, those present fancied that I knew what he did not. But, Gentlemen, in all likelihood it really is the god who is wise, and by that oracle he meant to say that human wisdom is of little worth, or none. And it appears that when he picked out "Socrates," he used my name to take me for an example; it was as if he said: "O race of men, he is the wisest among you, who, like Socrates, knows that in truth his knowledge is worth nothing." So even now I still go about in my search, and, in keeping with the god's intent, question anybody, citizen or stranger, whom I fancy to be wise. And when it seems to me that he is not, in defence of the god I show that he is not. And this activity has left me without leisure either to take any real part in civic affairs or to care for my own. Instead, I live in infinite poverty through my service to the god.

In addition, the young men who of their own accord are my companions, of the class who have most leisure, sons of the very rich—they listen with joy to the men who are examined; they often imitate me, and in turn attempt to test out others. And thereupon, I take it, they find a great abundance of men who imagine they have some knowledge, and yet know little or nothing. And then these men whom they examine get angry, not at them, but at me, and say there is one Socrates, a perfect blackguard, who corrupts the young. Yet when anybody asks them how he does it, and by teaching what, they have nothing to tell, nor do they know. But in order not to seem quite at a loss, they make the usual attacks that are leveled at philosophers, namely, about "things occurring in the heavens and below the earth," "not believing in the gods," and "making the worse case win." What they do not care to utter, I imagine, is the truth: that they have been shown up in their pretense to knowledge when they actually knew nothing. Accordingly, since they are proud, passionate, and numerous, and organized and effective in speaking about me, they have long since filled your ears with their violent calumnies.

From among them have come Meletus, Anytus, and Lycon to attack me; Meletus aggrieved on behalf of the poets, Anytus on behalf of the artists and the politicians, Lycon on behalf of the rhetoricians. Consequently, as I said at the beginning, I shall be surprised if I succeed, within so short a time, in ridding you of all this swollen mass of calumny.

There, fellow citizens, you have the truth. I hide nothing from you, either great or small, nor do I dissimulate. And yet I know that even by this I stir up hatred, which itself proves that I tell the truth, and that it is precisely this that constitutes the charge against me, and is the cause of it. And whether now or later you investigate the matter, you will find it to be so.

Therewith let me close my defence to you on the charges made against me by my first accusers. As for Meletus, that honest man and good friend of the City, as he styles himself, to him and my more recent foes I will now endeavor to reply.

Here again, since the present charges vary from the former, let us take the actual text of the complaint. It runs, in effect, as follows: "Socrates," it declares, "offends against the law since he corrupts the young, does not believe in the gods the State believes in, and believes in novel deities [spirits, *daimonia*] instead." Such is the accusation. Let us examine it point by point.

First, it holds that I offend by corrupting the young. But I, fellow citizens, I hold that Meletus offends in that he makes a jest of a serious matter, when he lightly brings men to trial on questions in which he pretends to be deeply interested and concerned, whereas he never took the slightest interest in any of them. That this is so, I will try to prove to you.

Your attention, Meletus! Answer! Do you not attach the utmost importance to the moral improvement of our youth?

MELETUS. I do indeed.

[SOCRATES]. Well then, tell the assembly here, who makes the young men better? You obviously know, for it is your special concern. You have discovered, so you state, who it is that corrupts them: I, whom you bring hither and accuse. Come now, tell who the person is who makes them better, and name him to these judges.

See, Meletus, you are silent. Have you nothing to say? Doesn't that seem shameful to you, and proof enough of my assertion that you have had no interest in the matter? But come, friend, say who makes them better?

MELETUS. The laws.

[SOCRATES]. No, my good fellow, that is not what I ask. I mean, what man? for, obviously, first of all he will have to know this very thing, the laws.

MELETUS. These judges, Socrates.

[SOCRATES]. What say you, Meletus? These judges here are competent to instruct the young, and make them better?

MELETUS. Most certainly.

[SOCRATES]. All are able? Or some are, and some are not?

MELETUS. All of them!

[SOCRATES]. By Hera, that is welcome news! We have an ample store of men who benefit their kind! What next? What about the audience here, do these too make them better?

MELETUS. Yes, they too.

[SOCRATES]. What about the Council?

MELETUS. Yes, the Council also.

[SOCRATES]. But, Meletus, what about the men in the Assembly, the members of it, do they corrupt the young, or do they one and all make young men better?

MELETUS. Yes, they do it too.

[SOCRATES]. So it seems that every one in Athens except me makes them fine and good, and I alone corrupt them. Is that your meaning?

MELETUS. Precisely that.

[SOCRATES.] You detect me in a most unlucky situation. Answer me, though. Does the same thing seem to you to hold for horses too? Do you think all other men make horses better, and only one man ruins them? Or is it just the opposite of this, that some one man, or a very few, the horsemen, can improve them, whereas most people, if they have to deal with horses, and to make use of them, will spoil them? Is that not so, Meletus, both with horses and all other animals? It surely is, whether Anytus and you deny it or admit it. And what wonderful luck it would be for the young people if there were only one who did them harm, and all others did them good! But no, Meletus, you give ample proof that you never cared at all about the young; and your indifference is clearly shown—that you had no interest whatever in the things for which you bring me into court.

Now, Meletus, another question. In the name of Zeus, tell us whether it is better to live with honest citizens or with bad ones. Answer, friend; I ask you nothing difficult. Don't the wicked always do some evil to their neighbors, and the good some good?

MELETUS. Certainly.

[SOCRATES]. Well, is there anybody who would rather be harmed than helped by those he lives with? Answer, my friend; the law requires you to do so. Does anybody like to be injured?

MELETUS. Certainly not.

[SOCRATES]. Come now. When you bring me into court for corrupting the younger generation and making them worse, do you charge that I do so purposely or without design?

MELETUS. Purposely, say I.

[SOCRATES]. What's that, Meletus? Are you at your age so much wiser than I am at mine? And thus, while you know that the wicked always do some injury to their nearest neighbors, and the good some good, I, you think, am come to such a state of ignorance as not to know that if I make some one I live with bad, I run the risk of getting injured by him? So according to you I do myself all this harm on purpose! That, Meletus, you will not get me to believe, nor, I fancy, anybody else in all the world. No, either I do not corrupt them, or if I do corrupt them, it is not by design. So either way you lie. If I ruin them unwittingly, the case is that of an involuntary error which does not legally bring me before this court; the proper thing would be to take me privately, and to instruct and warn me; for obviously when I learn better I shall stop doing what I do unwittingly. But you avoided joining me in order to instruct me; you chose not to do it. You bring me to this court where it is legal to try those who stand in need of punishment, not of learning.

There, fellow citizens, you have evidence enough of what I said, that Meletus has not taken the slightest interest in these matters.

Yet tell us, Meletus: in what way do you say I corrupt the younger men? Or is it not clear from the text of your complaint that you mean I teach them not to believe in the gods the State believes in, but in other new divinities? Isn't that the way you mean I corrupt them by my teaching?

MELETUS. Yes, that is just what I assert.

[SOCRATES]. In that case, Meletus, in the name of those very gods we are discussing, explain your meaning still more clearly to these gentlemen here and me, for there is a point I am unable to make out. If you mean that I teach them to believe in the existence of certain gods, then I myself believe that there are gods, and so I am not out and out an atheist, and do not break the law in that respect. Or do you mean that they are not the gods the State believes in, but other gods instead, and is this the point of your complaint, that they are different? Or do you say that I myself do not believe in any gods at all, and that I teach this disbelief to others?

MELETUS. Yes, that is what I maintain, that you do not believe in any gods at all.

[SOCRATES]. You amaze me, Meletus. How can you say so? Do you mean that I do not, like other men, regard the sun and moon as gods?

MELETUS. By Heaven, Gentlemen of the Jury, he does not; he holds that the sun is a stone, and the moon an earth.

[SOCRATES]. You must think you are accusing Anaxagoras, my dear Meletus. Have you such a poor opinion of these men here, and do you think them so illiterate as not to know that the works of Anaxagoras of Clazomenæ are full of these ideas? And so you think that the young men learn these things from me, when on occasion they could buy the books for a drachma at most in the orchestra, and then laugh at Socrates if he pretended that these theories were his—apart from the fact that they are so bizarre! But, by Heaven, is that the way you think of me, that I don't believe in any god whatever?

MELETUS. No, by Heaven, not a single one.

[SOCRATES]. Now that, Meletus, is incredible, and something that I take it you do not believe yourself. In my opinion, fellow citizens, this man is an utterly overweening and unbridled person, who has brought this accusation simply out of insolence, intemperance, and youthful rashness. It looks as if he had made up a riddle with which to try me out: "See whether Socrates, the wise man, will know that I am jesting and self-contradictory, or whether I shall fool him and all the rest who listen"; for to me he clearly contradicts himself in the complaint, where in effect he says: "Socrates offends by not believing in gods, but by believing in gods." And that is simply joking.

Examine with me, Gentlemen, my way of showing that he says this. And, Meletus, you answer us. But, Gentlemen, remember the request I made at the outset, and do not interrupt if I pursue the argument in my customary fashion.

Is there any living man, Meletus, who believes that there are human things, but does not believe that there are human beings? Let him answer, Gentlemen, and not make noisy protests beside the point. Does any one believe in horsemanship, and not in horses? Or does any one believe there is an art of piping, but that there are no pipers? No, honorable sir, there isn't any one who does it. If you do not choose to answer, I will speak for you and these others here as well. But give the answer to this. Is there anybody who believes in the doings of spirits [*daimonia*], but thinks there are no spirits [*daimones*]?

MELETUS. No.

[SOCRATES]. How you oblige me by the grudging answer these gentlemen force you to make! Well then, you admit, I believe and teach that there are doings of spirits, whether recent or of old. At all events I do believe in them according to your statement; you have even sworn to this in your complaint. But if I believe in them, then quite necessarily, I suppose, I must believe in spirits. Isn't it so? It must be. I put you down as in agreement since you make no reply.

Now, must we not consider spirits as either gods or the offspring of gods? Say yes or no.

Meletus. Yes, certainly.

[Socrates]. If, then, I think that there are spirits, as you assert, and if the spirits are in some way gods, am I not right in saying that you talk in riddles and are jesting? First you say that I do not believe in gods, and next that I do believe in them inasmuch as I believe in spirits. Or again: if the spirits [*daimones*] are illegitimate children of the gods, whether by nymphs or other mothers as report will have it, who on earth will ever think that there are children of the gods, but that there are no gods? It would be as queer as to think that mules were the offspring of horses and asses, but that horses and asses did not exist. No, Meletus, there is no way out of it; either you formulated this complaint in order to try us out, or else you could find no real crime with which to charge me. That you could get a living person with the least intelligence to admit that a given man believed in the doings of spirits but not of gods, and that the same man, again, believed in neither spirits, gods, nor heroes, is quite beyond the bounds of possibility.

No, fellow citizens, that I am guiltless with respect to Meletus' indictment seems to me to call for no long defence; rather, let this argument suffice. But what I have said before, that much antagonism has arisen against me in the minds of many, rest assured that it is true. And this it is that will undo me, if I am undone, not Meletus nor Anytus, but the slander of the many, and their malice. Many another man, and good ones, has it undone, and, methinks, it will yet undo. There is no danger that the thing may stop with me.

Perhaps some one will say: "Well, Socrates, aren't you ashamed that you pursued a course from which you now are in danger of death?" To that it would be right for me to reply: "Good sir, it is not well said if you think that a man of any worth at all ought to calculate his chances of living or dying, and not rather look to this alone, when he acts, to see if what he does is right or wrong, and if his are the deeds of a good man or a bad one. By your account, the demigods who fell at Troy would be sorry fellows, all of them, and notably the son of Thetis, who so despised all danger in comparison with any disgrace awaiting him, and with what result? When his mother saw him eager to slay Hector, she, the goddess, addressed him, as I recall, approximately thus: 'My child, if you avenge the death of your comrade Patroclus by slaying Hector, then you yourself will die. For you the lot of death,' she said, 'comes straightway after Hector's.' But he, on hearing that, made light of death and danger, fearing far more to live a coward and not avenge his loved ones. 'Straightway let me die,' said he, 'once I give the villain his reward, and not continue here, a laughing-stock, beside the hollow ships, a burden to the earth.' Do you think that he took heed of death or danger?"

That, fellow citizens, is the way things really stand. If any one is stationed where he thinks it is best for him to be, or where his commander has put him, there, as it seems to me, it is his duty to remain, no matter what the risk, heedless of death or any other peril in comparison with disgrace.

It would have been dreadful conduct, fellow citizens, had I acted otherwise. When the leaders you had chosen to command me assigned a post to me at Potidæa, at Amphipolis, and at Delium, in the face of death itself I was as steadfast as any one could be in holding the position where they placed me; and when the god, as I believed and understood, assigned to me as my duty that I should live the life of a philosopher, and examine myself and others, it would have been dreadful had I through fear of death, or of anything else whatever, deserted my post. Dreadful indeed would it be, and verily any one would then be justified in bringing me to trial for not believing in gods, when I had disobeyed the oracle, feared death, and thought that I was wise when I was not.

For, Gentlemen, to be afraid of death is nothing else than thinking that one is wise when one is not, since it means fancying that one knows what one does not. Nobody knows, in fact, what death is, nor whether to man it is not perchance the greatest of all blessings; yet people fear it as if they surely knew it to be the worst of evils. And what is this but the shameful ignorance of supposing that we know what we do not? It is there and in that perhaps that I differ, Gentlemen, from the majority of mankind; and if I might call myself more wise than another, it would be in this, that as I do not know enough about what goes on in Hades, so too I do not think that I know. But doing wrong, and disobeying the person who is better than myself, be it god or man, that I know is base and wicked. Therefore never for the sake of evils which I know to be such will I fear or flee from what for all I know may be a good.

Accordingly, suppose you were now to acquit me, and went against Anytus; he who says that either I ought not to have been summoned hither to begin with, or, once I appeared I must inevitably be put to death; for he tells you that, if I am freed, your sons, who already put in practice what Socrates teaches, will all be utterly ruined. Suppose with reference to that you were to say to me: "Socrates, at present we shall not give Anytus our assent, but will acquit you, yet upon one condition, namely, that hereafter you shall not pass your time in this investigation nor pursue philosophy; if you are caught doing it again, you die." Well, as I said, if you were ready to let me go upon these conditions, my reply to you would be:

"Fellow citizens, I respect and love you, but I must obey the god rather than you, and so long as I draw breath, and can pursue philosophy, I will not cease from it nor from exhorting you, and ever pointing out the way to any one of you I meet, saying to him as I have been wont: 'Good friend, you are a citizen of Athens, the greatest of all cities and the most renowned for power and learning, and yet you feel no shame at giving your mind to money so that you may get as much as possible, and to your reputation and to honor; but for insight, for the truth, for your soul and how it shall be at its best, you do not care nor trouble.' "

And if any one of you disputes it, and says that he does care, I shall not forthwith dismiss him and go away, but will question him, and sift him, and put him to the test; and if he seems to me to have no fund of virtue, while professing to have it, I shall reproach him with attaching little value to what has most importance, and taking paltry things for what is larger. So will I do with young and old, whatever he be that I meet with, foreigner or native, yet rather with you citizens since you are nearer to me by kin; for this, you may rest assured, is what the god demands of me. And I think that there never came to you a greater good in the City than the service I render the god.

All I do is to go about persuading you, both young and old, not to think first of your bodies or your property, nor to be so mightily concerned about them as about your souls, how the spirit shall be at its best; it is my task to tell you that virtue does not spring from wealth, but that wealth and every other good that comes to men in private life or in public proceed from virtue. If it is by saying this that I corrupt the young, then this must be injurious; but any one who holds that I say anything save this says nothing. On that head, fellow citizens, I may assure you that whether you trust Anytus or not, and whether you acquit me or do not acquit me, I shall not alter my course, no matter if I have to die a hundred times.

Now, fellow citizens, do not interrupt, but continue granting my request of you not to cry out at what I may say, but to listen; I do believe that you will profit if you listen. I am, in fact, about to tell you certain other things at which you might possibly protest. Yet please do not. No; for you may rest assured that if you condemn me to death, I being such a person as I say, you will do yourselves more harm than you do to me. As for me, Meletus will no more hurt me than will Anytus. It does not lie in his power, for in my belief the eternal order does not permit a better man to be harmed by a worse. Oh yes! quite possibly he might kill or banish me, or rob me of my civic rights; and doubtless this man and the next will think that these are major evils. I do not think them such; no, I think it a far greater evil for a man to do what this man now is doing, namely trying to get a man condemned to death unjustly.

So, fellow citizens, at present I am far from making my defence upon my own account, as one might think; I make it for your sake, in order that you may not, by condemning me, do wrong about the gift of the god to you; for if you have me put to death, you will not easily find another of the sort, fastened upon the City by the god, for all the world (if I may use a rather ludicrous comparison) like a gadfly on a great and noble horse that is somewhat sluggish on account of his size and needs the fly to wake him up. So, it seems to me, the god has fastened me like that upon the

City, to rouse, exhort, and rebuke each one of you, everywhere besetting you, and never once ceasing all day long. Another one like that, Gentlemen, you will not come by so easily; but if you listen to me, you will take good care of me. You may, however, quite possibly be annoyed, like people awakened from their slumbers, and, striking out at me, may listen readily to Anytus and condemn me to death. Then you would finish out the rest of your life in sleep, unless the god were in mercy to send you some one else to take my place. That it is the deity by whom I, such as I am, have been given to the City you may see from this: it is not like human nature for me to neglect all my own concerns, to put up with a neglected household all these years, and to attend to your affairs, ever going to you individually in private, like a father or an elder brother, urging you to care for your moral welfare. And if I got any profit from it all, if these exhortations brought me any pay, there would seem to be some reason in my conduct. As it is, you see for yourselves that my accusers, who, unashamed, have brought so many other charges against me, have yet not had the effrontery to present a witness to allege that I ever took any sort of fee or sought one. Why not? Because, methinks, the witness I present to show that I speak the truth is quite enough—my poverty.

Possibly it may look odd that I should busily go about in private with my counsels, but in public dare not approach the mass of you with counsel for the City. The reason for that is something you have often heard me speak of in many a place; it is that there comes to me a thing divine and spiritual, what Meletus has mockingly referred to in his indictment. From childhood on, this sign has come to me; it is a voice, which, when it comes, always deters me from what I am about to do, but never urges me to act. It is this that fights against my entering political affairs; and the opposition strikes me as being altogether good; for, fellow citizens, you may rest assured that if I, long ago, had tried to take up politics, I should long ago have perished, and been of no service whatever either to you or to myself. And do not be aggrieved at me for telling the truth: there is not a man on earth that is safe if he nobly puts himself in opposition to you or to any other crowd, and strives to stop all sorts of wrong and lawlessness in the State. But if any one is really going to battle for the right, and to be safe for some short time in doing it, he must perforce remain a private citizen; he must not appear in public life.

Of that I will furnish you with telling evidence, not arguments, but what you value, facts. Listen to what happened in my case, and you will see that I am not a man to yield to any one unjustly for fear of death, not even if by my not yielding I were at once to perish. The tale I shall tell you is of the legal sort and uninspiring, but is true.

I never held any public office, fellow citizens, but one: I was a member of the Council. And it happened that our tribe, Antiochis, had the executive function [*prytany*] at the time you wished to sentence in a body the ten commanders who failed to pick up the survivors of the naval action [at Arginusæ]. The procedure was illegal, as after a while you all admitted. But at the time I was the only one of the prytanes who stood out against your doing an illegal act and voted against you; and although the orators were ready to indict me and arrest me, while you urged them on and made an uproar, I thought that I ought to risk all danger on the side of law and justice rather than side with you in an unjust decree for fear of imprisonment or death.

This took place while Athens still was a democracy. But again, when the oligarchy was established, the Thirty had me and four others summoned to the Rotunda, and ordered us to go get Leon of Salamis, and bring him thence to have him put to death; they gave such orders frequently to many other persons in order to involve as many as they could in their crimes. But there again I showed, by deeds, and not by words, that death, if I may speak quite baldly, meant nothing at all to me, while not to do an unjust or an impious act, this meant everything; for that power, however huge its sway, did not terrify me into doing what was wrong. No, when we came out of the Rotunda, the other four went off to Salamis and brought back Leon, and as for me I went to my home. And for that I might well have paid with my life, had the government not promptly fallen. Of these facts many persons will bear witness to you.

Well then, do you think I could have survived through all these years if I had taken part in state affairs, and, acting properly as a good citizen, had fought for justice, making this perforce of paramount importance? Far from it, fellow citizens; nor could any other living man have done it. As for me, all my life long, if ever I did anything in an official way, I showed myself to be that sort of person, and in private just the same; never once did I yield to any one in any point against the right, not even to one of those whom my slanderers declare to be my pupils.

But I never have been anybody's teacher. If any one cares to listen to me as I speak and carry on my special function, be he young or old, I never have begrudged it. I am not one who will engage in discussion if he gets money, and if not refuses. No, rich and poor alike I am prepared to question, and whoever will may listen to what I say when I make reply. And for my part, if any of them turns out well or ill, I cannot rightly be held responsible when I never offered to give any one instruction, nor gave it. If any one asserts that he ever learned or heard a thing from me other than what all the others heard as well, rest assured that he who says so does not tell the truth.

Well then, why do certain persons like to spend so much of their time with me? I told you, fellow citizens, what the reason is. The truth of the matter is just what I said: they like to hear the sifting out of those who think that they are wise, but are not. The thing, in fact, is not unpleasant. But for me, as I aver, it is a task enjoined upon me by the deity, through oracles, through dreams, and in every single way that ever a divine injunction was laid upon a man to do a thing. These statements, fellow citizens, are true and are easily proved. Suppose I am at present ruining some of the young people, and already have perverted others; then necessarily, no doubt, a number of them, when they grew older, would have seen that on occasion, when they were young, I gave them evil advice, and would now appear in court to accuse and punish me. Or, if they themselves were unwilling to do it, then some of their relations, fathers, brothers, or others of their kin—if it were true that members of the family had received some injury from me—would now remember it, and have me punished. Certainly there are many of them present whom I see: first Crito here, a man of my own generation and my deme, father of yon Critobulus; next, Lysanias of Sphettus, father of yon Æschines; add Antiphon here of Kephisia, father of Epigenes. Among others, men whose brothers have attended at the pastime, Nicostratus son of Theozotides and brother of Theodotus—as for Theodotus, he is dead, and therefore could not plead for me against him; so also Paralus here whose father is Demodocus and whose brother is Theages, Adeimantus son of Ariston whose brother is Plato here, and Aiantodorus, whose brother is yon Apollodorus. And many others I could name to you, of whom Meletus surely ought to have offered somebody as witness in his accusation. If he forgot it then, let him present it now—I yield the point—and let him say if he has any evidence of the sort. But, Gentlemen, you will find the case to be the very opposite of that; will find them all prepared to help me, the ruiner, the man who has done injury to their kin, as Meletus and Anytus aver. The ruined themselves, of course, might have some reason for coming to my aid. But those who are not ruined, men already mature, the relatives of these, what other reason could they have for coming to my aid except the straight and just one, that they know that Meletus is lying, and that I am telling the truth?

There you have it, Gentlemen. That is pretty much what I might have to say in my defence, that with possibly some additions to the like effect. Perhaps, however, one or another of you will be angry when he recalls his own experience, in some trial he was engaged in of less gravity than this; if he besought and with many tears implored the judges, and, in order to arouse the greatest pity, brought in his children along with others of his kin and many friends; while, as for me, I shall do nothing of the sort, although I am in danger, as I might suppose, to the last degree of peril. Perhaps, then, as he thinks of this, he will bear himself with the less remorse towards me, and, irritated by these very things, will cast his vote in anger. Now if any of you feels so, though for my part I do not impute it—but if anybody feels that way, then it seems to me the proper thing for me to say to him would be: "Good friend, I too have friends and relatives; in fact, my case is just as Homer says. 'I did not spring from either oak or rock,' but from mankind, and so I have a family and sons; three sons, my fellow citizens, one a youth, and the other two are little boys." Nevertheless not one of them will I bring hither imploring you to let me off. And why shall I do nothing of all that? Not, fellow citizens, out of hardihood, nor in disdain of you. And whether I fear death or not is another question; but for my own honor, and yours, and the honor of the entire City, it does not seem proper for me at my age, and with the name I have, to do any of these things. The opinion may be true, or may be false; at all events the view is held that Socrates is somehow different from the mass of men. Well, if those of you who are regarded as distinguished in point of wisdom, or of courage, or of any other quality, behaved like that, it would be shameful. And yet, often enough, I have seen persons of such sort, persons of some reputation, behaving in extraordinary fashion when they were to hear the verdict, as if they thought they must be going to suffer something terrible if they had to die—as if they thought that they would be immortal in case you did not condemn them. To my mind, they brought shame upon the City; anybody from another city would infer that the Athenians who were eminent for their virtue, those whom their fellows selected as their rulers and for other places of distinction, were in no way better than women. These things, fellow citizens, it behoves us not to do if we have any reputation whatsoever; and if we do them, you should not allow it. No; you should make this very thing quite clear, that you will far more readily give your vote against the person who drags in these tearful dramas, and makes the City ridiculous, than against the man who argues quietly.

But apart from the question of propriety, Gentlemen, it does not seem right to me to beg the judge for mercy, or, by doing it, to get away, when one ought rather to enlighten and convince him. He does not take his seat for this, the judge, to render justice as a favor, but to decide on what is just. Indeed he took an oath that he would not favor people according to his notion of them, but that he would give judgment in accordance with the laws. And so we should not get you into the habit of perjuring yourselves, nor should you get into it; neither of us should commit impiety. So do not ask me, fellow citizens, to treat you in a way which I take to be dishonorable, wrong, and impious; above all, by Zeus! when I am under accusation of impiety by this Meletus here present; for obviously, if I swayed you and by begging forced you to act against your oath, I would be teaching you not to believe that there are gods, and by my defence would simply accuse myself of not believing in them. But that be far from me! I do believe in them, my fellow citizens, as none of my accusers does; and to you I commend myself, and to the Deity, to judge concerning me what shall be best at once for me and for you. . . .

[The vote is taken and Socrates is adjudged guilty, 281 to 220. The sentence of death is then proposed, and later sustained by an even greater margin. The rest of *The Apology* consists of his remarks first to those who voted against him and then to those who voted for him.]

[SOCRATES]. For no great thrift in time, my fellow citizens, you will have from those who wish to vilify the City the name and blame of having put to death the wise man, Socrates; for they will call me wise, even if I am not, they who would defame you. If only you had waited for a little while, the thing would have occurred for you in the course of nature; for you can see my age, that I am far along in life, and near to death. I say this, not to all of you, but only to those who voted for my death. And to them I have also to say this as well. It may be, Gentlemen, that you think I lost my cause for lack of arguments of the sort with which I might have won you over, if I had thought that I ought to say and do all things in order to escape the verdict. Far from it. I lost for a lack, but not of arguments; it was for lack of impudence and daring, and for not being ready to say to you the sort of thing it would have given you most pleasure to hear—me weeping and wailing, and doing and saying any and every sort of thing that I hold to be unworthy of me, but you are accustomed to hear from the rest. No, I did not then believe that, to avoid a danger, I ought to do anything unseemly in a freeman, nor do I now regret my manner of defence. No, far rather would I choose this manner of defence, and die, than follow that, and live. Whether in a court of justice or in war neither I nor any other man should seek by using every means conceivable to escape from death; for in battle you very often see that if you throw away your weapons and beg those who are pursuing you for mercy, you may get out of dying. Indeed, in every sort of danger there are various ways of winning through, if one is ready to do and say anything whatever. No, Gentlemen, that is not the hard thing, to escape from death; ah no, far harder is it to escape from sin, for sin is swifter than death. And so I, being old and slow, am overtaken by the slower enemy; while my accusers, who are strong and swift, have been caught by the swifter, namely wickedness. And so I now depart, by you condemned to pay the penalty of death; and they, by the truth convicted of a base injustice. And as I abide the payment, so do they. Who knows? Perhaps it had to be so, and I think that things are as they ought to be.

Touching the future, I desire to make, for you who voted to condemn me, a prediction; for I am at the point where men foresee the future best—when they are soon to die. Let me tell you then, you men who have condemned me, that after I am gone there will straightway come upon you a chastisement far heavier, by Zeus, than the death you have set for me. You have now done this in the belief that you have freed yourselves from giving any reckoning for your life; but I tell you the result will be the very opposite for you. There will be more inquisitors to sift you, men whom I now hold in check without your knowing it. And they will be more critical as they are younger, and will annoy you more; for if you think that by putting men to death you will prevent the slur from being cast at you that you do not live aright, you are in error. This way of getting freedom is neither very sure nor fine; no, the finest and readiest way is this, not to interfere with other people, but to render oneself as good a man as possible. There is the prophecy I make for you who voted to condemn me. And of them I take my leave.

With those of you who voted to acquit me I should be glad to talk about this thing that has occurred, while the magistrates are busy and it is not time for me to go to the place where I must die. So, Gentlemen, please wait with me as long as that. There is nothing to keep us from talking to each other as long as it is allowed. To you as to friends I wish to explain the real meaning of what has just happened to me.

Justices, for when I call you that I am naming you aright, the thing that has come to me is wonderful. My customary warning, by the spirit, in previous times has always, up to now, come to me very often to oppose me, even when a matter was quite unimportant, if ever I was going to do something amiss. But to-day, as you yourselves have witnessed, that thing has happened to me which anybody might suppose, and which is considered, to be the uttermost of evils. Yet neither did the sign from god oppose me when I left my house this morning, nor at the point when I ascended here to the tribunal, nor in my speech at anything I was about to say; though often when I have been talking elsewhere it has stopped me in the middle of a speech. But to-day, with reference to the whole procedure, not once did it oppose me in a thing I did or said. What, then, do I take to be the cause of this? No doubt this thing that has happened to me is good, and it cannot be that our supposition is correct when any of us think that death is a misfortune. For me, the proof of this is telling: it cannot be but that the customary sign would have opposed me, if I had not been about to do a thing that was good.

Let us view in another way how ample are the grounds for our hope that death is a good. To be dead is one of two things. Either it is a sort of non-existence, and the dead man has no feeling about anything whatever, or else, as people say, the soul experiences a shift and a migration from here into another place. Now if there is no feeling, if death is like a sleep in which one does not even dream, what a wonderful gain it would be! I believe if a man were to take that night in which he slept so deeply that he did not have a single dream, and compared it with the other nights and days of his life; if he had to say, upon reflection, how many days and nights, all told, in his life, he had passed better and more sweetly than that night, I believe that every one, not merely any private citizen, but the Great King himself, would find them easy to count up in comparison with all the others. So if death is a sleep like that, I say it is a gain; for thus all time appears to be no more than a single night. If, on the other hand, death is like a journey from here to another place, and if what they say is true, that everybody who has died is there, then, Justices, what greater good than this could there be? If, on arriving in Hades, one could be freed from those who here pretend that they are Justices, and there find those who by report deal real justice, Minos, Rhadamanthus, Æacus, and Triptolemus, and all the rest of the demigods who were just in their lives here, what a small thing would that journey seem! Or, again, to be with Orpheus and Musæus, with Hesiod and Homer, what price would not any of you pay for that? I would gladly die repeatedly, if all that is true. To me it would be a wonderful way to pass my time, there where I could meet with Palamedes and with Ajax son of Telamon, and any one else among the ancients who died through an unjust decision. To compare my lot with theirs, methinks, would not be so unpleasant; and most important of all would be to go on sifting people there, as here, and finding out who is wise, and who thinks he is so, but is not. What would not anybody give to examine, Justices, the leader of that mighty expedition against Troy, or else Odysseus, or Sisyphus, or a myriad of others one might mention, men and women too? There to talk with them, consort with them, examine them, would be a happiness beyond compare! Surely there, I take it, they do not put a man to death for doing that; for, happy in all else, people are happier there than here in that henceforth they are immortal, at all events if what is said is true.

But, Justices, you also it behoves to have good hope with reference to death, and this one thing you must bear in mind as true, that, living or dead, to a good man there can come no evil, nor are his affairs a matter of indifference to the gods. Nor has my destiny now come about by chance; rather, it is clear to me that it was better for me now to die and to be released from my troubles. That is why the sign did not at any point deter me, and why I am not very bitter at those who voted to condemn me, or at my accusers. It is true they did not have this notion in condemning and accusing me; no, they thought to injure me, and therein they merit blame.

One thing, however, I do beg of them. When my sons grow up, then, Gentlemen, I ask you to punish them, you hurting them the same as I hurt you, if they seem to you to care for money, or aught else, more than they care for virtue. And if they pretend to be somewhat when they are nothing, do you upbraid them as I upbraided you, for not regarding as important what they ought to think so, and for thinking they have worth when they do not. If you do that, I shall have received just treatment from you, and my sons as well.

And now the time has come for our departure, I to die, and you to live. Which of us goes to meet the better lot is hidden from all unless it be known to God.

—Lane Cooper.

ONE'S DUTY AND TACIT CONTRACT WITH ONE'S COUNTRY

Plato

[*The Crito*]

Socrates had been condemned to death in 399 B.C., but on the day he was condemned a sacred mission had been sent by boat to Delos. Athenian law forbade all executions while this mission was out. In stormy periods the journey might take a good while. This circumstance gave Socrates a respite of some thirty days, the greater part of which seems to have been spent conversing in prison with his followers. They had been urging Socrates to allow them to smuggle him out of Athens into some neighboring state. This dialogue gives Plato's version of Socrates' final answer to this suggestion.

Scene: *The prison in Athens.* Time: *Break of dawn.*
After a night of peaceful sleep, Socrates *wakes up and discovers* Crito *sitting beside him*

Socrates. Why are you here at this hour, Crito? Isn't it quite early?

Crito. Yes, it is.

Socrates. Just how early is it?

Crito. Day is just dawning.

Socrates. I'm surprised that the jailer let you in.

Crito. He's accustomed to me by now, Socrates. I am here so often. He's had some favors from me too.

Socrates. Have you just gotten here, or have you been here some time?

Crito. A good while now.

Socrates. Well, why did you sit here and not wake me?

Crito. Wake you? Never, by Zeus, Socrates! I only wish that I were not myself so grieved and sleepless! Moreover, I have been sitting here wondering at you and how peacefully you were sleeping. And I purposely refrained from waking you because I wanted you to pass the time as pleasantly as possible. I have felt many times before how blessed you are in your manner of life, but never so much as now, when I see how undisturbed and gently you bear your present plight.

Socrates. It's natural for me to bear this as I do. How incongruous it would be for me, at my age, to resent dying!

Crito. Others as old as you, Socrates, have been similarly involved, but their age didn't keep them from being vexed at having to die.

Socrates. That's true. But why have you come so early?

Crito. With news, Socrates, not at all grievous to you, it seems, but for me and all your friends grievous and hard to bear; and more so for me than for any one else.

Socrates. What news? Has the boat, whose arrival ends my stay of execution, returned from Delos?

Crito. It hasn't arrived yet; but judging from messengers who left it at Sunium, I think it will arrive today. They are sure it will get here today, and you, Socrates, will have to depart this life tomorrow.

Socrates. Very well, Crito. If such is pleasing to the gods, so be it. But I don't think the boat will come today.

Crito. What makes you think that?

Socrates. It's this way. I must die on the day after the boat arrives, mustn't I?

Crito. That's what the authorities say.

Socrates. Then I think it will arrive tomorrow instead of today; for I had a dream earlier in the night, and it is perhaps a good thing you didn't wake me.

Crito. What was the dream?

Socrates. A beautiful, white-clad woman seemed to come and call me, saying: "Socrates, on the third day you must come into rich-clodded Phthia."

Crito. That's a strange dream, Socrates.

Socrates. Quite clear to me, Crito.

Crito. All too clear, it seems. But my dear Socrates, take my advice even now and save yourself; for it is no single misfortune which your death will bring upon me. Apart from being deprived of a companion such as I shall never find in another, many, who do not know us well, will think you were neglected and could have been saved, if I had been willing to spend enough for it. And what reputation could be more disgraceful than to seem to consider money of more importance than friends? The majority of people will not believe you were unwilling to quit this place, if we had been eager enough for you to do so.

Socrates. My dear Crito, why must we care so much about what the multitude think? The best people (and it is their opinion we should consider) will think these things happened just as they did.

Crito. But as you see, Socrates, we must take account of what the multitude think; for your present plight shows that they can bring upon one not the least but about the greatest evil, if one is slandered before them.

Socrates. How I wish they could do the greatest evil, Crito, so that they might be able to do also the greatest good! All would then be well. But as it is, they can do neither. They cannot make one either wise or foolish, but just do whatever occurs to them.

CRITO. That's true, Socrates. But tell me: aren't you really worried about me and your other friends and afraid that, if you escape, the sycophants may cause us trouble by accusing us of getting you out by stealth and thus causing us to lose our wealth, or a large part of it, or suffer some other evil? If you have any such fears, forget them; for we would be justified in running this risk, and even greater ones, if necessary, to save you. Yield then to my persuasion and don't refuse any longer.

SOCRATES. I am concerned about these matters, Crito, and about many others too.

CRITO. Well, don't be concerned any longer; for it is no great amount of money that some would charge to get you out of here and save you. Don't you see how cheaply these sycophants sell their services? One doesn't have to pay them much. I think my money, which is at your disposal, is sufficient. But if, out of interest in me, you feel that my money shouldn't be used, there are foreign friends here ready to spend theirs. In fact, Simmias of Thebes has already procured enough money for this purpose. Cebes is ready to spend his too, as are very many others. As I said, then, don't let any such fears cause you to falter in saving yourself. And don't worry, as you said in court you would, about having no place to pursue your life's work. There are many places in other states where, upon arrival, you would be heartily received. Should you want to go to Thessaly, I have friends there who will esteem you highly and see that no Thessalian annoys you.

Moreover, Socrates, it isn't right for you to betray yourself, when you could be saved. That is just hurrying on yourself the very thing your enemies, in their desire to destroy you, have long been eager for. Furthermore, when it is possible for you to rear and educate your sons, you seem to me to be betraying and forsaking them, and leaving them to fare as best they can, as far as you are concerned. And they will doubtless fare as orphans usually do.

Now either a man should not beget children, or he should bear his part of the toil in rearing and educating them. But you seem to be choosing the easiest way out. And yet, you, more than the others, should choose what a good and manly person would, since concern for virtue and excellence has been the major profession of your whole life.

Moreover, shame both for you and for us, your friends, comes over me when I reflect that this whole affair about you will seem due to cowardice on our part—both the manner of the trial, and the fact that the case ever came to trial, when it could have been kept out of court. And this as the crowning ridicule for the whole affair: the fact that we will seem, through baseness and cowardice on our part, to have gotten ourselves off without saving you or having you save yourself, when such was possible, if we had been the persons we should. Be careful, therefore, Socrates, lest this affair bring shame as well as evil both on you and on us. Therefore, plan now about this matter, even though it is time rather for plans made than in the making. And there is only one plan to make, since whatever is done must be done tonight, and if we wait any longer, escape will be impossible. By all means take my suggestion, Socrates, and don't oppose it any longer.

SOCRATES. My dear Crito, your zeal deserves every consideration, if it is just and right; but if not, the greater it is the more difficult it is to deal with. We must consider it then to see if we should do this or not; for it has always been my practice, and shall be even now, to obey nothing except that reasoning which appears the best as I can reason it out. I cannot now repudiate all my former principles and teachings just because this misfortune has come upon me. The principles I have always honored appear about the same to me now as they formerly did, and I still reverence and do obeisance to them. Unless, therefore, we can produce better arguments than our former ones, be assured that I will not yield to you, not even if the power of the multitude, still more than it now does, shall try to frighten us with threats of chains and death and seizure of money.

How then can we most reasonably examine this matter? By scrutinizing first your statement about opinions and seeing whether we reasoned well about such on former occasions, when we agreed that one should heed some opinions of the multitude and not heed others? Or has that which appeared sound reasoning, before I was under the necessity of dying, now been clearly shown to be child's talk and foolishness—mere talk engaged in for the sake of talking? I should like to reason this out again with you, Crito, to see if it will appear different, now that I am in this present plight, or if it will appear the same, and whether we shall renounce it or obey it.

Now as I remember, on each occasion, when we thought we were saying something, we agreed to this: that some of the opinions of men must be considered of much import and others not. In heaven's name, Crito, isn't that a sound conclusion? (Now you, as far as can be known, won't have to die tomorrow and there is no prospect of immediate death to swerve you from what is right.) Tell me then; don't you think we were right in saying we must not honor all opinions of men, but that some must be honored and some must not? Nor should the opinions of all men be regarded, but the opinions of some should be esteemed and those of others not. Were we right in these conclusions?

CRITO. We were.

SOCRATES. And is it good opinions which should be honored and bad ones which should not?

CRITO. Certainly.

SOCRATES. And is it the opinions of the wise which are good and those of the foolish which are evil?

CRITO. Exactly.

SOCRATES. Well, tell me: what were our conclusions about this: when an athlete is in training, does he heed the praise and censure and opinions of all men, or only that of one man—the one who happens to be his physician and trainer?

CRITO. Only that of just one man.

SOCRATES. Must he then fear the censure and welcome the praise of his trainer only and not those of the multitude?

CRITO. That's evident.

SOCRATES. Then he must act and train and eat and drink as his trainer and overseer, the one who knows, thinks best rather than as seems good to the rest of mankind.

CRITO. That's right.

SOCRATES. But if he disobeys and dishonors the advice of this single trainer of his and honors the words of the multitude and of those who don't know, will he suffer any evil results?

CRITO. Of course he will.

SOCRATES. What is this evil, whither does it tend, and what part of the one who disobeys is affected by it?

CRITO. Evidently his body, since his body is destroyed by such.

SOCRATES. That's right. Should we then in other matters, Crito, especially in regard to those we are now considering,—the just and the unjust, the ugly and the beautiful, the good and the bad (to name just a few),—follow and fear the opinion of the multitude? Or should we follow only the opinion of the one who knows about these (if there is such a one), before whom we should feel shame and whom we should fear above all others? For his is the opinion we must follow, if we are not to ruin and destroy that which is made better by justice but destroyed by injustice. Or is there such a part of man?

CRITO. I think there is, Socrates.

SOCRATES. Well, tell me: if, through heeding the opinion of those who don't know, we destroy that which is made better by good health but is ruined by disease, is life worth living with that destroyed? And this is the body, isn't it?

CRITO. Yes.

SOCRATES. And is life worth living, when our body is wretched and ruined?

CRITO. Certainly not.

SOCRATES. And is it worth living when that part of us which is helped by justice but damaged by injustice has been destroyed? Or do we consider that part of ourselves, whatever it is, of less worth than our bodies?

CRITO. Not at all.

SOCRATES. Is it worth more than the body?

CRITO. Very much more.

SOCRATES. Then we must not consider, my excellent friend, what the many shall say, but what the one who knows about justice and injustice shall say, even truth itself. You were not thinking rightly, then, in your first statement, when you said that we should heed the opinion of the multitude in matters of justice, beauty, and goodness, and their opposites. "But the multitude can kill you," some will say.

CRITO. That's right, Socrates; one could say that.

SOCRATES. Yet the reasoning just rehearsed, my good friend, comes out just as it did formerly. But consider it in this way: do you, or do you not, still agree that not mere living must be considered of most importance, but living well?

CRITO. I agree.

SOCRATES. Do you further agree that living well, beautifully, and justly are all the same thing?

CRITO. They are.

SOCRATES. These admissions compel us to consider, then, whether it is right or not for me to attempt to escape from Athens against the will of the Athenians. If it appears just, let's try it; but if not, let's drop the matter. And your arguments about spending money, about what people think, and about rearing children, let's be sure, Crito, that they are not the arguments of those who readily and thoughtlessly slay men and would in the same manner revive them, if they could—the multitude, I mean.

In the light of the above admissions, then, the question to be considered is whether we, the smuggled and the smugglers, shall be acting justly when we pay men and thank them to boot to slip me out of here, or will the entire transaction be unjust? Should it prove unjust, I'm afraid we must prefer to stay here and suffer death or anything else rather than act unjustly.

CRITO. Your statement is fine, Socrates; but tell me what we are to do.

SOCRATES. Let's examine the question together, my good friend; and if you can anywhere refute me as I speak, do so, and I will yield to you. But if you can't, then stop assailing me, my esteemed friend, with this same proposal: that we should leave here, even against the wishes of the Athenians. I should very much like to act in this matter with your approval and not against your wishes. Consider then the initial assumption of our examination and see if it satisfies you. And try to give me in your answer your honest opinion.

CRITO. I'll try.

SOCRATES. Should men never, in any circumstances, act unjustly, or should they at times act unjustly and at others not? Is injustice never, as we have many times agreed, a good, noble and fitting course of action? Or have these few days invalidated our former conclusions, Crito, and did it escape us some time ago that we, when at our age we seriously discussed these matters, were engaging in mere child's talk? Or is it still without exception true, whether the multitude say so or not and whether milder or worse consequences than the present ones must follow, that, for the person who does it, injustice is, in all circumstances, both a base and shameful course of action?

CRITO. It is.

SOCRATES. Then one must not act unjustly under any circumstances.

CRITO. Exactly.

SOCRATES. Since this is so, a wronged person must never wrong the wrongdoer, as the multitude think he should.

CRITO. It seems that he mustn't.

SOCRATES. And what of this? Ought one to do evil, Crito, or not?

CRITO. Of course not.

SOCRATES. Then is it just, as the many say, or is it not just for a wronged person to requite evil with evil?

CRITO. It is never just.

SOCRATES. Because wronging men and acting unjustly are the same thing.

CRITO. That's true.

SOCRATES. Then one must neither return injustice for injustice, nor must one wrong another, no matter how he has been treated by him. In agreeing to this, Crito, be sure that such an admission is not contrary to your real opinion; for I know that there are few men to whom these conclusions seem or will ever seem best. And between those to whom they do and those to whom they do not seem best there is no common ground for reasoning, but they each necessarily scoff at the other's arguments. Consider well, therefore, whether you really join me in this assumption and in regarding it as best, and let us start our discussion from this fundamental premise: that *it is never right to do wrong or to retaliate for injustice, nor is it right for one who has been wronged to defend himself by doing wrong in return.* Do you dissent from me in this premise? This still seems and has long seemed true to me. But if it seems otherwise to you, speak up and instruct me. If, though, you agree to what we have already said, listen to the next thing.

CRITO. I join you and agree with you in this. Say on.

SOCRATES. The next thing I say, or rather ask, is this: must one keep whatever agreements one has made with any one, provided they are just, or may one violate such agreements?

CRITO. Such agreements must be kept.

SOCRATES. Then consider our case in the light of these admissions. If we escape from here without the consent of the city, will we be wronging any one (and in this case those whom least of all we should wrong), or will we not; and will we be abiding by that which we agreed was just, or will we not?

CRITO. I can't answer your question, Socrates, since I don't understand.

SOCRATES. Well, consider it this way: as we are about to slip out of Athens (give the act any name you will), imagine that the laws, the guardians of the common weal, should come to me and say: "Tell us what you are intending to do, Socrates. Is it your purpose, by this act of yours, to destroy us, the laws, and the whole state too, as far as you are concerned? Or do you think it possible for a state to continue to exist and not be overthrown, in which decisions reached by the courts have no force but are nullified and destroyed by individual citizens?" What shall we say to these and other such questions, Crito? For there is much which any one, especially an orator, could say in behalf of the law which my act would destroy, the law which enjoins that decisions reached by the court shall be valid and binding. Or shall we reply that the state has wronged us and didn't decide the case rightly? Shall we say that, or what shall we say?

CRITO. Just that, by Zeus, Socrates.

SOCRATES. If, then, the laws should go on to say: "Is that what was agreed upon between you and us, Socrates, or was it that you would abide by whatever decisions the state might render?" If we should show surprise at this statement, the laws would perhaps continue: "Don't be surprised at these questions, Socrates, but answer us, since you are in the habit of using the question and answer method. What fault have you found with us and the city so that you are now trying to destroy us? Was it not we, first of all, who gave you human existence, and was it not through us that your father married your mother and begat you? Tell us now: aren't these good laws, and have you any fault to find with those of us that have to do with marriage?"

"I have no fault to find with them," I would say.

"Have you any fault to find with the laws concerned with the rearing of offspring and the education you knew as a child? Or didn't such laws do well in commanding your father to have you educated in music and gymnastics?"

"They did well in this," I would say.

"Then since it was through us that you were given human existence and were reared and educated as you were, can you say, first of all, that you and your forefathers are not our offspring and servants? And if this is so, do you think it right for the relation between you and us to be that of equals, so that you think it just to do to us whatever we try to do to you? Or can it be that while the relation between you and your father (or your master, if you happened to have one) was never that of equals so that you returned like for like, (for instance, if abusively addressed, you did not abuse them in return, or being struck, you did not strike them in return, and so on in much other similar treatment), yet your relation to your native land and to its laws shall be such that if we try to destroy you, thinking it is just to do so, you will try, as far as you can, to destroy us, the laws, and say it is just for you to do so, you who truly care for virtue and excellence? Or have you become so wise that you have forgotten that one's native country is more to be honored, more to be revered, is holier and holds a greater place both in the eyes of gods and of men of understanding than one's mother or father or all other kinsmen, and that one's native country must be revered and yielded to and placated more, when it is angry, than one's father must? That one must either persuade it to a different course of action or do whatever it bids one do, and suffer without murmuring whatever it bids one suffer, whether to be beaten or imprisoned, or to be led into war to be wounded or to die? That one must do all these things (and justly so) and must neither yield to the enemy nor retreat nor leave one's place in the ranks; but both in war and in the courts and everywhere, whatever one's city or native land bids one do must either be done or it must be shown by persuasion what the just course is? To use violence against your mother or father is an impious thing, and it is still more impious to use such against your native land." What shall we say to these things, Crito? That the laws are right, or that they are not?

CRITO. That they are right, it seems to me.

SOCRATES. "Observe, then, Socrates," the laws might perhaps go on to say, "that what you are now trying to do to us is unjust, if what we have said is true. For although we gave you human existence, reared you, educated you, and gave you and all other citizens a share in all the good things in our power, yet, when you were examined for citizenship after you had observed the different phases of the city's life and us, the laws, we gave you the opportunity afforded all Athenians wishing it of taking your possessions and going wherever you wished, if you were not satisfied with us. For if we and the city are not to anyone's liking, no one of us stands in his way or forbids his then joining a colony or going anywhere else and living as a foreign citizen, if he so wishes. He may take his possessions and go anywhere he cares to.

"But we maintain that whoever remains here, after he has observed how we settle cases in courts and manage the other details of civic life, has from then on agreed by this choice that he will do whatever we enjoin; and whenever he does not obey us he is acting unjustly on three counts: in not obeying (1) those of us who gave him human existence or (2) those who reared him, and in (3) neither obeying us, after he has agreed to, nor showing us wherein we are wrong, even though we give him that opportunity and do not harshly order him to do whatever we command. We give him the choice of two things: of doing what we enjoin or of persuading us to a different course of action, but he does neither.

"And besides, Socrates; if you shall do what you are now contemplating, we hold that you will make yourself liable to these charges far more than most other Athenians would." If I should then ask why so, they would perhaps justly reproach me, and say that I had entered into this agreement with them more fully than other Athenians had. For they would say:

"Socrates, we have strong proof that you have been pleased with

Athens and with us; for you would never have stayed at Athens more closely than all other Athenians, unless you were especially pleased with it. You have never left Athens to attend any of the games and festivals; neither have you gone anywhere else, except in military service, nor travelled about as other men have. You had no desire to know other cities and laws, but we and our city were sufficient for you. So completely did you choose us and agree to be governed as we commanded. You begat children and carried on your other activities here, showing that you were pleased with the city.

"Moreover, you could have proposed exile as a penalty at your trial, if you had wanted to, and you could then have done with the city's consent what you are now trying to do in spite of it. But you prided yourself then on not being vexed at the necessity of dying, and you said you preferred death to exile. Now you are neither ashamed of having uttered such words nor do you have any regard for us the laws as you try to destroy us; and you are doing that which the lowest slave would do: trying to run away contrary to compacts and agreements which you had agreed to be governed by. Tell us first, though: are we right in saying that you agreed, not just in word but in deed, that you would be governed by our demands, or is that not the case?" What shall our answer be to that question, Crito? Must we not agree with the laws?

CRITO. We must agree, Socrates.

SOCRATES. "Are you doing anything else, then," they would say, "than breaking your covenant and agreement with us—compacts which you were neither forced nor tricked into, nor compelled to decide upon in any short time, since you had seventy years during which you could have left the city, if we were not pleasing to you and if your agreement with us seemed in any way unjust? But you chose neither Sparta nor Crete, states which you are always saying have excellent laws, nor any other Greek or barbarian city but you have left Athens less frequently than the lame or blind or other afflicted have. So much more than other Athenians were you pleased with the city and evidently with us, the laws! For who could be pleased with a city without laws? Will you not then live up to your agreement? You will, if you heed us, Socrates; and you will not escape and become thereby an object of ridicule.

"Consider too what a fine favor you will be conferring upon yourself and your friends by breaking and failing to live up to any part of these agreements; for it is practically certain that your friends will be exposed to the danger of exile and of being deprived of their city, or of losing their property. As for yourself, if you flee into any of the nearest cities, to Thebes or Megara, (for both of these have excellent laws), you will enter as an enemy of the government, and those who care for their city will look askance at you and consider you a destroyer of laws; and you will thereby confirm the judges' decision so that they will seem to have judged your case rightly; for he who is a destroyer of law might certainly be regarded as a corruptor of young and thoughtless men.

"What will you do then? Avoid the well-governed cities and the most civilized men? Will such a life be worth living? Or will you go to such people and have the effrontery to discuss with them—of all things, Socrates—those subjects you have discussed here all your life: that virtue, justice, law and lawful things are the things of greatest worth to mortals? And don't you think that such conduct from Socrates will appear unseemly? You are obliged to think so.

"Or will you keep away from these places and go to Thessaly to Crito's friends? There the greatest disorder and licentiousness prevail, and they will doubtless gladly listen to you and chuckle to hear how you escaped from prison after disguising yourself by throwing around you some garment or skin of an animal or some of the other things run-a-ways are accustomed to put on. And will no one remark upon the fact that you, an old man, with little of life left, dared to cling to life so shamefully that you transgressed the greatest laws? Perhaps no one will, if you don't offend any one. But if you do, Socrates, you will hear many things said about you of which you are now unworthy, and you will pass your life cringing before all men and as their slave. And what will you do in Thessaly besides feast, as though you had run away to Thessaly to a banquet? And what will become of your discussions about justice and other virtues?

"Is it your children you wish to live for, to rear and educate them? Will you take them with you to Thessaly and rear and educate them there, bequeathing to them the fine service of making foreigners out of them? Or if you don't take them, will they, being reared here, be any better reared and educated merely because you are alive somewhere, with no opportunity for companionship with them? Of course your friends will care for them. But will they care for them while you run away into Thessaly but not care for them, if you run away into Hades? You know they will, if any help can be expected of those who claim to be your friends.

"But yield to us who have nourished you, Socrates; and consider neither children nor life nor anything else of more importance than living justly, so that you may take with you into the next world all these arguments to offer in your defense before the rulers there; for neither for you nor for any of your friends does it appear better or more just or holier to carry out here the present proposal, nor will it prove better for you when you arrive there. Now you are departing this life, if depart you shall, wronged not by us, the laws, but by men. But if you shall escape, shamefully returning injustice for injustice and evil for evil, having broken your agreement and contract with us, and having wronged those whom least of all you should, namely yourself, your friends, your native land and us, then we shall be angry with you while you live, and our brothers, the laws in Hades, will not receive you kindly when you arrive there;

for they will know that you did what you could in trying to destroy us. Therefore, don't be persuaded by Crito to do what he says, but do what we say."

Be well assured, my dear Crito, that these are the words I seem to hear just as the priests of Cybele think they catch the sound of flutes; and the sound of these words keeps booming away within me and makes it impossible for me to hear any others. Know, too, that if you shall advance arguments at variance with these which now seem best, you will speak in vain. If, though, you think you can accomplish anything, say on.

CRITO. I have nothing to say, Socrates.

SOCRATES. Then cease your pleadings, Crito, and let us fare along this path, since God along this path is leading.

—P. H. EPPS.

THE DEATH OF SOCRATES[1]

PLATO

[From the *Phædo*]

The conduct and the last words of Socrates in his prison before he took the poison are represented as reported by one of his favorite disciples, Phædo. Plato uses the opportunity afforded by this tribute of love to set forth his ideas on the immortality of the soul. The argument for immortality grows out of the theory that "learning is recollecting." This, in turn, leads to the hypothesis that the soul existed before the birth of the body, and therefore must continue to exist after the death of the body. The whole thought is bound up with the notion of the absolute and independent existence of ideas.

CRITO. When he had finished speaking, Crito said: "So be it, Socrates. But have you any directions that you wish to give to the rest here, or to me, about your children, or on any other matter—anything at all that we can do for love of you?"

SOCRATES. "Nothing more than what I have kept telling you, Crito," said he; "nothing new. Simply care for your own real welfare, and you will do for me and mine, and for yourselves, all that love could ask; no need of promising it now. If you do not care for your own real selves, and will not live according to the principles, step for step, which we have traced to-day and heretofore, it will be of no avail, however many solemn promises you may make at present."

CRITO. "We shall try with all our might," said he, "to do this thing. But how are we to bury you?"

SOCRATES. "Any way you like," said he, "if you can catch me, and I don't get away from you." And, with a quiet laugh, he looked at us and said: "Gentlemen, I cannot convince Crito that I am the Socrates who has been talking with you, and putting each and all his arguments in proper sequence. No, he thinks I am that object which shortly he will see as a dead body, and asks how he shall inter that 'me.' What has happened to the ample argument I have all this while been making, to prove that, after I have drunk the poison, I shall no longer be with you, but, departing, shall go away to the joys of the blest? It would seem that for him I said it all simply to comfort you, simply to comfort myself as well. Do you therefore be sureties to Crito for me," said he, "as he was my surety to the judges; but with the opposite intent, for he went surety that I would stay here, while you are to be sureties that when I die, I certainly shall not stay here, but shall depart and go my way. You will thus help Crito more easily to bear it, and when he sees my body burnt or buried, he will not grieve for me as if he thought that I was suffering something dreadful, nor at the obsequies say that it is Socrates that he is laying out, or carrying to the grave, or burying; for, admirable Crito! rest assured that wrongful usage does not merely injure speech itself, but introduces harm into our souls as well. No, you must have no fear, and say it is the funeral of my body, and must have the funeral as you prefer it, and as you think will best conform to custom."

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[1] From *Plato on the Trial and Death of Socrates* by Lane Cooper, Cornell University Press. Copyright, 1941, by Lane Cooper. Used by permission.

PHÆDO. So saying, he rose and went into another room to bathe; and Crito followed him, telling us to wait. So we waited, talking among ourselves about the argument, and weighing it again, then coming back to dwell upon the great calamity that had befallen us. To us, it was indeed as if we were about to lose a father, and were thenceforth going to be orphans all our life. When he had bathed, and they had brought his children to him—he had two little boys, and a third who was well-grown—and the women of his family had come, he talked with them in Crito's presence, and gave them such instructions as he wished. Then he caused the women and the children to be sent away, while he returned to us.

By now it was near sunset; for he had spent a long time within. Coming to us, with his body washed, he took his seat, and nothing much was said thereafter. Then the servant of the Eleven came, and, stepping up to him, said: "Socrates, I know that I need not expect from you what I expect to get from others; for they rage and curse at me, when I come to bid them drink the poison, under compulsion from the magistrates. But I have found you all along the noblest and gentlest and best man of all who ever reached this place; and now I am sure that you will not be angry with me, but with those who are responsible, as you know. Now then, you know what I have come to tell you. So fare you well, and try to bear what must be as lightly as you can." Then bursting into tears, he turned away, and went out.

And Socrates looked up, and answered him: "You too," said he, "farewell! And we will follow your advice." Then, turning to us, he said: "How considerate the man is! And the whole time I have been here he has come to see me, and occasionally talked with me, and has been as good as he could be; and now, how generously he weeps for me! Come, Crito, let us do his bidding; let the poison be brought, if they have it ready. If not, let the man prepare it."

CRITO. "But, Socrates," said Crito, "I think the sun is still upon the mountains, and is not yet down. Besides, I know that others have not taken the draft till late, long after word was brought to them. They have eaten and drunk well, after having had the company of such persons as they specially desired. Do not hurry; there is still some time."

SOCRATES. "For the men you speak of, Crito," he replied, "it is natural that they should do so, for they think that they will gain by doing it. As for me, I naturally shall not do it, for I think I can gain nothing if I take the draft a little later; I could only make myself ridiculous in my own eyes by clinging to this life and saving some when there was nothing left. Come now," he said; "do as I wish, and don't refuse me."

PHÆDO. And Crito thereupon made a sign to his servant who was standing near. The servant then went out, and after some delay came back with the man that was to give the poison, who was carrying it prepared in a cup. When Socrates saw the man, he said: "Well done, my friend. You understand these things; so tell me what to do." "Simply this," he said. "When you have drunk it, walk around until your legs grow heavy; then lie down. In that way it will do its work." With that he handed Socrates the cup. He took it, and, Echecrates, quite cheerfully, without a tremor or any change of color, or alteration in his face, but looking at the man askance in his ironic fashion, asked: "What say you? Is it lawful that we make libation from this beverage to a god? Or must we not?" "Socrates," he said, "we prepare no more than what we think will be the right amount." "I understand," he answered. "But, at all events, no doubt I may, I must, pray to the gods that my change of abode from hence to the world beyond shall be attended by success. That is my prayer; so be it!" So saying, he put the cup to his lips, and with great ease, without the least aversion, he drained the contents down.

Till then, most of us had succeeded fairly well in holding back our tears; but when we saw him drinking, when we saw that it was done, we could refrain no longer. As for me, in spite of all, my tears came gushing, so that I covered my head and wept—for myself; it was not for him, but for thinking of my own calamity. I was losing such a friend. Crito, even before me, found himself unable to keep back his tears, and got up to go away; and Apollodorus, who had never once ceased weeping all the while, now broke out into loud and bitter cries, until everybody who was there broke down, save only Socrates himself. "What in the world are you doing, my friends?" he exclaimed. "I sent the women away mainly in order to avoid their misbehaving in this way; for I have been told that a man should die in peace. Be quiet, and hold fast." When we heard that, we were ashamed, and stopped our crying.

But he walked about, until he said that his legs were getting heavy; then he lay down upon his back, as he had been directed, and the man at intervals examined him, feeling of his feet and legs. Then, pressing hard against his foot, he asked him if he felt it. Socrates said, "No"; and after that he did it to his shins, and moving upwards, showed us that he was growing cold and stiff, and, touching Socrates, he said that when it reached the heart, he would be gone. Already he was growing cold below the navel, when he uncovered his face—for he had covered it—and spoke—they were his last words: "Crito," he said, "we owe a cock to Æsculapius; you must not forget to pay it." "It shall be done," said Crito. "Can you think of anything else?" To this question he made no reply; but in a little while there was a convulsive movement, after which the man uncovered him. His eyes were fixed. When Crito saw, he closed the mouth and eyes.

Such was the end, Echecrates, of him who was our comrade; a man of whom we may well say that among all the men we ever knew he was the best, and also the most wise and just.

—LANE COOPER.

POETICS[1]

ARISTOTLE

Aristotle (384 to 322 B.C.), of Stageira in Macedonia, pupil of Plato and tutor of Alexander the Great, was the author of a large number of dialogues and treatises, of which only a small proportion are still in existence. He was the founder of the school of the Lyceum, which, from his practice of delivering his lectures while promenading, received also the name Peripatetic. He maintained that the essence of things was not to be found in the absolute ideas of Plato, but in the nature of things themselves; that not a method of dialectic, which is based upon opinion and presupposes a theory of perfection, can ascertain the nature of things, but a method of observation, classification and analysis. He thus laid the foundations for modern science. He applied his principles not only to what we now call the natural sciences, but also to politics, ethics, and the liberal arts.

Aristotle's treatment of poetry differs essentially from that of Plato on the one hand and from that of Horace on the other. Plato questions its moral value because it deals in fictions of the imagination,

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[1] From *Aristotle's Theory of Poetry and Fine Art*, by S. H. Butcher. Copyright, 1907, Macmillan & Co., Ltd., London. Used by permission.

and criticises it because it consists merely of imitation. Aristotle admits that it is but imitation, but maintains that it is life which it imitates, that imitation is a fact of life and therefore reality itself, and that imitation purifies us morally by holding up to view an objective picture of ourselves. Horace seeks to formulate the rules of poetic composition; Aristotle seeks to discover the principles which are essential to the art and out of which rules may grow.

I propose to treat of poetry in itself and of its various kinds, noting the essential quality of each; to inquire into the structure of the plot as requisite to a good poem; into the number and nature of the parts of which a poem is composed; and similarly into whatever else falls within the same inquiry. Following, then, the order of nature, let us begin with the principles which come first.

Epic poetry and Tragedy, Comedy also and Dithyrambic poetry, and the music of the flute and of the lyre in most of their forms, are all in their general conception modes of imitation. They differ, however, from one another in three respects,—the medium, the objects, the manner or mode of imitation, being in each case distinct.

For as there are persons who, by conscious art or mere habit, imitate and represent various objects through the medium of colour and form, or again by the voice; so in the arts above mentioned, taken as a whole, the imitation is produced by rhythm, language, or "harmony," either singly or combined.

Thus in the music of the flute and of the lyre, "harmony" and rhythm alone are employed; also in other arts, such as that of the shepherd's pipe, which are essentially similar to these. In dancing, rhythm alone is used without "harmony"; for even dancing imitates character, emotion, and action, by rhythmical movement.

There is another art which imitates by means of language alone, and that either in prose or verse—which verse, again, may either combine different metres or consist of but one kind—but this has hitherto been without a name. For there is no common term we could apply to the mimes of Sophron and Xenarchus and the Socratic dialogues on the one hand; and, on the other, to poetic imitations in iambic, elegiac, or any similar metre. People do, indeed, add the word "maker" or "poet" to the name of the metre, and speak of elegiac poets, or epic (that is, hexameter) poets, as if it were not the imitation that makes the poet, but the verse that entitles them all indiscriminately to the name. Even when a treatise on medicine or natural science is brought out in verse, the name of poet is by custom given to the author; and yet Homer and Empedocles have nothing in common but the metre, so that it would be right to call the one poet, the other physicist rather than poet. On the same principle, even if a writer in his poetic imitation were to combine all metres, as Chæremon did in his Centaur, which is a medley composed of metres of all kinds, we should bring him too under the general term poet. So much then for these distinctions.

There are, again, some arts which employ all the means above mentioned,—namely, rhythm, tune, and metre. Such are Dithyrambic and Nomic poetry, and also Tragedy and Comedy; but between them the difference is, that in the first two cases these means are all employed in combination, in the latter, now one means is employed, now another.

Such, then, are the differences of the arts with respect to the medium of imitation.

Since the objects of imitation are men in action, and these men must be either of a higher or a lower type (for moral character mainly answers to these divisions, goodness and badness being the distinguishing marks of moral differences), it follows that we must represent men either as better than in real life, or as worse, or as they are. It is the same in painting. Polygnotus depicted men as nobler than they are, Pauson as less noble, Dionysius drew them true to life.

Now it is evident that each of the modes of imitation above mentioned will exhibit these differences, and become a distinct kind in imitating objects that are thus distinct. Such diversities may be found even in dancing, flute-playing, and lyre-playing. So again in language, whether prose or verse unaccompanied by music. Homer, for example, makes men better than they are; Cleophon, as they are; Hegemon the Thasian, the inventor of parodies, and Nicochares, the author of the Deiliad, worse than they are. The same thing holds good of Dithyrambs and Nomes; here too one may portray different types, as Timotheus and Philoxenus differed in representing their Cyclopes. The same distinction marks off Tragedy from Comedy; for Comedy aims at representing men as worse, Tragedy as better than in actual life.

There is still a third difference—the manner in which each of these objects may be imitated. For the medium being the same, the poet may imitate by narration—in which case he can either take another personality as Homer does, or speak in his own person, unchanged—or he may present all his characters as living and moving before us.

These, then, as we said at the beginning, are the three differences which distinguish artistic imitation,—the medium, the objects, and the manner. So that from one point of view, Sophocles is an imitator of the same kind as Homer—for both imitate higher types of character; from another point of view, of the same kind as Aristophanes—for both imitate persons acting and doing. Hence, some say, the name of "drama" is given to such poems, as representing action. For the same reason the Dorians claim the invention both of Tragedy and Comedy. The claim to Comedy is put forward by the Megarians,—not only by those of Greece proper, who allege that it originated under their democracy, but also by the Megarians of Sicily, for the poet Epicharmus, who is much earlier than Chionides and Magnes, belonged to that country. Tragedy too is claimed by certain Dorians of the Peloponnese. In each case they appeal to the evidence of language. The outlying villages, they say, are by them called κῶμαι, by the

Athenians δῆμοι: and they assume that Comedians were so named not from κωμάζειν, "to revel," but because they wandered from village to village (κατὰ κώμας), being excluded contemptuously from the city. They add also that the Dorian word for "doing" is δρᾶν, and the Athenian, πράττειν.

This may suffice as to the number and nature of the various modes of imitation.

Poetry in general seems to have sprung from two causes, each of them lying deep in our nature. First, the instinct of imitation is implanted in man from childhood, one difference between man and other animals being that he is the most imitative of living creatures, and through imitation learns his earliest lessons; and no less universal is the pleasure felt in things imitated. We have evidence of this in the facts of experience. Objects which in themselves we view with pain, we delight to contemplate when reproduced with minute fidelity: such as the forms of the most ignoble animals and of dead bodies. The cause of this again is, that to learn gives the liveliest pleasure, not only to philosophers but to men in general; whose capacity, however, of learning is more limited. Thus the reason why men enjoy seeing a likeness is, that in contemplating it they find themselves learning or inferring, and saying perhaps, "Ah, that is he." For if you happen not to have seen the original, the pleasure will be due not to the imitation as such, but to the execution, the colouring, or some such other cause.

Imitation, then, is one instinct of our nature. Next, there is the instinct for "harmony" and rhythm, metres being manifestly sections of rhythm. Persons, therefore, starting with this natural gift developed by degrees their special aptitudes, till their rude improvisations gave birth to Poetry.

Poetry now diverged in two directions, according to the individual character of the writers. The graver spirits imitated noble actions, and the actions of good men. The more trivial sort imitated the actions of meaner persons, at first composing satires, as the former did hymns to the gods and the praises of famous men. A poem of the satirical kind cannot indeed be put down to any author earlier than Homer; though many such writers probably there were. But from Homer onward, instances can be cited,—his own Margites, for example, and other similar compositions. The appropriate metre was also here introduced; hence the measure is still called the iambic or lampooning measure, being that in which people lampooned one another. Thus the older poets were distinguished as writers of heroic or of lampooning verse.

As, in the serious style, Homer is pre-eminent among poets, for he alone combined dramatic form with excellence of imitation, so he too first laid down the main lines of Comedy, by dramatising the ludicrous instead of writing personal satire. His Margites bears the same relation to Comedy that the Iliad and Odyssey do to Tragedy. But when Tragedy and Comedy came to light, the two classes of poets still followed their natural bent: the lampooners became writers of Comedy, and the Epic poets were succeeded by Tragedians, since the drama was a larger and higher form of art.

Whether Tragedy has as yet perfected its proper types or not; and whether it is to be judged in itself, or in relation also to the audience,—this raises another question. Be that as it may, Tragedy—as also Comedy—was at first mere improvisation. The one originated with the authors of the Dithyramb, the other with those of the phallic songs, which are still in use in many of our cities. Tragedy advanced by slow degrees; each new element that showed itself was in turn developed. Having passed through many changes, it found its natural form, and there it stopped.

Æschylus first introduced a second actor; he diminished the importance of the Chorus, and assigned the leading part to the dialogue. Sophocles raised the number of actors to three, and added scene-painting. Moreover, it was not till late that the short plot was discarded for one of greater compass, and the grotesque diction of the earlier satyric form for the stately manner of Tragedy. The iambic measure then replaced the trochaic tetrameter, which was originally employed when the poetry was of the satyric order, and had greater affinities with dancing. Once dialogue had come in, Nature herself discovered the appropriate measure. For the iambic is, of all measures, the most colloquial: we see it in the fact that conversational speech runs into iambic lines more frequently than into any other kind of verse; rarely into hexameters, and only when we drop the colloquial intonation. The additions to the number of "episodes" or acts, and the other accessories of which tradition tells, must be taken as already described; for to discuss them in detail would, doubtless, be a large undertaking.

Comedy is, as we have said, an imitation of characters of a lower type,—not, however, in the full sense of the word bad, the ludicrous being merely a subdivision of the ugly. It consists in some defect or ugliness which is not painful or destructive. To take an obvious example, the comic mask is ugly and distorted, but does not imply pain.

The successive changes through which Tragedy passed, and the authors of these changes, are well known, whereas Comedy has had no history, because it was not at first treated seriously. It was late before the Archon granted a comic chorus to a poet; the performers were till then voluntary. Comedy had already taken definite shape when comic poets, distinctively so called, are heard of. Who furnished it with masks, or prologues, or increased the number of actors,—these and other similar details remain unknown. As for the plot, it came originally from Sicily; but of Athenian writers Crates was the first who, abandoning the "iambic" or lampooning form, generalised his themes and plots.

Epic Poetry agrees with Tragedy in so far as it is an imitation in verse of characters of a higher type. They differ, in that Epic poetry admits but one kind of metre, and is narrative in form. They differ, again, in their length: for Tragedy endeavours, as far as possible, to confine itself to a single revolution of the sun, or but slightly to exceed this limit; whereas the Epic action has no limits of time. This, then, is a second point of difference; though at first the same freedom was admitted in Tragedy as in Epic poetry.

Of their constituent parts some are common to both, some peculiar to Tragedy: whoever, therefore, knows what is good or bad Tragedy, knows also about Epic poetry. All the elements of an Epic poem are found in Tragedy, but the elements of a Tragedy are not all found in the Epic poem.

Of the poetry which imitates in hexameter verse, and of Comedy, we will speak hereafter. Let us now discuss Tragedy, resuming its formal definition, as resulting from what has been already said.

Tragedy, then, is an imitation of an action that is serious, complete, and of a certain magnitude; in language embellished with each kind of artistic ornament, the several kinds being found in separate parts of the play; in the form of action, not of narrative; through pity and fear effecting the proper purgation of these emotions. By "language embellished," I mean language into which rhythm, "harmony," and song enter. By "the several kinds in separate parts," I mean, that some parts are rendered through the medium of verse alone, others again with the aid of song.

Now as tragic imitation implies persons acting, it necessarily follows, in the first place, that Spectacular equipment will be a part of Tragedy. Next, Song and Diction, for these are the medium of imitation. By "Diction" I mean the mere metrical arrangement of the words: as for "Song," it is a term whose sense every one understands.

Again, Tragedy is the imitation of an action; and an action implies personal agents, who necessarily possess certain distinctive qualities both of character and thought; for it is by these that we qualify actions themselves, and these—thought and character—are the two natural causes from which actions spring, and on actions again all success or failure depends. Hence, the Plot is the imitation of the action:—for by plot I here mean the arrangement of the incidents. By Character I mean that in virtue of which we ascribe certain qualities to the agents. Thought is required wherever a statement is proved, or, it may be, a general truth enunciated. Every Tragedy, therefore, must have six parts, which parts determine its quality—namely, Plot, Character, Diction, Thought, Spectacle, Song. Two of the parts constitute the medium of imitation, one the manner, and three the objects of imitation. And these complete the list. These elements have been employed, we may say, by the poets to a man; in fact, every play contains Spectacular elements as well as Character, Plot, Diction, Song, and Thought.

But most important of all is the structure of the incidents. For Tragedy is an imitation, not of men, but of an action and of life, and life consists in action, and its end is a mode of action, not a quality. Now character determines men's qualities, but it is by their actions that they are happy or the reverse. Dramatic action, therefore, is not with a view to the representation of character: character comes in as subsidiary to the actions. Hence the incidents and the plot are the end of a tragedy; and the end is the chief thing of all. Again, without action there cannot be a tragedy; there may be without character. The tragedies of most of our modern poets fail in the rendering of character; and of poets in general this is often true. It is the same in painting; and here lies the difference between Zeuxis and Polygnotus. Polygnotus delineates character well: the style of Zeuxis is devoid of ethical quality. Again, if you string together a set of speeches expressive of character, and well finished in point of diction and thought, you will not produce the essential tragic effect nearly so well as with a play which, however deficient in these respects, yet has a plot and artistically constructed incidents. Besides which, the most powerful elements of emotional interest in Tragedy—Peripeteia or Reversal of the Situation, and Recognition scenes—are parts of the plot. A further proof is, that novices in the art attain to finish of diction and precision of portraiture before they can construct the plot. It is the same with almost all the early poets.

The Plot, then, is the first principle, and, as it were, the soul of a tragedy: Character holds the second place. A similar fact is seen in painting. The most beautiful colours, laid on confusedly, will not give as much pleasure as the chalk outline of a portrait. Thus Tragedy is the imitation of an action, and of the agents mainly with a view to the action.

Third in order is Thought,—that is, the faculty of saying what is possible and pertinent in given circumstances. In the case of oratory, this is the function of the political art and of the art of rhetoric: and so indeed the older poets make their characters speak the language of civic life; the poets of our time, the language of the rhetoricians. Character is that which reveals moral purpose, showing what kinds of things a man chooses or avoids. Speeches, therefore, which do not make this manifest, or in which the speaker does not choose or avoid anything whatever, are not expressive of character. Thought, on the other hand, is found where something is proved to be or not to be, or a general maxim is enunciated.

Fourth among the elements enumerated comes Diction; by which I mean, as has been already said, the expression of the meaning in words; and its essence is the same both in verse and prose.

Of the remaining elements Song holds the chief place among the embellishments.

The Spectacle has, indeed, an emotional attraction of its own, but, of all the parts, it is the least artistic, and connected least with the art of poetry. For the power of Tragedy, we may be sure, is felt even apart from representation and actors. Besides, the production of spectacular effects depends more on the art of the stage machinist than on that of the poet.

These principles being established, let us now discuss the proper structure of the Plot, since this is the first and most important thing in Tragedy.

Now, according to our definition, Tragedy is an imitation of an action that is complete, and whole, and of a certain magnitude; for there may be a whole that is wanting in magnitude. A whole is that which has a beginning, a middle, and an end. A beginning is that which does not itself follow anything by causal necessity, but after which something naturally is or comes to be. An end, on the contrary, is that which itself naturally follows some other thing, either by necessity, or as a rule, but has nothing following it. A middle is that which follows something as some other thing follows it. A well constructed plot, therefore, must neither begin nor end at haphazard, but conform to these principles.

Again, a beautiful object, whether it be a living organism or any whole composed of parts, must not only have an orderly arrangement of parts, but must also be of a certain magnitude; for beauty depends on magnitude and order. Hence a very small animal organism cannot be beautiful; for the view of it is confused, the object being seen in an almost imperceptible moment of time. Nor, again, can one of vast size be beautiful; for as the eye cannot take it all in at once, the unity and sense of the whole is lost for the spectator; as for instance if there were one a thousand miles long. As, therefore, in the case of animate bodies and organisms a certain magnitude is necessary, and a magnitude which may be easily embraced in one view; so in the plot, a certain length is necessary, and a length which can be easily embraced by the memory. The limit of length in relation to dramatic competition and sensuous presentment, is no part of artistic theory. For had it been the rule for a hundred tragedies to compete together, the performance would have been regulated by the water-clock,—as indeed we are told was formerly done. But the limit as fixed by the nature of the drama itself is this:—the greater the length, the more beautiful will the piece be by reason of its size, provided that the whole be perspicuous. And to define the matter roughly, we may say that the proper magnitude is comprised within such limits, that the sequence of events, according to the law of probability or necessity, will admit of a change from bad fortune to good, or from good fortune to bad.

Unity of plot does not, as some persons think, consist in the unity of the hero. For infinitely various are the incidents in one man's life which cannot be reduced to unity; and so, too, there are many actions of one man out of which we cannot make one action. Hence the error, as it appears, of all poets who have composed a Heracleid, a Theseid, or other poems of the kind. They imagine that as Heracles was one man, the story of Heracles must also be a unity. But Homer, as in all else he is of surpassing merit, here too—whether from art or natural genius—seems to have happily discerned the truth. In composing the Odyssey he did not include all the adventures of Odysseus—such as his wound on Parnassus, or his feigned madness at the mustering of the host—incidents between which there was no necessary or probable connexion: but he made the Odyssey, and likewise the Iliad, to centre round an action that in our sense of the word is one. As therefore, in the other imitative arts, the imitation is one when the object imitated is one, so the plot, being an imitation of an action, must imitate one action and that a whole, the structural union of the parts being such that, if any one of them is displaced or removed, the whole will be disjointed and disturbed. For a thing whose presence or absence makes no visible difference, is not an organic part of the whole.

It is, moreover, evident from what has been said, that it is not the function of the poet to relate what has happened, but what may happen,—what is possible according to the law of probability or necessity. The poet and the historian differ not by writing in verse or prose. The work of Herodotus might be put into verse, and it would still be a species of history, with metre no less than without it. The true difference is that one relates what has happened, the other what may happen. Poetry, therefore, is a more philosophical and a higher thing than history: for poetry tends to express the universal, history the particular. By the universal I mean how a person of a certain type will on occasion speak or act, according to the law of probability or necessity; and it is this universality at which poetry aims in the names she attaches to the personages. The particular is—for example—what Alcibiades did or suffered. In Comedy this is already apparent: for here the poet first constructs the plots on the lines of probability, and then inserts characteristic names;—unlike the lampooners who write about particular individuals. But tragedians still keep to real names, the reason being that what is possible is credible: what has not happened we do not at once feel sure to be possible: but what has happened is manifestly possible: otherwise it would not have happened. Still there are even some tragedies in which there are only one or two well known names, the rest being fictitious. In others, none are well known,—as in Agathon's Antheus, where incidents and names alike are fictitious, and yet they give none the less pleasure. We must not, therefore, at all costs keep to the received legends, which are the usual subjects of Tragedy. Indeed, it would be absurd to attempt it; for even subjects that are known are known only to a few, and yet give pleasure to all. It clearly follows that the poet or "maker" should be the maker of plots rather than of verses; since he is a poet because he imitates, and what he imitates are actions. And even if he chances to take an historical subject, he is none the less a poet; for there is no reason why some events that have actually happened should not conform to the law of the probable and possible, and in virtue of that quality in them he is their poet or maker.

Of all plots and actions the episodic are the worst. I call a plot "episodic" in which the episodes or acts succeed one another without probable or necessary sequence. Bad poets compose such pieces by their own fault, good poets, to please the players; for, as they write show pieces for competition, they stretch the plot beyond its capacity, and are often forced to break the natural continuity.

But again, Tragedy is an imitation not only of a complete action, but of events inspiring fear and pity. Such an effect is best produced when the events come on us by surprise; and the effect is heightened when, at the same time, they follow as cause and effect. The tragic wonder will then be greater than if they happened of themselves or by accident; for even coincidences are most striking when they have an air of design. We may instance the statue of Mitys at Argos, which fell upon his murderer while he was a spectator at a festival, and killed him. Such events seem not to be due to mere chance. Plots, therefore, constructed on these principles are necessarily the best.

Plots are either Simple or Complex, for the actions in real life, of which the plots are an imitation, obviously show a similar distinction. An action which is one and continuous in the sense above defined, I call Simple, when the change of fortune takes place without Reversal of the Situation and without Recognition.

A Complex action is one in which the change is accompanied by such Reversal, or by Recognition, or by both. These last should arise from the internal structure of the plot, so that what follows should be the necessary or probable result of the preceding action. It makes all the difference whether any given event happens because of what has preceded, or merely after it.

Reversal of the Situation is a change by which the action veers round to its opposite, subject always to our rule of probability or necessity. Thus in the Œdipus, the messenger comes to cheer Œdipus and free him from his alarms about his mother, but by revealing who he is, he produces the opposite effect. Again in the Lynceus, Lynceus is being led away to his death, and Danaus goes with him, meaning to slay him; but the outcome of the preceding incidents is that Danaus is killed and Lynceus saved.

Recognition, as the name indicates, is a change from ignorance to knowledge, producing love or hate between the persons destined by the poet for good or bad fortune. The best form of recognition is coincident with a Reversal of the Situation, as in the Œdipus. There are indeed other forms. Even inanimate things of the most trivial kind may in a sense be objects of recognition. Again, we may recognise or discover whether a person has done a thing or not. But the recognition which is most intimately connected with the plot and action is, as we have said, the recognition of persons. This recognition, combined with Reversal, will produce either pity or fear; and actions producing these effects are those which, by our definition, Tragedy represents. Moreover, it is upon such situations that the issues of good or bad fortune will depend. Recognition, then, being between persons, it may happen that one person only is recognised by the other—when the latter is already known—or it may be necessary that the recognition should be on both sides. Thus Iphigenia is revealed to Orestes by the sending of the letter; but another act of recognition is required to make Orestes known to Iphigenia.

Two parts, then, of the plot—Reversal of Situation and Recognition—turn upon surprises. A third part is the Scene of Suffering. The Scene of Suffering is a destructive or painful action, such as death on the stage, bodily agony, wounds and the like.

[The parts of Tragedy which must be treated as elements of the whole have been already mentioned. We now come to the quantitative parts—the separate parts into which Tragedy is divided—namely, Prologue, Episode, Exode, Choric song; this last being divided into Parode and Stasimon. These are common to all plays: peculiar to some are the songs of actors from the stage and the Commoi.

The Prologue is that entire part of a tragedy which precedes the Parode of the Chorus. The Episode is that entire part of a tragedy which is between complete choric songs. The exode is that entire part of a tragedy which has no choric song after it. Of the Choric part the Parode is the first undivided utterance of the Chorus: the Stasimon is a Choric ode without anapaests or trochaic tetrameters: the Commos is a joint lamentation of Chorus and actors. The parts of Tragedy which must be treated as elements of the whole have been already mentioned. The quantitative parts—the separate parts into which it is divided—are here enumerated.]

As the sequel to what has already been said, we must proceed to consider what the poet should aim at, and what he should avoid, in constructing his plots; and by what means the specific effect of Tragedy will be produced.

A perfect tragedy should, as we have seen, be arranged not on the simple but on the complex plan. It should, moreover, imitate actions which excite pity and fear, this being the distinctive mark of tragic imitation. It follows plainly, in the first place, that the change of fortune presented must not be the spectacle of a virtuous man brought from prosperity to adversity: for this moves neither pity nor fear; it merely shocks us. Nor, again, that of a bad man passing from adversity to prosperity: for nothing can be more alien to the spirit of Tragedy; it possesses no single tragic quality; it neither satisfies the moral sense nor calls forth pity or fear. Nor, again, should the downfall of the utter villain be exhibited. A plot of this kind would, doubtless, satisfy the moral sense, but it would inspire neither pity nor fear; for pity is aroused by unmerited misfortune, fear by the misfortune of a man like ourselves. Such an event, therefore, will be neither pitiful nor terrible. There remains, then, the character between these two extremes,—that of a man who is not eminently good and just, yet whose misfortune is brought about not by vice or depravity, but by some error or frailty. He must be one who is highly renowned and prosperous,—a personage like Œdipus, Thyestes, or other illustrious men of such families.

A well constructed plot should, therefore, be single in its issue, rather than double as some maintain. The change of fortune should be not from bad to good, but, reversely, from good to bad. It should come about as the result not of vice, but of some great error or frailty, in a character such as we have described, or better rather than worse. The practice of the stage bears out our view. At first the poets recounted any legend that came in their way. Now, the best tragedies are founded on the stories of a few houses,—on the fortunes of Alcmæon, Œdipus, Orestes, Meleager, Thyestes, Telephus, and those others who have done or suffered something terrible. A tragedy, then, to be perfect according to the rules of art should be of this construction. Hence they are in error who censure Euripides just because he follows this principle in his plays, many of which end unhappily. It is, as we have said, the right ending. The best proof is that on the stage and in dramatic competition, such plays, if well worked out, are the most tragic in effect; and Euripides, faulty though he may be in the general management of his subject, yet is felt to be the most tragic of the poets.

In the second rank comes the kind of tragedy which some place first. Like the Odyssey, it has a double thread of plot, and also an opposite catastrophe for the good and for the bad. It is accounted the best because of the weakness of the spectators; for the poet is guided in what he writes by the wishes of his audience. The pleasure, however, thence derived is not the true tragic pleasure. It is proper rather to Comedy, where those who, in the piece, are the deadliest enemies —like Orestes and Ægisthus—quit the stage as friends at the close, and no one slays or is slain.

Fear and pity may be aroused by spectacular means; but they may also result from the inner structure of the piece, which is the better way, and indicates a superior poet. For the plot ought to be so constructed that, even without the aid of the eye, he who hears the tale told will thrill with horror and melt to pity at what takes place. This is the impression we should receive from hearing the story of the Œdipus. But to produce this effect by the mere spectacle is a less artistic method, and dependent on extraneous aids. Those who employ spectacular means to create a sense not of the terrible but only of the monstrous, are strangers to the purpose of Tragedy; for we must not demand of Tragedy any and every kind of pleasure, but only that which is proper to it. And since the pleasure which the poet should afford is that which comes from pity and fear through imitation, it is evident that this quality must be impressed upon the incidents.

Let us then determine what are the circumstances which strike us as terrible or pitiful.

Actions capable of this effect must happen between persons who are either friends or enemies or indifferent to one another. If an enemy kills an enemy, there is nothing to excite pity either in the act or the intention,—except so far as the suffering in itself is pitiful. So again with indifferent persons. But when the tragic incident occurs between those who are near or dear to one another—if, for example, a brother kills, or intends to kill, a brother, a son his father, a mother her son, a son his mother, or any other deed of the kind is done— these are the situations to be looked for by the poet. He may not indeed destroy the framework of the received legends—the fact, for instance, that Clytemnestra was slain by Orestes and Eriphyle by Alcmæon—but he ought to show invention of his own, and skilfully handle the traditional material. Let us explain more clearly what is meant by skillful handling.

The action may be done consciously and with knowledge of the persons, in the manner of the older poets. It is thus too that Euripides makes Medea slay her children. Or, again, the deed of horror may be done, but done in ignorance, and the tie of kinship or friendship discovered afterwards. The Œdipus of Sophocles is an example. Here, indeed, the incident is outside the drama proper; but cases occur where it falls within the action of the play: one may cite the Alcmæon of Astydamas, or Telegonus in the Wounded Odysseus. Again, there is a third case,—to be about to act with knowledge of the persons and then not to act. The fourth case is when some one is about to do an irreparable deed through ignorance, and makes the discovery before it is done. These are the only possible ways. For the deed must either be done or not done,—and that wittingly or unwittingly. But of all these ways, to be about to act knowing the persons, and then not to act, is the worst. It is shocking without being tragic, for no disaster follows. It is, therefore, never, or very rarely, found in poetry. One instance, however, is in the Antigone, where Hæmon threatens to kill Creon. The next and better way is that the deed shall be perpetrated. Still better, that it should be perpetrated in ignorance, and the discovery made afterwards. There is then nothing to shock us, while the discovery produces a startling effect. The last case is the best, as when in the Cresphontes Merope is about to slay her son, but recognising who he is, spares his life. So in the Iphigenia, the sister recognises the brother just in time. Again in the Helle, the son recognises the mother when on the point of giving her up. This, then, is why a few families only, as has been already observed, furnish the subjects of tragedy. It was not art, but happy chance, that led the poets in search of subjects to impress the tragic quality upon their plots. They are compelled, therefore, to have recourse to those houses whose history contains moving incidents like these.

Enough has now been said concerning the structure of the incidents, and the right kind of plot.

In respect of character there are four things to be aimed at. First, and most important, it must be good. Now any speech or action that manifests moral purpose of any kind will be expressive of character: the character will be good if the purpose is good. This rule is relative to each class. Even a woman may be good, and also a slave; though the woman may be said to be an inferior being, and the slave quite worthless. The second thing to aim at is propriety. There is a type of manly valour; but valour in a woman, or unscrupulous cleverness, is inappropriate. Thirdly, the character must be true to life: for this is a distinct thing from goodness and propriety, as here described. The fourth point is consistency: for though the subject of the imitation, who suggested the type, be inconsistent, still he must be consistently inconsistent. As an example of motiveless degradation of character, we have Menelaus in the Orestes: of character indecorous and inappropriate, the lament of Odysseus in the Scylla, and the speech of Melanippe: of inconsistency, the Iphigenia at Aulis,—for Iphigenia the suppliant in no way resembles her later self.

As in the structure of the plot, so too in the portraiture of character, the poet should always aim either at the necessary or the probable. Thus a person of a given character should speak or act in a given way, by the rule either of necessity or of probability; just as this event should follow that by necessary or probable sequence. It is therefore evident that the unravelling of the plot, no less than the complication, must arise out of the plot itself, it must not be brought about by the *Deus ex Machina*—as in the Medea, or in the Return of the Greeks in the Iliad. The *Deus ex Machina* should be employed only for events external to the drama,—for antecedent or subsequent events, which lie beyond the range of human knowledge, and which require to be reported or foretold; for to the gods we ascribe the power of seeing all things. Within the action there must be nothing irrational. If the irrational cannot be excluded, it should be outside the scope of the tragedy. Such is the irrational element in the Œdipus of Sophocles.

Again, since Tragedy is an imitation of persons who are above the common level, the example of good portrait-painters should be followed. They, while reproducing the distinctive form of the original, make a likeness which is true to life and yet more beautiful. So too the poet, in representing men who are irascible or indolent, or have other defects of character, should preserve the type and yet ennoble it. In this way Achilles is portrayed by Agathon and Homer.

These then are rules the poet should observe. Nor should he neglect those appeals to the senses, which, though not among the essentials, are the concomitants of poetry; for here too there is much room for error. But of this enough has been said in our published treatises.

What Recognition is has been already explained. We will now enumerate its kinds.

First, the least artistic form, which, from poverty of wit, is most commonly employed—recognition by signs. Of these some are congenital,—such as "the spear which the earth-born race bear on their bodies," or the stars introduced by Carcinus in his Thyestes. Others are acquired after birth; and of these some are bodily marks, as scars; some external tokens, as necklaces, or the little ark in the Tyro by which the discovery is effected. Even these admit of more or less skilful treatment. Thus in the recognition of Odysseus by his scar, the discovery is made in one way by the nurse, in another by the swineherds. The use of tokens for the express purpose of proof—and, indeed, any formal proof with or without tokens—is a less artistic mode of recognition. A better kind is that which comes about by a turn of incident, as in the Bath Scene in the Odyssey.

Next come the recognitions invented at will by the poet, and on that account wanting in art. For example, Orestes in the Iphigenia reveals the fact that he is Orestes. She, indeed, makes herself known by the letter; but he, by speaking himself, and saying what the poet, not what the plot requires. This, therefore, is nearly allied to the fault above mentioned:—for Orestes might as well have brought tokens with him. Another similar instance is the "voice of the shuttle" in the Tereus of Sophocles.

The third kind depends on memory when the sight of some object awakens a feeling: as in the Cyprians of Dicæogenes, where the hero breaks into tears on seeing the picture; or again the "Lay of Alcinous," where Odysseus, hearing the minstrel play the lyre, recalls the past and weeps; and hence the recognition.

The fourth kind is by process of reasoning. Thus in the Choëphori: —"Some one resembling me has come: no one resembles me but Orestes: therefore Orestes has come." Such too is the discovery made by Iphigenia in the play of Polyidus the Sophist. It was a natural reflection for Orestes to make, "So I too must die at the altar like my sister." So, again, in the Tydeus of Theodectes, the father says, "I came to find my son, and I lose my own life." So too in the Phineidæ: the women, on seeing the place, inferred their fate:—"Here we are doomed to die, for here we were cast forth." Again, there is a composite kind of recognition involving false inference on the part of one of the characters, as in the Odysseus Disguised as a Messenger. A said that no one else was able to bend the bow; . . . hence B (the disguised Odysseus) imagined that A would recognise the bow which, in fact, he had not seen; and to bring about a recognition by this means—the expectation that A would recognise the bow—is false inference.

But, of all recognitions, the best is that which arises from the incidents themselves, where the startling discovery is made by natural means. Such is that in the Œdipus of Sophocles, and in the Iphigenia; for it was natural that Iphigenia should wish to dispatch a letter. These recognitions alone dispense with the artificial aid of tokens or amulets. Next come the recognitions by process of reasoning.

In constructing the plot and working it out with the proper diction, the poet should place the scene, as far as possible, before his eyes. In this way, seeing everything with the utmost vividness, as if he were a spectator of the action, he will discover what is in keeping with it, and be most unlikely to overlook inconsistencies. The need of such a rule is shown by the fault found in Carcinus. Amphiaraus was on his way from the temple. This fact escaped the observation of one who did not see the situation. On the stage, however, the piece failed, the audience being offended at the oversight.

Again, the poet should work out his play, to the best of his power, with appropriate gestures; for those who feel emotion are most convincing through natural sympathy with the characters they represent; and one who is agitated storms, one who is angry rages, with the most life-like reality. Hence poetry implies either a happy gift of nature or a strain of madness. In the one case a man can take the mould of any character; in the other, he is lifted out of his proper self.

As for the story, whether the poet takes it ready made or constructs it for himself, he should first sketch its general outline, and then fill in the episodes and amplify in detail. The general plan may be illustrated by the Iphigenia. A young girl is sacrificed; she disappears mysteriously from the eyes of those who sacrificed her; she is transported to another country, where the custom is to offer up all strangers to the goddess. To this ministry she is appointed. Some time later her own brother chances to arrive. The fact that the oracle for some reason ordered him to go there, is outside the general plan of the play. The purpose, again, of his coming is outside the action proper. However, he comes, he is seized, and, when on the point of being sacrificed, reveals who he is. The mode of recognition may be either that of Euripides or of Polyidus, in whose play he exclaims very naturally:—"so it was not my sister only, but I too, who was doomed to be sacrificed"; and by that remark he is saved.

After this, the names being once given, it remains to fill in the episodes. We must see that they are relevant to the action. In the case of Orestes, for example, there is the madness which led to his capture, and his deliverance by means of the purificatory rite. In the drama, the episodes are short, but it is these that give extension to Epic poetry. Thus the story of the Odyssey can be stated briefly. A certain man is absent from home many years; he is jealously watched by Poseidon, and left desolate. Meanwhile his home is in a wretched plight—suitors are wasting his substance and plotting against his son. At length, tempest-tost, he himself arrives; he makes certain persons acquainted with him; he attacks the suitors with his own hand, and is himself preserved while he destroys them. This is the essence of the plot; the rest is episode.

Every tragedy falls into two parts,—Complication and Unravelling or *Dénouement.* Incidents extraneous to the action are frequently combined with a portion of the action proper, to form the Complication; the rest is the Unravelling. By the Complication I mean all that extends from the beginning of the action to the part which marks the turning-point to good or bad fortune. The Unravelling is that which extends from the beginning of the change to the end. Thus, in the Lynceus of Theodectes, the Complication consists of the incidents presupposed in the drama, the seizure of the child, and then again. . . . The Unravelling extends from the accusation of murder to the end.

There are four kinds of Tragedy, the Complex, depending entirely on Reversal of the Situation and Recognition; the Pathetic (where the motive is passion),—such as the tragedies on Ajax and Ixion; the Ethical (where the motives are ethical),—such as the Phthiotides and the Peleus. The fourth kind is the Simple. We here exclude the purely spectacular element, exemplified by the Phorcides, the Prometheus, and scenes laid in Hades. The poet should endeavour, if possible, to combine all poetic elements; or failing that, the greatest number and those the most important; the more so, in face of the cavilling criticism of the day. For whereas there have hitherto been good poets, each in his own branch, the critics now expect one man to surpass all others in their several lines of excellence.

In speaking of a tragedy as the same or different, the best test to take is the plot. Identity exists where the Complication and Unravelling are the same. Many poets tie the knot well, but unravel it ill. Both arts, however, should always be mastered.

Again, the poet should remember what has been often said, and not make an Epic structure into a Tragedy—by an Epic structure I mean one with a multiplicity of plots—as if, for instance, you were to make a tragedy out of the entire story of the Iliad. In the Epic poem, owing to its length, each part assumes its proper magnitude. In the drama the result is far from answering to the poet's expectation. The proof is that the poets who have dramatised the whole story of the Fall of Troy, instead of selecting portions, like Euripides; or who have taken the whole tale of Niobe, and not a part of her story, like Æschylus, either fail utterly or meet with poor success on the stage. Even Agathon has been known to fail from this one defect. In his Reversals of the Situation, however, he shows a marvellous skill in the effort to hit the popular taste,—to produce a tragic effect that satisfies the moral sense. This effect is produced when the clever rogue, like Sisyphus, is outwitted, or the brave villain defeated. Such an event is probable in Agathon's sense of the word: "it is probable," he says, "that many things should happen contrary to probability."

The Chorus too should be regarded as one of the actors; it should be an integral part of the whole, and share in the action, in the manner not of Euripides, but of Sophocles. As for the later poets, their choral songs pertain as little to the subject of the piece as to that of any other tragedy. They are, therefore, sung as mere interludes,—a practice first begun by Agathon. Yet what difference is there between introducing such choral interludes, and transferring a speech, or even a whole act, from one play to another? . . .

As to that poetic imitation which is narrative in form and employs a single metre, the plot manifestly ought, as in a tragedy, to be constructed on dramatic principles. It should have for its subject a single action, whole and complete, with a beginning, a middle, and an end. It will thus resemble a living organism in all its unity, and produce the pleasure proper to it. It will differ in structure from historical compositions, which of necessity present not a single action, but a single period, and all that happened within that period to one person or to many, little connected together as the events may be. For as the sea-fight at Salamis and the battle with the Carthaginians in Sicily took place at the same time, but did not tend to any one result, so in the sequence of events, one thing sometimes follows another, and yet no single result is thereby produced. Such is the practice, we may say, of most poets. Here again, then, as has been already observed, the transcendent excellence of Homer is manifest. He never attempts to make the whole war of Troy the subject of his poem, though that war had a beginning and an end. It would have been too vast a theme, and not easily embraced in a single view. If, again, he had kept it within moderate limits, it must have been over-complicated by the variety of the incidents. As it is, he detaches a single portion, and admits as episodes many events from the general story of the war—such as the Catalogue of the ships and others—thus diversifying the poem. All other poets take a single hero, a single period, or an action single indeed, but with a multiplicity of parts. Thus did the author of the Cypria and of the Little Iliad. For this reason the Iliad and the Odyssey each furnish the subject of one tragedy, or, at most, of two; while the Cypria supplies materials for many, and the Little Iliad for eight—the Award of the Arms, the Philoctetes, the Neoptolemus, the Eurypylus, the Mendicant Odysseus, the Laconian Women, the Fall of Ilium, the Departure of the Fleet.

Again, Epic poetry must have as many kinds as Tragedy: it must be simple, or complex, or "ethical," or "pathetic." The parts also, with the exception of song and spectacle, are the same; for it requires Reversals of the Situation, Recognitions, and Scenes of Suffering. Moreover, the thoughts and the diction must be artistic. In all these respects Homer is our earliest and sufficient model. Indeed each of his poems has a twofold character. The Iliad is at once simple and "pathetic," and the Odyssey complex (for Recognition scenes run through it), and at the same time "ethical." Moreover, in diction and thought they are supreme.

Epic poetry differs from Tragedy in the scale on which it is constructed, and in its metre. As regards scale or length, we have already laid down an adequate limit:—the beginning and the end must be capable of being brought within a single view. This condition will be satisfied by poems on a smaller scale than the old epics, and answering in length to the group of tragedies presented at a single sitting.

Epic poetry has, however, a great—a special—capacity for enlarging its dimensions, and we can see the reason. In Tragedy we cannot imitate several lines of actions carried on at one and the same time; we must confine ourselves to the action on the stage and the part taken by the players. But in Epic poetry, owing to the narrative form, many events simultaneously transacted can be presented; and these, if relevant to the subject, add mass and dignity to the poem. The Epic has here an advantage, and one that conduces to grandeur of effect, to diverting the mind of the hearer, and relieving the story with varying episodes. For sameness of incident soon produces satiety, and makes tragedies fail on the stage.

As for the metre, the heroic measure has proved its fitness by the test of experience. If a narrative poem in any other metre or in many metres were now composed, it would be found incongruous. For of all measures the heroic is the stateliest and the most massive; and, hence it most readily admits rare words and metaphors, which is another point in which the narrative form of imitation stands alone. On the other hand, the iambic and the trochaic tetrameter are stirring measures, the latter being akin to dancing, the former expressive of action. Still more absurd would it be to mix together different metres, as was done by Chæremon. Hence no one has ever composed a poem on a great scale in any other than heroic verse. Nature herself, as we have said, teaches the choice of the proper measure.

Homer, admirable in all respects, has the special merit of being the only poet who rightly appreciates the part he should take himself. The poet should speak as little as possible in his own person, for it is not this that makes him an imitator. Other poets appear themselves upon the scene throughout, and imitate but little and rarely. Homer, after a few prefatory words, at once brings in a man or woman, or other personage; none of them wanting in characteristic qualities, but each with a character of his own.

The element of the wonderful is required in Tragedy. The irrational, on which the wonderful depends for its chief effects, has wider scope in Epic poetry, because there the person acting is not seen. Thus, the pursuit of Hector would be ludicrous if placed upon the stage—the Greeks standing still and not joining in the pursuit, and Achilles waving them back. But in the Epic poem the absurdity passes unnoticed. Now the wonderful is pleasing: as may be inferred from the fact that every one tells a story with some addition of his own, knowing that his hearers like it. It is Homer who has chiefly taught other poets the art of telling lies skilfully. The secret of it lies in a fallacy. For, assuming that if one thing is or becomes, a second is or becomes, men imagine that, if the second is, the first likewise is or becomes. But this is a false inference. Hence, where the first thing is untrue, it is quite unnecessary, provided the second be true, to add that the first is or has become. For the mind, knowing the second to be true, falsely infers the truth of the first. There is an example of this in the Bath Scene of the Odyssey.

Accordingly, the poet should prefer probable impossibilities to improbable possibilities. The tragic plot must not be composed of irrational parts. Everything irrational should, if possible, be excluded; or, at all events, it should lie outside the action of the play (as, in the Œdipus, the hero's ignorance as to the manner of Laius' death); not within the drama,—as, in the Electra, the messenger's account of the Pythian games; or, as in the Mysians, the man who has come from Tegea to Mysia and is still speechless. The plea that otherwise the plot would have been ruined, is ridiculous; such a plot should not in the first instance be constructed. But once the irrational has been introduced and an air of likelihood imparted to it, we must accept it in spite of the absurdity. Take even the irrational incidents in the Odyssey, where Odysseus is left upon the shore of Ithaca. How intolerable even these might have been would be apparent if an inferior poet were to treat the subject. As it is, the absurdity is veiled by the poetic charm with which the poet invests it.

The diction should be elaborated in the pauses of the action, where there is no expression of character or thought. For, conversely, character and thought are merely obscured by a diction that is over brilliant. . . .

The question may be raised whether the Epic or Tragic mode of imitation is the higher. If the more refined art is the higher, and the more refined in every case is that which appeals to the better sort of audience, the art which imitates anything and everything is manifestly most unrefined. The audience is supposed to be too dull to comprehend unless something of their own is thrown in by the performers, who therefore indulge in restless movements. Bad flute-players twist and twirl, if they have to represent "the quoit-throw," or hustle the coryphæus when they perform the "Scylla." Tragedy, it is said, has this same defect. We may compare the opinion that the older actors entertained of their successors. Mynniscus used to call Callippides "ape" on account of the extravagance of his action, and the same view was held of Pindarus. Tragic art, then, as a whole, stands to Epic in the same relation as the younger to the elder actors. So we are told that Epic poetry is addressed to a cultivated audience, who do not need gesture; Tragedy, to an inferior public. Being then unrefined, it is evidently the lower of the two.

Now, in the first place, this censure attaches not to the poetic but to the histrionic art; for gesticulation may be equally overdone in epic recitation, as by Sosistratus, or in lyrical competition, as by Mnasitheus the Opuntian. Next, all action is not to be condemned—any more than all dancing—but only that of bad performers. Such was the fault found in Callippides, as also in others of our own day, who are censured for representing degraded women. Again, Tragedy like Epic poetry produces its effect even without action; it reveals its power by mere reading. If, then, in all other respects it is superior, this fault, we say, is not inherent in it.

And superior it is, because it has all the epic elements—it may even use the epic metre—with the music and spectacular effects as important accessories; and these produce the most vivid of pleasures. Further, it has vividness of impression in reading as well as in representation. Moreover, the art attains its end within narrower limits; for the concentrated effect is more pleasurable than one which is spread over a long time and so diluted. What, for example, would be the effect of the Œdipus of Sophocles, if it were cast into a form as long as the Iliad? Once more, the Epic imitation has less unity; as is shown by this, that any Epic poem will furnish subjects for several tragedies. Thus if the story adopted by the poet has a strict unity, it must either be concisely told and appear truncated; or, if it conform to the Epic canon of length, it must seem weak and watery. Such length implies some loss of unity, if, I mean, the poem is constructed out of several actions, like the Iliad and the Odyssey, which have many such parts, each with a certain magnitude of its own. Yet these poems are as perfect as possible in structure; each is, in the highest degree attainable, an imitation of a single action.

If, then, Tragedy is superior to Epic poetry in all these respects, and, moreover, fulfils its specific function better as an art—for each art ought to produce, not any chance pleasure, but the pleasure proper to it, as already stated—it plainly follows that Tragedy is the higher art, as attaining its end more perfectly.

Thus much may suffice concerning Tragic and Epic poetry in general; their several kinds and parts, with the number of each and their differences; the causes that make a poem good or bad; the objections of the critics and the answers to these objections.

—S. H. BUTCHER.

SUMMUM BONUM

ARISTOTLE

[From the *Ethics*, Book I]

Whatever the summum bonum *may be, Aristotle argues that it must be something attainable in order to be of value to man, not some ideal incapable of realization.*

And now, resuming the statement with which we commenced, since all knowledge and moral choice grasps at good of some kind or another, what good is that which we say Politics aims at? or, in other words, what is the highest of all the goods which are the objects of action?

So far as name goes, there is a pretty general agreement: for Happiness both the multitude and the refined few call it, and "living well" and "doing well" they conceive to be the same with "being happy"; but about the Nature of this Happiness, men dispute, and the multitude do not in their account of it agree with the wise. For some say it is some one of those things which are palpable and apparent, as pleasure or wealth or honour; in fact, some one thing, some another; nay, oftentimes the same man gives a different account of it; for when ill, he calls it health; when poor, wealth: and conscious of their own ignorance, men admire those who talk grandly and above their comprehension. Some again hold it to be something by itself, other than and beside these many good things, which is in fact to all these the cause of their being good.

Now to sift all the opinions would be perhaps rather a fruitless task; so it shall suffice to sift those which are most generally current, or are thought to have some reason in them.

And here we must not forget the difference between reasoning from principles, and reasoning to principles: for with good cause did Plato too doubt about this, and inquire whether the right road is from principles or to principles, just as in the racecourse from the judges to the further end, or *vice versâ.*

Of course, we must begin with what is known; but then this is of two kinds, what we *do* know, and what we *may* know: perhaps then as individuals we must begin with what we *do* know. Hence the necessity that he should have been well trained in habits, who is to study, with any tolerable chance of profit, the principles of nobleness and justice and moral philosophy generally. For a principle is a matter of fact, and if the fact is sufficiently clear to a man there will be no need in addition of the reason for the fact. And he that has been thus trained either has principles already, or can receive them easily: as for him who neither has nor can receive them, let him hear his sentence from Hesiod:

"He is best of all who of himself conceiveth all things;
Good again is he too who can adopt a good suggestion;
But whoso neither of himself conceiveth nor hearing from another
Layeth it to heart;—he is a useless man."

But to return from this digression.

Now of the Chief Good (*i.e.* of Happiness) men seem to form their notions from the different modes of life, as we might naturally expect: the many and most low conceive it to be pleasure, and hence they are content with the life of sensual enjoyment. For there are three lines of life which stand out prominently to view: that just mentioned, and the life in society, and, thirdly, the life of contemplation.

Now the many are plainly quite slavish, choosing a life like that of brute animals: yet they obtain some consideration, because many of the great share the tastes of Sardanapalus. The refined and active again conceive it to be honour: for this may be said to be the end of the life in society: yet it is plainly too superficial for the object of our search, because it is thought to rest with those who pay rather than with him who receives it, whereas the Chief Good we feel instinctively must be something which is our own, and not easily to be taken from us.

And besides, men seem to pursue honour, that they may believe themselves to be good: for instance, they seek to be honoured by the wise, and by those among whom they are known, and for virtue: clearly then, in the opinion at least of these men, virtue is higher than honour. In truth, one would be much more inclined to think this to be the end of the life in society; yet this itself is plainly not sufficiently final: for it is conceived possible, that a man possessed of virtue might sleep or be inactive all through his life, or, as a third case, suffer the greatest evils and misfortunes: and the man who should live thus no one would call happy, except for mere disputation's sake.

And for these let this much suffice, for they have been treated of at sufficient length in my Encyclia.

A third line of life is that of contemplation, concerning which we shall make our examination in the sequel.

As for the life of money-making, it is one of constraint, and wealth manifestly is not the good we are seeking, because it is for use, that is, for the sake of something further: and hence one would rather conceive the forementioned ends to be the right ones, for men rest content with them for their own sakes. Yet, clearly, they are not the objects of our search either, though many words have been wasted on them. So much then for these.

Again, the notion of one Universal Good (the same, that is, in all things), it is better perhaps we should examine, and discuss the meaning of it, though such an inquiry is unpleasant, because they are friends of ours who have introduced these Ideas. Still perhaps it may appear better, nay to be our duty where the safety of the truth is concerned, to upset if need be even our own theories, specially as we are lovers of wisdom: for since both are dear to us, we are bound to prefer the truth. Now they who invented this doctrine of Ideas did not apply it to those things in which they spoke of priority and posteriority, and so they never made any Idea of numbers; but good is predicated in the categories of Substance, Quality, and Relation; now that which exists of itself, *i.e.* Substance, is prior in the nature of things to that which is relative, because this latter is an offshoot, as it were, and result of that which is; on their own principle then there cannot be a common Idea in the case of these.

In the next place, since good is predicated in as many ways as there are modes of existence (for it is predicated in the category of Substance, as God, Intellect—and in that of Quality, as the Virtues—and in that of Quantity, as the Mean—and in that of Relation, as the Useful—and in that of Time, as Opportunity—and in that of Place, as Abode; and other such like things), it manifestly cannot be something common and universal and one in all: else it would not have been predicated in all the categories, but in one only.

Thirdly, since those things which range under one Idea are also under the cognisance of one science, there would have been, on their theory, only one science taking cognisance of all goods collectively: but in fact there are many even for those which range under one category: for instance, of Opportunity or Seasonableness (which I have before mentioned as being in the category of Time), the science is, in war, generalship; in disease, medical science; and of the Mean (which I quoted before as being in the category of Quantity), in food, the medical science; and in labour or exercise, the gymnastic science. A person might fairly doubt also what in the world they mean by very-this that or the other, since, as they would themselves allow, the account of the humanity is one and the same in the very-Man, and in any individual Man: for so far as the individual and the very-Man are both Man, they will not differ at all: and if so, then very-good and any particular good will not differ, in so far as both are good. Nor will it do to say, that the eternity of the very-good makes it to be more good; for what has lasted white ever so long, is no whiter than what lasts but for a day.

No. The Pythagoreans do seem to give a more credible account of the matter, who place "One" among the goods in their double list of goods and bads: which philosophers, in fact, Speusippus seems to have followed.

But of these matters let us speak at some other time. Now there is plainly a loophole to object to what has been advanced, on the plea that the theory I have attacked is not by its advocates applied to all good: but those goods only are spoken of as being under one Idea, which are pursued, and with which men rest content simply for their own sakes: whereas those things which have a tendency to produce or preserve them in any way, or to hinder their contraries, are called good because of these other goods, and after another fashion. It is manifest then that the goods may be so called in two senses, the one class for their own sakes, the other because of these.

Very well then, let us separate the independent goods from the instrumental, and see whether they are spoken of as under one Idea. But the question next arises, what kind of goods are we to call independent? All such as are pursued even when separated from other goods, as, for instance, being wise, seeing, and certain pleasures and honours (for these, though we do pursue them with some further end in view, one would still place among the independent goods)? or does it come in fact to this, that we can call nothing independent good except the Idea, and so the concrete of it will be nought?

If, on the other hand, these are independent goods, then we shall require that the account of the goodness be the same clearly in all, just as that of the whiteness is in snow and white lead. But how stands the fact? Why of honour and wisdom and pleasure the accounts are distinct and different in so far as they are good. The Chief Good then is not something common, and after one Idea.

But then, how does the name come to be common (for it is not seemingly a case of fortuitous equivocation)? Are different individual things called good by virtue of being from one source, or all conducing to one end, or rather by way of analogy, for that intellect is to the soul as sight is to the body, and so on? However, perhaps we ought to leave these questions now, for an accurate investigation of them is more properly the business of a different philosophy. And likewise respecting the Idea: for even if there is some one good predicated in common of all things that are good, or separable and capable of existing independently, manifestly it cannot be the object of human action or attainable by Man; but we are in search now of something that is so.

It may readily occur to any one, that it would be better to attain a knowledge of it with a view to such concrete goods as are attainable and practical, because, with this as a kind of model in our hands, we shall the better know what things are good for us individually, and when we know them, we shall attain them.

Some plausibility, it is true, this argument possesses, but it is contradicted by the facts of the Arts and Sciences; for all these, though aiming at some good, and seeking that which is deficient, yet pretermit the knowledge of it: now it is not exactly probable that all artisans without exception should be ignorant of so great a help as this would be, and not even look after it; neither is it easy to see wherein a weaver or a carpenter will be profited in respect of his craft by knowing the very-good, or how a man will be the more apt to effect cures or to command an army for having seen the Idea itself. For manifestly it is not health after this general and abstract fashion which is the subject of the physician's investigation, but the health of Man, or rather perhaps of this or that man; for he has to heal individuals.—Thus much on these points.

And now let us revert to the Good of which we are in search: what can it be? for manifestly it is different in different actions and arts: for it is different in the healing art and in the art military and similarly in the rest. What then is the Chief Good in each? Is it not "that for the sake of which the other things are done?" and this in the healing art is health, and in the art military victory, and in that of house-building a house, and in any other thing something else; in short, in every action and moral choice the End, because in all cases men do everything else with a view to this. So that if there is some one End of all things which are and may be done, this must be the Good proposed by doing, or if more than one, then these.

Thus our discussion after some traversing about has come to the same point which we reached before. And this we must try yet more to clear up.

Now since the ends are plainly many, and of these we choose some with a view to others (wealth, for instance, musical instruments, and, in general, all instruments), it is clear that all are not final: but the Chief Good is manifestly something final; and so, if there is some one only which is final, this must be the object of our search: but if several, then the most final of them will be it.

Now that which is an object of pursuit in itself we call more final than that which is so with a view to something else; that again which is never an object of choice with a view to something else, than those which are so both in themselves and with a view to this ulterior object: and so by the term "absolutely final," we denote that which is an object of choice always in itself, and never with a view to any other.

And of this nature Happiness is mostly thought to be, for this we choose always for its own sake, and never with a view to anything further: whereas honour, pleasure, intellect, in fact every excellence we choose for their own sakes, it is true (because we would choose each of these even if no result were to follow), but we choose them also with a view to happiness, conceiving that through their instrumentality we shall be happy: but no man chooses happiness with a view to them, nor in fact with a view to any other thing whatsoever.

The same result is seen to follow also from the notion of self-sufficiency, a quality thought to belong to the final good. Now by sufficient for Self, we mean not for a single individual living a solitary life, but for his parents also and children and wife, and in general, friends and countrymen; for man is by nature adapted to a social existence. But of these, of course, some limit must be fixed: for if one extends it to parents and descendants and friends' friends, there is no end to it. This point, however, must be left for future investigation: for the present we define that to be self-sufficient "which taken alone makes life choice-worthy, and to be in want of nothing"; now of such kind we think Happiness to be: and further, to be most choice-worthy of all things; not being reckoned with any other thing, for if it were so reckoned, it is plain we must then allow it, with the addition of ever so small a good, to be more choice-worthy than it was before: because what is put to it becomes an addition of so much more good, and of goods the greater is ever the more choice-worthy.

So then Happiness is manifestly something final and self-sufficient, being the end of all things which are and may be done.

But, it may be, to call Happiness the Chief Good is a mere truism, and what is wanted is some clearer account of its real nature. Now this object may be easily attained, when we have discovered what is the work of man; for as in the case of flute-player, statuary, or artisan of any kind, or, more generally, all who have any work or course of action, their Chief Good and Excellence is thought to reside in their work, so it would seem to be with man, if there is any work belonging to him.

Are we then to suppose, that while carpenter and cobbler have certain works and courses of action, Man as Man has none, but is left by Nature without a work? or would not one rather hold, that as eye, hand, and foot, and generally each of his members, has manifestly some special work; so too the whole Man, as distinct from all these, has some work of his own?

What can this be? not mere life, because that plainly is shared with him even by vegetables, and we want what is peculiar to him. We must separate off then the life of mere nourishment and growth, and next will come the life of sensation: but this again manifestly is common to horses, oxen, and every animal. There remains then a kind of life of the Rational Nature apt to act: and of this Nature there are two parts denominated Rational, the one as being obedient to Reason, the other as having and exerting it. Again, as this life is also spoken of in two ways, we must take that which is in the way of actual working, because this is thought to be most properly entitled to the name. If then the work of Man is a working of the soul in accordance with reason, or at least not independently of reason, and we say that the work of any given subject, and of that subject good of its kind, are the same in kind (as, for instance, of a harp-player and a good harp-player, and so on in every case, adding to the work eminence in the way of excellence; I mean, the work of a harp-player is to play the harp, and of a good harp-player to play it well); if, I say, this is so, and we assume the work of Man to be life of a certain kind, that is to say a working of the soul, and actions with reason, and of a good man to do these things well and nobly, and in fact everything is finished off well in the way of the excellence which peculiarly belongs to it: if all this is so, then the Good of Man comes to be "a working of the soul in the way of Excellence, or, if Excellence admits of degrees, in the way of the best and most perfect Excellence."

And we must add, in a complete life; for as it is not one swallow or one fine day that makes a spring, so it is not one day or a short time that makes a man blessed and happy.

Let this then be taken for a rough sketch of the Chief Good: since it is probably the right way to give first the outline, and fill it in afterwards. And it would seem that any man may improve and connect what is good in the sketch, and that time is a good discoverer and co-operator in such matters: it is thus in fact that all improvements in the various arts have been brought about, for any man may fill up a deficiency.

You must remember also what has been already stated, and not seek for exactness in all matters alike, but in each according to the subject-matter, and so far as properly belongs to the system. The carpenter and geometrician, for instance, inquire into the right line in different fashion: the former so far as he wants it for his work, the latter inquires into its nature and properties, because he is concerned with the truth.

So then should one do in other matters, but the incidental matters may not exceed the direct ones.

And again, you must not demand the reason either in all things alike, because in some it is sufficient that the fact has been well demonstrated, which is the case with first principles; and the fact is the first step, *i.e.* the starting-point or principle.

And of these first principles some are obtained by induction, some by perception, some by a course of habituation, others in other different ways. And we must try to trace up each in their own nature, and take pains to secure their being well defined, because they have great influence on what follows: it is thought, I mean, that the starting-point or principle is more than half the whole matter, and that many of the points of inquiry come simultaneously into view thereby.

We must now inquire concerning Happiness, not only from our conclusion and the data on which our reasoning proceeds, but likewise from what is commonly said about it: because with what is true all things which really are are in harmony, but with that which is false the true very soon jars.

Now there is a common division of goods into three classes; one being called external, the other two those of the soul and body respectively, and those belonging to the soul we call most properly and specially good. Well, in our definition we assume that the actions and workings of the soul constitute Happiness, and these belong of course to the soul. And so our account is a good one, at least according to this opinion, which is of ancient date, and accepted by those who profess philosophy. Rightly too are certain actions and workings said to be the end, for thus it is brought into the number of the goods of the soul instead of the external. Agreeing also with our definition is the common notion, that the happy man lives well and does well, for it has been stated by us to be pretty much a kind of living well and doing well.

But further, the points required in Happiness are found in combination in our account of it.

For some think it is virtue, others practical wisdom, others a kind of scientific philosophy; others that it is these, or else some one of them, in combination with pleasure, or at least not independently of it; while others again take in external prosperity.

Of these opinions, some rest on the authority of numbers or antiquity, others on that of few, and those men of note: and it is not likely that either of these classes should be wrong in all points, but be right at least in some one, or even in most.

Now with those who assert it to be Virtue (Excellence), or some kind of Virtue, our account agrees: for working in the way of Excellence surely belongs to Excellence.

And there is perhaps no unimportant difference between conceiving of the Chief Good as in possession or as in use, in other words, as a mere state or as a working. For the state or habit may possibly exist in a subject without effecting any good, as, for instance, in him who is asleep, or in any other way inactive; but the working cannot so, for it will of necessity act, and act well. And as at the Olympic games it is not the finest and strongest men who are crowned, but they who enter the lists, for out of these the prize-men are selected; so too in life, of the honourable and the good, it is they who act who rightly win the prizes.

Their life too is in itself pleasant: for the feeling of pleasure is a mental sensation, and that is to each pleasant of which he is said to be fond: a horse, for instance, to him who is fond of horses, and a sight to him who is fond of sights: and so in like manner just acts to him who is fond of justice, and more generally the things in accordance with virtue to him who is fond of virtue. Now in the case of the multitude of men the things which they individually esteem pleasant clash, because they are not such by nature, whereas to the lovers of nobleness those things are pleasant which are such by nature: but the actions in accordance with virtue are of this kind, so that they are pleasant both to the individuals and also in themselves.

So then their life has no need of pleasure as a kind of additional appendage, but involves pleasure in itself. For, besides what I have just mentioned, a man is not a good man at all who feels no pleasure in noble actions, just as no one would call that man just who does not feel pleasure in acting justly, or liberal who does not in liberal actions, and similarly in the case of the other virtues which might be enumerated: and if this be so, then the actions in accordance with virtue must be in themselves pleasurable. Then again they are certainly good and noble, and each of these in the highest degree; if we are to take as right the judgment of the good man, for he judges as we have said.

Thus then Happiness is most excellent, most noble, and most pleasant, and these attributes are not separated as in the well-known Delian inscription—

> "Most noble is that which is most just, but best is health;
> And naturally most pleasant is the obtaining one's desires."

For all these co-exist in the best acts of working: and we say that Happiness is these, or one, that is, the best of them.

Still it is quite plain that it does require the addition of external goods, as we have said: because without appliances it is impossible, or at all events not easy, to do noble actions: for friends, money, and political influence are in a manner instruments whereby many things are done: some things there are again a deficiency in which mars blessedness; good birth, for instance, or fine offspring, or even personal beauty: for he is not at all capable of Happiness who is very ugly, or is ill-born, or solitary and childless; and still less perhaps supposing him to have very bad children or friends, or to have lost good ones by death. As we have said already, the addition of prosperity of this kind does seem necessary to complete the idea of Happiness; hence some rank good fortune, and others virtue, with Happiness.

And hence too a question is raised, whether it is a thing that can be learned, or acquired by habituation or discipline of some other kind, or whether it comes in the way of divine dispensation, or even in the way of chance.

Now to be sure, if anything else is a gift of the Gods to men, it is probable that Happiness is a gift of theirs too, and especially because of all human goods it is the highest. But this, it may be, is a question belonging more properly to an investigation different from ours: and it is quite clear, that on the supposition of its not being sent from the Gods direct, but coming to us by reason of virtue and learning of a certain kind, or discipline, it is yet one of the most Godlike things; because the prize and End of virtue is manifestly somewhat most excellent, nay divine and blessed.

It will also on this supposition be widely participated in; for it may through learning and diligence of a certain kind exist in all who have not been maimed for virtue.

And if it is better we should be happy thus than as a result of chance, this is in itself an argument that the case is so; because those things which are in the way of nature, and in like manner of art, and of every cause, and specially the best cause, are by nature in the best way possible: to leave then to chance what is greatest and most noble would be very much out of harmony with all these facts.

The question may be determined also by a reference to our definition of Happiness, that it is a working of the soul in the way of excellence or virtue of a certain kind: and of the other goods, some we must have to begin with, and those which are co-operative and useful are given by nature as instruments.

These considerations will harmonise also with what we said at the commencement: for we assumed the End of Politics to be most excellent: now this bestows most care on making the members of a community of a certain character; good that is and apt to do what is honourable.

With good reason then neither ox nor horse nor any other brute animal do we call happy, for none of them can partake in such working: and for this same reason a child is not happy either, because by reason of his tender age he cannot yet perform such actions: if the term is applied it is by way of anticipation.

For to constitute Happiness, there must be, as we have said, complete virtue and a complete life: for many changes and chances of all kinds arise during a life, and he who is most prosperous may become involved in great misfortunes in his old age, as in the heroic poems the tale is told of Priam: but the man who has experienced such fortune and died in wretchedness, no man calls happy.

Are we then to call no man happy while he lives, and, as Solon would have us, look to the end? And again, if we are to maintain this position, is a man then happy when he is dead? or is not this a complete absurdity, specially in us who say Happiness is a working of a certain kind?

If on the other hand we do not assert that the dead man is happy, and Solon does not mean this, but only that one would then be safe in pronouncing a man happy, as being thenceforward out of the reach of evils and misfortunes, this too admits of some dispute, since it is thought that the dead has somewhat both of good and evil (if, as we must allow, a man may have when alive but not aware of the circumstances), as honour and dishonour, and good and bad fortune of children and descendants generally.

Nor is this view again without its difficulties: for, after a man has lived in blessedness to old age and died accordingly, many changes may befall him in right of his descendants; some of them may be good and obtain positions in life accordant to their merits, others again quite the contrary: it is plain too that the descendants may at different intervals or grades stand in all manner of relations to the ancestors. Absurd indeed would be the position that even the dead man is to change about with them and become at one time happy and at another miserable. Absurd however it is on the other hand that the affairs of the descendants should in no degree and during no time affect the ancestors.

But we must revert to the point first raised, since the present question will be easily determined from that.

If then we are to look to the end and then pronounce the man blessed, not as being so but as having been so at some previous time, surely it is absurd that when he *is* happy the truth is not to be asserted of him, because we are unwilling to pronounce the living happy by reason of their liability to changes, and because, whereas we have conceived of happiness as something stable and no way easily changeable, the fact is that good and bad fortune are constantly circling about the same people: for it is quite plain, that if we are to depend upon the fortunes of men, we shall often have to call the same man happy and a little while after miserable, thus representing our happy man

> "Chameleon-like, and based on rottenness."

Is not this the solution? that to make our sentence dependent on the changes of fortune, is no way right: for not in them stands the well, or the ill, but though human life needs these as accessories (which we have allowed already), the workings in the way of virtue are what determine Happiness, and the contrary the contrary.

And, by the way, the question which has been here discussed, testifies incidentally to the truth of our account of Happiness. For to nothing does a stability of human results attach so much as it does to the workings in the way of virtue, since these are held to be more abiding even than the sciences: and of these last again the most precious are the most abiding, because the blessed live in them most and most continuously, which seems to be the reason why they are not forgotten. So then this stability which is sought will be in the happy man, and he will be such through life, since always, or most of all, he will be doing and contemplating the things which are in the way of virtue: and the various chances of life he will bear most nobly, and at all times and in all ways harmoniously, since he is the truly good man, or in the terms of our proverbs "a faultless cube."

And whereas the incidents of chance are many, and differ in greatness and smallness, the small pieces of good or ill fortune evidently do not affect the balance of life, but the great and numerous, if happening for good, will make life more blessed (for it is their nature to contribute to ornament, and the using of them comes to be noble and excellent), but if for ill, they bruise as it were and maim the blessedness: for they bring in positive pain, and hinder many acts of working. But still, even in these, nobleness shines through when a man bears contentedly many and great mischances not from insensibility to pain but because he is noble and high-spirited.

And if, as we have said, the acts of working are what determine the character of life, no one of the blessed can ever become wretched, because he will never do those things which are hateful and mean. For the man who is truly good and sensible bears all fortunes, we presume, becomingly, and always does what is noblest under the circumstances, just as a good general employs to the best advantage the force he has with him; or a good shoemaker makes the handsomest shoe he can out of the leather which has been given him; and all other good artisans likewise. And if this be so, wretched never can the happy man come to be: I do not mean to say he will be blessed should he fall into fortunes like those of Priam.

Nor, in truth, is he shifting and easily changeable, for on the one hand from his happiness he will not be shaken easily nor by ordinary mischances, but if at all, by those which are great and numerous; and, on the other, after such mischances he cannot regain his happiness in a little time; but, if at all, in a long and complete period, during which he has made himself master of great and noble things. Why then should we not call happy the man who works in the way of perfect virtue, and is furnished with external goods sufficient for acting his part in the drama of life: and this during no ordinary period but such as constitutes a complete life as we have been describing it.

Or we must add, that not only is he to live so, but his death must be in keeping with such life, since the future is dark to us, and Happiness we assume to be in every way an end and complete. And, if this be so, we shall call them among the living blessed who have and will have the things specified, but blessed *as Men.*

On these points then let it suffice to have defined thus much.

—D. P. Chase.

THE DOCTRINE OF THE MEAN

Aristotle

[From the *Ethics*, Book II]

Happiness is virtue, and virtue is a mean between extremes. There are three phases of every moral act—excess, defect, and the mean between excess and defect. It is impossible that virtue be either excess or defect, too much or too little. The golden mean is not, however, the absolute middle between the extremes, but varies in relation to persons and circumstances.

Now what the genus of Virtue is has been said; but we must not merely speak of it thus, that it is a state, but say also what kind of a state it is.

We must observe then that all excellence makes that whereof it is the excellence both to be itself in a good state and to perform its work well. The excellence of the eye, for instance, makes both the eye good and its work also: for by the excellence of the eye we see well. So too the excellence of the horse makes the horse good, and good in speed, and in carrying his rider, and standing up against the enemy. If then this is universally the case, the excellence of Man, *i.e.* Virtue, must be a state whereby Man comes to be good and whereby he will perform well his proper work. Now how this shall be it is true we have said already, but still perhaps it may throw light on the subject to see what is its characteristic nature.

In all quantity then, whether continuous or discrete, one may take the greater part, the less, or the exactly equal, and these either with reference to the thing itself, or relatively to us: and the exactly equal is a mean between excess and defect. Now by the mean of the thing, *i.e.* absolute mean, I denote that which is equidistant from either extreme (which of course is one and the same to all), and by the mean relatively to ourselves, that which is neither too much nor too little for the particular individual. This of course is not one nor the same to all: for instance, suppose ten is too much and two too little, people take six for the absolute mean; because it exceeds the smaller sum by exactly as much as it is itself exceeded by the larger, and this mean is according to arithmetical proportion.

But the mean relatively to ourselves must not be so found; for it does not follow, supposing ten minæ is too large a quantity to eat and two too small, that the trainer will order his man six; because for the person who is to take it this also may be too much or too little: for Milo it would be too little, but for a man just commencing his athletic exercises too much: similarly too of the exercises themselves, as running or wrestling.

So then it seems every one possessed of skill avoids excess and defect, but seeks for and chooses the mean, not the absolute but the relative.

Now if all skill thus accomplishes well its work by keeping an eye on the mean, and bringing the works to this point (whence it is common enough to say of such works as are in a good state, "one cannot add to or take aught from them," under the notion of excess or defect destroying goodness but the mean state preserving it), and good artisans, as we say, work with their eye on this, and excellence, like nature, is more exact and better than any art in the world, it must have an aptitude to aim at the mean.

It is moral excellence, *i.e.* Virtue, of course which I mean, because this it is which is concerned with feelings and actions, and in these there can be excess and defect and the mean: it is possible, for instance, to feel the emotions of fear, confidence, lust, anger, compassion, and pleasure and pain generally, too much or too little, and in either case wrongly; but to feel them when we ought, on what occasions, towards whom, why, and as we should, is the mean, or in other words the best state, and this is the property of Virtue.

In like manner too with respect to the actions, there may be excess and defect and the mean. Now Virtue is concerned with feelings and actions, in which excess is wrong and the defect is blamed but the mean is praised and goes right; and both these circumstances belong to Virtue. Virtue then is in a sense a mean state, since it certainly has an aptitude for aiming at the mean.

Again, one may go wrong in many different ways (because, as the Pythagoreans expressed it, evil is of the class of the infinite, good of the finite), but right only in one; and so the former is easy, the latter difficult; easy to miss the mark, but hard to hit it: and for these reasons, therefore, both the excess and defect belong to Vice, and the mean state to Virtue; for, as the poet has it,

"Men may be bad in many ways,
But good in one alone."

Virtue then is "a state apt to exercise deliberate choice, being in the relative mean, determined by reason, and as the man of practical wisdom would determine."

It is a middle state between two faulty ones, in the way of excess on one side and of defect on the other: and it is so moreover, because the faulty states on one side fall short of, and those on the other exceed, what is right, both in the case of the feelings and the actions; but Virtue finds, and when found adopts, the mean.

And so, viewing it in respect of its essence and definition, Virtue is a mean state; but in reference to the chief good and to excellence it is the highest state possible.

But it must not be supposed that every action or every feeling is capable of subsisting in this mean state, because some there are which are so named as immediately to convey the notion of badness, as malevolence, shamelessness, envy; or, to instance in actions, adultery, theft, homicide; for all these and such like are blamed because they are in themselves bad, not the having too much or too little of them.

In these then you never can go right, but must always be wrong: nor in such does the right or wrong depend on the selection of a proper person, time, or manner (take adultery for instance), but simply doing any one soever of those things is being wrong.

You might as well require that there should be determined a mean state, and excess and defect in respect of acting unjustly, being cowardly, or giving up all control of the passions: for at this rate there will be of excess and defect a mean state; of excess, excess; and of defect, defect.

But just as of perfected self-mastery and courage there is no excess and defect, because the mean is in one point of view the highest possible state, so neither of those faulty states can you have a mean state, excess, or defect, but howsoever done they are wrong: you cannot, in short, have of excess and defect a mean state, nor of a mean state excess and defect.

It is not enough, however, to state this in general terms, we must also apply it to particular instances, because in treatises on moral conduct general statements have an air of vagueness, but those which go into detail one of greater reality: for the actions after all must be in detail, and the general statements, to be worth anything, must hold good here.

We must take these details then from the Table.

I. In respect of fears and confidence or boldness:

The Mean state is courage: men may exceed, of course, either in absence of fear or in positive confidence: the former has no name (which is a common case), the latter is called rash: again, the man who has too much fear and too little confidence is called a coward.

II. In respect of pleasures and pains (but not all, and perhaps fewer pains than pleasures):

The Mean state here is perfected Self-Mastery, the defect total absence of Self-Control. As for defect in respect of pleasure, there are really no people who are chargeable with it, so, of course, there is really no name for such characters, but, as they are conceivable, we will give them one and call them insensible.

III. In respect of giving and taking wealth (*a*):

The Mean state is Liberality, the excess Prodigality, the defect Stinginess: here each of the extremes involves really an excess and defect contrary to each other: I mean the prodigal gives out too much and takes in too little, while the stingy man takes in too much and gives out too little. (It must be understood that we are now giving merely an outline and summary, intentionally: and we will, in a later part of the treatise, draw out the distinctions with greater exactness.)

IV. In respect of wealth (*b*):

There are other dispositions besides these just mentioned; a mean state called Munificence (for the munificent man differs from the liberal, the former having necessarily to do with great wealth, the latter with but small); the excess called by the names either of Want of taste or Vulgar Profusion, and the defect Paltriness (these also differ from the extremes connected with liberality, and the manner of their difference shall also be spoken of later).

V. In respect of honour and dishonour (*a*):

The Mean state Greatness of Soul, the excess which may be called Braggadocia, and the defect Littleness of Soul.

VI. In respect of honour and dishonour (*b*):

Now there is a state bearing the same relation to Greatness of Soul as we said just now Liberality does to Munificence, with the difference that is of being about a small amount of the same thing: this state having reference to small honour, as Greatness of Soul to great honour; a man may, of course, grasp at honour either more than he should or less; now he that exceeds in his grasping at it is called ambitious, he that falls short unambitious, he that is just as he should be has no proper name: nor in fact have the states, except that the disposition of the ambitious man is called ambition. For this reason those who are in either extreme lay claim to the mean as a debateable land, and we call the virtuous character sometimes by the name ambitious, sometimes by that of unambitious, and we commend sometimes the one and sometimes the other. Why we do it shall be said in the subsequent part of the treatise; but now we will go on with the rest of the virtues after the plan we have laid down.

VII. In respect of anger.

Here too there is excess, defect, and a mean state; but since they may be said to have really no proper names, as we call the virtuous character Meek, we will call the mean state Meekness, and of the extremes, let the man who is excessive be denominated Passionate, and the faulty state Passionateness, and him who is deficient Angerless, and the defect Angerlessness.

There are also three other mean states, having some mutual resemblance, but still with differences; they are alike in that they all have for their object-matter intercourse of words and deeds, and they differ in that one has respect to truth herein, the other two to what is pleasant; and this in two ways, the one in relaxation and amusement, the other in all things which occur in daily life. We must say a word or two about these also, that we may the better see that in all matters the mean is praiseworthy, while the extremes are neither right nor worthy of praise but of blame.

Now of these, it is true, the majority have really no proper names, but still we must try, as in the other cases, to coin some for them for the sake of clearness and intelligibleness.

I. In respect of truth:

The man who is in the mean state we will call Truthful, and his state Truthfulness, and as to the disguise of truth, if it be on the side of exaggeration, Braggadocia, and him that has it a Braggadocio; if on that of diminution, Reserve and Reserved shall be the terms.

II. In respect of what is pleasant in the way of relaxation or amusement:

The mean state shall be called Easy-pleasantry, and the character accordingly a man of Easy-pleasantry; the excess Buffoonery, and the man a Buffoon; the man deficient herein a Clown, and his state Clownishness.

III. In respect of what is pleasant in daily life:

He that is as he should be may be called Friendly, and his mean state Friendliness: he that exceeds, if it be without any interested motive, somewhat too Complaisant, if with such motive, a Flatterer: he that is deficient and in all instances unpleasant, Quarrelsome and Cross.

There are mean states likewise in feelings and matters concerning them. Shamefacedness, for instance, is no virtue, still a man is praised for being shamefaced: for in these too the one is denominated the man in the mean state, the other in the excess; the Dumbfoundered, for instance, who is overwhelmed with shame on all and any occasions: the man who is in the defect, *i.e.* who has no shame at all in his composition, is called Shameless: but the right character Shamefaced.

Indignation against successful vice, again, is a state in the mean between Envy and Malevolence: they all three have respect to pleasure and pain produced by what happens to one's neighbour: for the man who has this right feeling is annoyed at undeserved success of others, while the envious man goes beyond him and is annoyed at all success of others, and the malevolent falls so far short of feeling annoyance that he even rejoices (at misfortune of others).

But for the discussion of these also there will be another opportunity, as of Justice too, because the term is used in more senses than one. So after this we will go accurately into each and say how they are mean states: and in like manner also with respect to the Intellectual Excellences.

Now as there are three states in each case, two faulty either in the way of excess or defect, and one right, which is the mean state, of course all are in a way opposed to one another; the extremes, for instance, not only to the mean but also to one another, and the mean to the extremes: for just as the half is greater if compared with the less portion, and less if compared with the greater, so the mean states, compared with the defects, exceed, whether in feelings or actions and *vice versâ.* The brave man, for instance, shows as rash when compared with the coward, and cowardly when compared with the rash; similarly too the man of perfected self-mastery, viewed in comparison with the man destitute of all perception, shows like a man of no self-control, but in comparison with the man who really has no self-control, he looks like one destitute of all perception: and the liberal man compared with the stingy seems prodigal, and by the side of the prodigal, stingy.

And so the extreme characters push away, so to speak, towards each other the man in the mean state; the brave man is called a rash man by the coward, and a coward by the rash man, and in the other cases accordingly. And there being this mutual opposition, the contrariety between the extremes is greater than between either and the mean, because they are further from one another than from the mean, just as the greater or less portion differ more from each other than either from the exact half.

Again, in some cases an extreme will bear a resemblance to the mean; rashness, for instance, to courage, and prodigality to liberality; but between the extremes there is the greatest dissimilarity. Now things which are furthest from one another are defined to be contrary, and so the further off the more contrary they will be.

Further: of the extremes in some cases the excess, and in others the defect, is most opposed to the mean: to courage, for instance, not rashness which is the excess, but cowardice which is the defect; whereas to perfected self-mastery not insensibility which is the defect but absence of all self-control which is the excess.

And for this there are two reasons to be given; one from the nature of the thing itself, because from the one extreme being nearer and more like the mean, we do not put this against it, but the other; as, for instance, since rashness is thought to be nearer to courage than cowardice is, and to resemble it more, we put cowardice against courage rather than rashness, because those things which are further from the mean are thought to be more contrary to it. This then is one reason arising from the thing itself; there is another arising from our own constitution and make: for in each man's own case those things give the impression of being more contrary to the mean to which we individually have a natural bias. Thus we have a natural bias towards pleasures, for which reason we are much more inclined to the rejection of all self-control, than to self-discipline.

These things then to which the bias is, we call more contrary, and so total want of self-control (the excess) is more contrary than the defect is to perfected self-mastery.

Now that Moral Virtue is a mean state, and how it is so, and that it lies between two faulty states, one in the way of excess and another in the way of defect, and that it is so because it has an aptitude to aim at the mean both in feelings and actions, all this has been set forth fully and sufficiently.

And so it is hard to be good: for surely hard it is in each instance to find the mean, just as to find the mean point or centre of a circle is not what any man can do, but only he who knows how: just so to be angry, to give money, and be expensive, is what any man can do, and easy: but to do these to the right person, in due proportion, at the right time, with a right object, and in the right manner, this is not as before what any man can do, nor is it easy; and for this cause goodness is rare, and praiseworthy, and noble.

Therefore he who aims at the mean should make it his first care to keep away from that extreme which is more contrary than the other to the mean; just as Calypso in Homer advises Ulysses,

"Clear of this smoke and surge thy barque direct;"

because of the two extremes the one is always more, and the other less, erroneous; and, therefore, since to hit exactly on the mean is difficult, one must take the least of the evils as the safest plan; and this a man will be doing, if he follows this method.

We ought also to take into consideration our own natural bias; which varies in each man's case, and will be ascertained from the pleasure and pain arising in us. Furthermore, we should force ourselves off in the contrary direction, because we shall find ourselves in the mean after we have removed ourselves far from the wrong side, exactly as men do in straightening bent timber.

But in all cases we must guard most carefully against what is pleasant, and pleasure itself, because we are not impartial judges of it.

We ought to feel in fact towards pleasure as did the old counsellors towards Helen, and in all cases pronounce a similar sentence; for so by sending it away from us, we shall err the less.

Well, to speak very briefly, these are the precautions by adopting which we shall be best able to attain the mean.

Still, perhaps, after all it is a matter of difficulty, and specially in the particular instances: it is not easy, for instance, to determine exactly in what manner, with what persons, for what causes, and for what length of time, one ought to feel anger: for we ourselves sometimes praise those who are defective in this feeling, and we call them meek; at another, we term the hot-tempered manly and spirited.

Then, again, he who makes a small deflection from what is right, be it on the side of too much or too little, is not blamed, only he who makes a considerable one; for he cannot escape observation. But to what point or degree a man must err in order to incur blame, it is not easy to determine exactly in words: nor in fact any of those points which are matters of perception by the Moral Sense: such questions are matters of detail, and the decision of them rests with the Moral Sense.

At all events thus much is plain, that the mean state is in all things praiseworthy, and that practically we must deflect sometimes towards excess sometimes towards defect, because this will be the easiest method of hitting on the mean, that is, on what is right.

—D. P. CHASE.

THE NATURE OF DEMOCRACY[1]

ARISTOTLE

[From the *Politics*, Book VI]

The government of Athens in the time of Plato and Aristotle was the nearest approach to a pure democracy which has been recorded in history. But it had fallen on evil days, in which its weaknesses were emphasized and its merits obscured. The philosophers, examining it as they found it, condemned it as an unworkable form, and set about formulating principles for reconstructing the state. Aristotle's method included an examination of the several forms of government known to him, for the purpose of discovering the underlying principles of each. Such modifications of democracy as representative government were unknown to him, although the plan he suggested bears a slight resemblance to such a scheme.

First of all let us speak of democracy, which will also bring to light the opposite form of government commonly called oligarchy. For the purposes of this enquiry we need to ascertain all the elements and characteristics of democracy, since from the combinations of these the varieties of democratic government arise. There are several of these differing from each other, and the difference is due to two causes. One has been already mentioned,—differences of population; for the popular element may consist of husbandmen, or of mechanics, or of labourers, and if the first of these be added to the second, or the third to the two others, not only does the democracy become better or worse, but its very nature is changed. A second cause remains to be mentioned: the various properties and characteristics of democracy, when variously combined make a difference. For one democracy will have less and another will have more, and another will have all of these characteristics. There is an advantage in knowing them all, whether a man wishes to establish some new form of democracy, or only to remodel an existing one. Founders of states try to bring together all the elements which accord with the ideas of the several constitutions; but this is a mistake of theirs, as I have already remarked when speaking of the destruction and preservation of states. We will now set forth the principles, characteristics, and aims of such states.

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[1] From *The Politics of Aristotle*, by Benjamin Jowett, 1885, Oxford, at the Clarendon Press.

The basis of a democratic state is liberty; which, according to the common opinion of men, can only be enjoyed in such a state;—this they affirm to be the great end of every democracy. One principle of liberty is for all to rule and be ruled in turn, and indeed democratic justice is the application of numerical not proportionate equality; whence it follows that the majority must be supreme, and that whatever the majority approve must be the end and the just. Every citizen, it is said, must have equality, and therefore in a democracy the poor have more power than the rich, because there are more of them, and the will of the majority is supreme. This, then, is one note of liberty which all democrats affirm to be the principle of their state. Another is that a man should live as he likes. This, they say, is the privilege of a free man, and, on the other hand, not to live as a man likes is the mark of a slave. This is the second characteristic of democracy, whence has arisen the claim of men to be ruled by none, if possible, or, if this is impossible, to rule and be ruled in turns; and so it coincides with the freedom based upon equality.

Such being our foundation and such the nature of democracy, its characteristics are as follows:—the election of officers by all out of all; and that all should rule over each, and each in his turn over all; that the appointment to all offices, or to all but those which require experience and skill, should be made by lot; that no property qualification should be required for offices, or only a very low one; that no one should hold the same office twice, or not often, except in the case of military offices; that the tenure of all offices, or of as many as possible, should be brief; that all men should sit in judgment, or that judges selected out of all should judge in all matters, or in most, or in the greatest and most important,—such as the scrutiny of accounts, the constitution and private contracts; that the assembly should be supreme over all causes, or at any rate over the most important, and the magistrates over none or only over a very few. Of all institutions, a council is the most democratic when there is not the means of paying all the citizens, but when they are paid even this is robbed of its power; for the people then draw all cases to themselves, as I said in the previous discussion. The next characteristic of democracy is payment for services; assembly law-courts, magistrates, everybody receives pay, when it is to be had; or when it is not to be had for all, then it is given to the law-courts and to the stated assemblies, to the council and to the magistrates, or at least to any of them who are compelled to have their meals together. And whereas oligarchy is characterised by birth, wealth, and education, the notes of democracy appear to be the opposite of these,—low birth, poverty, mean employment. Another note is that no magistracy is perpetual, but if any such have survived some ancient change in the constitution it should be stripped of its power, and the holders should be elected by lot and no longer by vote. These are points common to all democracies; but democracy and demos in their truest form are based upon the recognized principle of democratic justice, that all should count equally; for equality implies that the rich should have no more share in the government than the poor, and should not be the only rulers, but that all should rule equally according to their numbers. And in this way men think that they will secure equality and freedom in their state.

Next comes the question, how is this equality to be obtained? Is the qualification to be so distributed that five hundred rich shall be equal to a thousand poor? and shall we give the thousand a power equal to that of the five hundred? or, if this is not to be the mode, ought we, still retaining the same ratio, to take equal numbers from each and give them the control of the elections and of the courts? —Which, according to the democratical notion, is the juster form of the constitution,—this or one based on numbers only? Democrats say that justice is that to which the majority agree, oligarchs that to which the wealthier class; in their opinion the decision should be given according to the amount of property. In both principles there is some inequality and injustice. For if justice is the will of the few, any one person who has more wealth than all the rest of his class put together, ought, upon the oligarchical principle, to have the sole power—but this would be tyranny; or if justice is the will of the majority, as I was before saying, they will unjustly confiscate the property of the wealthy minority. To find a principle of equality in which they both agree we must enquire into their respective ideas of justice.

Now they agree in saying that whatever is decided by the majority of the citizens is to be deemed law. Granted:—but not without some reserve; since there are two classes out of which a state is composed,—the poor and the rich,—that is to be deemed law, on which both or the greater part of both agree; and if they disagree, that which is approved by the greater number, and by those who have the higher qualification. For example, suppose that there are ten rich and twenty poor, and some measure is approved by six of the rich and disapproved by fifteen of the poor, and the remaining four of the rich join with the party of the poor, and the remaining five of the poor with that of the rich; in such a case the will of those whose qualifications, when both sides are added up, are the greatest, should prevail. If they turn out to be equal, there is no greater difficulty than at present, when, if the assembly or the courts are divided, recourse is had to the lot, or to some similar expedient. But, although it may be difficult in theory to know what is just and equal, the practical difficulty of inducing those to forbear who can, if they like, encroach, is far greater, for the weaker are always asking for equality and justice, but the stronger care for none of these things.

Of the four kinds of democracy, as was said in the previous discussion, the best is that which comes first in order; it is also the oldest of them all. I am speaking of them according to the natural classification of their inhabitants. For the best material of democracy is an agricultural population; there is no difficulty in forming a democracy where the mass of the people live by agriculture or tending of cattle. Being poor, they have no leisure, and therefore do not often attend the assembly, and not having the necessaries of life they are always at work, and do not covet the property of others. Indeed, they find their employment pleasanter than the cares of government or office where no great gains can be made out of them, for the many are more desirous of gain than of honour. A proof is that even the ancient tyrannies were patiently endured by them, as they still endure oligarchies, if they are allowed to work and are not deprived of their property; for some of them grow quickly rich and the others are well enough off. Moreover they have the power of electing the magistrates and calling them to account; their ambition, if they have any, is thus satisfied; and in some democracies, although they do not all share in the appointment of officers, except through representatives elected in turn out of the whole people, as at Mantinea;—yet, if they have the power of deliberating, the many are contented. Even this form of government may be regarded as a democracy, and was such at Mantinea. Hence it is both expedient and customary in such a democracy that all should elect to offices, and conduct scrutinies, and sit in the law-courts, but that the great offices should be filled up by election and from persons having a qualification; the greater requiring a greater qualification, or, if there be no offices for which a qualification is required, then those who are marked out by special ability should be appointed. Under such a form of government the citizens are sure to be governed well, (for the offices will always be held by the best persons; the people are willing enough to elect them and are not jealous of the good). The good and the notables will then be satisfied, for they will not be governed by men who are their inferiors, and the persons elected will rule justly, because others will call them to account. Every man should be responsible to others, nor should any one be allowed to do just as he pleases; for where absolute freedom is allowed there is nothing to restrain the evil which is inherent in every man. But the principle of responsibility secures that which is the greatest good in states; the right persons rule and are prevented from doing wrong, and the people have their due. It is evident that this is the best kind of democracy, and why? because the people are drawn from a certain class. The ancient laws of many states which aimed at making the people husbandmen were excellent. They provided either that no one should possess more than a certain quantity of land, or that, if he did, the land should not be within a certain distance from the town or the acropolis. Formerly in many states there was a law forbidding any one to sell his original allotment of land. There is a similar law attributed to Oxylus, which is to the effect that there should be a certain portion of every man's property on which he could not borrow money. A useful corrective to the evil of which I am speaking would be the law of the Aphytæans, who, although they are numerous, and do not possess much land, are all of them husbandmen. For their properties are reckoned in the census, not entire, but only in such small portions that even the poor may have more than the amount required.

Next best to an agricultural, and in many respects similar, are a pastoral people, who live by their flocks; they are the best trained of any for war, robust in body and able to camp out. The people of whom other democracies consist are far inferior to them, for their life is inferior; there is no room for moral excellence in any of their employments, whether they be mechanics or traders or labourers. Besides, people of this class can readily come to the assembly, because they are continually moving about in the city and in the agora; whereas husbandmen are scattered over the country and do not meet, or equally feel the want of assembling together. Where the territory extends to a distance from the city, there is no difficulty in making an excellent democracy or constitutional government; for the people are compelled to settle in the country, and even if there is a town population the assembly ought not to meet when the country people cannot come. We have thus explained how the first and best form of democracy should be constituted; it is clear that the other or inferior sorts will deviate in a regular order, and the population which is excluded will at each stage be of a lower kind.

The last form of democracy, that in which all share alike, is one which cannot be borne by all states, and will not last long unless well regulated by laws and customs. The more general causes which tend to destroy this or other kinds of government have now been pretty fully considered. In order to constitute such a democracy and strengthen the people, the leaders have been in the habit of including as many as they can, and making citizens not only of those who are legitimate, but even of the illegitimate, and of those who have only one parent a citizen, whether father or mother; for nothing of this sort comes amiss to such a democracy. This is the way in which demagogues proceed. Whereas the right thing would be to make no more additions when the number of the commonalty exceeds that of the notables or of the middle class,—beyond this not to go. When in excess of this point the state becomes disorderly, and the notables grow excited and impatient of the democracy, as in the insurrection at Cyrene; for no notice is taken of a little evil, but when it increases it strikes the eye. Measures like those which Cleisthenes passed when he wanted to increase the power of the democracy at Athens, or such as were taken by the founders of popular government at Cyrene, are useful in the extreme form of democracy. Fresh tribes and brotherhoods should be established; the private rights of families should be restricted and converted into public ones; in short, every contrivance should be adopted which will mingle the citizens with one another and get rid of old connections. Again, the measures which are taken by tyrants appear all of them to be democratic; such, for instance, as the license permitted to slaves (which may be to a certain extent advantageous) and also that of women and children, and the allowing everybody to live as he likes. Such a government will have many supporters, for most persons would rather live in a disorderly than in a sober manner.

The mere establishment of a democracy is not the only or principal business of a legislator, or of those who wish to create such a state, for any state, however badly constituted, may last one, two, or three days; a far greater difficulty is the preservation of it. The legislator should therefore endeavour to have a firm foundation according to the principles already laid down concerning the preservation and destruction of states; he should guard against the destructive elements, and should make laws, whether written or unwritten, which will contain all the preservatives of states. He must not think the truly democratical or oligarchical measure to be that which will give the greatest amount of democracy or oligarchy, but that which will make them last longest. The demagogues of our own day often get property confiscated in the law-courts in order to please the people. But those who have the welfare of the state at heart should counteract them, and make a law that the property of the condemned which goes into the treasury should not be public but sacred. Thus offenders will be as much afraid, for they will be punished all the same, and the people, having nothing to gain, will not be so ready to condemn the accused. Care should also be taken that state trials are as few as possible, and heavy penalties should be inflicted on those who bring groundless accusations; for it is the practice to indict, not members of the popular party, but the notables, although the citizens ought to be all equally attached to the state, or at any rate should not regard their rulers as enemies.

Now, since in the last and worst form of democracy the citizens are very numerous, and can hardly be made to assemble unless they are paid, and to pay them when there are no revenues presses hardly upon the notables (for the money must be obtained by a property-tax and confiscations and corrupt practices of the courts, things which have before now overthrown many democracies); where, I say, there are no revenues, the government should hold few assemblies, and the law-courts should consist of many persons, but sit for a few days only. This system has two advantages: first, the rich do not fear the expense, even although they are unpaid themselves when the poor are paid; and secondly, cases are better tried, for wealthy persons, although they do not like to be long absent from their own affairs, do not mind going for a few days to the law-courts. Where there are revenues the demagogues should not be allowed after their manner to distribute the surplus; the poor are always receiving and always wanting more and more, for such help is like water poured into a leaky cask. Yet the true friend of the people should see that they be not too poor, for extreme poverty lowers the character of the democracy; measures also should be taken which will give them lasting prosperity; and as this is equally the interest of all classes, the proceeds of the public revenues should be accumulated and distributed among them, if possible, in such quantities as may enable them to purchase a little farm, or, at any rate, make a beginning in trade and husbandry. And if this benevolence cannot be extended to all, money should be distributed in turn according to tribes or other divisions, and in the meantime the rich should pay the fee for the attendance of the poor at the necessary assemblies; and should in return be excused from useless public services. By administering the state in this spirit the Carthaginians retain the affections of the people; their policy is from time to time to send some of them into their dependent towns, where they grow rich. It is also worthy of a generous and sensible nobility to divide the poor amongst them, and give them the means of going to work. The example of the people of Tarentum is also well deserving of imitation, for, by sharing the use of their own property with the poor, they gain their good will. Moreover, they divide all their offices into two classes, one-half of them being elected by vote, the other by lot; the latter that the people may participate in them, and the former, that the state may be better administered. A like result may be gained by dividing the same offices, so as to have two classes of magistrates, one chosen by vote, the other by lot.

—Benjamin Jowett.

Cosmopolitan Society

FOURTH AND THIRD CENTURIES B.C.

After the conquests of Alexander the Great the literary center shifted from Athens to Alexandria in Egypt, and the literature of the period (late fourth and third centuries) is known as Alexandrian or Hellenistic. It differs in many respects from the classical literature of the Athenian supremacy.

The most marked change that came over the Greek world was the change from the small restricted community life, with its more or less narrow interests, to the national life of extended monarchies; from the individual responsibilities of democratic government to the relegation of such responsibilities to the care of a life-long ruler and his ministers. The world seemed suddenly to have become vastly extended; travel became more common, so that the Greeks of one locality began to make acquaintance with those of another, and even to mingle more freely with barbarians. As a natural result, interests ceased to be centered on the city-state, but broadened out into a cosmopolitan view of society. The release from the cares of public life turned thought more and more upon the individual and upon his private and domestic life. The natural world about him also commanded more of his attention.

In Alexandria particularly, the successors of Alexander, ambitious to build a brilliant intellectual center, summoned from all parts of the Greek world the scholars and poets, and made accessible to them through the great library of Alexandria all the available literature of the past. Here developed rapidly a new spirit of inquiry and of skepticism, which issued on the one hand in a ripened literary criticism and on the other in learned experiments at innovations and new inventions.

The productions of the time marked an advance in many respects—in knowledge, critical understanding, broader interest, analysis of the individual man—but it carried with it also the defects of pedantry and artificiality. There was a conscious straining for effect, an overloading of detail, an intricacy of weaving together the material treated, which missed the simplicity and restraint of the earlier period. The skepticism often discarded the old without being able to replace it with something better.

On the formal side, it was the age of personal epigram and elegy, in which the love experience of the writer received a new emphasis. The massive epic of Homer gave place to the short epic, the comedy of public satire to the comedy of private life, the broad speculations of philosophers to the construction of ethical systems and fanciful Utopias, and the discovery of scientific principles to applied science. The rise of the pastoral, which more than any other form strikes the ancient note of spontaneity, belongs also to this age.

I. COMEDY OF MANNERS

The Macedonian conquest of most of the known world had its effect on Athens as on the whole of Greece. Decline in political power turned the thoughts of people more and more away from public affairs to the problems of private and domestic life. The outspoken political satire of Aristophanes perforce gave way before the threat of a foreign power, and in its place was gradually developed a comedy which indulged in mild satire on character and situation as manifested in the complexities of everyday experience. But the purpose of this comedy was a broader one than that of mere satire. It would mirror private life, presenting the sad, the serious, the fun and frolic, love and its troubles. This dramatic development is perhaps best described as a comedy of manners.

The plots, as known from Greek originals and Roman adaptations, are usually developed within a rather narrow range of events and characters. A young man is in love with a girl to whom his father objects either because of her doubtful character or her poverty. By the help of various accomplices the father is deceived for a time. A recognition scene, which identifies the girl, often clears up matters to everyone's satisfaction. Chance events usually play a part in the denouement, though they are worked in naturally enough. Almost never is use made of divine intervention which is so common in tragedy.

Familiar elements in the plays are love affairs, marriages, abductions, abandoned infants, deception of fathers, schemes to get money from them, birth-tokens by which persons are identified. Familiar characters, which appear in so many plays that they may be termed stock characters, are father, son, physician, slave, parasite, cook, soldier, nurse, slave-dealer, wife, girl. Curiously enough women, though they play always important rôles in the story, are often used very little on the stage and in some plays do not appear at all. The explanation of this lies in the fact that Greek women led secluded lives, appearing seldom in public, and the playwright is representing actuality. The characters need by no means always show the same characteristics. A capable playwright might individualize his stock character *father*, for example, in every play he produced. Of such elements an endless variety of stories could be constructed.

In this new comedy the technique of tragedy as perfected by Euripides was found to be better adapted to the new subject matter than that of the old comedy. A prologue, typical of Euripides, was used, not however placed always at the beginning of a play, but after a scene or two of interesting dialogue had won the favor of the audience. A chorus was inherited from an earlier day; but it was altogether a non-essential to the plot, appearing quite incidentally. The stage setting, which did not vary throughout the play, presented to the spectators a street, regularly understood to be in Athens, which led, on the spectators' left, to the harbor, and, on the right, to the center of the city. Two or three houses, perhaps with alleyways between, opened on this street. The action took place in the street in front of the houses. This is the type of play which particularly influenced the Roman and, through the Roman, the modern drama.

THE ARBITRATION[1]

Menander

[From the *Arbitrants*]

Menander (342 to 291 B.C.), of Athens, is the chief representative of the New Comedy. His work was made known to the modern world by the discovery of large parts of several of his comedies on papyrus in Egypt some years ago. Before that time he was known merely in brief quotations and through imitations of his work by Roman dramatists. He mirrored the private life of the Athens of his time faithfully, and on a high level of artistic excellence. For his ability in depicting character and for spirited dialogue he is justly famous.

None of the newly-discovered plays of Menander is complete. To give the setting of the long fragment of the Arbitrants *here printed, the plot as reconstructed may be briefly outlined. Pamphila, the daughter of Smicrines, was violated by Charisius. Later they were married, neither recognizing the other. A child is born which Pamphila's old nurse, Sophrona, exposes, with the ring of the unknown father as birth-token. Charisius learns of this child's birth and gives himself up to revelling to drown his disappointment in his wife, who, he thinks, has been untrue to him. Smicrines comes to discuss the situation. He is made arbitrator by the poor people who have found and are caring for the child. And it is at this point that the passage selected for quotation here begins. The irony of the scene in which Smicrines is made to decide a matter concerning the welfare of his own grandchild, who is of course unknown to him, is obvious. Later Smicrines tries to induce his daughter to leave her unworthy husband; but she will not, feeling her own fault. At last the real truth is discovered by husband and wife, the child is restored to them, and all's well that ends well.*

SCENE:—SYRISCUS, DAVUS (*the wife of* SYRISCUS *carries the baby*), (*later*) SMICRINES.

SYRISCUS *and* DAVUS *are at an impasse in their dispute about certain trinkets found by* DAVUS, *along with a baby left exposed, which* SYRISCUS *had later adopted.* DAVUS *had held back all reference to these birth-tokens, wishing to retain them without the baby.* SYRISCUS *has accidentally discovered his treachery.*

SYRISCUS. You'd shun what's fair.
DAVUS. And you, unchancy, blackmail me.
SYRISCUS. You had no right to what's not yours.
DAVUS. Let's leave the case
To some third person.
SYRISCUS. I agree.

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[1] From *Menander*, by Francis G. Allinson, William Heinemann, 1921. Used by permission.

DAVUS. Let's arbitrate.
SYRISCUS. Who shall it be?
DAVUS. For my part anyone will do.
(*aside*) It serves me right for why did I go shares with you?
Enter SMICRINES
SYRISCUS (*indicating* SMICRINES). Will you take him as judge?
DAVUS. Luck help me, yes!
SYRISCUS (*to* SMICRINES). Good sir,
Now, by the gods, could you give us a moment's time?
SMICRINES. Give you? And wherefore?
SYRISCUS. We've a question in dispute.
SMICRINES. What's that to me, pray?
SYRISCUS. Some impartial judge for this
We're seeking now, and so, if nothing hinders you,
Adjust our quarrel.
SMICRINES. Rascals marked for misery!
In goatskins dressed, do you debate and prate of law?
SYRISCUS. But none the less—the matter's short and easily
Decided—grant the favour, father. By the gods,
Do not despise us, for at all times it behooves
That justice gain the upper hand, yes, everywhere,
And every one that comes along should look to this
And make it his concern. It is the common lot
We all must share.
DAVUS (*aside*). I've grappled no mean orator,
Why did I give him part in this?
SMICRINES. Will you abide
By my decision? Say.
SYRISCUS and DAVUS (*together*). Of course.
SMICRINES. I'll hear. For what's
To hinder? (*To* DAVUS) You! you close-mouthed fellow there! Speak first.
DAVUS. I'll start a little further back, not simply tell
His part, that I may make the matter plain to you.
Within this bushy thicket here, hard by this place
My flock I was a-herding, now, perhaps, good sir,
Some thirty days gone by, and I was all alone,
When I came on a little infant child exposed
With necklace and with some such other ornaments.
SYRISCUS (*interrupting*). About just these our quarrel!
DAVUS. He won't let me speak!
SMICRINES (*to* SYRISCUS). If you put in your chatter, with this stick of mine
I'll fetch you one.
DAVUS. And serve him right.
SMICRINES (*to* DAVUS). Speak on.
DAVUS. I will.
I took him up and with him went off to my house.

I had in mind to rear him—'twas my notion then—
But over night came counsel, as it does to all,
And with myself I reasoned: "What have I to do
With rearing children and the trouble? Where shall I
Find so much money? Why take on anxieties?"
Thus minded was I. Back unto my flock again
At daybreak. Came this fellow—he's a charcoal man—
Unto this selfsame place to saw out tree-stumps there.
Now he had had acquaintance with me heretofore,
And so we fell to talking. Noticing my gloom
Says he, "Why's Davus anxious?" "Now why not?" says I,
"For I'm a meddler." And I tell him of the facts;
How I had found, how owned the child. And straightway then,
Ere I could tell him everything, he begged and begged;
"So, Davus, blessed be your lot!" at every word
Exclaiming. Then: "Give me the baby! So, good luck
Be yours! So, be you free! For I've a wife," says he,
"And she gave birth unto a baby and it died"—
(Meaning this woman here that holds the baby now)—
SMICRINES (*to* SYRISCUS). You begged?
DAVUS (*to* SYRISCUS, *who at first fails to answer*). Syriscus!
SYRISCUS. Yes, I
did.
DAVUS. The live-long day
He pestered me, and when he urged, entreated me,
I promised him; I gave the child, and off he went
Calling down countless blessings, seized my hands and kissed
And kissed them.
SMICRINES (*to* SYRISCUS). You did this?
SYRISCUS. I did.
DAVUS. Well, off he went.
Just now he meets me with his wife, and suddenly
Lays claim to all the things then with the child exposed—
(Now these were small and worthless, merely nothing)—claims
That he should have them; says he's treated scurvily
Because I will not give them, claim them for myself.
But I declare he'd better feel some gratitude
For what he did get by his begging. If I fail
To give him all, no need to bring me to account.
Even if walking with me he had found these things,
And 'twere a "Share-all Windfall," he had taken this,
I that. But when I made the find alone, do you, (*to* SYRISCUS)
Although you were not by, do you, I say, expect
To have it all yourself, and not one thing for me?
In fine, I gave you of my own with all good will:
If this still pleases you, then keep it even now,
But if it doesn't suit and if you've changed your mind,
Why then return it. Don't commit nor suffer wrong.

But 'twere not fair that you get all, by my consent
In part, and, partly, forcing me. I've said my say.
SYRISCUS. Has said his say?
SMICRINES. You're deaf? He's said his say.
SYRISCUS. All right,
Then I come after. All alone this fellow found
The baby. Yes, and all of this he's telling now
He tells correctly, father, and it happened so.
I do not contradict. I did entreat and beg
And I received it from him. Yes, he tells the truth.
A certain shepherd, fellow labourer of his,
With whom he had been talking, then brought word to me
That with the baby he had found some ornaments.
To claim these things, see, father, he is here himself!
Give me the baby, wife.
(*Takes the child from his wife's arms*)
Now, Davus, here from you
He's asking back the necklace and birth-tokens too,
For he declares that these were placed upon himself
For his adorning, not for eking out your keep.
I too join in, and ask for them, as guardian—
On giving him you made me that. (*To* SMICRINES) And now, good sir,
Me thinks 'tis yours to settle whether it be right
These golden trinkets and whatever else there be,
As given by his mother, whosoe'er she was,
Be put by for the baby till he come of age,
Or this footpad who stripped him is to have these things,
That others own, provided that he found them first!
"Why didn't I," you'll say, "when first I took the child,
Demand them then of you?" It was not then as yet
Within my power to speak thus in the child's behalf,
And even now I'm here demanding no one thing
That's mine, mine only. "Windfall! Share-all!" None of that!
No "finding" when 'tis question of a person wronged.
That is not "finding," nay, but outright filching that!
And look at this too, father. Maybe this boy here
Was born above our station. Reared 'mongst working-folk
He will despise our doings, his own level seek
And venture on some action suiting noble birth:
Will go a-lion-hunting; carry arms; or run
A race at games. You've seen the actors act, I know,
And all of this you understand. Those heroes once,
Pelias, Neleus, by an aged man were found,
A goatherd in his goatskin dressed as I am now,
And, when he noticed they were better born than he,
He tells the matter, how he found, how took them up,
He gave them back their wallet, with birth-tokens filled.

And thus they found out clearly all their history,
And they, the one-time goatherds, afterwards were kings.
But had a Davus found those things and sold them off,
That he might profit by twelve drachmas for himself,
Through all the coming ages they had been unknown
Who were such great ones and of such a pedigree.
And so it is not fitting, father, that I here
Should rear his body and that Davus seize meanwhile
His life's hope for the future, make it disappear.
A youth about to wed his sister once was stopped
By just such tokens. One a mother found and saved,
And one a brother. Since, O father, all men's lives
Are liable to dangers, we must watch, look out,
With forethought far ahead for what is possible.
"Well, if you are not suited, give him back," says he.
This is his stronghold in the matter, as he thinks.
But that's not just. If you must give up what is his,
Then in addition do you claim to have the child
That more securely you may play the rogue again
If some of his belongings Fortune has preserved?
I've said my say. (*To* Smicrines) Give verdict as you hold is just.
Smicrines. Well, this decision's easy: "All that was exposed
Together with the child goes with him," I decide.
Davus. All right. But now, the child?
Smicrines. By Zeus, I won't decide
He's yours who wrong him, but he's his who came to aid,
This man's, who stood against you, you who'd injure him.
Syriscus. Now yours be many blessings!
Davus. Nay, a verdict rank!
By Zeus the saviour! I, the sole discoverer,
Am stripped of all and he who did not find receives!
Am I to hand these over?
Smicrines. Yes.
Davus. A verdict rank—
Else may no blessing ever light on me!
Syriscus. Here, quick!
Davus. Good Heracles, how I am treated!
Syriscus. Loose your sack
And show us, for it's there you carry them—
(*To* Smicrines, *about to leave*)
Nay, stop,
I beg, a little, till he gives them up.
Davus (*aside*). Why did
I let him judge our case?
Smicrines. Come, give, you quarry-slave!
Davus (*handing over the tokens*). What shameful treatment!
Smicrines (*to* Syriscus). Have you all?
Syriscus. I think so, yes.

SMICRINES. You have, unless he swallowed something down while I
Gave verdict of conviction.
SYRISCUS. Hardly that, I think.
(*To* SMICRINES, *who turns to leave*)
Nay, then, good sir, may Luck attend you. Such as you
I'd sooner have the judges all.
Exit SMICRINES *to City*
DAVUS. But how unjust,
O Heracles! This verdict, was it not too rank?
SYRISCUS. You were a rascal, rascal you!
DAVUS. Look out yourself,
Yes, you now, that you keep these trinkets safe for him.
Aye, mark you well, I'll ever have an eye on you.
Exit DAVUS *towards Mt. Parnes*
SYRISCUS (*calling after him*). Go hang! Go gang your gait! But you, my wife, take these
And carry them in here to our young master's house.
For meanwhile here we will await Chærestratus
And in the morning we'll start off to work again
When we have made our payment. Stop. Let's count them first.
Count over, one by one. Have you a basket there?
Well, loose your dress and drop them in.
While SYRISCUS *examines the tokens and his wife holds out the fold of her dress,* ONESIMUS *comes out of the house of* CHÆRESTRATUS

SCENE:—SYRISCUS, ONESIMUS

ONESIMUS (*to himself*). A slower cook
Nobody ever saw. Why, this time yesterday
Long since they had their wine.
SYRISCUS (*talks to his wife of the trinkets without noticing* ONESIMUS). Now this one seems to be
A sort of rooster and a tough one too! Here, take.
And here is something set with stones. This one's an axe.
ONESIMUS (*becoming aware of* SYRISCUS *and his occupation*). What's this?
SYRISCUS (*still failing to notice* ONESIMUS). This one's a gilded ring without; inside
It's iron. On the seal is carved—a bull?—or goat?
I can't tell which, and one Cleostratus is he
Who made it—so the letters say.
ONESIMUS (*interrupting*). I say, show me!
SYRISCUS (*startled into handing him the ring*). Well there! But who are you?
ONESIMUS. The very one!
SYRISCUS. Who is?
ONESIMUS. The ring.
SYRISCUS. What ring d'ye mean? I don't know what you mean.

ONESIMUS. Charisius's ring, my master's ring!
SYRISCUS. You're cracked!
ONESIMUS. The one he lost.
SYRISCUS. Put down that ring, you wretched man!
ONESIMUS. Our ring? "Put down" for you? Where did you get it from?
SYRISCUS. Apollo and ye gods! What awful nuisance this,
To bring off safe an orphan baby's property!
The first to come forthwith has plunder in his eyes.
Put down that ring, I say.
ONESIMUS. You'd jest with me, you would?
It's master's ring, by your Apollo and the gods!
SYRISCUS. I'd have my throat cut sooner than give it at all
To him, I vow. That's settled. I will have the law
On each and all by turns. The boy's they are, not mine.
(*Returns to enumerating the tokens*)
This one's a collar. Take it, you (*to his wife*). A chiton's fold
Of purple, this. Go, take them in.
(*His wife with the child and tokens, except the ring, goes in*)
(*To* ONESIMUS) Now tell me, you.
What's this you're saying to me?
ONESIMUS. I? This ring is his,
Charisius's. Once, when drunk, or so he said,
He lost it.
SYRISCUS. I'm Chærestratus's tenant slave.
So either save it carefully or give to me
That I may keep and safe deliver.
ONESIMUS. I prefer
Myself as guard.
SYRISCUS. To me that matters not one whit,
For both of us are stopping, as it seems, in here,
In the same lodging-place.
ONESIMUS. Just now it's no good time,
Perhaps, when guests are coming in, to tell him this
Our story, but to-morrow.
SYRISCUS. I will wait till then.
To-morrow, in a word, I'm ready to submit
This case to anyone you like.
(*Exit* ONESIMUS *into the house of* CHÆRESTRATUS)
Now this time, too,
I've come off not so badly, but it seems as though
A man must give up all besides and practise law.
By this means, nowadays, is everything kept straight.
Exit SYRISCUS *into the house.*

Re-enter the group of revellers. They give an exhibition and retire into the house of CHÆRESTRATUS

CHORUS

Act III

Enter Onesimus *from the house of* Chærestratus

Scene:—Onesimus *alone.*

Onesimus. I've started, now five times and more, to go and show
This ring to master. I go up to him and then,
When I'm already close and by his very side
I'm always shirking it. And now I'm sorry for
My former tattling. For quite constantly he says:
"May Zeus bring wretched ruin on the wretched man
Who told me that!" If he should make up with his wife,
As like as not he'd seize and make away with me
Because I told the tale and know of it. 'Twas well
I kept from stirring up some other mess with this,
For even here and now the mischief's fairly big.
Abrotonon *rushes out of the house remonstrating with one and another of the revellers who try to detain her*

Scene. Onesimus, Abrotonon

Abrotonon. Let go of me! Please, sir! Don't give me trouble, please!
(*To herself*)
I made myself, it seems, poor me, a laughing-stock
And knew it not. I looked for love, instead of that
The fellow hates me with a superhuman hate;
Even his banquet couch no more he lets me share;
Poor wretch! I lie apart.
Onesimus (*to himself, not seeing* Abrotonon). What! Give it back to him
From whom but now I had it? No! Nonsensical!
Abrotonon (*to herself*). Poor man, why does he waste his money, such a pile?
So far at least as he's concerned, poor wretch! I might
Be basket-bearer for the goddess—yes, I might,
For here am I left virgin, as the saying goes,
The third day now.
Onesimus (*to himself*). How, by the gods? How could I, pray?
Enter Syriscus *through one of the side-entrances.* Abrotonon *stands aside until his departure*

Scene:—Onesimus, Abrotonon, Syriscus

Syriscus. Where is the man I'm hunting everywhere?
(*Sees* Onesimus *in the vestibule about to enter the house*)
You sir
In there! Give back, good sir, that ring, or once for all
Go show it him whom you've in mind. Let's have it out.
I must be off.

Onesimus. The matter stands, my man, like this.
The ring here is my master's,—I am certain sure—
Charisius's, but to him I hesitate
To show it, for 'twere much the same as to declare
Him father of the child with whom the ring was found.
Syriscus. Why so, you fool?
Onesimus. 'Twas at the Tauropolia,
The all-night women's festival, he lost it once.
'Twould seem that it's a question of a maiden wronged,
That she gave birth to and of course exposed this child.
If someone now could find her and produce this ring,
He'd make clear demonstration. But, as matters stand,
'Twould merely mean suspicion and confusion too.
Syriscus. See you to that yourself. But if you make this stir,
Wishing that I take back the ring and give to you
A little something, that is folly. For with me
There's no "divide."
Onesimus. Nor do I wish it.
Syriscus. Well, all right.
When I've run here and yonder—for I'm off to town—
I'll come again to know of this, what we're to do.

Exit Syriscus *towards Athens.* Abrotonon *comes up to* Onesimus

Abrotonon. Was it this charcoalman, Onesimus, who found
The baby boy the woman's nursing now indoors?
Onesimus. Yes, so he says.
Abrotonon. O what a dainty child, poor thing!
Onesimus. And this ring here was on him. 'Tis my master's ring.
Abrotonon. Fie, luckless, fie! If, then, it's your young master's child
For certain, will you see it brought up like a slave?
You ought to die. 'Twould serve you right!
Onesimus. 'Tis as I say,
Its mother no one knows.
Abrotonon. He lost the ring, you say,
During the feast of Tauropolia?
Onesimus. Yes he
Was in his cups—at least, the slave attending him
Informed me so.
Abrotonon. Of course! And then alone he came
Upon the women as they made a night of it.
I know, for once just such a thing as this occurred
When I was by.
Onesimus. When you were by?
Abrotonon. Why yes, last year
At Tauropolia. For maids I thrummed the lute
And I myself played with them. Then—that is—not yet
Had I had knowledge of man's way and what it is—
That's true as true, by Aphrodite!

Onesimus. But the girl?
Who was she? Can you tell me that?
Abrotonon. I could inquire.
She was the women's friend, the women whom I served.
Onesimus. And who's her father? Heard you that?
Abrotonon. Nay, I know naught
Except I'd know her if I once caught sight of her.
A handsome girl, ye gods! and she's a wealthy one,
They say.
Onesimus. It may be she's the one.
Abrotonon. I do not know.
But thus it was: while with us there she wandered off
And of a sudden then she comes back on a run
Alone, and bathed in tears, and tearing at her hair.
Her silken Tarentine so very beautiful—
Ye gods, diaphanous!—was ruined utterly,
For it was all in tatters.
Onesimus. Did she have this ring?
Abrotonon. Perhaps she had it but she did not let me see—
For I'll not try to cheat you.
Onesimus. Well, what now am I
To do about it?
Abrotonon. Look you here! If you have sense
And will obey me, you will make this matter clear
And tell your master. If the baby's mother be
A free-born girl, what need to keep him in the dark
About the circumstances?
Onesimus. Well, Abrotonon,
First thing of all now let's discover who she is.
And so, with this in view, I want you to—
Abrotonon (*interrupting*). Nay, stop!
I could not do it till I clearly know the one
Who wronged her. This I fear—to let out anything
At random to those women whom I tell you of.
Who knows but that some boon-companion present then
Got it as pledge from him and lost it afterwards
When playing dice? He gave it as security,
Perhaps, to back some contribution. Or, perchance,
Agreeing on some wager, may have been involved
And so have given it. When men are in their cups
No end of things like that are apt to come about.
But till I know who wronged her I'll not search for her
Nor even tell a word of this.
Onesimus. That's not half bad.
But what is one to do?
Abrotonon. Look you, Onesimus!
Will you, I ask you, fall in with this scheme of mine?
As my affair I'll treat the matter—as my own.

This ring here I will take and then go in to him.
ONESIMUS. Say what you mean—though I begin to understand.
ABROTONON. He'll notice that I have it. Where I got it from
He'll ask, I'll say: "At Tauropolia, when I
Was virgin still." And everything that then befell
That other girl I'll make my own, for I myself
Know pretty much the whole.
ONESIMUS. That beats the universe!
ABROTONON. Now, if he did it, straight into the trap he'll fall
And, just now being drunk, he'll be the first to speak,
And fluently, of all details; but I'll agree
And back up all he says; no single slip I'll make
By speaking first.
ONESIMUS. Delightful! Good! By Helios!
ABROTONON. And I'll be coy in talk, and, lest I make a slip,
Will work in hackney'd things like: "What a man you were!
How vehement and shameless!"
ONESIMUS. Good!
ABROTONON. "How rough you were,
And threw me down! And what a dress I spoiled, poor me!"
I'll say. But first, within the house, I'll take the child
And weep and kiss it; where she got it from, I'll ask
The one who has it.
ONESIMUS. Heracles!
ABROTONON. To cap it all
I'll say: 'So here you have a baby born to you!"
And I will show the foundling.
ONESIMUS. O Abrotonon,
A master-stroke of malice and of roguery!
ABROTONON. If this shall be established and he's shown to be
Its father, at our leisure then we'll seek the girl.
ONESIMUS. That other point you're holding back: you'll be set free.
For, thinking you the mother of his child, of course
He'll buy your freedom instantly.
ABROTONON. I wish he might,
But I don't know.
ONESIMUS. Ah, don't you though? At any rate,
Abrotonon, are no thanks due to me for this?
ABROTONON. By the Twain Goddesses, of course. All this my luck
At least I'll give you credit for.
ONESIMUS. Then here's a point:
What if on purpose you stop looking for the girl,
Ignore the matter, and go back on me?
ABROTONON. You fool!
Why should I? Daft on babies am I, do you think?
May I but merely get my liberty! O gods,
May I get that as wage for this!
ONESIMUS. God grant you may.

Abrotonon. It is a bargain then?
Onesimus. A bargain, certainly.
For if you play your tricks on me, I'll fight you then;
I'll have the vantage ground. But, as things stand, let's see
If this now turns out well.
Abrotonon. All right, then you agree?
Onesimus. Of course.
Abrotonon. The ring, then, hand it over—do. Be quick.
Onesimus (*giving the ring*). Well, take it then.
Abrotonon (*taking the ring*). Persuasion dear, as my ally
Stand by me, make to prosper everything I say!
Exit Abrotonon *into the house of* Chærestratus

Scene:—Onesimus *alone*

Onesimus. She knows her way about, that woman! When she saw
She has no chance in love for winning liberty,
But wanders blind, she takes the other road. While I,
A sniffling, senseless dolt, with no such forethought blest,
Shall be a slave forever. But from her, perhaps,
I'll get some gain if she succeeds. That's only fair!—
What groundless reckonings—misguided me—to hope
To get back thanks from woman! Only heaven send
I don't get mischief new! Now Mistress's affairs
Are ticklish—on the brink. For if the girl is found
To be of free-born father and turns out to be
This baby's mother, her he'll take, his wife divorce.
Right well I know: "Desert a sinking ship!" And yet
Here too methinks I've dodged, and neatly too, all charge
Of this mess being stirred by me. Good-bye, I say,
To playing meddler in affairs of other folks.
And if again you catch me putting in my oar
Or chattering, I'll give you leave and liberty
To cut my—molars out!
(*Sees* Smicrines *approaching from the city*)
I say! Whom have we here
Approaching? It is Smicrines come back from town.
He's all wrought up again. From someone he has learned
The truth perhaps. I think I'll make off quick and shun
All complication, for I ought to find out first
About Abrotonon and how she's coming on.
Exit Onesimus *into the house of* Chærestratus

—F. G. Allinson.

II. TYPES OF CHARACTER

THE FLATTERER[1]

THEOPHRASTUS

Theophrastus of Lesbos was born about 372 and died about 287 B.C. He was the most distinguished of the successors of Aristotle to the headship of the Lyceum at Athens and the most brilliant continuator of the Aristotelian system of philosophy. Of the many works he produced only two books on botanical subjects and the Characters *survive in complete form. The latter is a collection of brief descriptions of types of persons who embody this or that moral defect, a study of the appearance faults of character assume in the individual. The style is condensed, plain, realistic.*

Flattery may be considered as a mode of companionship degrading but profitable to him who flatters.

The Flatterer is a person who will say as he walks with another, "Do you observe how people are looking at you? This happens to no man in Athens but you. A compliment was paid to you yesterday in the Porch. More than thirty persons were sitting there; the question was started, Who is our foremost man? Everyone mentioned you first, and ended by coming back to your name." With these and the like words, he will remove a morsel of wool from his patron's coat; or, if a speck of chaff has been laid on the other's hair by the wind, he will pick it off, adding with a laugh, "Do you see? Because I have not met you for two days, you have had your beard full of white hairs; although no one has darker hair for his years than you." Then he will request the company to be silent while the great man is speaking, and will praise him, too, in his hearing, and mark his approbation at a pause with "True"; or he will laugh at a frigid joke, and stuff his cloak into his mouth as if he could not repress his amusement. He will request those whom he meets to stand still until "His Honour" has passed. He will buy apples and pears, and bring them in and give to the children in the father's presence; adding, with kisses, "Chicks of a good father." Also, when he assists at the purchase of slippers, he will declare that the foot is more shapely than the shoe. If his patron is approaching a friend, he will run forward and say, "He is coming to you"; and then, turning back, "I have announced you." He is just the person, too, who can run errands to the women's market without drawing breath. He is the first of the guests to praise the wine; and to say, as he reclines next the host, "How delicate is your fare!" and (taking up something from the table) "Now this—how excellent it is!" He will ask his friend if he is cold, and if he would like to put on something more; and, before the words are spoken, will wrap him up. Moreover he will lean towards his ear and whisper with him; or he will glance at him as he talks to the rest of the company. He will take the cushions from the slave in the theatre, and spread them on the seat with his own hands. He will say that his patron's house is well built, that his land is well planted, and that his portrait is like.

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[1] From *The Characters of Theophrastus*, by R. C. Jebb, Macmillan & Co., Ltd., London, 1870. (Revised edition by J. E. Sandys, 1909.) Used by permission.

—R. C. Jebb.

THE GARRULOUS MAN[1]

Theophrastus

Garrulity is the discoursing of much and ill-considered talk.

The Garrulous man is one who will sit down beside a person whom he does not know, and first pronounce a panegyric on his wife; then relate his dream of last night; then go through in detail what he has had for dinner. Then, warming to the work, he will remark that the men of the present day are greatly inferior to the ancients; and how cheap wheat has become in the market; and what a number of foreigners are in town; and that the sea is navigable after the Dionysia; and that, if Zeus would send more rain, the crops would be better; and that he will work his land next year; and how hard it is to live; and that Damippus set up a very large torch at the Mysteries; and "How many columns has the Odeum?" and that yesterday he was unwell; and "What is the day of the month?" and that the Mysteries are in Bœdromion, the Apaturia in Pyanepsion, the rural Dionysia in Poseidon. Nor, if he is tolerated, will he ever desist.

—R. C. Jebb.

THE DISTRUSTFUL MAN[1]

Theophrastus

Distrustfulness is a presumption that all men are unjust.

The distrustful man is one who, having sent his slave to the market, will send another to ascertain what price he gave. He will carry his money himself, and sit down every two-hundred yards to count it. He will ask his wife in bed if she has locked the wardrobe, and if the cupboard has been sealed, and the bolt put upon the hall-door; and, if the reply is "Yes," not the less will he forsake the blankets, and light the lamp and run about shirtless and shoeless to inspect all these matters, and barely thus find sleep. He will demand his interest from his debtors in the presence of witnesses, to prevent the possibility of their repudiating the debt. He is apt also to send his cloak to be cleaned, not to the best workman, but wherever he finds sterling security for the fuller. When anyone comes to ask the loan of cups, he will, if possible, refuse; but, if perchance it is an intimate friend or a relation, he will almost assay the cups in the fire, and weigh them, and do everything but take security, before he lends them. Also he will order his slave, when he attends him, to walk in front and not behind, as a precaution against his running away in the street. To persons who have bought something of him and say, "How much is it? Enter it in your books, for I am too busy to send the money yet,"—he will reply: "Do not trouble yourself; if you are not at leisure, I will accompany you."

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[1] From *ibid.*

—R. C. Jebb.

THE WOMEN SACRIFICING TO ASKLEPIOS[1]

Herondas

[*Mime* IV]

Herondas of Syracuse was born about 300 and died about 240 B.C. He is known as a writer of mimes. The mime of the Alexandrian period was a short dramatic composition portraying in satiric vein the people of the middle classes. It had no plot worthy of the name, but consisted of a natural, somewhat realistic, conversation on the common interests and pursuits of the types described. A few examples of it by Herondas were found some years ago on papyrus in Egypt.

Phile. Hail, Sovereign Paion, who governest Trikka and who livest in lovely Kos and Epidauros! Hail to Koronis, who gave thee birth, and to Apollo! also to her whom, with thy right hand, thou touchest, Hygieia! and to ye whose venerable altars are here: Panakea, Epione and Iaso, Hail also! and to ye who laid waste the houses and walls of Laomedon; the healer of savage ills, Podalirios and Machaon, Hail! and to all the gods who dwell at thy hearth, and the goddesses, Father Paion! Accept propitiously what is good in my sacrifice of this cock, herald of domestic walls. We can offer little from our house: far less than we would; for we would have brought an ox or a fatted sow instead of a cock, as an offering for the healing of our ills which thou didst remove, O King, laying upon us thy gentle hands!

To the right, Kokkale; place the tablet on the right hand of Hygieia.

Ah, dear Kynno; what lovely statues. Who wrought this stone and who set it up here?

Kynno. The sons of Praxiteles; don't you see those letters on the base? And it was Euthies, the son of Praxon, who had it set there. May Paion be kind to them and to Euthies for their lovely work.

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[1] From *Mimes of Herondas*, by Mitchell S. Buck, Jr.; Nicholas L. Brown, publisher, 1921. Used by permission.

See, Phile, that child looking up to the apple; wouldn't you say she would faint if she didn't get it?

PHILE. And that old man, Kynno. And, by the Fates, how that little boy is strangling the fox-goose! If it were not plainly stone before us, you might believe him about to speak.

KYNNO. Yes, sometimes men give life even to stones.

PHILE. And this one of Battale, Kynno! would you not say it was walking, this statue of the daughter of Myttis? Anyone who had never seen Battale, seeing this image, would know her at once.

KYNNO. Follow me, Phile, and I will show you something more beautiful than you have ever seen.

Kydilla, go and call the Neocoros.—Don't you hear me talking to you? To you, standing around with your mouth open! Yes! what does she care what I am saying? Planted there, staring at me wider-eyed than a crab! Go, I tell you, call the Neocoros, glutton! No sacrifice, nor profane work either, would ever make you worth while; you stand around forever, like a stone. I swear, Kydilla, before this god, you inflame me even when I want to stay calm. I swear, believe me, the day will come when you will be scratching a shaven head.

PHILE. No use of all that to stir her up, Kynno; she is a slave, and slaves have dull ears.

KYNNO. But the day has come and the crowd is pressing.

You—remain here; the door has opened and I see the sanctuary.

PHILE. Do you see, Kynno? What works! Wouldn't you say that a new Athene had graven all these beautiful things?—Hail to thee, Mistress!—and that naked boy: if I scratched him, wouldn't it leave a mark, Kynno? for he has flesh on him that quivers with life on the panel. And these silver tongs: if Myellos saw them, or Pataikiskos, the son of Lamprion, wouldn't their eyes pop out, believing them really of silver? And that ox with the man leading him and another with them; and that man with the hook-nose, and the one with the snub-nose: aren't they the living day! If it wer'n't so unwomanly, I would have cried out for fear of that ox injuring me; one of his eyes, Kynno, glares at me so!

KYNNO. Yes, Phile, the hands of the Ephesian Apelles were truthful in everything they did, and one could not say: "That man saw some things while other things were hidden." Whatever it occurred to him to touch, even the gods, he succeeded with. A man who has seen him or his works, without being properly amazed, ought to be hung up and beaten like clothes in a fuller's shop.

THE NEOCOROS. Your sacrifice, women, has been well accomplished and with favorable presages. No one has evoked Paion more efficaciously than you have. Io! Io! Paion! Be favorable to these women for their good offerings and, if they have husbands, to them also and to their near kindred.

PHILE. Yes, let it be so, Great One, and may we come again in good health, bringing greater offerings, with our husbands and our children.

Koddale, cut the bird up carefully and remember to give the thigh to the Neocoros and place the honey-cake and the cakes moistened with oil, in the dragon's grotto, with words of good augury. The rest we will take home and eat. And don't forget to bring some of the sacred bread. But we must give plentifully; for, at the sacrifices, the sacred bread is more plentiful when the offering is adequate.

—M. S. Buck.

THE COBBLER[1]

Herondas

[*Mime* VII]

Metro. Kerdo, I have brought these young people to you, to see what workmanship of yours you have worth showing them.

Kerdo. You have done right, Metro; I will please you.

Why don't you bring up the big bench for these ladies, Drimylos! Hey! I call, but you sleep on.

Pistos, rap this fellow's snout until he disgorges that sleep. We should have a thorn collar on him.

Well, slave? Get your legs out of the way, at once! at least, if you don't want them shackled up to teach you where they belong.

Is this the way you polish, white-arse? Then I must fret myself to do your cleaning for you!

Be seated, Metro.

Pistos, open the top closet; not that one—the top one! The best works of Kerdo, quickly: lift them down.

My dear Metro, what goods you have come to see!

Step lively: open that drawer of sandals.

Look first at this, Metro; this sole, is it not adjusted like the most perfect of soles? Look, you also, women, at the heel-piece; see how it is held down and how well it is joined to the straps; yet, no part is better than another: all are perfect. And the color!—may the Goddess give you every joy of life!—you could find nothing to equal it. The color! neither saffron nor wax glow like this! Three minæ, for the leather, went to Kandas from Kerdo, who made these. And this other color! it was no cheaper. I swear, by all that is sacred and venerable, women, in truth held and maintained, with no more falsehood than a pair of scales—and, if not, may Kerdo know life and pleasure no more!—this almost drove me bankrupt! For enormous gains no longer satisfy the leather-sellers. They do the least of the work, but our works of art depend on them and the cobbler suffers the most terrible misery and distress, night and day. I am glued to my stool even at night, worn out with work, sleepless until the noises of the dawn. And I have not told all: I support thirteen workmen, women, because my own children will not work. Even if Zeus begged them in tears, they would only chant: "What do you bring? What do you bring?" They sit around in comfort somewhere else, warming their legs, like little birds. But, as the saying goes, it is not talk, but money, which pays the bills. If this pair does not please you, Metro, you can see more and still more, until you are sure that Kerdo has not been talking nonsense.

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[1] From *ibid.*

Pistos, bring all those shoes from the shelves.

You must go back satisfied to your houses, women. Here are novelties of every sort: of Sykione and Ambrakia, laced slippers, hemp sandals, Ionian sandals, night slippers, high heels, Argian sandals, red ones:—name the ones you like best. (How dogs—and women—devour the substance of the cobbler!)

A WOMAN. And how much do you ask for that pair you have been parading so well? But do not thunder too loud and frighten us away!

KERDO. Value them yourself, and fix their price, if you like; one who leaves it to you will not deceive you. If you wish, woman, a good cobbler's work, you will set a price—yes, by these gray temples where the fox has made his lair—which will provide bread for those who handle the tools. (O Hermes! if nothing comes into our net now, I don't know when our sauce-pan will get another chance as good!)

WOMAN. Why grumble instead of fixing the price openly, without shifting?

KERDO. Woman, they are worth a mina,—whether you look up or down. Even if Athene herself bought, I would not take a bit less.

WOMAN. Small wonder, Kerdo, that your shop is full of handsome goods! Take care of them! hold them tight! On the twentieth of Toureon, Hekate celebrates the marriage of Artakama; they should need sandals; perhaps, wretch, they will call on you with a fortune or two. But sew up your purse, so the weasels will not scatter your minæ.

KERDO. If Hekate came, with less than a mina, she would take nothing away, nor Artakama either! Think that over, if you like!

WOMAN. And has good fortune, Kerdo, never allowed you to touch the dainty feet which inspire the Desires and the Loves? But you are scabby and a disagreeable wretch to demand of us, I dare say, double the price, for which you certainly would give them to her. How much for this other pair? Give us an answer worthy of yourself.

KERDO. Every day, by the gods, Eueteris, the flute-player, comes in here to get those for five staters; but I detest her and I ask her four darics because she insulted my wife with her evil talk. But if you have need of them, buy them; I will give them to you for three darics, those, or these others, as you choose. This is because of Metro and for the sake of her lips and yours. Ah! She could carry me away with the wings of Hermes and, even if I were a stone, shoot with me into the heavens. For you have, not a tongue, but rather a sieve of voluptuousness. Ah! that one dwells close to the gods for whom, night and day, you open your lips!

Give me your foot; slip it in the shoe. Good. There is nothing to be added or cut off. All is beautifully adjusted to beauty. You might say that Athene herself made these.

You, give me your old foot also. Your shoe fits like an old hoof; you must have been stepped on by an ox. But you—if I had cut with my knife, from your naked foot, by the hearth of Kerdo, the work would not be truer than this is.

And you: You will give me seven darics, you who stand sneering by the door, prouder than a mare!

Women, if you have need again of anything else, of sandals, or of whatever you are accustomed to take home with you, send a little slave to me.

And you, Metro, come again in eight days, in any case, to get the red slippers. (A smart man must take care of the fur which keeps him warm!)

—M. S. Buck.

III. POETRY OF THE SCHOLAR

The poets of the Alexandrian period were for the most part the critical scholars of the time, and their product was a combination, not always happy, of learning and imagination. New inventions like the mime and the pastoral make their appearance, but these are rather exceptions to the fashion in poetry than the rule. Forms invented before, such as the elegy, the epigram, the hymn, the epic, the drama, continue to be employed, but modifications in their application are introduced, due not only to the changed conditions of life, but also to the progress of learning and literary criticism. The long narrative is replaced by the short one, though the conventions of the former are carried over into the latter. Simple straightforward narration becomes involved in digression and frequent allusion. Even poetry of personal emotion, like the elegy, is overloaded with matter that is sometimes but vaguely suggested or lugged in by main force, for no other reason, one feels, than that it is part of the learned equipment of the poet. The gods of the old-time faith are no longer creatures of simple adoration, but are the characters of a fanciful fairyland and are of value mainly as they afford material for fiction.

But not all the poetry is pedantic or drawn from books rather than from life. Indeed, the greater part of that which has come down to us—no doubt owing its survival to the very fact—is a direct expression of the life of the times and possesses merit and charm of a high order. The epigram, not confined now to the poem of an occasion, but spread over all the range of personal emotion, reveals nothing of the pedantry, though it does have the note of artificiality. The pastoral and the mime, lifting for the first time the everyday life of common people to the dignity of a proper subject matter for literature, comes straight from the soil and ranks with the best poetry of the Greek genius. The comedy of manners (see above, p. 730), representing dramatically the intrigues and sorrows and joys of the average home of a Greek city, became the model for most of the comedy of later Europe.

HYMN TO ZEUS

CLEANTHES

Cleanthes (331 to about 233 B.C.) was the successor of Zeno, the founder of Stoicism. He was a prolific writer, but of all his works only the Hymn to Zeus *survives. It is an interesting combination of the new thought and of the traditional religious phraseology.*

Most glorious of Immortals, many-named, all-powerful forever,
Zeus, nature's ruler, guiding all through law, all hail!
For right it is all mortals should invoke thee.
We are thy off-spring; we alone of all mortality,
That lives and creeps on earth, have been allotted
The image of the One. Therefore, I'll always praise thee
And always sing thy power. Thee all the whirling Cosmos
In meekness follows ever where thou leadest, gladly ruled by thee.
The undying, fiery, two-edged thunderbolt thou holdest
Within thy hands invincible—a minister of power
Beneath whose stroke all nature shudders.
With this thou dost direct, great as thou art,
Supreme king over all, the univeral reason, mingled with
The great and lesser lights, and moving ever through the universe.
No work is wrought apart from thee, O God; not in the sea,
Nor in the heavenly regions, nor on earth,
Except what wicked men do in their folly.
Thou knowest how to render smooth the rough
And how to create order from disorder.
Things unto us unlovely are lovely unto thee.
So into one has all been framed by thee, the evil with the good,
That, throughout all, eternal universal reason reigns!
The wicked, by not heeding this, fall on an evil lot.
And some, though ever yearning for the good, mark not
Nor ever heed God's universal law; which did they heed,
They would obtain and have a goodly life, one harmonized
With reason. But as they live, unheedful of the good,
They rush about, some to one thing, and others to another;
Some with contentious striving for renown;
And others recklessly intent on gain.
Still others, through impatience for indulgence
And bodily pleasures, win just the opposite.
But thou who givest all, enthroned in clouds, Zeus, lord of thunder,
Deign thou to save mankind from grievous ineptitude.

Disperse it far, O Father, from their souls; and grant to them
To obtain that knowledge which enables thee to govern all
With justice, so that we, thus honored, may be brought
To honor thee, hymning thy works always, as all men should;
Since neither for immortals nor for mortals
Is there a greater prize or honor than
Duly to hymn forever the universal law.

—P. H. Epps

HYMN TO APOLLO

Callimachus

Callimachus (about 300 to about 240 B.C.) won fame as an erudite scholar and as a poet. As librarian of the famous library at Alexandria, he produced valuable works in literary history and in criticism; as poet he wrote hymns to the gods, epigrams, short epics, and elegies. He was typical of a period which drew its inspiration from books rather than from life, and which addressed itself in the language of learning to the cultured few instead of to the whole people. His hymns, a few epigrams, and fragments of other pieces are extant.

What force, what sudden impulse, thus can make
The laurel-branch, and all the temple shake!
Depart, ye souls profane; hence, hence! O fly
Far from this holy place! Apollo's nigh;
He knocks with gentle foot; the Delian palm
Submissive bends, and breathes a sweeter balm:
Soft swans, high hovering, catch th' auspicious sign,
Wave their white wings, and pour their notes divine.
Ye bolts, fly back; ye brazen doors, expand,
Leap from your hinges, Phœbus is at hand.
Begin, young men, begin the sacred song,
Wake all your lyres, and to the dances throng,
Remembering still, the Power is seen by none
Except the just and innocent alone;
Prepare your minds, and wash the spots away,
That hinder men to view th' all-piercing ray,
Lest ye provoke his favouring beams to bend
On happier climes, and happier skies ascend:
And lo! the Power, just opening on the sight,
Diffuses bliss, and shines with heavenly light.
Nor should the youthful choir with silent feet,
Or harps unstrung, approaching Phœbus meet,
If soon they wish to mount the nuptial bed,
To deck with sweet perfumes the hoary head,

On old foundations lofty walls to build,
Or raise new cities in some distant field.
Ye listening crowds, in awful silence hear
Apollo's praises, and the song revere;
Even raging seas subside, when poets sing
The bow, the harp of the Lycorean king:
Nor Thetis, wretched mother, dares deplore
Her lov'd, her lost Achilles, now no more!
But thrill'd with awe, she checks her grief and pain,
When Io Pæan sounds along the main.
The weeping rock, once Niobe, suspends
Its tears a while, and mute attention lends;
No more she seems a monument of woe,
Nor female sighs through Phrygian marble flow.
Sound Io! Io! such the dreadful end
Of impious mortals, that with gods contend;
Who dares high heaven's immortal powers engage,
Against our king a rebel war would wage,
And who rebels against our sovereign's sway
Would brave the bright far-shooting god of day.
But rich rewards await the grateful choir
That still to Phœbus tune the living lyre;
From him all honour springs, and high above
He sits in power, at the right hand of Jove.
Beyond the day, beyond the night prolong
The sacred theme, to charm the god of song.
Let all resound his praise; behold how bright
Apollo shines in robes of golden light;
Gold are his quiver, harp, and Lyctian bow,
And his fair feet with golden sandals glow.
All-bright in gold appears the Power divine,
And boundless wealth adorns his Delphic shrine.
Immortal youth and heavenly beauty crown
His cheeks, unshaded by the softest down,
But his fair tresses drop ambrosial dews,
Distil soft oils, and healing balm diffuse:
And on what favour'd city these shall fall,
Life, health, and safety guard the sacred wall.
To great Apollo various arts belong,
The skill of archers and the powers of song;
By him the sure events of lots are given,
By him the prophet speaks the will of heaven,
And wise physicians, taught by him, delay
The stroke of fate, and turn disease away.
But we to Nomius, heavenly shepherd cry,
Since he, for young Admetus, left the sky;
When burning with desire, he deign'd to feed
A mortal's coursers on Amphrysus' mead.

His herds increas'd, and overspread the ground,
Kids leapt, and sportive lambkins frisk'd around,
Where'er Apollo bent his favouring eyes,
The flocks with milk abounded, grew in size,
And pregnant ewes, that brought one lamb before,
Now dropt a double offspring on the shore.
Ere towns are built, or new foundations laid,
We still invoke the great Apollo's aid,
And oracles explore; for with delight
He views new cities rising on the sight;
And Phœbus' self the deep foundations lays.
The god, but four years old, in former days,
First rais'd a structure on th' Ortygian ground
Close by the lake that ever circles round;
When young Diana, skill'd in hunting, laid
Unnumber'd goats, on Cynthus' mountain, dead:
The careful goddess brought their heads away,
And gave them to the glorious god of day;
He broke the horns, and rais'd with artful toil
A wondrous altar from the sylvan spoil,
Plac'd rows on rows, in order still dispos'd,
Which he with circling walls of horn enclos'd;
And from this model, just in every part,
Apollo taught mankind the builder's art.
  Besides Apollo show'd my native place
To Battus, and the fam'd Theræan race,
A crow propitious sent, that flew before,
And led the wanderers to the Libyan shore.
Apollo, marking from unclouded skies,
Beheld Cyrene's lofty towers arise,
And faithful swore, that Egypt's king should gain
The new-built city and the fertile plain.
  To tuneful Phœbus, sacred god of song,
In various nations, various names belong;
Some Boëdromius, Clarius some implore,
But nam'd Carneus on my native shore.
Thee, great Carneus! Sparta first possess'd,
Next Thera's isle was with thy presence bless'd;
You cross'd the swelling main from Thera's bowers,
And then resided in Cyrene's towers.
The sixth from Œdipus convey'd the god
From Lacedæmon o'er the watery road
To Thera's isle; but brought from Thera's strand
By blameless Battus to Asbystis' land.
He rais'd a temple to record thy praise,
Appointed annual feasts, on solemn days,
In fair Cyrene; sacred hymns resound,
And slaughter'd bulls lie bleeding on the ground.

Io! Carnean Phœbus! all must pay
Their vows to thee, and on thine altars lay
Green herbs and painted flowers, when genial spring
Diffuses sweetness from Favonius' wing;
But when stern winter his dark power displays
With yellow crocus feed the rising blaze:
So flames unceasing deck thy hallow'd shrine,
And breathe sweet odours to thy power divine.
With transport Phœbus views the war-like dance,
When fierce Bellona's sons in arms advance,
And, with brown Libyan virgins, tread the ground,
When annual the Carnean feast comes round;
Nor yet Alcides' sons had Cyrene seen,
Her crystal fountain and extended green;
But through Azilis' woods the wanderers stray'd,
And hid their heads within the dusky shade,
When Phœbus standing on the hornèd hill
Beheld the forest and the murmuring rill,
And show'd the warriors to his lovely bride,
Cyrene fair attending at his side,
Who kill'd the lion on Myrtusa's rocks,
That tore the god Eurypylus's flocks.
Apollo saw not from the realms above
A city more deserving of his love;
No rising town, no mighty state obtain'd
Such gifts from Phœbus as Cyrene gain'd,
In dear remembrance of the ravish'd dame,
That crown'd his love, and gave the city's name.
Nor were her sons ungrateful, but bestow'd
Superior honours on their guardian god.
Now Io! Io Pæan! rings around
As first from Delphi rose the sacred sound,
When Phœbus swift descending deign'd to show
His heavenly skill to draw the golden bow.
For when no mortal weapons could repel
Enormous Python horrible and fell,
From his bright bow incessant arrows flew,
And, as he rose, the hissing serpent slew.
Whilst Io! Io Pæan! numbers cry,
Haste, launch thy darts; for surely from the sky
Thou cam'st the great preserver of mankind,
As thy fair mother at thy birth design'd.
An equal foe, pale Envy, late drew near,
And thus suggested in Apollo's ear:
I hate the bard who pours not forth his song
In swelling numbers, loud, sublime, and strong;
No lofty lay should in low murmurs glide,
But wild as waves, and sounding as the tide.

Fierce with his foot indignant Phœbus spurn'd
Th' invidious monster, and in wrath return'd:
Wide rolls Euphrates' wave, but soil'd with mud,
And dust and slime pollute the swelling flood:
For Ceres still the fair Melissæ bring
The purest water from the smallest spring,
That softly murmuring creeps along the plain,
And falls with gentle cadence to the main.
Propitious Phœbus thus thy power extend,
And soon shall Envy to the shades descend.
—H. W. Tytler.

EPIGRAMS

Antiphanes

NOT DEAD BUT GONE BEFORE

Grieve only as you must for those beloved.
They are not dead but merely gone before
Along that path which all must surely travel.
We too shall later reach the same abode,
To share in common with them all after-time.
—M. L. R.

Callimachus

ON HERACLITUS' DEATH

One told me, Heraclitus, you were dead,
And I was brought to tears, and was reminded
How many times we talked the sun to rest.
You now, perchance, my Halicarnassian friend,
Are dust and ashes long, quite long ago.
But they live on, those lovely songs of yours,
Songs which all plundering death shall never reach.
—M. L. R.

IMMORTAL

Beneath this tomb, in sacred sleep,
The virtuous Saon lies;
Ye passengers, forbear to weep,
A good man never dies.
—H. W. Tytler.

AN EMPTY TOMB

Had never vessel cross'd the main,
Our present grief had been in vain;
But we for Sopolis must weep,

Now plunged beneath the whelming deep;
The surges toss his breathless frame;
An empty tomb preserves his name.
—H. W. Tytler.

BROTHER AND SISTER

This morning we beheld with streaming eyes
The flames from Melanippus' body rise;
At eve fair Basile resign'd her breath,
Disdaining to survive a brother's death;
With frantic hands she gave the deadly blow
That sent her soul to gloomy shades below.
Two mighty ills the wretched sire must mourn,
And weep around a son and daughter's urn;
Old Aristippus sunk in grief appears,
And old Cyrene melts in briny tears.
—H. W. Tytler.

CHARIDAS ON HADES

"Does Charidas rest beneath you, sombre tomb?"
"The son of Arimmas of Cyrene's here."
"How, Charidas, is the world below?" "A lot of darkness."
"And what of journeys back?" "They are all a lie."
"And Pluto?" "He's a myth. Men perish utterly."
—M. L. R.

Asclepiades

NO LOVING AFTER DEATH

Why keep and hoard, young maid, your maidenhood?
In Hades you will find no lad to love you.
Love's joys are for the living, maiden fair;
In Acheron we are only bones and dust.
—M. L. R.

Theodorides

PASS ON

The tomb of a shipwreck here bids thee:
"Pause not, nor stay. Sail on!
When treacherous waters vanquished me,
The others eluded the ravenous sea,
So you sail on! Sail on!"
—Thomas S. Deering, Jr.

Lucian

ON EARLY DEATH

A child I was, Callimachus, five years of age,
With heart still free from care,
When pitiless Hades snatched me from the light.
Mourn not my early passing from this stage!
Had I of life brief share?
Brief share had I too of its evil plight.
—M. L. R.

Anonymous

UNHAPPY DIONYSIUS

Here lie I, Dionysius of Tarsus,
Who lived for sixty years and never married.
Would that my father hadn't.
—M. L. R.

PRISON-HOUSE OF FLESH[1]

Our body is our doom, a place of death,
A binding chain that holds us here beneath,
A sickness of the soul, a burden sent
By Fate to be our test and punishment.
But when it leaves the limbs, death's bondage riven,
The soul escapes to God and reaches heaven.
—F. A. Wright.

MEDEA AND JASON

Apollonius

[From the *Argonautica,* Book III]

Apollonius Rhodius (third century B.C.), an Alexandrian and a pupil of Callimachus, removed from his native city to Rhodes as the result of a difference that arose with his master over literary matters. He seems to have been a reactionary in theory, opposing the new poetry that was given vogue by the Alexandrian scholars, and harking back to the heroic epic as the most suitable form of poetic expression. His epic Argonautica *is extant.*

Although a reactionary, Apollonius is nevertheless a true child of his times. While he writes epic according to ancient formula, he puts into

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[1] From F. A. Wright, *The Poets of the Greek Anthology,* George Routledge & Sons, 1924. Used by permission.

it the same sort of sentiment and the same quality of learning as characterize the poetry he objected to. Love had become the all-absorbing theme of poetry; his romantic treatment of the love of Medea and Jason is the earliest extant instance of such interpretation of its rôle in life.

Meanwhile the maid her secret thoughts enjoy'd,
And one dear object all her soul employ'd:
Her train's gay sports no pleasure can restore,
Vain was the dance, and music charm'd no more;
She hates each object, every face offends,
In every wish her soul to Jason sends;
With sharpen'd eyes the distant lawn explores,
To find the hero whom her soul adores;
At every whisper of the passing air,
She starts, she turns, and hopes her Jason there;
Again she fondly looks, nor looks in vain,
He comes, her Jason shines along the plain.
As when, emerging from the watery way,
Refulgent Sirius lifts his golden ray,
He shines terrific! for his burning breath
Taints the red air with fevers, plagues, and death;
Such to the nymph approaching Jason shows,
Bright author of unutterable woes;
Before her eyes a swimming darkness spread,
Her flush'd cheeks glow'd, her very heart was dead:
No more her knees their wonted office knew,
Fix'd, without motion, as to earth they grew.
Her train recedes—the meeting lovers gaze
In silent wonder, and in still amaze.
As two fair cedars on the mountain's brow,
Pride of the groves! with roots adjoining grow;
Erect and motionless the stately trees
Short time remain, while sleeps each fanning breeze,
Till from th' Æolian caves a blast unbound
Bends their proud tops, and bids their boughs resound:
Thus gazing they; till by the breath of love,
Strongly at last inspir'd, they speak, they move;
With smiles the love-sick virgin he survey'd,
And fondly thus address'd the blooming maid:
"Dismiss, my fair, my love, thy virgin fear;
'Tis Jason speaks, no enemy is here!
Dread not in me a haughty heart to find,
In Greece I bore no proud inhuman mind.
Whom would'st thou fly? stay, lovely virgin, stay!
Speak every thought! far hence be fears away!
Scorn to deceive! we tread on hallow'd ground.
By the stern power who guards this sacred place,

By the fam'd authors of thy royal race;
By Jove, to whom the stranger's cause belongs,
To whom the suppliant, and who feels their wrongs;
O guard me, save me, in the needful hour!
Without thy aid thy Jason is no more.
To thee a suppliant, in distress I bend,
To thee a stranger, one who wants a friend!
Then, when between us seas and mountains rise,
Medea's name shall sound in distant skies;
All Greece to thee shall owe her heroes' fates,
And bless Medea thro' her hundred states.
The mother and the wife, who now in vain
Roll their sad eyes fast-streaming o'er the main,
Shall stay their tears: the mother, and the wife,
Shall bless thee for a son's or husband's life!
Fair Ariadne, sprung from Minos' bed,
Sav'd valiant Theseus, and with Theseus fled,
Forsook her father, and her native plain,
And stemm'd the tumults of the surging main;
Yet the stern sire relented, and forgave
The maid, whose only crime it was to save;
Ev'n the just gods forgave: and now on high
A star she shines, and beautifies the sky:
What blessings then shall righteous Heaven decree
For all our heroes sav'd, and sav'd by thee?
Heaven gave thee not to kill, so soft an air;
And cruelty sure never look'd so fair!"
  He ceas'd, but left so charming on her ear
His voice, that listening still she seem'd to hear;
Her eyes to earth she bends with modest grace,
And Heaven in smiles is open'd on her face.
A look she steals; but rosy blushes spread
O'er her fair cheek, and then she hangs her head.
A thousand words at once to speak she tries;
In vain—but speaks a thousand with her eyes;
Trembling the shining casket she expands,
Then gives the magic virtue to his hands;
And had the power been granted to convey
Her heart—had given her very heart away.
For Jason beam'd in beauty's charms so bright,
The maid admiring languish'd with delight.
Thus, when the rising Sun appears in view,
On the fair rose dissolves the radiant dew.
Now on the ground both cast their bashful eyes,
Both view each other now with wild surprise.
The rosy smiles now dimpling on her cheeks,
The fair at length in faltering accents speaks:
  "Observant thou to my advice attend,

And hear what succour I propose to lend.
Soon as my sire Æetes shall bestow
The dragon's teeth in Mars's field to sow,
The foll'wing night in equal shares divide;
Bathe well thy limbs in some perennial tide;
Then all retir'd, thyself in black array,
Dig the round foss, and there a victim slay,
A female lamb; the carcass place entire
Above the foss, then light the sacred pyre,
And Perseus' daughter, Hecate, appease
With honey, sweetest labour of the bees;
This done, retreat, nor, while the relics burn,
Let howling dogs provoke thee to return,
Nor human footsteps; lest thou render vain
The charm, and with dishonour join thy train.
Next morn, the whole enchantment to fulfil,
This magic unguent on thy limbs distil:
Then thou with ease wilt strong and graceful move,
Not like a mortal, but the gods above.
Forget not with this unguent to besmear
Thy sword, thy buckler, and tremendous spear:
No giant's falchions then can harm thy frame,
Nor the fell rage of bulls expiring flame.
One day, nor longer, wilt thou keep the field;
Nor thou to perils, nor to labour yield.
But mark my words: when thou, with ceaseless toil,
Hast yok'd the bulls and plough'd the stubborn soil;
And seest upspringing on the teeth-sown land
Of giant foes a formidable band,
Hurl slily 'midst their ranks a rough hard stone,
And they, like dogs contending for a bone,
Will slay each other: thou with speed renew
The glowing fight, and conquest will ensue.
Thus shalt thou bear from Æa's realms to Greece,
If such thy fix'd resolve, the golden fleece."
This said, her eyes were fix'd upon the ground,
And her fair cheeks with streaming sorrows drown'd;
Desponding anguish seiz'd her gentle mind,
Lest he should leave her comfortless behind.
Embolden'd thus, him by the hand she press'd,
And in the language of her soul address'd:
"If safely hence thou sail'st, O, think of me!
As I for ever shall remember thee!
And freely tell me, to relieve my pain,
Where lies thy home beyond the boundless main?
Say, is Orchomenos thy native soil?
Or dwell'st thou nearer on the Ææan isle?
Let me that far-fam'd virgin's name inquire,

Who boasts the same high lineage with my sire."
  She said; her tears his soft compassion won,
And thus the chief, by love inspir'd, begun:
"While on my fancy bright ideas play,
Thy image never from my soul shall stray,
If safe I sail, preserv'd by thee, to Greece,
Nor heavier labours interrupt my peace.
But if the distant country where I dwell
Thy will demands, my ready tongue shall tell.
A land there is which lofty hills surround,
For fertile pastures and rich herds renown'd,
Where from Prometheus good Deucalion came,
His royal heir, Hæmonia is the name.
Deucalion here the first foundations laid
Of towns, built fanes, and men by empire sway'd;
There my Iolcos stands, and many more
Fair ample cities, that adorn the shore.
What time, as rumour'd by the voice of fame,
Æolian Minyas to that country came,
He built, close bordering on the Theban ground,
Orchomenos, a city far renown'd.
But why your wonder should I vainly raise?
My birth-place tell, and Ariadne's praise?
For this the virgin's name you now inquire,
A lovely maid, and Minos is her sire.
Oh! may, like hers, your sire propitious prove,
Who honour'd Theseus with his daughter's love!"
  Complacent thus, he sooth'd her sorrowing soul;
Yet anxious cares within her bosom roll.
"Perchance in Greece," the pensive maid rejoin'd,
"Oaths are rever'd, and solemn compacts bind.
But Minos greatly differs from my sire,
Nor I to Ariadne's charms aspire.
Then mention hospitality no more;
But, safe conducted to thy native shore,
Grant this, 'tis all I ask, Oh! think of me,
As I for ever shall remember thee,
In my great sire, the Colchian king's despite:
But if thy pride my ardent passion slight,
Fame, or some bird the hateful news will bring;
Then will I chase thee on the tempest's wing,
Brand thy false heart, thy curs'd familiar be,
And prove thou ow'st thy life, thy all to me."
Medea thus, and tears abundant shed;
And mildly thus the son of Æson said:
  "In vain, dear nymph, thy missive bird shall soar
Thro' air sublime, in vain the tempest roar.
But if towards Greece thou deign'st thy course to bear,

Immortal honours shall attend thee there;
There husbands, brothers, sons, so long deplor'd,
Safe to their native land by thee restor'd,
Shall as a goddess reverence thy name,
And pay thee rites which only gods can claim.
But would'st thou grace my bed with bridal state,
Our love can only be dissolv'd by fate."
  His words with raptures all her soul subdue;
Yet gloomy objects rise before her view,
Ordain'd, ere long, Thessalia's realms to see;
For such was Juno's absolute decree,
That soon to Greece the Colchian maid should go,
To Pelias, source of unremitting woe.
  Meanwhile apart her anxious handmaids stay,
In silence waiting till the close of day:
Such pleasing transports in her bosom roll,
His form, his words so captivate her soul,
On feather'd feet the hours unheeded fled,
Which warn'd her home: "Hence" (cautious Jason said)
"Hence let us hasten unperceiv'd away,
And here enraptur'd pass some future day."
  Thus the blest hours in converse sweet they spent,
And both unwilling from the temple went;
He to his comrades bordering on the main,
The fair Medea to her virgin train.
Her train approach'd, but stood unnotic'd by;
Her soul sublime expatiates in the sky.
Her rapid car she mounts; this hand sustains
The polish'd thong, and that the flowing reins.
Fleet o'er the plain the nimble mules convey'd
To Æa's walls the love-transported maid.

—FRANCIS FAWKES.

IV. SHEPHERD SONGS

One of the oldest pursuits of men is that of the shepherd, yet it waited for Theocritus to discover it as a theme for poetry. Greek literature before him is full of allusion to it, but nowhere is the life of those who tend the sheep pictured as anything more than a life of toil and lowly labor. Its beauty and romance, the thoughts and emotions of the shepherd, his crude songs and pipings, his rural merry-makings, needed only the imaginative insight and love and the quickening art of a great poet to raise them to a permanent place in literature. Underlying the description of the life is a philosophy of nature which meditates upon the seasonal death and birth of the year and ponders the homely wisdom and superstition of those whose lives are spent in the observation of the natural world.

THE DEATH OF DAPHNIS

THEOCRITUS

[*Idyll* I]

Theocritus, born about 315 B.C. in Sicily, received the best training of the day under Philetas of Cos and at Alexandria, where he was an intimate of the chief men of letters. He seems to have spent his time partly in Alexandria and partly in his native country. His inspiration was the soil and the common man, whether rural or urban. He chose as his main theme the pastoral scenes and pursuits of Sicily, and sang the loves of the shepherds. His Idylls *conform to the general literary rule of the period that a poem must be a miniature presenting a small picture of some one phase of life or expressing a single emotion.*

The classical pastoral often takes the form followed here. First, the poet pictures the setting—a gathering of shepherds in some shady spot to escape the heat of noonday; then comes a challenge to song, with the announcement of the subject and the conditions imposed; the song which follows may be either a solo sung for the amusement of the group, or a contest in song before an umpire for some article of value to shepherds set up as a prize.

THYRSIS

Sweet are the whispers of yon pine that makes
Low music o'er the spring, and, Goatherd, sweet
Thy piping; second thou to Pan alone.
Is his the horned ram? then thine the goat.
Is his the goat? to thee shall fall the kid;
And toothsome is the flesh of unmilked kids.

GOATHERD

Shepherd, thy lay is as the noise of streams
Falling and falling aye from yon tall crag.
If for their meed the Muses claim the ewe,
Be thine the stall-fed lamb; or if they choose
The lamb, take thou the scarce less-valued ewe.

THYRSIS

Pray, by the Nymphs, pray, Goatherd, seat thee here
Against this hill-slope in the tamarisk shade,
And pipe me somewhat, while I guard thy goats.

GOATHERD

I durst not, Shepherd, O I durst not pipe
At noontide; fearing Pan, who at that hour

Rests from the toils of hunting. Harsh is he;
Wrath at his nostrils aye sits sentinel.
But, Thyrsis, thou canst sing of Daphnis' woes;
High is thy name for woodland minstrelsy:
Then rest we in the shadow of the elm
Fronting Priapus and the Fountain-nymphs.
There, where the oaks are and the Shepherd's seat,
Sing as thou sang'st erewhile, when matched with him
Of Libya, Chromis; and I'll give thee, first,
To milk, ay thrice, a goat—she suckles twins,
Yet ne'ertheless can fill two milkpails full;—
Next, a deep drinking-cup, with sweet wax scoured,
Two-handled, newly-carven, smacking yet
O' the chisel. Ivy reaches up and climbs
About its lip, gilt here and there with sprays
Of woodbine, that enwreathed about it flaunts
Her saffron fruitage. Framed therein appears
A damsel ('tis a miracle of art)
In robe and snood: and suitors at her side
With locks fair-flowing, on her right and left,
Battle with words, that fail to reach her heart.
She, laughing, glances now on this, flings now
Her chance regards on that: they, all for love
Wearied and eye-swoln, find their labour lost.
Carven elsewhere an ancient fisher stands
On the rough rocks: thereto the old man with pains
Drags his great casting-net, as one that toils
Full stoutly: every fibre of his frame
Seems fishing; so about the gray-beard's neck
(In might a youngster yet) the sinews swell.
Hard by the wave-beat sire a vineyard bends
Beneath its graceful load of burnished grapes;
A boy sits on the rude fence watching them.
Near him two foxes: down the rows of grapes
One ranging steals the ripest; one assails
With wiles the poor lad's scrip, to leave him soon
Stranded and supperless. He plaits meanwhile
With ears of corn a right fine cricket-trap,
And fits it on a rush: for vines, for scrip,
Little he cares, enamoured of his toy.
  The cup is hung all round with lissom briar,
Triumph of Æolian art, a wondrous sight.
It was a ferryman's of Calydon:
A goat it cost me, and a great white cheese.
Ne'er yet my lips came near it, virgin still
It stands. And welcome to such boon art thou,
If for my sake thou'lt sing that lay of lays.
I jest not: up, lad, sing: no songs thou'lt own
In the dim land where all things are forgot.

Thyrsis

Begin, sweet Maids, begin the woodland song.
The voice of Thyrsis. Ætna's Thyrsis I.
Where were ye, Nymphs, oh where, while Daphnis pined?
In fair Peneus' or in Pindus' glens?
For great Anapus' stream was not your haunt,
Nor Ætna's cliff, nor Acis' sacred rill.
Begin, sweet Maids, begin the woodland song.
O'er him the wolves, the jackals howled o'er him;
The lion in the oak-copse mourned his death.
Begin, sweet Maids, begin the woodland song.
The kine and oxen stood around his feet,
The heifers and the calves wailed all for him.
Begin, sweet Maids, begin the woodland song.
First from the mountain Hermes came, and said,
"Daphnis, who frets thee? Lad, whom lov'st thou so?"
Begin, sweet Maids, begin the woodland song.
Came herdsmen, shepherds came, and goatherds came;
All asked what ailed the lad. Priapus came
And said, "Why pine, poor Daphnis? while the maid
Foots it round every pool and every grove,
(*Begin, sweet Maids, begin the woodland song*)
"O lack-love and perverse, in quest of thee;
Herdsman in name, but goatherd rightlier called.
With eyes that yearn the goatherd marks his kids
Run riot, for he fain would frisk as they:
(*Begin, sweet Maids, begin the woodland song*)
"With eyes that yearn dost thou too mark the laugh
Of maidens, for thou may'st not share their glee."
Still naught the herdsman said: he drained alone
His bitter portion, till the fatal end.
Begin, sweet Maids, begin the woodland song.
Came Aphrodite, smiles on her sweet face,
False smiles, for heavy was her heart, and spake:
"So, Daphnis, thou must try a fall with Love!
But stalwart Love hath won the fall of thee."
Begin, sweet Maids, begin the woodland song.
Then "Ruthless Aphrodite," Daphnis said,
"Accursèd Aphrodite, foe to man!
Say'st thou mine hour is come, my sun hath set?
Dead as alive, shall Daphnis work Love woe.
Begin, sweet Maids, begin the woodland song.
"Fly to Mount Ida, where the swain (men say)
Won Aphrodite—to Anchises fly:
There are oak-forests; here but galingale,
And bees that make a music round the hives.
Begin, sweet Maids, begin the woodland song.
"Adonis owed his bloom to tending flocks

And smiting hares, and bringing wild beasts down.
Begin, sweet Maids, begin the woodland song.
"Face once more Diomed: tell him 'I have slain
The herdsman Daphnis! now I challenge thee.'
Begin, sweet Maids, begin the woodland song.
"Farewell, wolf, jackal, mountain-prisoned bear!
Ye'll see no more by grove or glade or glen
Your herdsman Daphnis! Arethuse, farewell,
And the bright streams that pour down Thymbris' side.
Begin, sweet Maids, begin the woodland song.
"I am that Daphnis, who lead here my kine,
Bring here to drink my oxen and my calves.
Begin, sweet Maids, begin the woodland song.
"Pan, Pan, oh whether great Lyceum's crags
Thou haunt'st to-day, or mightier Mænalus,
Come to the Sicel isle! Abandon now
Rhium and Helice, and the mountain-cairn
(That e'en gods cherish) of Lycaon's son!
Forget, sweet Maids, forget your woodland song.
"Come, king of song o'er this my pipe, compact
With wax and honey-breathing, arch thy lip:
For surely I am torn from life by Love.
Forget, sweet Maids, forget your woodland song.
"From thicket now and thorn let violets spring,
Now let white lilies drape the juniper,
And pines grow figs, and nature all go wrong:
For Daphnis dies. Let deer pursue the hounds,
And mountain-owls outsing the nightingale."
Forget, sweet Maids, forget your woodland song.
So spake he, and he never spake again.
Fain Aphrodite would have raised his head;
But all his thread was spun. So down the stream
Went Daphnis: closed the waters o'er a head
Dear to the Nine, of nymphs not unbeloved.
Forget, sweet Maids, forget your woodland song.
Now give me goat and cup; that I may milk
The one, and pour the other to the Muse.
Fare ye well, Muses, o'er and o'er farewell!
I'll sing strains lovelier yet in days to be.

Goatherd

Thyrsis, let honey and the honeycomb
Fill thy sweet mouth, and figs of Ægilus:
For ne'er cicala trilled so sweet a song.
Here is the cup: mark, friend, how sweet it smells:
The Hours, thou'lt say, have washed it in their well.
Hither, Cissætha! Thou, go milk her! Kids,
Be steady, or your pranks will rouse the ram.

—C. S. Calverley.

THE INCANTATION

THEOCRITUS

[*Idyll* II]

Love, and usually unrequited love, is the most frequent theme of the song. Superstition is of course characteristic of shepherd life, which is pictured with a certain degree of realism—such rusticity and vulgarity as are necessary to create the illusion desired.

Where are the bay-leaves, Thestylis, and the charms?
Fetch all; with fiery wool the caldron crown;
Let glamour win me back my false lord's heart!
Twelve days the wretch hath not come nigh to me,
Nor made enquiry if I die or live,
Nor clamoured (oh unkindness!) at my door.
Sure his swift fancy wanders otherwhere,
The slave of Aphrodite and of Love.
I'm off to Timagetus' wrestling-school
At dawn, that I may see him and denounce
His doings; but I'll charm him now with charms.
So shine out fair, O moon! To thee I sing
My soft low song: to thee and Hecate
The dweller in the shades, at whose approach
E'en the dogs quake, as on she moves through blood
And darkness and the barrows of the slain.
All hail, dread Hecate: companion me
Unto the end, and work me witcheries
Potent as Circe or Medea wrought,
Or Perimede of the golden hair!
  Turn, magic wheel, draw homeward him I love.
First we ignite the grain. Nay, pile it on:
Where are thy wits flown, timorous Thestylis?
Shall I be flouted, I, by such as thou?
Pile, and still say, "This pile is of his bones."
  Turn, magic wheel, draw homeward him I love.
Delphis racks me: I burn him in these bays.
As, flame-enkindled, they lift up their voice,
Blaze once, and not a trace is left behind:
So waste his flesh to powder in yon fire!
  Turn, magic wheel, draw homeward him I love.
E'en as I melt, not uninspired, the wax,
May Mindian Delphis melt this hour with love:
And, swiftly as this brazen wheel whirls round,
May Aphrodite whirl him to my door.
  Turn, magic wheel, draw homeward him I love.
Next burn the husks. Hell's adamantine floor
And aught that else stands firm can Artemis move.
Thestylis, the hounds bay up and down the town:

The goddess stands i' the crossroads: sound the gongs.
Turn, magic wheel, draw homeward him I love.
Hushed are the voices of the winds and seas;
But O not hushed the voice of my despair.
He burns my being up, who left me here
No wife, no maiden, in my misery.
Turn, magic wheel, draw homeward him I love.
Thrice I pour out; speak thrice, sweet mistress, thus:
"What face soe'er hangs o'er him be forgot
Clean as, in Dia, Theseus (legends say)
Forgat his Ariadne's locks of love."
Turn, magic wheel, draw homeward him I love.
The coltsfoot grows in Arcady, the weed
That drives the mountain-colts and swift mares wild.
Like them may Delphis rave: so, maniac-wise,
Race from his burnished brethren home to me.
Turn, magic wheel, draw homeward him I love.
He lost this tassel from his robe; which I
Shred thus, and cast it on the raging flames.
Ah baleful Love! why, like the marsh-born leech,
Cling to my flesh, and drain my dark veins dry?
Turn, magic wheel, draw homeward him I love.
From a crushed eft tomorrow he shall drink
Death! But now, Thestylis, take these herbs and smear
That threshold o'er, whereto at heart I cling
Still, still—albeit he thinks scorn of me—
And spit, and say, " 'Tis Delphis' bones I smear."
Exit THESTYLIS
Turn, magic wheel, draw homeward him I love.
Now all alone, I'll weep a love whence sprung,
When born? Who wrought my sorrow? Anaxo came,
Her basket in her hand, to Artemis' grove.
Bound for the festival, troops of forest beasts
Stood round, and in the midst a lioness.
Bethink thee, mistress Moon, whence came my love.
Theucharidas' slave, my Thracian nurse now dead
Then my near neighbor, prayed me and implored
To see the pageant: I, the poor doomed thing,
Went with her, trailing a fine silken train,
And gathering round me Clearista's robe.
Bethink thee, mistress Moon, whence came my love.
Now, the mid-highway reached by Lycon's farm,
Delphis and Eudamippus passed me by.
With beards as lustrous as the woodbine's gold
And breasts more sheeny than myself, O Moon,
Fresh from the wrestler's glorious toil they came.
Bethink thee, mistress Moon, whence came my love.
I saw, I raved, smit (weakling) to my heart.

My beauty withered, and I cared no more
For all that pomp; and how I gained my home
I know not: some strange fever wasted me.
Ten nights and days I lay upon my bed.
Bethink thee, mistress Moon, whence came my love,
And wan became my flesh, as 't had been dyed,
And all my hair streamed off, and there was left
But bones and skin. Whose threshold crossed I not,
Or missed what grandam's hut who dealt in charms?
For no light thing was this, and time sped on.
Bethink thee, mistress Moon, whence came my love.
At last I spake the truth to that my maid:
"Seek, an thou canst, some cure for my sore pain.
Alas, I am all the Mindian's! But begone,
And watch by Timagetus' wrestling-school:
There doth he haunt, there soothly take his rest.
Bethink thee, mistress Moon, whence came my love.
"Find him alone: nod softly: say, 'she waits';
And bring him." So I spake: she went her way,
And brought the lustrous-limbed one to my roof.
And I, the instant I beheld him step
Lightfooted o'er the threshold of my door,
(*Bethink thee, mistress Moon, whence came my love*)
Became all cold like snow, and from my brow
Brake the damp dewdrops: utterance I had none,
Not e'en such utterance as a babe may make
That babbles to its mother in its dreams;
But all my fair frame stiffened into wax.
Bethink thee, mistress Moon, whence came my love.
He bent his pitiless eyes on me; looked down,
And sate him on my couch, and sitting, said:
"Thou hast gained on me, Simætha, (e'en as I
Gained once on young Philinus in the race),
Bidding me hither ere I came unasked.
Bethink thee, mistress Moon, whence came my love.
"For I had come, by Eros I had come,
This night, with comrades twain or maybe more,
The fruitage of the Wine-god in my robe,
And, wound about my brow with ribands red,
The silver leaves so dear to Heracles.
Bethink thee, mistress Moon, whence came my love.
"Had ye said 'Enter,' well; for 'mid my peers
High is my name for goodliness and speed:
I had kissed that sweet mouth once and gone my way.
But had the door been barred, and I thrust out,
With brand and axe would we have stormed ye then.
Bethink thee, mistress Moon, whence came my love.
"Now be my thanks recorded, first to Love,

Next to thee, maiden, who didst pluck me out,
A half-burned helpless creature, from the flames,
And badst me hither. It is Love that lights
A fire more fierce than his of Lipara;
(*Bethink thee, mistress Moon, whence came my love*)
"Scares, mischief-mad, the maiden from her bower,
The bride from her warm couch." He spake: and I,
A willing listener, sat, my hand in his,
Among the cushions, and his cheek touched mine,
Each hotter than its wont, and we discoursed
In soft low language. Need I prate to thee,
Sweet Moon, of all we said and all we did?
Till yesterday he found no fault with me,
Nor I with him. But lo, to-day there came
Philista's mother—hers who flutes to me—
With her Melampo's; just when up the sky
Gallop the mares that chariot rose-limbed Dawn:
And divers tales she brought me, with the rest
How Delphis loved, she knew not rightly whom:
But this she knew; that of the rich wine aye
He poured "to Love"; and at the last had fled,
To line, she deemed, the fair one's halls with flowers.
Such was my visitor's tale, and it was true:
For thrice, nay four times, daily he would stroll
Hither, leave here full oft his Dorian flask:
Now—'tis a fortnight since I saw his face.
Doth he then treasure something sweet elsewhere?
Am I forgot? I'll charm him now with charms.
But let him try me more, and by the Fates
He'll soon be knocking at the gates of hell.
Spells of such power are in this chest of mine,
Learned, lady, from mine host in Palestine.

Lady, farewell: turn ocean-ward thy steeds:
As I have purposed, so shall I fulfil.
Farewell, thou bright-faced Moon! Ye stars, farewell,
That wait upon the car of noiseless Night.
—C. S. Calverley.

THE HERDSMEN

Theocritus

[*Idyll* IV]

Here the song is subordinated to a realistic dialogue of rustic banter and gossip, presenting in brief compass the people and thei interests after the manner of the mime.

Battus. Who owns these cattle, Corydon? Philondas? Prythee say.
Corydon. No, Ægon: and he gave them me to tend while he's away.
Battus. Dost milk them in the gloaming, when none is nigh to see?
Corydon. The old man brings the calves to suck, and keeps an eye on me.
Battus. And to what region then hath flown the cattle's rightful lord?
Corydon. Hast thou not heard? With Milo he vanished Elisward.
Battus. How! was the wrestler's oil e'er yet so much as seen by him?
Corydon. Men say he rivals Heracles in lustiness of limb.
Battus. I'm Polydeuces' match (or so my mother says) and more.
Corydon. —So off he started; with a spade, and of these ewes a score.
Battus. This Milo will be teaching wolves how they should raven next.
Corydon. —And by these bellowings his kine proclaim how sore they're vexed.
Battus. Poor kine! they've found their master a sorry knave indeed.
Corydon. They're poor enough, I grant you: they have not heart to feed.
Battus. Look at that heifer! sure there's naught, save bare bones, left of her.
Pray, does she browse on dewdrops, as does the grasshopper?
Corydon. Not she, by heaven! She pastures now by Æsarus' glades,
And handfuls fair I pluck her there of young and green grass blades;
Now bounds about Latymnus, that gathering-place of shades.
Battus. That bull again, the red one, my word but he is lean!
I wish the Sybarite burghers aye may offer to the queen
Of heaven as pitiful a beast: those burghers are so mean!
Corydon. Yet to the Salt Lake's edges I drive him, I can swear;
Up Physcus, up Neæthus' side—he lacks not victual there,
With dittany and endive and foxglove for his fare.
Battus. Well, well! I pity Ægon. His cattle, go they must
To rack and ruin, all because vain-glory was his lust.
The pipe that erst he fashioned is doubtless scored with rust?
Corydon. Nay, by the Nymphs! That pipe he left to me, the self-same day
He made for Pisa: I am too a minstrel in my way:
Well the flute-part in "*Pyrrhus*" and in "*Glauca*" can I play.
I sing too "*Here's to Croton*" and "*Zacynthus O 'tis fair,*"
And "*Eastward to Lacinium:*"—the bruiser Milo there
His single self ate eighty loaves; there also did he pull
Down from its mountain dwelling, by one hoof grasped, a bull,
And gave it Amaryllis: the maidens screamed with fright;
As for the owner of the bull he only laughed outright.
Battus. Sweet Amaryllis! thou alone, though dead, art unforgot.
Dearer than thou, whose light is quenched, my very goats are not.
Oh for the all-unkindly fate that's fallen to my lot!
Corydon. Cheer up, brave lad! tomorrow may ease thee of thy pain:

Aye for the living are there hopes, past hoping are the slain:
And now Zeus sends us sunshine, and now he sends us rain.
Battus. I'm better. Beat those young ones off! E'en now their teeth attack
That olive's shoots, the graceless brutes! back, with your white face, back!
Corydon. Back to thy hill, Cymætha! Great Pan, how deaf thou art!
I shall be with thee presently, and in the end thou'lt smart.
I warn thee, keep thy distance. Look, up she creeps again!
Oh were my hare-crook in my hand, I'd give it to her then!
Battus. For heaven's sake, Corydon, look here! Just now a bramble-spike
Ran, there, into my instep—and oh how deep they strike,
Those lancewood-shafts! A murrain light on that calf, I say!
I got it gaping after her. Canst thou discern it, pray?
Corydon. Ay, ay; and here I have it, safe in my finger-nails.
Battus. Eh! at how slight a matter how tall a warrior quails!
Corydon. Ne'er range the hill-crest, Battus, all sandal-less and bare:
Because the thistle and the thorn lift aye their plumed heads there.
Battus. —Say, Corydon, does that old man we wot of (tell me please!)
Still haunt the dark-browed little girl whom once he used to tease?
Corydon. Ay my poor boy, that doth he: I saw them yesterday
Down by the byre; and, trust me, loving enough were they.
Battus. Well done, my veteran light-o'-love! In deeming thee mere man,
I wronged thy sire: some Satyr he, or an uncouth-limbed Pan.

—C. S. Calverley.

THE HARVEST HOME

Theocritus

[*Idyll* VII]

The shepherd lives close to nature, a lover of all wild life, extremely sensitive to the changing seasons. Though he is forever complaining about the bitterness of love, yet he lives in sunshine under the open sky and is at heart a happy man.

Once on a time did Eucritus and I
(With us Amyntas) to the riverside
Steal from the city. For Lycopeus' sons
Were that day busy with the harvest-home,
Antigenes and Phrasidemus, sprung
(If aught thou holdest by the good old names)
By Clytia from great Chalcon—him who erst

Planted one stalwart knee against the rock,
And lo, beneath his foot Burine's rill
Brake forth, and at its side poplar and elm
Shewed isles of pleasant shadow, greenly roofed
By tufted leaves. Scarce midway were we now,
Nor yet descried the tomb of Brasilas:
When thanks be to the Muses, there drew near
A wayfarer from Crete, young Lycidas.
The horned herd was his care: a glance might tell
So much: for every inch a herdsman he.
Slung o'er his shoulder was a ruddy hide
Torn from a he-goat, shaggy, tangle-haired,
That reeked of rennet yet: a broad belt clasped
A patched cloak round his breast, and for a staff
A gnarled wild-olive bough his right hand bore.
Soon with a quiet smile he spoke—his eye
Twinkled, and laughter sat upon his lip:
"And whither ploddest thou thy weary way
Beneath the noontide sun, Simichidas?
For now the lizard sleeps upon the wall,
The crested lark folds now his wandering wing.
Dost speed, a bidden guest, to some reveller's board?
Or townward to the treading of the grape?
For lo! recoiling from thy hurrying feet
The pavement stones ring out right merrily."
Then I: "Friend Lycid, all men say that none
Of haymakers or herdsmen is thy match
At piping: and my soul is glad thereat.
Yet, to speak sooth, I think to rival thee.
Now look, this road holds holiday to-day:
For banded brethren solemnise a feast
To richly-dight Demeter, thanking her
For her good gifts: since with no grudging hand
Hath the boon goddess filled the wheaten floors.
So come: the way, the day, is thine as mine:
Try we our woodcraft—each may learn from each.
I am, as thou, a clarion-voice of song;
All hail me chief of minstrels. But I am not,
Heaven knows, o'er credulous: no, I scarce can yet
(I think) outvie Philetas, nor the bard
Of Samos, champion of Sicilian song.
They are as cicadas challenged by a frog."

I spake to gain mine ends; and laughing light
He said: "Accept this club, as thou'rt indeed
A born truth-teller, shaped by heaven's own hand!
I hate your builders who would rear a house
High as Oromedon's mountain-pinnacle:

I hate your song-birds too, whose cuckoo-cry
Struggles (in vain) to match the Chian bard.
But come, we'll sing forthwith, Simichidas,
Our woodland music: and for my part I—
List, comrade, if you like the simpler air
I forged among the uplands yesterday.

"Safe be my true-love convoyed o'er the main
To Mitylene—though the southern blast
Chase the lithe waves, while westward slant the Kids,
Or low above the verge Orion stand—
If from Love's furnace she will rescue me,
For Lycidas is parched with hot desire.
Let halcyons lay the sea-waves and the winds,
Northwind and Westwind, that in shores far-off
Flutters the seaweed—halcyons, of all birds
Whose prey is on the waters, held most dear
By the green Nereids: yea let all things smile
On her to Mitylene voyaging,
And in fair harbour may she ride at last.
I on that day, a chaplet woven of dill
Or rose or simple violet on my brow,
Will draw the wine of Pteleas from the cask
Stretched by the ingle. They shall roast me beans,
And elbow-deep in thyme and asphodel
And quaintly-curling parsley shall be piled
My bed of rushes, where in royal ease
I sit and, thinking of my darling, drain
With steadfast lips the liquor to the dregs.
I'll have a pair of pipers, shepherds both,
This from Acharnæ, from Lycope that;
And Tityrus shall be near me and shall sing
How the swain Daphnis loved the stranger-maid;
And how he ranged the fells, and how the oaks
(Such oaks as Himera's banks are green withal)
Sang dirges o'er him waning fast away
Like snow on Athos, or on Hæmus high,
Or Rhodope, or utmost Caucasus.
And he shall sing me how the big chest held
(All through the maniac malice of his lord)
A living goatherd: how the round-faced bees,
Lured from their meadow by the Cedar-smell,
Fed him with daintiest flowers, because the Muse
Had made his throat a well-spring of sweet song.
Happy Cometas, this sweet lot was thine!
Thee the chest prisoned, for thee the honey-bees
Toiled, as thou slavedst out the mellowing year:
And oh hadst thou been numbered with the quick
In my day! I had led thy pretty goats

About the hill-side, listening to thy voice:
While thou hadst laid thee down 'neath oak or pine,
Divine Cometas, warbling pleasantly."

He spake and paused; and thereupon spake I.
"I too, friend Lycid, as I ranged the fells,
Have learned much lore and pleasant from the Nymphs,
Whose fame mayhap hath reached the throne of Zeus.
But this wherewith I'll grace thee ranks the first:
Thou listen, since the Muses like thee well.

"On me the young Loves sneezed: for hapless I
Am fain of Myrto as the goats of Spring.
But my best friend Aratus inly pines
For one who loves him not. Aristis saw—
(A wondrous seer is he, whose lute and lay
Shrinèd Apollo's self would scarce disdain)—
How love had scorched Aratus to the bone.
O Pan, who hauntest Homole's fair champaign,
Bring the soft charmer, whosoe'er it be,
Unbid to his sweet arms—so, gracious Pan,
May ne'er thy ribs and shoulderblades be lashed
With squills by young Arcadians, whensoe'er
They are scant of supper! But should this my prayer
Mislike thee, then on nettles mayest thou sleep,
Dinted and sore all over from their claws!
Then mayst thou lodge amid Edonian hills
By Hebrus, in midwinter; there subsist,
The Bear thy neighbour: and, in summer, range
With the far Æthiops 'neath the Blemmyan rocks
Where Nile is no more seen! But O ye Loves,
Whose cheeks are like pink apples, quit your homes
By Hyetis, or Byblis' pleasant rill,
Or fair Dione's rocky pedestal,
And strike that fair one with your arrows, strike
The ill-starred damsel who disdains my friend.
And lo, what is she but an o'er-ripe pear?
The girls all cry 'Her bloom is on the wane.'
We'll watch, Aratus, at that porch no more,
Nor waste shoe-leather: let the morning cock
Crow to wake others up to numb despair!
Let Molon, and none else, that ordeal brave:
While we make ease our study, and secure
Some witch, to charm all evil from our door."

I ceased. He smiling sweetly as before,
Gave me the staff, "The Muses' parting gift,"
And leftward sloped tow'rd Pyxa. We the while,

Bent us to Phrasydeme's, Eucritus and I,
And baby-faced Amyntas: there we lay
Half-buried in a couch of fragrant reed
And fresh-cut vineleaves, who so glad as we?
A wealth of elm and poplar shook o'erhead;
Hard by, a sacred spring flowed gurgling on
From the Nymphs' grot, and in the sombre boughs
The sweet cicada chirped laboriously.
Hid in the thick thorn-bushes far away
The treefrog's note was heard; the crested lark
Sang with the goldfinch; turtles made their moan,
And o'er the fountain hung the gilded bee.
All of rich summer smacked, of autumn all:
Pears at our feet, and apples at our side
Rolled in luxuriance; branches on the ground
Sprawled, overweighed with damsons; while we brushed
From the cask's head the crust of four long years.
Say, ye who dwell upon Parnassian peaks,
Nymphs of Castalia, did old Chiron e'er
Set before Heracles a cup so brave
In Pholus' cavern—did as nectarous draughts
Cause the Anapian shepherd, in whose hand
Rocks were as pebbles, Polypheme the strong,
Featly to foot it o'er the cottage lawns:—
As, ladies, ye bid flow that day for us
All by Demeter's shrine at harvest-home?
Beside whose cornstalks may I oft again
Plant my broad fan: while she stands by and smiles,
Poppies and cornsheaves on each laden arm.

—C. S. Calverley.

THE CYCLOPS

Theocritus

[*Idyll* XI]

The shepherd, like the elegist, finds relief for himself in song, an believes in its power to win what he longs for.

Methinks all nature hath no cure for Love,
Plaster or unguent, Nicias, saving one;
And this is light and pleasant to a man,
Yet hard withal to compass—minstrelsy.
As well thou wottest, being thyself a leech,
And a prime favourite of those Sisters nine.

'Twas thus our Giant lived a life of ease,
Old Polyphemus, when, the down scarce seen
On lip and chin, he wooed his ocean nymph:
No curlypated rose-and-apple wooer,
But a fell madman, blind to all but love.
Oft from the green grass foldward fared his sheep
Unbid: while he upon the windy beach,
Singing his Galatea, sat and pined
From dawn to dusk, an ulcer at his heart:
Great Aphrodite's shaft had fixed it there.
Yet found he that one cure: he sate him down
On the tall cliff, and seaward looked, and sang:—
"White Galatea, why disdain thy love?
White as a pressed cheese, delicate as the lamb,
Wild as the heifer, soft as summer grapes!
If sweet sleep chain me, here thou walk'st at large;
If sweet sleep lose me, straightway thou art gone,
Scared like a sheep that sees the grey wolf near.
I loved thee, maiden, when thou cam'st long since,
To pluck the hyacinth-blossom on the fell,
Thou and my mother, piloted by me.
I saw thee, see thee still, from that day forth
For ever; but 'tis naught, ay naught, to thee.
I know, sweet maiden, why thou art so coy:
Shaggy and huge, a single eyebrow spans
From ear to ear my forehead, whence one eye
Gleams, and an o'erbroad nostril tops my lip.
Yet I, this monster, feed a thousand sheep
That yield me sweetest draughts at milking-tide:
In summer, autumn, or midwinter, still
Fails not my cheese; my milkpail aye o'erflows.
Then I can pipe as ne'er did Giant yet,
Singing our loves—ours, honey, thine and mine—
At the dead of night: and hinds I rear eleven
(Each with her fawn) and bearcubs four, for thee.
Oh come to me—thou shalt not rue the day—
And let the mad seas beat against the shore!
'Twere sweet to haunt my cave the livelong night:
Laurel and cypress tall, and ivy dun,
And vines of sumptuous fruitage, all are there:
And a cold spring that pine-clad Ætna flings
Down from the white snow's midst, a draught for gods!
Who would not change for this the ocean-waves?
"But thou mislik'st my hair? Well, oaken logs
Are here, and embers yet aglow with fire.
Burn (if thou wilt) my heart out, and mine eye,
Mine only eye wherein is my delight.

Oh why was I not born a finny thing,
To float unto thy side and kiss thy hand,
Denied thy lips—and bring thee lilies white
And crimson-petalled poppies' dainty bloom!
Nay—summer hath his flowers and autumn his;
I could not bring all these the selfsame day.
Lo, should some mariner hither oar his road,
Sweet, he shall teach me straightway how to swim,
That haply I may learn what bliss ye find
In your sea-homes. O Galatea, come
Forth from yon waves, and coming forth forget
(As I do, sitting here) to get thee home:
And feed my flocks and milk them, nothing loth,
And pour the rennet in to fix my cheese!

"The blame's my mother's; she is false to me;
Spake thee ne'er yet one sweet word for my sake,
Though day by day she sees me pine and pine.
I'll feign strange throbbings in my head and feet
To anguish her—as I am anguished now."

O Cyclops, Cyclops, where are flown thy wits?
Go plait rush-baskets, lop the olive-boughs
To feed thy lambkins, 'twere the shrewder part.
Chase not the recreant, milk the willing ewe:
The world hath Galateas fairer yet.

"—Many a fair damsel bids me sport with her
The livelong night, and smiles if I give ear.
On land at least I still am somebody."

Thus did the Giant feed his love on song,
And gained more ease than may be bought with gold.

—C. S. Calverley.

THE FESTIVAL OF ADONIS

Theocritus

[*Idyll* XV]

This picture of the women of Alexandria is in sharp contrast with the pastoral scenes of Sicily. The poet's interest is in the life of the common people, whether they inhabit the metropolis or the rural districts of Sicily.

Gorgo. Praxinoa in?
Praxinoa. Yes, Gorgo dear! At last!
That you're here now's a marvel! See to a chair,
A cushion, Eunoa!
Gorgo. I lack naught.
Praxinoa. Sit down.
Gorgo. Oh, what a thing is spirit! Here I am,
Praxinoa, safe at last from all that crowd
And all those chariots—every street a mass
Of boots and uniforms! And the road, my dear,
Seemed endless—you live now so far away!
Praxinoa. This land's-end den—I cannot call it house—
My madcap hired to keep us twain apart
And stir up strife. 'Twas like him, odious pest!
Gorgo. Nay call not, dear, your lord, your Deinon, names
To the babe's face. Look how it stares at you!
There, baby dear, she never meant Papa!
It understands, by'r lady! Dear Papa!
Praxinoa. Well, yesterday (that means what day you like)
"Papa" had rouge and hair-powder to buy;
He brought back salt! this oaf of six-foot-one!
Gorgo. Just such another is that pickpocket
My Diocleides. He bought t' other day
Six fleeces at seven drachms, his last exploit.
What were they? scraps of worn-out pedlar's-bags,
Sheer trash.—But put your cloak and mantle on;
And we'll to Ptolemy's, the sumptuous king,
To see the Adonis. As I hear, the queen
Provides us something gorgeous.
Praxinoa. Ay, the grand
Can do things grandly.
Gorgo. When you've seen yourself,
What tales you'll have to tell to those who've not.
'Twere time we started!
Praxinoa. All time's holiday
With idlers! Eunoa, pampered minx, the jug!
Set it down here—you cats would sleep all day
On cushions—Stir yourself, fetch water, quick!
Water's our first want. How she holds the jug!
Now, pour—not, cormorant, in that wasteful way—
You've drenched my dress, bad luck t' you! There, enough:
I have made such toilet as my fates allowed.
Now for the key of the plate-chest. Bring it, quick!
Gorgo. My dear, that full pelisse becomes you well.
What did it stand you in, straight off the loom?
Praxinoa. Don't ask me, Gorgo: two good pounds and more.
Then I gave all my mind to trimming it.
Gorgo. Well, 'tis a great success.

Praxinoa. I think it is.
My mantle, Eunoa, and my parasol!
Arrange me nicely. Babe, you'll bide at home!
Horses would bite you—Boo! Yes, cry your fill,
But we won't have you maimed. Now let's be off.
You, Phrygia, take and nurse the tiny thing:
Call the dog in: make fast the outer door!

Gods! what a crowd! How, when shall we get past
This nuisance, these unending ant-like swarms?
Yet, Ptolemy, we owe thee thanks for much
Since heaven received thy sire! No miscreant now
Creeps Thug-like up, to maul the passer-by.
What games men play erewhile—men shaped in crime,
Birds of a feather, rascals every one!
—We're done for, Gorgo darling—here they are,
The Royal horse! Sweet sir, don't trample me!
That bay—the savage!—reared up straight on end!
Fly, Eunoa, can't you? Doggedly she stands.
He'll be his rider's death! How glad I am
My babe's at home.
Gorgo. Praxinoa, never mind!
See, we're before them now, and they're in line.
Praxinoa. There, I'm myself. But from a child I feared
Horses, and slimy snakes. But haste we on:
A surging multitude is close behind.
Gorgo (*to* Old Lady). From the palace, mother?
Old Lady. Ay, child.
Gorgo. Is it fair
Of access?
Old Lady. Trying brought the Greeks to Troy.
Young ladies, they must try who would succeed.
Gorgo. The crone hath said her oracle and gone.
Women know all—how Adam married Eve.
—Praxinoa, look what crowds are round the door!
Praxinoa. Fearful! Your hand, please, Gorgo. Eunoa, you
Hold Eutychis—hold tight or you'll be lost.
We'll enter in a body—hold us fast!
Oh dear, my muslin dress is torn in two,
Gorgo, already! Pray, good gentlemen,
(And happiness be yours) respect my robe!
Stranger. I could not if I would—nathless I will.
Praxinoa. They come in hundreds, and they push like swine.
Stranger. Lady, take courage: it is all well now.
Praxinoa. And now and ever be it well with thee,
Sweet man, for shielding us! An honest soul
And kindly. Oh! they're smothering Eunoa:

Push, coward! That's right! "All in," the bridegroom said
And locked the door upon himself and bride.
GORGO. Praxinoa, look! Note well this broidery first.
How exquisitely fine—too good for earth!
Empress Athene, what strange sempstress wrought
Such work? What painter painted, realized
Such pictures? Just like life they stand or move,
Facts and not fancies! What a thing is man!
How bright, how lifelike on his silvern couch
Lies, with youth's bloom scarce shadowing his cheek,
That dear Adonis, lovely e'en in death!
A STRANGER. Bad luck t' you, cease your senseless pigeon's prate!
Their brogue is killing—every word a drawl!
GORGO. Where did he spring from? Is our prattle aught
To you, Sir? Order your own slaves about:
You're ordering Syracusan ladies now!
Corinthians bred (to tell you one fact more)
As was Bellerophon: islanders in speech,
For Dorians may talk Doric, I presume?
PRAXINOA. Persephone! none lords it over me,
Save one! No scullion's-wage for us from *you*!
GORGO. Hush, dear. The Argive's daughter's going to sing
The Adonis: that accomplished vocalist
Who has no rival in "*The Sailor's Grave*."
Observe her attitudinizing now.

SONG

Queen, who lov'st Golgi and the Sicel hill
And Ida; Aphrodite radiant-eyed;
The stealthy-footed Hours from Acheron's rill
Brought once again Adonis to thy side
How changed in twelve short months! They travel slow,
Those precious Hours: we hail their advent still,
For blessings do they bring to all below.
O Sea-born! thou didst erst, or legend lies,
Shed on a woman's soul thy grace benign,
And Berenice's dust immortalize.
O called by many names, at many a shrine!
For thy sweet sake doth Berenice's child
(Herself a second Helen) deck with all
That's fair, Adonis. On his right are piled
Ripe apples fallen from the oak-tree tall;
And silver caskets at his left support
Toy-gardens, Syrian scents enshrined in gold
And alabaster, cakes of every sort
That in their ovens, the pastrywomen mould,
When with white meal they mix all flowers that bloom,

Oil-cakes and honey-cakes. There stand portrayed
Each bird, each butterfly; and in the gloom
Of foliage climbing high, and downward weighed
By graceful blossoms, do the young Loves play
Like nightingales, and perch on every tree,
And flit, to try their wings, from spray to spray.
Then see the gold, the ebony! Only see
The ivory-carven eagles, bearing up
To Zeus the boy who fills his royal cup!
Soft as a dream, such tapestry gleams o'erhead
As the Milesian's self would gaze on, charmed.
But sweet Adonis hath his own sweet bed:
Next Aphrodite sleeps the roseate-armed,
A bridegroom of eighteen or nineteen years.
Kiss the smooth boyish lip—there's no sting there!
The bride hath found her own: all bliss be hers!
And him at dewy dawn we'll troop to bear
Down where the breakers hiss against the shore:
There, with dishevelled dress and unbound hair,
Bare-bosomed all, our descant wild we'll pour:

"Thou haunt'st, Adonis, earth and heaven in turn,
Alone of heroes. Agamemnon ne'er
Could compass this, nor Aias stout and stern:
Not Hector, eldest-born of her who bare
Ten sons, not Patroclus, nor, safe-returned
From Ilion, Pyrrhus, such distinction earned:
Nor, elder yet, the Lapithæ, the sons
Of Pelops and Deucalion; or the crown
Of Greece, Pelasgians. Gracious may'st thou be,
Adonis, now: pour new-year's blessings down!
Right welcome dost thou come, Adonis dear:
Come when thou wilt, thou'lt find a welcome here."

GORGO. 'Tis fine, Praxinoa! How I envy her
Her learning, and still more her luscious voice!
We must go home: my husband's supperless:
And in that state, the man's just vinegar.
Don't cross his path when hungry! So farewell,
Adonis, and be housed 'mid welfare aye!

—C. S. CALVERLEY.

THE LAMENT FOR ADONIS

BION

[*Idyll* I]

Bion of Smyrna, of the late second century B.C., wrote idylls after the manner of Theocritus. Nothing is known of his life, and very little of his work survives.

The festival of Adonis was celebrated by the singing of two songs, a wedding-song and a dirge. This poem is an example of the latter.

I

I mourn for Adonis—Adonis is dead,
Fair Adonis is dead and the Loves are lamenting.
Sleep, Cypris, no more on thy purple-strewed bed:
Arise, wretch stoled in black; beat thy breast unrelenting,
And shriek to the worlds, "Fair Adonis is dead!"

II

I mourn for Adonis—the Loves are lamenting.
He lies on the hills in his beauty and death;
The white tusk of a boar has transpierced his white thigh.
Cytherea grows mad at his thin gasping breath,
While the black blood drips down on the pale ivory,
And his eyeballs lie quenched with the weight of his brows;
The rose fades from his lips, and upon them just parted
The kiss dies the goddess consents not to lose,
Though the kiss of the Dead cannot make her glad hearted:
He knows not who kisses him dead in the dews.

III

I mourn for Adonis—the Loves are lamenting.
Deep, deep in the thigh is Adonis's wound,
But a deeper is Cypris's bosom presenting.
The youth lieth dead while his dogs howl around,
And the nymphs weep aloud from the mists of the hill,
And the poor Aphrodite, with tresses unbound,
All dishevelled, unsandaled, shrieks mournful and shrill
Through the dusk of the groves. The thorns, tearing her feet,

Gather up the red flower of her blood which is holy,
Each footstep she takes; and the valleys repeat
The sharp cry she utters and draw it out slowly.
She calls on her spouse, her Assyrian, on him
Her own youth, while the dark blood spreads over his body,
The chest taking hue from the gash in the limb,
And the bosom, once ivory, turning to ruddy.

IV

Ah, ah, Cytherea! the Loves are lamenting.
She lost her fair spouse and so lost her fair smile:
When he lived she was fair, by the whole world's consenting,
Whose fairness is dead with him: woe worth the while!
All the mountains above and the oaklands below
Murmur, ah, ah, Adonis! the streams overflow
Aphrodite's deep wail; river-fountains in pity
Weep soft in the hills, and the flowers as they blow
Redden outward with sorrow, while all hear her go
With the song of her sadness through mountain and city.

V

Ah, ah, Cytherea! Adonis is dead.
Fair Adonis is dead—Echo answers, Adonis!
Who weeps not for Cypris, when bowing her head
She stares at the wound where it gapes and astonies?
—When, ah, ah!—she saw how the blood ran away
And empurpled the thigh, and, with wild hands flung out,
Said with sobs: "Stay, Adonis! unhappy one, stay,
Let me feel thee once more, let me ring thee about
With the clasp of my arms, and press kiss into kiss!
Wait a little, Adonis, and kiss me again,
For the last time, beloved,—and but so much of this
That the kiss may learn life from the warmth of the strain!
—Till thy breath shall exude from thy soul to my mouth,
To my heart, and, the love-charm I once more receiving,
May drink thy love in it and keep of a truth
That one kiss in the place of Adonis the living.

Thou fliest me, mournful one, fliest me far,
My Adonis, and seekest the Acheron portal,—
To Hell's cruel King goest down with a scar,
While I weep and live on like a wretched immortal,
And follow no step! O Persephone, take him,
My husband—thou'rt better and brighter than I,
So all beauty flows down to thee: *I* cannot make him
Look up at my grief; there's despair in my cry.
Since I wail for Adonis who died to me—died to me—
Then, I fear *thee*!—Art thou dead, my Adored?
Passion ends like a dream in the sleep that's denied to me.
Cypris is widowed, the Loves seek their lord
All the house through in vain. Charm of cestus has ceased
With thy clasp! O too bold in the hunt past preventing,
Ay, mad, thou so fair, to have strife with a beast!"
Thus the goddess wailed on—and the Loves are lamenting.

VI

Ah, ah, Cytherea! Adonis is dead.
She wept tear after tear with the blood which was shed,
And both turned into flowers for earth's garden-close,
Her tear to the wind-flower; his blood to the rose.

VII

I mourn for Adonis—Adonis is dead.
Weep no more in the woods, Cytherea, thy lover!
So, well: make a place for his corse in thy bed,
With the purples thou sleepest in, under and over.
He's fair though a corse—a fair corse, like a sleeper.
Lay him soft in the silks he had pleasure to fold
When, beside thee at night, holy dreams deep and deeper
Enclosed his young life on the couch made of gold.
Love him still, poor Adonis; cast on him together
The crowns and the flowers: since he died from the place,
Why, let all die with him; let blossoms go wither,
Rain myrtles and olive-buds down on his face.

Rain the myrrh down, let all that is best fall
        a-pining,
  Since the myrrh of his life from thy keeping is
        swept.
Pale he lay, thine Adonis, in purples reclining;
  The Loves raised their voices around him and wept.
They have shorn their bright curls off to cast on
        Adonis;
One treads on his bow,—on his arrows, another,—
One breaks up a well-feathered quiver, and one is
  Bent low at a sandal, untying the strings,
  And one carries the vases of gold from the springs,
While one washes the wound,—and behind them
        a brother
  Fans down on the body sweet air with his wings.

VIII

Cytherea herself now the Loves are lamenting.
  Each torch at the door Hymenæus blew out;
And, the marriage-wreath dropping its leaves as
        repenting,
  No more "Hymen, Hymen," is chanted about,
But the *ai ai* instead—"ai alas!" is begun
  For Adonis, and then follows "Ai Hymenæus!"
The Graces are weeping for Cinyris' son,
  Sobbing low each to each, "His fair eyes cannot
        see us!"
Their wail strikes more shrill than the sadder Dione's.
The Fates mourn aloud for Adonis, Adonis,
Deep chanting; he hears not a word that they say:
  He *would* hear, but Persephone has him in
        keeping.
—Cease moan, Cytherea! leave pomps for to-day,
  And weep new when a new year refits thee for
        weeping.

—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

LAMENT FOR BION

Moschus

[*Idyll* III]

Moschus (late second century B.C.) of Syracuse was a pupil of the great Alexandrian critic Aristarchus, and was at once a grammarian and a poet. Extant are eight poems and a few fragments.

This poem, attributed to Moschus, is made after the pattern of a shepherd song mourning the death of Daphnis, or of the dirge sung at the festival of Adonis.

Mourn, Dorian stream, departed Bion mourn!
Pour the hoarse murmur from thy pallid urn!
Sigh, groves and lawns! ye plants, in sorrow wave;
Ye flowers, breathe sickly sweets o'er Bion's grave!
Anemonies and roses, blush your grief;
Expand, pale hyacinth, thy letter'd leaf!
Thy marks of anguish more distinctly show—
Ah! well the tuneful herdsman claims your woe!

Begin, and in the tenderest notes complain!
Sicilian Muse, begin the mournful strain!
Ye nightingales, that sooth the shadowy vale,
Warble to Arethusa's streams the tale
Of Bion dead. Lamenting Nature's pride,
He sunk! ah, then the Dorian music died!

Begin, and in the tenderest notes complain!
Sicilian Muse, begin the mournful strain!
Ye swans of Strymon, bid so sweet a note
As Bion breathed along your green banks, float
O'er the still wave! and tell Bistonia's maids,
That Doric Orpheus charms no more the glades.

Begin, and in the tenderest notes complain!
Sicilian Muse, begin the mournful strain!
Dear to the Muse, alas! no more he sings
By yon lone oak that shades the plashy springs.
He roams a spectre through the glooms of fear,
And chants the oblivious verse to Pluto's ear.
O'er the hush'd hills his pensive heifers rove,
Refuse their pasture, and forget their love!

Begin, and in the tenderest notes complain!
Sicilian Muse, begin the mournful strain!
Thee—thee, O Bion, snatch'd from earth away,
The Satyrs wail'd, and e'en the god of day!
Pan for thy numbers heaved his sighing breast,
And sad Priapus mourn'd in sable vest.
The Naiads in despairing anguish stood,
And swell'd with briny tears their fountain-flood.
Mute Echo, as her mimic music dies,
Amidst her dreary rocks lamenting lies.
The trees resigned their fruitage at thy death,
And all the faded flowers, their scented breath,

The ewes no milk—the hives no honey gave;
But what avail'd it the rich stores to save?
What, that the bee no balmy floweret sips,
Extinct the sweeter honey of thy lips?

Begin, and in the tenderest notes complain!
Sicilian Muse, begin the mournful strain!
Not with such grief the Dolphin fill'd the seas,
Or Philomela's plaint the woodland breeze,
Or Progne's bitter woe the mountains hoar,
Or wild Alcyone the fatal shore;
Or faithful Cerylus the cave, where lies
His mate, still breathing fondness as she dies;
Or Memnon's screaming birds his orient tomb,
As now they utter, at their Bion's doom!

Begin, and in the tenderest notes complain!
Sicilian Muse, begin the mournful strain!
The lovelorn nightingales that learn'd his song,
The swallows twittering shrill, the boughs among,
Join their sad notes; the vocal groves reply—
"Sigh too, ye turtles, for your Bion sigh!"

Begin, and in the tenderest notes complain!
Sicilian Muse, begin the mournful strain!
Who now, regretted swain, thy pipe shall play;
Touch the fair stops, or trill the melting lay?
Faint from thy lips still breathe the mellow reeds;
Still on their dying sweetness Echo feeds:
To bear those melodies to Pan be mine;
Though he may fear to risk his fame with thine!

Begin, and in the tenderest notes complain!
Sicilian Muse, begin the mournful strain!
And Galatea too bewails thy fate—
Fair nymph, who oft upon the seashore sate
Sooth'd by thy songs, and fled the Cyclops' arms—
Far other strains are thine! far other charms!
Now on the sand she sits—forgets the sea—
Yet feeds thy herds, and still remembers thee!

Begin, and in the tenderest notes complain!
Sicilian Muse, begin the mournful strain!
With thee, O swain, expired the Muse's bliss—
The roseate bloom of youth, the roseate kiss!
The fluttering Cupids round thy ashes cry,
And fond—fond Venus mixes many a sigh!
She loves thee as Adonis' parting breath—

As his last kisses so endear'd by death!
Here—here, O Meles, musical in woe,
Sad for another son thy tide shall flow!
For thy first poet mourn'd thy plaintive wave;
Each murmur deepen'd at thy Homer's grave:
Another grief (melodious stream) appears!
Alas! another poet claims thy tears!
Dear to the fountains which inspire the Muse,
That drank of Helicon—this Arethuse!
That bard his harp to beauteous Helen strung!
And the dire anger of Pelides sung:
This—in his softer lay no wars display'd,
But chanted Pan all peaceful in the shade!
He framed his reeds, or milk'd his kine, or led
His herds to pasture, singing as they fed!
And oft, so dear to Venus, he caress'd
The little Cupid in his panting breast.

Begin, and in the tenderest notes complain!
Sicilian Muse, begin the mournful strain!
The cities and the towns thy death deplore—
Than her own Hesiod Ascra mourns thee more!
Not thus her Pindar Hylæ's grief bemoans—
Not Lesbos thus Alcæus' manly tones!
Not Ceos, Paros, thus regret their bards—
And Mitylene yet thy reed regards
Beyond her Sappho's lyre; and every swain
Pipes thee, O Bion, on his native plain.
The Samian's gentle notes thy memory greet—
Philetas too—and Lycidas of Crete!
Now, breathing heavy sighs, each heart despairs,
Though erst full many a jocund revel theirs.
Thee too, dear bard, Theocritus bewails,
The sweetest warbler of Sicilia's dales!
And I, who suit to sorrow's melting tone
The Ausonian verse, but mimic music own;
If e'er the charms of melody I knew,
'Tis to thy forming skill the praise is due.
Others may claim thy gold—the gold be theirs!
Ours be the Doric Muse, thy wealthier heirs.

Begin, and in the tenderest notes complain!
Sicilian Muse, begin the mournful strain!
Though fade crisp anise, and the parsley's green,
And vivid mallows from the garden scene;
The balmy breath of spring their life renews,
And bids them flourish in their former hues!
But we, the great, the valiant, and the wise,

When once the seal of death hath closed our eyes,
Lost in the hollow tomb obscure and deep,
Slumber, to wake no more, one long unbroken sleep!
Thou too, while many a scrannel reed I hear
Grating eternal harshness on my ear—
Thou too, thy charm of melting music o'er,
Shut in the silent earth, shalt rise no more!

Begin, and in the tenderest notes complain!
Sicilian Muse, begin the mournful strain!
'Twas poison gave thee to the grasp of death—
Ah! could not poison sweeten at thy breath?
Who for those lips of melody could dare
The venom'd chalice (murderous wretch) prepare?
Such wretches rove with vengeance at their heels;
While now at this drear hour my bosom feels
The bursting sigh! like Orpheus could I go,
Or wise Ulysses, to the shades below,
To Pluto's home my steps should straight repair,
To hear what numbers thou art chanting there.
But sing, as in the genial realms of light,
Some sweet bucolic to the queen of night:
She once amid those golden meadows play'd,
And sung the Dorian song in Ætna's shade.
Thy music shall ascend with all the fire—
With all the strong effect of Orpheus' lyre!
Fair Proserpine shall listen to thy strain,
And, pitying, send thee to thy hills again.
O that, as Orpheus' lyre reclaim'd his wife,
My pipe had power to bring thy shade to life!

—RICHARD POLWHELE.

V. SCIENCE AND TRAVEL

The interest in the things of the natural world reaches back to the beginning of Greek life, and early philosophers were at work even before prose was invented. But not until Aristotle developed a definite method was much progress achieved. To him we owe not only the method, but also the beginnings of accurate observation and analysis and the formulation of many of the general principles on which modern science is based. After him, the inquiry took the direction rather of applied science, and the general scientist gave place more and more to the specialist. In the Alexandrian period mathematics, astronomy, botany, and physics were in the ascendancy, and later, in the period of Roman dominion, medicine and geography. Travel was a natural accompaniment of such progress in scientific learning, and broadened the field of observation and interest in respect not only of man and his habits, but also of the ways of nature.

The selections from the scientific literature given below are purposely passages of a rather general nature, since the technical can be read with profit only by the specialist. Further, though they belong to distinctly different periods, they are grouped together here on a topical basis rather than on a time basis, since no one era can properly be called the scientific era in contrast with others. Within the group, however, the chronological arrangement has been followed.

THE METHOD OF NATURAL SCIENCE

ARISTOTLE

[From *On the Parts of Animals*]

For Aristotle, see above, p. 683.

Every systematic science, the humblest and the noblest alike, seems to admit of two distinct kinds of proficiency; one of which may be properly called scientific knowledge of the subject, while the other is a kind of educational acquaintance with it. For an educated man should be able to form a fair off-hand judgment as to the goodness or badness of the method used by a professor in his exposition. To be educated is in fact to be able to do this; and even the man of universal education we deem to be such in virtue of his having this ability. It will, however, of course, be understood that we only ascribe universal education to one who in his own individual person is thus critical in all or nearly all branches of knowledge, and not to one who has a like ability merely in some special subject. For it is possible for a man to have this competence in some one branch of knowledge without having it in all.

It is plain then that, as in other sciences, so in that which inquires into nature, there must be certain canons, by reference to which a hearer shall be able to criticize the method of a professed exposition, quite independently of the question whether the statements made be true or false. Ought we, for instance (to give an illustration of what I mean), to begin by discussing each separate species—man, lion, ox, and the like—taking each kind in hand independently of the rest, or ought we rather to deal first with the attributes which they have in common in virtue of some common element of their nature, and proceed from this as a basis for the consideration of them separately? For genera that are quite distinct yet oftentimes present many identical phenomena, sleep, for instance, respiration, growth, decay, death, and other similar affections and conditions, which may be passed over for the present, as we are not yet prepared to treat of them with clearness and precision. Now it is plain that if we deal with each species independently of the rest, we shall frequently be obliged to repeat the same statements over and over again; for horse and dog and man present, each and all, every one of the phenomena just enumerated. A discussion therefore of the attributes of each species separately would necessarily involve frequent repetitions as to characters, themselves identical but recurring in animals specifically distinct. (Very possibly also there may be other characters which, though they present specific differences, yet come under one and the same category. For instance, flying, swimming, walking, creeping, are plainly specifically distinct, but yet are all forms of animal progression.) We must, then, have some clear understanding as to the manner in which our investigation is to be conducted; whether, I mean, we are first to deal with the common or generic characters, and afterwards to take into consideration special peculiarities; or whether we are to start straight off with the ultimate species. For as yet no definite rule has been laid down in this matter. So also there is a like uncertainty as to another point now to be mentioned. Ought the writer who deals with the works of nature to follow the plan adopted by the mathematicians in their astronomical demonstrations, and after considering the phenomena presented by animals, and their several parts, proceed subsequently to treat of the causes and the reason why; or ought he to follow some other method? And when these questions are answered, there yet remains another. The causes concerned in the generation of the works of nature are, as we see, more than one. There is the final cause and there is the motor cause. Now we must decide which of these two causes comes first, which second. Plainly, however, that cause is the first which we call the final one. For this is the Reason, and the Reason forms the starting-point, alike in the works of art and in nature. For consider how the physician or how the builder sets about his work. He starts by forming for himself a definite picture, in the one case perceptible to mind, in the other to sense, of his end—the physician of health, the builder of a house—and this he holds forward as the reason and explanation of each subsequent step that he takes, and of his acting in this or that way as the case may be. Now in the works of nature the good end and the final cause is still more dominant than in works of art such as these, nor is necessity a factor with the same significance in them all; though almost all writers, while they try to refer their origin to this cause, do so without distinguishing the various senses in which the term necessity is used. For there is absolute necessity, manifested in eternal phenomena; and there is hypothetical necessity, manifested in everything that is generated by nature as in everything that is produced by art, be it a house or what it may. For if a house or other such final object is to be realized, it is necessary that such and such material exist; and it is necessary that first this and then that shall be produced, and first this and then that set in motion, and so on in continuous succession, until the end and final result is reached, for the sake of which each prior thing is produced and exists. As with these productions of art, so also is it with the productions of nature. The mode of necessity, however, and the mode of ratiocination are different in natural science from what they are in the theoretical sciences; of which we have spoken elsewhere. For in the latter the starting-point is that which is; in the former that which is to be. For it is that which is yet to be—health, let us say, or a man—that, owing to its being of such and such characters, necessitates the pre-existence or previous production of this and that antecedent; and not this or that antecedent which, because it exists or has been generated, makes it necessary that health or a man is in, or shall come into, existence. Nor is it possible to trace back the series of necessary antecedents to a starting-point, of which you can say that, existing itself from eternity, it has determined their existence as its consequent. These however, again, are matters that have been dealt with in another treatise. There too it was stated in what cases absolute and hypothetical necessity exist; in what cases also the proposition expressing hypothetical necessity is simply convertible, and what cause it is that determines this convertibility.

Another matter which must not be passed over without consideration is, whether the proper subject of our exposition is that with which the ancient writers concerned themselves, namely, what is the process of formation of each animal; or whether it is not rather, what are the characters of a given creature when formed. For there is no small difference between these two views. The best course appears to be that we should follow the method already mentioned, and begin with the phenomena presented by each group of animals, and, when this is done, proceed afterwards to state the causes of those phenomena, and to deal with their evolution. For elsewhere, as for instance in house building, this is the true sequence. The plan of the house, or the house, has this and that form; and because it has this and that form, therefore is its construction carried out in this or that manner. For the process of evolution is for the sake of the thing finally evolved, and not this for the sake of the process. Empedocles, then, was in error when he said that many of the characters presented by animals were merely the results of incidental occurrences during their development; for instance, that the backbone was divided as it is into vertebræ, because it happened to be broken owing to the contorted position of the fœtus in the womb. In so saying he overlooked the fact that propagation implies a creative seed endowed with certain formative properties. Secondly, he neglected another fact, namely, that the parent animal pre-exists, not only in idea, but actually in time. For man is generated from man; and thus it is the possession of certain characters by the parent that determines the development of like characters in the child. The same statement holds good also for the operations of art, and even for those which are apparently spontaneous. For the same result as is produced by art may occur spontaneously. Spontaneity, for instance, may bring about the restoration of health. The products of art, however, require the pre-existence of an efficient cause homogeneous with themselves, such as the statuary's art, which must necessarily precede the statue; for this cannot possibly be produced spontaneously. Art indeed consists in the conception of the result to be produced before its realization in the material. As with spontaneity so with chance; for this also produces the same result as art, and by the same process.

The fittest mode, then, of treatment is to say, a man has such and such parts, because the conception of a man includes their presence, and because they are necessary conditions of his existence, or, if we cannot quite say this, which would be best of all, then the next thing to it, namely, that it is either quite impossible for him to exist without them, or, at any rate, that it is better for him that they should be there; and their existence involves the existence of other antecedents. This we should say, because man is an animal with such and such characters, therefore is the process of his development necessarily such as it is; and therefore is it accomplished in such and such an order, this part being formed first, that next, and so on in succession; and after a like fashion should we explain the evolution of all other works of nature.

Now that with which the ancient writers, who first philosophized about nature, busied themselves, was the material principle and the material cause. They inquired what this is, and what its character; how the universe is generated out of it, and by what motor influence, whether, for instance, by antagonism or friendship, whether by intelligence or spontaneous action, the substratum of matter being assumed to have certain inseparable properties; fire, for instance, to have a hot nature, earth a cold one; the former to be light, the latter heavy. For even the genesis of the universe is thus explained by them. After a like fashion do they deal also with the development of plants and of animals. They say, for instance, that the water contained in the body causes by its currents the formation of the stomach and the other receptacles of food or of excretion; and that the breath by its passage breaks open the outlets of the nostrils; air and water being the materials of which bodies are made; for all represent nature as composed of such or similar substances.

But if men and animals and their several parts are natural phenomena, then the natural philosopher must take into consideration not merely the ultimate substances of which they are made, but also flesh, bone, blood, and all the other homogeneous parts; not only these, but also the heterogeneous parts, such as face, hand, foot; and must examine how each of these comes to be what it is, and in virtue of what force. For to say what are the ultimate substances out of which an animal is formed, to state, for instance, that it is made of fire or earth, is no more sufficient than would be a similar account in the case of a couch or the like. For we should not be content with saying that the couch was made of bronze or wood or whatever it might be, but should try to describe its design or mode of composition in preference to the material; or, if we did deal with the material, it would at any rate be with the concretion of material and form. For a couch is such and such a form embodied in this or that matter, or such and such a matter with this or that form; so that its shape and structure must be included in our description. For the formal nature is of greater importance than the material nature.

Does, then, configuration and colour constitute the essence of the various animals and of their several parts? For if so, what Democritus says will be strictly correct. For such appears to have been his notion. At any rate he says that it is evident to every one what form it is that makes the man, seeing that he is recognizable by his shape and colour. And yet a dead body has exactly the same configuration as a living one; but for all that is not a man. So also no hand of bronze or wood or constituted in any but the appropriate way can possibly be a hand in more than name. For like a physician in a painting, or like a flute in a sculpture, in spite of its name it will be unable to do the office which that name implies. Precisely in the same way no part of a dead body, such I mean as its eye or its hand, is really an eye or a hand. To say, then, that shape and colour constitute the animal is an inadequate statement, and is much the same as if a woodcarver were to insist that the hand he had cut was really a hand. Yet the physiologists, when they give an account of the development and causes of the animal form, speak very much like such a craftsman. What, however, I would ask, are the forces by which the hand or the body was fashioned into its shape? The woodcarver will perhaps say, by the axe or the auger; the physiologist, by air and by earth. Of these two answers the artificer's is the better, but it is nevertheless insufficient. For it is not enough for him to say that by the stroke of his tool this part was formed into a concavity, that into a flat surface; but he must state the reasons why he struck his blow in such a way as to effect this, and what his final object was; namely, that the piece of wood would develop eventually into this or that shape. It is plain, then, that the teaching of the old physiologists is inadequate, and that the true method is to state what the definitive characters are that distinguish the animal as a whole; to explain what it is both in substance and in form, and to deal after the same fashion with its several organs; in fact, to proceed in exactly the same way as we should do, were we giving a complete description of a couch.

If now this something that constitutes the form of the living being be the soul, or part of the soul, or something that without the soul cannot exist; as would seem to be the case, seeing at any rate that when the soul departs, what is left is no longer a living animal, and that none of the parts remain what they were before, excepting in mere configuration, like the animals that in the fable are turned into stone; if, I say, this be so, then it will come within the province of the natural philosopher to inform himself concerning the soul, and to treat of it, either in its entirety, or, at any rate, of that part of it which constitutes the essential character of an animal; and it will be his duty to say what this soul or this part of a soul is; and to discuss the attributes that attach to this essential character, especially as nature is spoken of in two senses, and the nature of a thing is either its matter or its essence; nature as essence including both the motor cause and the final cause. Now it is in the latter of these two senses that either the whole soul or some part of it constitutes the nature of an animal; and inasmuch as it is the presence of the soul that enables matter to constitute the animal nature, much more than it is the presence of matter which so enables the soul, the inquirer into nature is bound on every ground to treat of the soul rather than of the matter. For though the wood of which they are made constitutes the couch and the tripod, it only does so because it is capable of receiving such and such a form.

What has been said suggests the question, whether it is the whole soul or only some part of it, the consideration of which comes within the province of natural science. Now if it be of the whole soul that this should treat, then there is no place for any other philosophy beside it. For as it belongs in all cases to one and the same science to deal with correlated subjects—one and the same science, for instance, deals with sensation and with the objects of sense—and as therefore the intelligent soul and the objects of intellect, being correlated, must belong to one and the same science, it follows that natural science will have to include the whole universe in its province. But perhaps it is not the whole soul, nor all its parts collectively, that constitutes the source of motion; but there may be one part, identical with that in plants, which is the source of growth, another, namely the sensory part, which is the source of change of quality, while still another, and this not the intellectual part, is the source of locomotion. I say not the intellectual part; for other animals than man have the power of locomotion, but in none but him is there intellect. Thus then it is plain that it is not of the whole soul that we have to treat. For it is not the whole soul that constitutes the animal nature, but only some part or parts of it. Moreover, it is impossible that any abstraction can form a subject of natural science, seeing that everything that Nature makes is means to an end. For just as human creations are the products of art, so living objects are manifestly the products of an analogous cause or principle, not external but internal, derived like the hot and the cold from the environing universe. And that the heaven, if it had an origin, was evolved and is maintained by such a cause, there is therefore even more reason to believe, than that mortal animals so originated. For order and definiteness are much more plainly manifest in the celestial bodies than in our own frame; while change and chance are characteristic of the perishable things of earth. Yet there are some who, while they allow that every animal exists and was generated by nature, nevertheless hold that the heaven was constructed to be what it is by chance and spontaneity; the heaven, in which not the faintest sign of haphazard or of disorder is discernible! Again, whenever there is plainly some final end, to which a motion tends should nothing stand in the way, we always say that such final end is the aim or purpose of the motion; and from this it is evident that there must be a something or other really existing, corresponding to what we call by the name of Nature. For a given germ does not give rise to any chance living being, nor spring from any chance one; but each germ springs from a definite parent and gives rise to a definite progeny. And thus it is the germ that is the ruling influence and fabricator of the offspring. For these it is by nature, the offspring being at any rate that which in nature will spring from it. At the same time the offspring is anterior to the germ; for germ and perfected progeny are related as the development process and the result. Anterior, however, to both germ and product is the organism from which the germ was derived. For every germ implies two organisms, the parent and the progeny. For germ or seed is both the seed of the organism from which it came, of the horse, for instance, from which it was derived, and the seed of the organism that will eventually arise from it, of the mule, for example, which is developed from the seed of the horse. The same seed then is the seed both of the horse and of the mule, though in different ways as here set forth. Moreover, the seed is potentially that which will spring from it, and the relation of potentiality to actuality we know.

There are then two causes, namely, necessity and the final end. For many things are produced simply as the results of necessity. It may, however, be asked, of what mode of necessity are we speaking when we say this. For it can be of neither of those two modes which are set forth in the philosophical treatises. There is, however, the third mode, in such things at any rate as are generated. For instance, we say that food is necessary; because an animal cannot possibly do without it. This third mode is what may be called hypothetical necessity. Here is another example of it. If a piece of wood is to be split with an axe, the axe must of necessity be hard; and, if hard, must of necessity be made of bronze or iron. Now exactly in the same way the body, which like the axe is an instrument—for both the body as a whole and its several parts individually have definite operations for which they are made—just in the same way, I say, the body, if it is to do its work, must of necessity be of such and such a character, and made of such and such materials.

It is plain then that there are two modes of causation, and that both of these must, so far as possible, be taken into account in explaining the works of nature, or that at any rate an attempt must be made to include them both; and that those who fail in this tell us in reality nothing about nature. For primary cause constitutes the nature of an animal much more than does its matter. There are indeed passages in which even Empedocles hits upon this, and following the guidance of fact, finds himself constrained to speak of the ratio as constituting the essence and real nature of things. Such, for instance, is the case when he explains what is a bone. For he does not merely describe its material, and say it is this one element, or those two or three elements, or a compound of all the elements, but states the ratio of their combination. As with a bone, so manifestly is it with the flesh and all other similar parts.

The reason why our predecessors failed in hitting upon this method of treatment was, that they were not in possession of the notion of essence, nor of any definition of substance. The first who came near it was Democritus, and he was far from adopting it as a necessary method in natural science, but was merely brought to it, in spite of himself, by constraint of facts. In the time of Socrates a nearer approach was made to the method. But at this period men gave up inquiring into the works of nature, and philosophers diverted their attention to political science and to the virtues which benefit mankind.

Of the method itself the following is an example. In dealing with respiration we must show that it takes place for such or such a final object; and we must also show that this and that part of the process is necessitated by this and that other stage of it. By necessity we shall sometimes mean hypothetical necessity, the necessity, that is, that the requisite antecedents shall be there, if the final end is to be reached; and sometimes absolute necessity, such necessity as that which connects substances and their inherent properties and characters. For the alternate discharge and re-entrance of heat and the inflow of air are necessary if we are to live. Here we have at once a necessity in the former of the two senses. But the alternation of heat and refrigeration produces of necessity an alternate admission and discharge of the outer air, and this is a necessity of the second kind.

In the foregoing we have an example of the method which we must adopt, and also an example of the kind of phenomena, the causes of which we have to investigate.

—William Ogle.

THE ESSENTIAL PARTS OF PLANTS[1]

Theophrastus

[From *Enquiry into Plants*, Book I]

Theophrastus applied the principle of classification, which is a characteristic of Aristotle's method, to the study of plant life, and so became the first systematic botanist. His analysis of the parts of plants shows the results of scientific investigation and observation. For Theophrastus, see above, p. 743.

Now the difference in regard to parts, to take a general view, are of three kinds: either one plant may possess them and another not (for instance, leaves and fruit), or in one plant they may be unlike in appearance or size to those of another, or, thirdly, they may be differently arranged. Now the unlikeness between them is seen in form, colour, closeness of arrangement or its opposite, roughness or its opposite, and the other qualities; and again there are the various differences of flavour. The inequality is seen in excess or defect as to number or size, or, to speak generally, all the above-mentioned differences too are included under excess and defect: for the "more" and the "less" are the same thing as excess and defect, whereas "differently arranged" implies a difference of position; for instance, the fruit may be above or below the leaves, and, as to position on the tree itself, the fruit may grow on the apex of it or on the side branches, and in some cases even on the trunk, as in the sycamore; while some plants again even bear their fruit underground, for instance arachidna and the plant called in Egypt uingon; again in some plants the fruit has a stalk, in some it has none. There is a like difference in the floral organs: in some cases they actually surround the fruit, in others they are differently placed: in fact it is in regard to the fruit, the leaves, and the shoots that the question of position has to be considered.

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[1] From *Theophrastus: Enquiry into Plants Etc.*, Sir Arthur Fenton Hort, William Heinemann, London, 1916. Used by permission.

Or again there are differences as to symmetry: in some cases the arrangement is irregular, while the branches of the silver-fir are arranged opposite one another; and in some cases the branches are at equal distances apart, and correspond in number, as where they are in three rows.

Wherefore the differences between plants must be observed in these particulars, since taken together they shew forth the general character of each plant.

But, before we attempt to speak about each, we must make a list of the parts themselves. Now the primary and most important parts, which are also common to most, are these—root, stem, branch, twig; these are the parts into which we might divide the plant, regarding them as members, corresponding to the members of animals: for each of these is distinct in character from the rest, and together they make up the whole.

The root is that by which the plant draws its nourishment, the stem that to which it is conducted. And by the "stem" I mean that part which grows above ground and is single; for that is the part which occurs most generally both in annuals and in long-lived plants; and in the case of trees it is called the "trunk." By "branches" I mean the parts which split off from the stem and are called by some "boughs." By "twig" I mean the growth which springs from the branch regarded as a single whole, and especially such an annual growth.

Now these parts belong more particularly to trees. The stem however, as has been said, is more general, though not all plants possess even this, for instance, some herbaceous plants are stemless; others again have it, not permanently, but as an annual growth, including some whose roots live beyond the year. In fact your plant is a thing various and manifold, and so it is difficult to describe in general terms; in proof whereof we have the fact that we cannot here seize on any universal character which is common to all, as a mouth and a stomach are common to all animals; whereas in plants some characters are the same in all, merely in the sense that all have analogous characters, while others correspond otherwise. For not all plants have root, stem, branch, twig, leaf, flower or fruit, or again bark, core, fibres or veins; for instance, fungi and truffles; and yet these and such like characters belong to a plant's essential nature. However, as has been said, these characters belong especially to trees, and our classification of characters belongs more particularly to these; and it is right to make these the standard in treating of the others.

Trees moreover shew forth fairly well the other features also which distinguish plants; for they exhibit differences in the number or fewness of these which they possess, as to the closeness or openness of their growth, as to their being single or divided, and in other like respects. Moreover, each of the characters mentioned is not "composed of like parts"; by which I mean that though any given part of the root or trunk is composed of the same elements as the whole, yet the part so taken is not itself called "trunk," but "a portion of a trunk." The case is the same with the members of an animal's body; to wit, any part of the leg or arm is composed of the same elements as the whole, yet it does not bear the same name (as it does in the case of flesh or bone); it has no special name. Nor again have subdivisions of any of those other organic parts which are uniform special names, subdivisions of all being nameless. But the subdivisions of those parts which are compound have names, as have those of the foot, hand, and head, for instance, toe, finger, nose or eye. Such then are the largest parts of the plant. Again there are the things of which such parts are composed, namely bark, wood, and core (in the case of those plants which have it), and these are all "composed of like parts." Further there are the things which are even prior to these, from which they are derived—sap, fibre, veins, flesh: for these are elementary substances—unless one should prefer to call them the active principles of the elements; and they are common to all the parts of the plant. Thus the essence and entire material of plants consist in these.

Again there are other as it were annual parts, which help towards the production of the fruit, as leaf, flower, stalk, (that is, the part by which the leaf and the fruit are attached to the plant), and again tendril, "catkin" (in those plants that have them). And in all cases there is the seed which belongs to the fruit: by "fruit" is meant the seed or seeds, together with the seed-vessel. Besides these there are in some cases peculiar parts, such as the gall in the oak, or the tendril in the vine.

In the case of trees we may thus distinguish the annual parts, while it is plain that in annual plants all the parts are annual: for the end of their being is attained when the fruit is produced. And with those plants which bear fruit annually, those which take two years (such as celery and certain others) and those which have fruit on them for a longer time—with all these the stem will correspond to the plant's length of life: for plants develop a stem at whatever time they are about to bear seed, seeing that the stem exists for the sake of the seed.

Let this suffice for the definition of these parts: and now we must endeavour to say what each of the parts just mentioned is, giving a general and typical description.

The sap is obvious: some call it simply in all cases "juice," as does Menestor among others: others, in the case of some plants give it no special name, while in some they call it "juice" and in others "gum." Fibre and "veins" have no special names in relation to plants, but because of the resemblance, borrow the names of the corresponding parts of animals. It may be however that, not only these things, but the world of plants generally, exhibits also other differences as compared with animals: for, as we have said, the world of plants is manifold. However, since it is by help of the better known that we must pursue the unknown, and better known are the things which are larger and plainer to our senses, it is clear that it is right to speak of these things in the way indicated: for then in dealing with the less known things we shall be making these better known things our standard, and shall ask how far and in what manner comparison is possible in each case. And when we have taken the parts, we must next take the differences which they exhibit, for thus will their essential nature become plain, and at the same time the general differences between one kind of plant and another.

Now the nature of the most important parts has been indicated already, that is, such parts as the root, the stem, and the rest: their functions and the reasons for which each of them exists will be set forth presently. For we must endeavour to state of what these, as well as the rest, are composed, starting from their elementary constituents.

First come moisture and warmth: for every plant, like every animal, has a certain amount of moisture and warmth which essentially belong to it: and, if these fall short, they age and decay, while, if they fail altogether, death and withering ensue. Now in most plants the moisture has no special name, but in some it has such a name, as has been said: and this also holds good of animals: for it is only the moisture of those which have blood which has received a name; wherefore we distinguish animals by the presence or absence of blood, calling some "animals with blood," others "bloodless." Moisture then is one essential "part," and so is warmth, which is closely connected with it.

There are also other essential internal characters, which in themselves have no special name, but, because of their resemblance, have names analogous to those of the parts of animals. Thus plants have what corresponds to muscle; and this quasi-muscle is continuous, fissile, long: moreover no other growth starts from it either branching from the side or in continuation of it. Again plants have veins: these in other respects resemble the "muscle," but they are longer and thicker, and have side-growths and contain moisture. Then there are wood and flesh: for some plants have flesh, some wood. Wood is fissile, while flesh can be broken up in any direction, like earth and things made of earth: it is intermediate between fibre and veins, its nature being clearly seen especially in the outer covering of seed-vessels. Bark and core are properly so called, yet they too must be defined. Bark then is the outside, and is separable from the substance which it covers. Core is that which forms the middle of the wood, being third in order from the bark, and corresponding to the marrow in bones. Some call this part the "heart," others call it "heart-wood": some again call only the inner part of the core itself the "heart," while others distinguish this as the "marrow."

Here then we have a fairly complete list of the "parts," and those last named are composed of the first "parts"; wood is made of fibre and sap, and in some cases of flesh also; for the flesh hardens and turns to wood, for instance in palms ferula and in other plants in which a turning to wood takes place, as in the roots of radishes. Core is made of moisture and flesh: bark in some cases of all three constituents, as in the oak, black poplar and pear; while the bark of the vine is made of sap and fibre, and that of the cork-oak of flesh and sap. Moreover out of these constituents are made the most important parts, those which I mentioned first, and which may be called "members": however not all of them are made of the same constituents, nor in the same proportion, but the constituents are combined in various ways.

—Arthur Hort.

GEOMETRICAL METHOD[1]

Archimedes

[From the *Method*]

Archimedes was born in 287 B.C. at Syracuse, and was killed at the taking of that city by the Romans in 212 B.C. He was the greatest mathematician of antiquity. He made discoveries not only in the realm of pure mathematics, but in physics also. In addition he was an inventor of useful machines, such as Archimedes' screw, and of engines of war by which for long the Syracusans held back the Romans.

A great deal of his extant work is extremely technical; but the introduction to his Method *shows plainly enough his means of attack in the discovery of new theorems. To investigate a proposition he would use mechanical means by which he would be aided in constructing later his geometrical proofs. His giving of due credit to predecessors and his expressed hope that successors will make new discoveries admirably show the spirit of the true scientist of every age.*

Archimedes to Eratosthenes greeting.

I sent you on a former occasion some of the theorems discovered by me, merely writing out the enunciations and inviting you to discover the proofs, which at the moment I did not give you. . . .

The proofs then of these theorems I have written in this book and now send to you. Seeing moreover in you, as I say, an earnest student, a man of considerable eminence in philosophy, and an admirer (of mathematical inquiry), I thought fit to write out for you and explain in detail in the same book the peculiarity of a certain method by which it will be possible for you to get a start to enable you to investigate some of the problems in mathematics by means of mechanics. This procedure is, I am persuaded, no less useful even for the proof of the theorems themselves; for certain things first became clear to me by a mechanical method, although they had to be demonstrated by geometry afterwards because their investigation by the said method did not furnish an actual demonstration. But it is of course easier, when we have previously acquired, by the method, some knowledge of the questions, to supply the proof than it is to find it without any previous knowledge. This is a reason why, in the case of the theorems the proof of which Eudoxus was the first to discover, namely that the cone is a third part of the cylinder, and the pyramid of the prism, having the same base and equal height, we should give no small share of the credit to Democritus who was the first to make the assertion with regard to the said figure though he did not prove it. I am myself in the position of having first made the discovery of the theorem now to be published (by the method indicated), and I deem it necessary to expound the method partly because I have already spoken of it and I do not want to be thought to have uttered vain words, but equally because I am persuaded that it will be of no little service to mathematics; for I apprehend that some either of my contemporaries or of my successors, will, by means of the method when once established, be able to discover other theorems in addition, which have not yet occurred to me.

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[1] From *Works of Archimedes*, by Sir Thomas Little Heath, Cambridge at the University Press, 1897. Used by permission.

—T. L. HEATH.

THE EARTH AND ITS ZONES[1]

STRABO

[From the *Geography*, Book II]

Strabo was born of Greek and Asiatic parentage at Amasia, Asia Minor, about 63 B.C. In the course of a long life he travelled extensively in the Roman Empire, and frequently lived at Rome. He wrote his Geography *largely in the reign of Augustus. The book, according to his expressed intention, was written for the educated public, but even more for the practical use of Roman statesmen. It is hardly to be thought of as presenting the results of discoveries made by the author in geographical science; but it has preserved in satisfactory form much of the scientific study of the earth from the cen-*

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[1] From *The Geography of Strabo*, by Horace L. Jones, Jr., William Heinemann, London, 1917. Used by permission.

turies before Strabo's day, and, besides, a vast deal of information about countries and cities of the world as it was known at the dawn of the Christian era.

Strabo's discussion of the zones of the earth is of interest because it indicates the great extent of his knowledge of geography and astronomy on this topic, and sets forth plainly his erroneous ideas as well.

Since the taking in hand of my proposed task naturally follows the criticisms of my predecessors, let me make a second beginning by saying that the person who attempts to write an account of the countries of the earth must take many of the physical and mathematical principles as hypotheses and elaborate his whole treatise with reference to their intent and authority. For, as I have already said, no architect or engineer would be competent even to fix the site of a house or a city properly if he had no conception beforehand of "climata" and of the celestial phenomena, and of geometrical figures and magnitudes and heat and cold and other such things—much less a person who would fix positions for the whole of the inhabited world. For the mere drawing on one and the same plane surface of Iberia and India and the countries that lie between them and, in spite of its being a plane surface, the plotting of the sun's position at its settings, risings, and in meridian, as though these positions were fixed for all the people of the world—merely this exercise gives to the man who has previously conceived of the arrangement and movement of the celestial bodies and grasped the fact that the true surface of the earth is spherical but that it is depicted for the moment as a plane surface for the convenience of the eye—merely this exercise, I say, gives to that man instruction that is truly geographical but to the man not thus qualified it does not. Indeed, the case is not the same with us when we are dealing with geography as it is when we are travelling over great plains (those of Babylonia, for example) or over the sea: then all that is in front of us and behind us and on either side of us is presented to our minds as a plane surface and offers no varying aspects with reference to the celestial bodies or the movements or the positions of the sun and the other stars relatively to us; but when we are dealing with geography the like parts must never present themselves to our minds in that way. The sailor on the open sea, or the man who travels through a level country, is guided by certain popular notions (and these notions impel not only the uneducated man but the man of affairs as well to act in the self-same way), because he is unfamiliar with the heavenly bodies and ignorant of the varying aspects of things with reference to them. For he sees the sun rise, pass the meridian, and set, but how it comes about he does not consider; for, indeed, such knowledge is not useful to him with reference to the task before him, any more than it is useful for him to know whether or not his body stands parallel to that of his neighbor. But perhaps he does consider these matters, and yet holds opinions opposed to the principles of mathematics—just as the natives of any given place do; for a man's place occasions such blunders. But the geographer does not write for the native of any particular place, nor yet does he write for the man of affairs of the kind who has paid no attention to the mathematical sciences properly so-called; nor, to be sure, does he write for the harvest-hand or the ditch-digger, but for the man who can be persuaded that the earth as a whole is such as the mathematicians represent it to be, and also all that relates to such an hypothesis. And the geographer urges upon his students that they first master those principles and then consider the subsequent problems; for, he declares, he will speak only of the results which follow from those principles; and hence his students will the more unerringly make the application of his teachings if they listen as mathematicians; but he refuses to teach geography to persons not thus qualified.

Now as for the matters which he regards as fundamental principles of his science, the geographer must rely upon the geometricians who have measured the earth as a whole; and in their turn the geometricians must rely upon the astronomers; and again the astronomers upon the physicists. Physics is a kind of Arete; and by Aretai they mean those sciences that postulate nothing but depend upon themselves, and contain within themselves their own principles as well as the proofs thereof. Now what we are taught by the physicists is as follows: The universe and the heavens are sphere-shaped. The tendency of the bodies that have weight is towards the centre. And, having taken its position about this centre, the earth is spherically concentric with the heavens, and it is motionless as is also the axis through it, which axis extends also through the centre of the heavens. The heavens revolve round both the earth and its axis from east to west; and along with the heavens revolve the fixed stars, with the same rapidity as the vault of the heavens. Now the fixed stars move along parallel circles, and the best known parallel circles are the equator, the two tropics, and the arctic circles; whereas the planets and the sun and the moon move along certain oblique circles whose positions lie in the zodiac. Now the astronomers first accept these principles, either in whole or in part, and then work out the subsequent problems, namely, the movements of the heavenly bodies, their revolutions, their eclipses, their sizes, their respective distances, and a host of other things. And, in the same way, the geometricians, in measuring the earth as a whole, adhere to the doctrines of the physicists and the astronomers, and, in their turn, the geographers adhere to those of the geometricians.

Thus we must take as an hypothesis that the heavens have five zones, and that the earth also has five zones, and that the terrestrial zones have the same names as the celestial zones (I have already stated the reasons for this division into zones). The limits of the zones can be defined by circles drawn on both sides of the equator and parallel to it, namely, by two circles which enclose the torrid zone, and by two others, following upon these, which form the two temperate zones next to the torrid zone and the two frigid zones next to the temperate zones. Beneath each of the celestial circles falls the corresponding terrestrial circle which bears the same name: and, in like manner, beneath the celestial zone, the terrestrial zone. Now they call "temperate" the zones that can be inhabited; the others they call uninhabitable, the one on account of the heat, and the other two on account of the cold. They proceed in the same manner with reference to the tropic and the arctic circles (that is, in countries that admit of arctic circles): they define their limits by giving the terrestrial circles the same names as the celestial—and thus they define all the terrestrial circles that fall beneath the several celestial circles. Since the celestial equator cuts the whole heavens in two, the earth also must of necessity be cut in two by the terrestrial equator. Of the two hemispheres—I refer to the two celestial as well as the two terrestrial hemispheres—one is called "the northern hemisphere" and the other "the southern hemisphere"; so also, since the torrid zone is cut in two by the same circle, the one part of it will be the northern and the other the southern. It is clear that, of the temperate zones also, the one will be northern and the other southern, each bearing the name of the hemisphere in which it lies. That hemisphere is called "northern hemisphere" which contains that temperate zone in which, as you look from the east to the west, the pole is on your right hand and the equator on your left, or in which, as you look towards the south, the west is on your right hand and the east on your left; and that hemisphere is called "southern hemisphere," in which the opposite is true; and hence it is clear that we are in one of the two hemispheres (that is, of course, in the northern), and that it is impossible for us to be in both. "Between them are great rivers; first, Oceanus," and then the torrid zone. But neither is there an Oceanus in the centre of our whole inhabited world, cleaving the whole of it, nor, to be sure, is there a torrid spot in it; nor yet, indeed, is there a portion of it to be found whose "climata" are opposite to the "climata" which I have given for the northern temperate zone.

By accepting these principles, then, and also by making use of the sun-dial and the other helps given him by the astronomer—by means of which are found, for the several inhabited localities, both the circles that are parallel to the equator and the circles that cut the former at right angles, the latter being drawn through the poles—the geometrician can measure the inhabited portion of the earth by visiting it and the rest of the earth by his calculation of the intervals. In this way he can find the distance from the equator to the pole, which is a fourth part of the earth's largest circle; and then he has the circumference of the earth. Accordingly, just as the man who measures the earth gets his principles from the astronomer and the astronomer his from the physicist, so, too, the geographer must in the same way take his point of departure from the man who has measured the earth as a whole, having confidence in him and in those in whom he, in his turn, had confidence, and then explain, in the first instance, our inhabited world—its size, shape, and character, and its relations to the earth as a whole; for this is the peculiar task of the geographer. Then, secondly, he must discuss in a fitting manner the several parts of the inhabited world, both land and sea, noting in passing wherein the subject has been treated inadequately by those of our predecessors whom we have believed to be the best authorities on these matters.

Now let us take as hypothesis that the earth together with the sea is sphere-shaped and that the surface of the earth is one and the same with that of the high seas; for the elevations on the earth's surface would disappear from consideration, because they are small in comparison with the great size of the earth and admit of being overlooked; and so we use "sphere-shaped" for figures of this kind, not as though they were turned on a lathe, nor yet as the geometrician uses the sphere for demonstration, but as an aid to our conception of the earth—and that, too, a rather rough conception. Now let us conceive of a sphere with five zones, and let the equator be drawn as a circle upon that sphere, and let a second circle be drawn parallel thereto, bounding the frigid zone in the northern hemisphere, and let a third circle be drawn through the poles, cutting the other two circles at right angles. Then, since the northern hemisphere contains two-fourths of the earth, which are formed by the equator with the circle that passes through the poles, a quadrilateral area is cut off in each of the two fourths. The northern side of the quadrilateral is half of the parallel next to the pole; the southern side is half of the equator; and the two remaining sides are segments of the circle that runs through the poles, these segments lying opposite to each other and being equal in length. Now in one of these two quadrilaterals (it would seem to make no difference in which one) we say that our inhabited world lies, washed on all sides by the sea and like an island; for, as I have already said above, the evidence of our senses and of reason prove this. But if anyone disbelieve the evidence of reason, it would make no difference, from the point of view of the geographer, whether we make the inhabited world an island, or merely admit what experience has taught us, namely, that it is possible to sail round the inhabited world on both sides, from the east as well as from the west, with the exception of a few intermediate stretches. And, as to these stretches, it makes no difference whether they are bounded by sea or by uninhabited land; for the geographer undertakes to describe the known parts of the inhabited world, but he leaves out of consideration the unknown parts of it—just as he does what is outside of it. And it will suffice to fill out and complete the outline of what we term "the island" by joining with a straight line the extreme points reached on the coasting-voyages made on both sides of the inhabited world.

—H. L. Jones.

THE ACROPOLIS OF ATHENS[1]

PAUSANIAS

[From the *Description of Greece*, Book I]

Pausanias, a Greek of the second century after Christ, is known simply as the author of a Description of Greece, *which he wrote during the reigns of the Antonines. The work, though it shows little literary or critical ability on the part of its author, is extremely useful for its rather careful description of cities, buildings, statues and paintings, and their location. It is an early guide-book, a Bædeker, which has often been invaluable to modern excavators of ancient sites.*

The description of the Acropolis shows its condition five hundred years and more after the completion of its most notable structures and works of art.

There is but one entry to the Acropolis. It affords no other, being precipitous throughout and having a strong wall. The gateway has a roof of white marble, and down to the present day it is unrivalled for the beauty and size of its stones. Now as to the statues of the horsemen, I cannot tell for certain whether they are the sons of Xenophon or whether they are made merely to beautify the place. On the right of the gateway is a temple of Wingless Victory. From this point the sea is visible, and here it was that, according to legend, Ægeus threw himself down to his death. For the ship that carried the young people to Crete began her voyage with black sails; but Theseus, who was sailing on an adventure against the bull of Minos, as it is called, had told his father beforehand that he would use white sails if he should sail back victorious over the bull. But the loss of Ariadne made him forget the signal. Then Ægeus, when from this eminence he saw the vessels borne by black sails, thinking that his son was dead, threw himself down to destruction. There is at Athens a sanctuary dedicated to him, and called the hero-shrine of Ægeus. On the left of the gateway is a building with pictures. Among those not effaced by time I found Diomedes taking the Athena from Troy, and Odysseus in Lemnos taking away the bow of Philoctetes. There in the pictures is Orestes killing Ægisthus, and Pylades killing the sons of Nauplius who had come to bring Ægisthus succour. And there is Polyxena about to be sacrificed near the grave of Achilles. Homer did well in passing by this barbarous act. I think too that he showed poetic insight in making Achilles capture Scyros, differing entirely from those who say that Achilles lived in Scyros with the maidens, as Polygnotus has represented in his picture. He also painted Odysseus coming upon the women washing clothes with Nausicaa at the river, just like the description in Homer. There are other pictures, including a portrait of Alcibiades, and in the picture are emblems of the victory his horses won at Nemea. There is also Perseus journeying to Seriphos, and carrying to Polydectes the head of Medusa, the legend about whom I am unwilling to relate in my description of Attica. Included among the paintings—I omit the boy carrying the water-jars and the wrestler of Timænetus—is Musæus. I have read verse in which Musæus receives from the North Wind the gift of flight, but in my opinion, Onomacritus wrote them, and there are no certainly genuine works of Musæus except a hymn to Demeter written for the Lycomidæ.

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[1] From *Pausanias: Description of Greece*, by William Henry Samuel Jones, William Heinemann, London, 1918. Used by permission.

Right at the very entrance to the Acropolis are Hermes (called Hermes of the Gateway) and figures of Graces, which tradition says were sculptured by Socrates, the son of Sophroniscus, who the Pythia testified was the wisest of men, a title she refused to Anacharsis, although he desired it and came to Delphi to win it.

Among the sayings of the Greeks is one that there were seven wise men. Two of them were the despot of Lesbos and Periander the son of Cypselus. And yet Peisistratus and his son Hippias were more humane than Periander, wiser too in warfare and in statecraft, until, on account of the murder of Hipparchus, Hippias vented his passion against all and sundry, including a woman named Leæna (Lioness). What I am about to say has never before been committed to writing, but is generally credited among the Athenians. When Hipparchus died, Hippias tortured Leæna to death, because he knew she was the mistress of Aristogeiton, and therefore could not possibly, he held, be in ignorance of the plot. As a recompense, when the tyranny of the Peisistratidæ was at an end, the Athenians put up a bronze lioness in memory of the woman, which they say Callias dedicated and Calamis made.

Hard by is a bronze statue of Diitrephes shot through by arrows. Among the acts reported of this Diitrephes by the Athenians is his leading back home the Thracian mercenaries who arrived too late to take part in the expedition of Demosthenes against Syracuse. He also put into the Chalcidic Euripus, where the Bœotians had an inland town Mycalessus, marched up to this town from the coast and took it. Of the inhabitants the Thracians put to the sword not only the combatants but also the women and children. I have evidence to bring. All the Bœotian towns which the Thebans sacked were inhabited in my time, as the people escaped just before the capture; so if the foreigners had not exterminated the Mycalessians the survivors would have afterwards reoccupied the town. I was greatly surprised to see the statue of Diitrephes pierced with arrows, because the only Greeks whose custom it is to use that weapon are the Cretans. For the Opuntian Locrians, whom Homer represents as coming to Troy with bows and slings, we know were armed as heavy infantry by the time of the Persian wars. Neither indeed did the Malians continue the practice of the bow; in fact, I believe that they did not know it before the time of Philoctetes, and gave it up soon after. Near the statue of Diitrephes—I do not wish to write of the less distinguished portraits—are figures of gods; of Health, whom legend calls daughter of

Asclepius, and of Athena, also surnamed Health. There is also a smallish stone, just large enough to serve as a seat to a little man. On it legend says Silenus rested when Dionysus came to the land. The oldest of the Satyrs they call Sileni. Wishing to know better than most people who the Satyrs are I have inquired from many about this very point. Euphemus the Carian said that on a voyage to Italy he was driven out of his course by winds and was carried into the outer sea, beyond the course of seamen. He affirmed that there were many uninhabited islands, while in others lived wild men. The sailors did not wish to put in at the latter, because, having put in before, they had some experience of the inhabitants, but on this occasion they had no choice in the matter. The islands were called Satyrides by the sailors, and the inhabitants were redhaired, and had upon their flanks tails not much smaller than those of horses. As soon as they caught sight of their visitors, they ran down to the ship without uttering a cry and assaulted the women in the ship. At last the sailors in fear cast a foreign woman on to the island. Her the Satyrs outraged not only in the usual way, but also in a most shocking manner.

I remember looking at other things also on the Athenian Acropolis, a bronze boy holding the sprinkler, by Lycius son of Myron, and Myron's Perseus after beheading Medusa. There is also a sanctuary of Brauronian Artemis; the image is the work of Praxiteles, but the goddess derives her name from the parish of Brauron. The old wooden image is in Brauron, the Tauric Artemis as she is called. There is the horse called Wooden set up in bronze. That the work of Epeius was a contrivance to make a breach in the Trojan wall is known to everybody who does not attribute utter silliness to the Phrygians. But legend says of that horse that it contained the most valiant of the Greeks, and the design of the bronze figure fits in well with this story. Menestheus and Teucer are peeping out of it, and so are the sons of Theseus. Of the statues that stand after the horse, the likeness of Epicharinus who practised the race in armour was made by Critias, while Œnobius performed a kind service for Thucydides the son of Olorus. He succeeded in getting a decree passed for the return of Thucydides to Athens, who was treacherously murdered as he was returning, and there is a monument to him not far from the Melitid gate. The stories of Hermolycus the pancratiast and Phormio the son of Asopichus I omit, as others have told them. About Phormio, however, I have a detail to add. Quite one of the best men at Athens and distinguished for the fame of his ancestors he chanced to be heavily in debt. So he withdrew to the parish Pæania and lived there until the Athenians elected him to command a naval expedition. But he refused the office on the ground that before his debts were discharged he lacked the spirit to face his troops. So the Athenians, who were absolutely determined to have Phormio as their commander, paid all his creditors.

In this place is a statue of Athena striking Marsyas the Silenus for taking up the flutes that the goddess wished to be cast away for good.

Opposite these I have mentioned is represented the fight which legend says Theseus fought with the so-called Bull of Minos, whether this was a man or a beast of the nature he is said to have been in the accepted story. For even in our time women have given birth to far more extraordinary monsters than this. There is also a statue of Phrixus the son of Athamas carried ashore to the Colchians by the ram. Having sacrificed the animal to some god or other, presumably to the one called by the Orchomenians Laphystius, he has cut out the thighs in accordance with Greek custom and is watching them as they burn. Next come other statues, including one of Heracles strangling the serpents as the legend describes. There is Athena too coming up out of the head of Zeus, and also a bull dedicated by the Council of the Areopagus on some occasion or other, about which, if one cared, one could make many conjectures. I have already stated that the Athenians are far more devoted to religion than other men. They were the first to surname Athena Ergane (Worker); they were the first to set up limbless Hermæ, and the temple of their goddess is shared by the Spirit of Good Men. Those who prefer artistic workmanship to mere antiquity may look at the following: a man wearing a helmet, by Cleœtas, whose nails the artist has made of silver, and an image of Earth beseeching Zeus to rain upon her; perhaps the Athenians themselves needed showers, or maybe all the Greeks had been plagued with a drought. There also are set up Timotheus the son of Conon and Conon himself; Procne too, who has already made up her mind about the boy, and Itys as well—a group dedicated by Alcamenes. Athena is represented displaying the olive plant, and Poseidon the wave, and there are statues of Zeus, one made by Leochares and one called Polieus (Urban), the customary mode of sacrificing to whom I will give without adding the traditional reason thereof. Upon the altar of Zeus Polieus they place barley mixed with wheat and leave it unguarded. The ox, which they keep ready prepared for sacrifice, goes to the altar and partakes of the grain. One of the priests they call the ox-slayer, who kills the ox and then, casting aside the axe here according to the ritual, runs away. The others bring the axe to trial, as though they know not the man who did the deed.

Their ritual, then, is such as I have described. As you enter the temple that they name the Parthenon, all the sculptures you see on what is called the pediment refer to the birth of Athena, those on the rear pediment represent the contest for the land between Athena and Poseidon. The statue itself is made of ivory and gold. On the middle of her helmet is placed a likeness of the Sphinx—the tale of the Sphinx I will give when I come to my description of Bœotia—and on either side of the helmet are griffins in relief. These griffins, Aristeas of Proconnesus says in his poem, fight for the gold with the Arimaspi beyond the Issedones. The gold which the griffins guard, he says, comes out of the earth; the Arimaspi are men all born with one eye; griffins are beasts like lions, but with the beak and wings of an eagle. I will say no more about the griffins. The statue of Athena is upright, with a tunic reaching to the feet, and on her breast the head of Medusa is worked in ivory. She holds a statue of Victory about four cubits high, and in the other hand a spear; at her feet lies a shield and near the spear is a serpent. This serpent would be Erichthonius. On the pedestal is the birth of Pandora in relief. Hesiod and others have sung how this Pandora was the first woman; before Pandora was born there was as yet no womankind. The only portrait statue I remember seeing here is one of the emperor Hadrian, and at the entrance one of Iphicrates, who accomplished many remarkable achievements.

Opposite the temple is a bronze Apollo, said to be the work of Pheidias. They call it the Locust God, because once when locusts were devastating the land the god said that he would drive them from Attica. That he did drive them away they know, but they do not say how. I myself know that locusts have been destroyed three times in the past on Mount Sipylus, and not in the same way. Once a gale arose and swept them away; on another occasion violent heat came on after rain and destroyed them; the third time sudden cold caught them and they died.

Such were the fates I saw befall the locusts. On the Athenian Acropolis is a statue of Pericles, the son of Xanthippus, and one of Xanthippus himself, who fought against the Persians at the naval battle of Mycale. But that of Pericles stands apart, while near Xanthippus stands Anacreon of Teos, the first poet after Sappho of Lesbos to devote himself to love songs, and his posture is as it were that of a man singing when he is drunk. Deinomenes made the two female figures which stand near, Io, the daughter of Inachus, and Callisto, the daughter of Lycaon, of both of whom exactly the same story is told, to wit, love of Zeus, wrath of Hera, and metamorphosis, Io becoming a cow and Callisto a bear.

By the south wall are represented the legendary war with the giants, who once dwelt about Thrace and on the isthmus of Pallene, the battle between the Athenians and the Amazons, the engagement with the Persians at Marathon and the destruction of the Gauls in Mysia. Each is about two cubits, and all were dedicated by Attalus. There stands too Olympiodorus, who won fame for the greatness of his achievements, especially in the crisis when he displayed a brave confidence among men who had met with continuous reverses, and were therefore in despair of winning a single success in the days to come. . . .

Near the statue of Olympiodorus stands a bronze image of Artemis surnamed Leucophryne, dedicated by the sons of Themistocles; for the Magnesians, whose city the King had given him to rule, hold Artemis Leucophryne in honour.

But my narrative must not loiter, as my task is a general description of all Greece. Endœus was an Athenian by birth and a pupil of Dædalus, who also, when Dædalus was in exile because of the death of Calos, followed him to Crete. Made by him is a statue of Athena seated, with an inscription that Callias dedicated the image, but

Endœus made it. There is also a building called the Erechtheum. Before the entrance is an altar of Zeus the Most High, on which they never sacrifice a living creature, but offer cakes, not being wont to use any wine either. Inside the entrance are altars, one to Poseidon, on which in obedience to an oracle they sacrifice also to Erechtheus, the second to the hero Butes, and the third to Hephæstus. On the walls are paintings representing members of the clan Butadæ; there is also inside—the building is double—sea-water in a cistern. This is no great marvel, for other inland regions have similar wells, in particular Aphrodisias in Caria. But this cistern is remarkable for the noise of waves it sends forth when a south wind blows. On the rock is the outline of a trident. Legend says that these appeared as evidence in support of Poseidon's claim to the land.

Both the city and the whole of the land are alike sacred to Athena; for even those who in their parishes have an established worship of other gods nevertheless hold Athena in honour. But the most holy symbol, that was so considered by all many years before the unification of the parishes, is the image of Athena which is on what is now called the Acropolis but in early days the Polis (City). A legend concerning it says that it fell from heaven; whether this is true or not I shall not discuss. A golden lamp for the goddess was made by Callimachus. Having filled the lamp with oil, they wait until the same day next year, and the oil is sufficient for the lamp during the interval, although it is alight both day and night. The wick in it is of Carpasian flax, the only kind of flax which is fire proof, and a bronze palm above the lamp reaches to the roof and draws off the smoke. The Callimachus who made the lamp, although not of the first rank of artists, was yet of unparalleled cleverness, so that he was the first to drill holes through stones, and gave himself the title of Refiner of Art, or perhaps others gave the title and he adopted it as his.

—W. H. S. Jones.

SOUL AND NATURE[1]

Galen

[From *On the Natural Faculties,* Book I]

Galen was born at Pergamum in Asia Minor in 131 A.D. He received his training in medicine in the Greek East, then went to Rome, where he ultimately became physician to the emperor Marcus Aurelius. Later he returned to his home to spend his life in study and writing. Many of his treatises have survived. As Hippocrates represents the beginning, Galen represents the culmination of the scientific study of

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[1] From *Galen: on the Natural Faculties,* by Arthur John Brock, William Heinemann, London, 1916. Used by permission.

medicine in the ancient world. Galen gave that study the form which was handed down to future ages.

In the Natural Faculties *Galen explains the physiological or biological powers of the living organism. His "Nature" is the biological principle on which he based his medical teaching. In dealing with a living organism he believed he had to do with a unit governed by a* Physis *or Nature.*

Since feeling and voluntary motion are peculiar to animals, whilst growth and nutrition are common to plants as well, we may look on the former as effects of the soul and the latter as effects of the nature. And if there be anyone who allows a share in soul to plants as well, and separates the two kinds of soul, naming the kind in question vegetative, and the other sensory, this person is not saying anything else, although his language is somewhat unusual. We, however, for our part, are convinced that the chief merit of language is clearness, and we know that nothing detracts so much from this as do unfamiliar terms; accordingly we employ those terms which the bulk of people are accustomed to use, and we say that animals are governed at once by their soul and by their nature, and plants by their nature alone, and that growth and nutrition are the effects of nature, not of soul.

Thus we shall enquire, in the course of this treatise, from what faculties these effects themselves, as well as any other effects of nature which there may be, take their origin.

—A. J. Brock.

TWO SECTS IN MEDICINE[1]

Galen

[From *On the Natural Faculties,* Book I]

Galen, in support of the biological principle, pours scorn on those who would make merely physics out of physiology.

It is quite clear, therefore, that nutrition must necessarily be a process of assimilation of that which is nourishing to that which is being nourished. Some, however, say that this assimilation does not occur in reality, but is merely apparent; these are the people who think that Nature is not artistic, that she does not show forethought for the animal's welfare, and that she has absolutely no native powers whereby she alters some substances, attracts others, and discharges others.

Now, speaking generally, there have arisen the following two sects in medicine and philosophy among those who have made any definite pronouncement regarding Nature. I speak, of course, of such of them as know what they are talking about, and who realize the logical sequence of their hypotheses, and stand by them; as for those who cannot understand even this, but who simply talk any nonsense that comes to their tongues, and who do not remain definitely attached either to one sect or the other—such people are not even worth mentioning.

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[1] From *ibid.*

What, then, are these sects, and what are the logical consequences of their hypotheses? The one class supposes that all substance which is subject to genesis and destruction is at once continuous and susceptible of alteration. The other school assumes substance to be unchangeable, unalterable, and subdivided into fine particles, which are separated from one another by empty spaces.

All people, therefore, who can appreciate the logical sequence of an hypothesis hold that, according to the second teaching, there does not exist any substance or faculty peculiar either to Nature or to Soul, but that these result from the way in which the primary corpuscles, which are unaffected by change, come together. According to the first-mentioned teaching, on the other hand, Nature is not posterior to the corpuscles, but is a long way prior to them and older than they; and therefore in their view it is Nature which puts together the bodies both of plants and animals; and this she does by virtue of certain faculties which she possesses—these being, on the one hand, attractive and assimilative of what is appropriate, and, on the other, expulsive of what is foreign. Further, she skilfully moulds everything during the stage of genesis; and she also provides for the creatures after birth, employing here other faculties again, namely, one of affection and forethought for offspring, and one of sociability and friendship for kindred. According to the other school, none of these things exist in the natures (of living things), nor is there in the soul any original innate idea, whether of agreement or difference, of separation or synthesis, of justice or injustice, of the beautiful or ugly; all such things, they say, arise in us from sensation and through sensation, and animals are steered by certain images and memories.

Some of these people have even expressly declared that the souls possess no reasoning faculty, but that we are led like cattle by the impression of our senses, and are unable to refuse or dissent from anything. In their view, obviously, courage, wisdom, temperance and self-control are all mere nonsense, we do not love either each other or our offspring, nor do the gods care anything for us. This school also despises dreams, birds, omens, and the whole of astrology, subjects with which we have dealt at greater length in another work, in which we discuss the views of Asclepiades the physician. Those who wish to do so may familiarize themselves with these arguments, and they may also consider at this point which of the two roads lying before us is the better one to take. Hippocrates took the first-mentioned. According to this teaching, substance is one and is subject to alteration; there is a consensus in the movements of air and fluid throughout the whole body; Nature acts throughout in an artistic and equitable manner, having certain faculties, by virtue of which each part of the body draws to itself the juice which is proper to it, and, having done so, attaches it to every portion of itself, and completely assimilates it; while such part of the juice as has not been mastered, and is not capable of undergoing complete alteration and being assimilated to the part which is being nourished, is got rid of by yet another (an expulsive) faculty.

—A. J. Brock.

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NATURE'S POWERS[1]

Galen

[From *On the Natural Faculties*, Book I]

Now Hippocrates, who was the first known to us of all those who have been both physicians and philosophers inasmuch as he was the first to recognize what Nature effects, expresses his admiration of her, and is constantly singing her praises and calling her "just." Alone, he says, she suffices for the animal in every respect, performing of her own accord and without any teaching all that is required. Being such, she has, as he supposes, certain faculties, one attractive of what is appropriate, and another eliminative of what is foreign, and she nourishes the animal, makes it grow, and expels its diseases by crisis. Therefore he says that there is in our bodies a concordance in the movements of air and fluid, and that everything is in sympathy. According to Asclepiades, however, nothing is naturally in sympathy with anything else, all substance being divided and broken up into inharmonious elements and absurd "molecules." Necessarily, then, besides making countless other statements in opposition to plain fact, he was ignorant of Nature's faculties, both that attracting what is appropriate, and that expelling what is foreign. Thus he invented some wretched nonsense to explain blood-production and anadosis, and, being utterly unable to find anything to say regarding the clearing-out of superfluities, he did not hesitate to join issue with obvious facts.

—A. J. Brock.

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[1] From *ibid.*

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HIGH STANDARDS[1]

Galen

[From *On the Natural Faculties,* Book III]

I should not have cared to say anything further as to the origin of these (surplus substances) after Hippocrates, Plato, Aristotle, Diocles, Praxagoras, and Philotimus, nor indeed should I even have said anything about the faculties, if any of our predecessors had worked out this subject thoroughly.

While, however, the statements which the Ancients made on these points were correct, they yet omitted to defend their arguments with logical proofs; of course they never suspected that there could be sophists so shameless as to try to contradict obvious facts. More recent physicians, again, have been partly conquered by the sophistries of these fellows and have given credence to them; whilst others who attempted to argue with them appear to me to lack to a great extent the power of the Ancients. For this reason I have attempted to put together my arguments in the way in which it seems to me the Ancients, had any of them been still alive, would have done, in opposition to those who would overturn the finest doctrines of our art.

I am not, however, unaware that I shall achieve either nothing at all or else very little. For I find that a great many things which have been conclusively demonstrated by the Ancients are unintelligible to the bulk of the Moderns owing to their ignorance—nay, that, by reason of their laziness, they will not even make an attempt to comprehend them; and even if any of them have understood them, they have not given them impartial examination.

The fact is that he whose purpose is to know anything better than the multitude do must far surpass all others both as regards his nature and his early training. And when he reaches early adolescence he must become possessed with an ardent love for truth, like one inspired; neither day nor night may he cease to urge and strain himself in order to learn thoroughly all that has been said by the most illustrious of the Ancients. And when he has learnt this, then for a prolonged period he must test and prove it, observing what part of it is in agreement, and what in disagreement with obvious fact; thus he will choose this and turn away from that. To such an one my hope has been that my treatise would prove of the very greatest assistance. . . . Still, such people may be expected to be quite few in number, while, as for the others, this book will be as superfluous to them as a tale told to an ass.

—A. J. Brock.

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[1] From *ibid.*

Under Roman Sway

FROM THE SECOND CENTURY B.C. TO THE SECOND CENTURY A.D.

To Macedonian overlordship succeeded Roman rule which the Greeks in time recognized would be permanent. Local self-government was regularly permitted; but foreign relations were in the hands of the Romans, and even when specially favored cities, as Athens, were called free and independent, the terms were empty. The great days of Greece were over. The fact of conquest, the attitude of the conqueror, who looked upon the Greek of his day as an inferior, had their psychological effect. Then too the very advantages of Roman rule had bad effects. In the time of the Roman empire peace within the borders was insisted on, and protection from foreign invasion was guaranteed. There was no struggle, except to make a living. Greece settled down to a long period of peace, lethargy, even. Roman paternalism did its perfect work. And to state these facts is not to deny that Greece had evidently already passed the zenith of her civilization before she came under Roman sway. It should be stated, too, that the Romans did not of set purpose attempt to check independence of thought and expression in Greece. The fact is that changed conditions brought with them little incentive to mind or spirit. Still Greek culture did not die. In the arts and sciences it lived, though it did not grow. Very significant are the types of literature in which successful works were produced. Philosophy flourished by turning all its attention to the conduct of the individual, to ethics. History, and its allies, biography and geography, all the passive arts of observation and of record, were even brilliantly written. Satire, never public, but dealing with the faults and foibles of men, was never better represented than in the writings of Lucian.

It was in this period that the Romans themselves took the lead in many fields where the Greeks formerly had gained every prize. And it was in teaching their Roman conquerors that the Greeks of the later day did perhaps their most effective work, for by the glories of their past culture ultimately they led captivity captive.

I. HISTORY

THE ROMAN CONSTITUTION[1]

Polybius

[From the *Histories*, Book VI]

Polybius, of Megalopolis in Greece, was born about 207 and died about 125 B.C. Polybius was well equipped by experience for the writing of history. He took an active part in the Achæan League before he was sent by the League as a hostage to Rome in 167 B.C. At Rome he was associated with the leading statesmen on terms of such intimacy that every opportunity was afforded him for studying the government and the people. After his release he entered upon extensive travels for the purpose of becoming acquainted with the places he was to describe. He was besides a close student of the various philosophical systems, and his wide reading in literature gave him powers of understanding and interpretation which warrant the description of him as one of the greatest of the Greek historians. He conceived history as concerned mainly with politics and war; as dealing with observed facts to be reported; as under the necessity of explaining cause and effect instead of being content with a mere narration of events; and as an account of the interrelation of all states rather than a treatment of each as a separate unit. The first five books of the Histories *we have complete: the rest is extant only in fragments. Beginning with a sketch of early Roman history, it covered in detail a period from the war with Hannibal, 219 B.C., to the destruction of Carthage and of Corinth in 146 B.C.*

Polybius, carrying forward the work begun by Aristotle of examining existing constitutions, arrives at the conclusion that the Roman has more to commend it than any other yet tried. The principle that wins his approval especially is the interdependence of its several parts, the check system which controls while it allows the exercise of power. His sketch is to be referred to the time of the war with Hannibal just before 200 B.C.

The three kinds of government that I spoke of above all shared in the control of the Roman state. And such fairness and propriety in all respects was shown in the use of these three elements for drawing up the constitution and in its subsequent administration that it was impossible even for a native to pronounce with certainty whether the whole system was aristocratic, democratic, or monarchical. This was indeed only natural. For if one fixed one's eyes on the power of the consuls, the constitution seemed completely monarchical and royal; if on that of the senate, it seemed again to be aristocratic; and when one looked at the power of the masses, it seemed clearly to be a democracy. The parts of the state falling under the control of each element were and with a few modifications still are as follows.

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[1] From *Polybius: the Histories*, by William R. Paton, William Heinemann, London, 1922-1927. Used by permission.

The consuls, previous to leading out their legions, exercise authority in Rome over all public affairs, since all the other magistrates except the tribunes are under them and bound to obey them, and it is they who introduce embassies to the senate. Besides this it is they who consult the senate on matters of urgency, they who carry out in detail the provisions of its decrees. Again, as concerns all affairs of state administered by the people it is their duty to take these under their charge, to summon assemblies, to introduce measures, and to preside over the execution of the popular decrees. As for preparation for war and the general conduct of operations in the field, here their power is almost uncontrolled; for they are empowered to make what demands they choose on the allies, to appoint military tribunes, to levy soldiers and select those who are fittest for service. They also have the right of inflicting, when on active service, punishment on any one under their command; and they are authorized to spend any sum they decide upon from the public funds, being accompanied by a quæstor who faithfully executes their instructions. So that if one looks at this part of the administration alone, one may reasonably pronounce the constitution to be a pure monarchy or kingship. I may remark that any changes in these matters or in others of which I am about to speak that may be made in present or future times do not in any way affect the truth of the views I here state.

To pass to the senate. In the first place it has the control of the treasury, all revenue and expenditure being regulated by it. For with the exception of payments made to the consuls, the quæstors are not allowed to disburse for any particular object without a decree of the senate. And even the item of expenditure which is far heavier and more important than any other—the outlay every five years by the censors on public works, whether constructions or repairs—is under the control of the senate, which makes a grant to the censors for the purpose. Similarly crimes committed in Italy which require a public investigation, such as treason, conspiracy, poisoning, and assassination, are under the jurisdiction of the senate. Also if any private person or community in Italy is in need of arbitration or indeed claims damages or requires succour or protection, the senate attends to all such matters. It also occupies itself with the dispatch of all embassies sent to countries outside of Italy for the purpose either of settling differences, or of offering friendly advice, or indeed of imposing demands, or of receiving submission, or of declaring war; and in like manner with respect to embassies arriving in Rome it decides what reception and what answer should be given to them. All these matters are in the hands of the senate, nor have the people anything whatever to do with them. So that again to one residing in Rome during the absence of the consuls the constitution appears to be entirely aristocratic; and this is the conviction of many Greek states and many of the kings, as the senate manages all business connected with them.

After this we are naturally inclined to ask what part in the constitution is left for the people, considering that the senate controls all the particular matters I mentioned, and, what is most important, manages all matters of revenue and expenditure, and considering that the consuls again have uncontrolled authority as regards armaments and operations in the field. But nevertheless there is a part and a very important part left for the people. For it is the people which alone has the right to confer honours and inflict punishment, the only bonds by which kingdoms and states and in a word human society in general are held together. For where the distinction between these is overlooked or is observed but ill applied, no affairs can be properly administered. How indeed is this possible when good and evil men are held in equal estimation? It is by the people, then, in many cases that offences punishable by a fine are tried when the accused have held the highest office; and they are the only court which may try on capital charges. As regards the latter they have a practice which is praiseworthy and should be mentioned. Their usage allows those on trial for their lives when found guilty liberty to depart openly, thus inflicting voluntary exile on themselves, if even only one of the tribes that pronounce the verdict has not yet voted. Such exiles enjoy safety in the territories of Naples, Præneste, Tibur, and other *civitates fœderatæ*. Again, it is the people who bestow office on the deserving, the noblest reward of virtue in a state; the people have the power of approving or rejecting laws, and what is most important of all, they deliberate on the question of war and peace. Further, in the case of alliances, terms of peace, and treaties, it is the people who ratify all these or the reverse. Thus here again one might plausibly say that the people's share in the government is the greatest, and that the constitution is a democratic one.

Having stated how political power is distributed among the different parts of the state, I will now explain how each of the three parts is enabled, if they wish, to counteract or co-operate with the others. The consul, when he leaves with his army invested with the powers I mentioned, appears indeed to have absolute authority in all matters necessary for carrying out his purpose; but in fact he requires the support of the people and the senate, and is not able to bring his operations to a conclusion without them. For it is obvious that the legions require constant supplies, and without the consent of the senate, neither corn, clothing, nor pay can be provided; so that the commander's plans come to nothing, if the senate chooses to be deliberately negligent and obstructive. It also depends on the senate whether or not a general can carry out completely his conceptions and designs, since it has the right of either superseding him when his year's term of office has expired or of retaining him in command. Again, it is in its power to celebrate with pomp and to magnify the successes of a general or on the other hand to obscure and belittle them. For the processions they call triumphs, in which the generals bring the actual spectacle of their achievements before the eyes of their fellow-citizens, cannot be properly organized and sometimes even cannot be held at all, unless the senate consents and provides the requisite funds. As for the people it is most indispensable for the consuls to conciliate them, however far away from home they may be; for, as I said, it is the people which ratifies or annuls terms of peace and treaties, and what is most important, on laying down office the consuls are obliged to account for their actions to the people. So that in no respect is it safe for the consuls to neglect keeping in favour with both the senate and the people.

The senate again, which possesses such great power, is obliged in the first place to pay attention to the commons in public affairs and respect the wishes of the people, and it cannot carry out inquiries into the most grave and important offences against the state, punishable with death, and their correction, unless the *senatus consultum* is confirmed by the people. The same is the case in matters which directly affect the senate itself, for if anyone introduces a law meant to deprive the senate of some of its traditional authority, or to abolish the precedence and other distinctions of the senators or even to curtail them of their private fortunes, it is the people alone which has the power of passing or rejecting any such measure. And what is most important is that if a single one of the tribunes interposes, the senate is unable to decide finally about any matter, and cannot even meet and hold sittings; and here it is to be observed that the tribunes are always obliged to act as the people decree and to pay every attention to their wishes. Therefore for all these reasons the senate is afraid of the masses and must pay due attention to the popular will.

Similarly, again, the people must be submissive to the senate and respect its members both in public and in private. Through the whole of Italy a vast number of contracts, which it would not be easy to enumerate, are given out by the censors for the construction and repair of public buildings, and besides this there are many things which are farmed, such as navigable rivers, harbours, gardens, mines, lands, in fact everything that forms part of the Roman dominion. Now all these matters are undertaken by the people, and one may almost say that everyone is interested in these contracts and the work they involve. For certain people are the actual purchasers from the censors of the contracts, others are the partners of these first, others stand surety for them, others pledge their own fortunes to the state for this purpose. Now in all these matters the senate is supreme. It can grant extension of time; it can relieve the contractor if any accident occurs; and if the work proves to be absolutely impossible to carry out it can liberate him from his contract. There are in fact many ways in which the senate can either benefit or injure those who manage public property, as all these matters are referred to it. What is even more important is that the judges in most civil trials, whether public or private, are appointed from its members, where the action involves large interests. So that all citizens being at the mercy of the senate, and looking forward with alarm to the uncertainty of litigation, are very shy of obstructing or resisting its decisions. Similarly everyone is reluctant to oppose the projects of the consuls as all are generally and individually under their authority when in the field.

Such being the power that each part has of hampering the others or co-operating with them, their union is adequate to all emergencies, so that it is impossible to find a better political system than this. For whenever the menace of some common danger from abroad compels them to act in concord and support each other, so great does the strength of the state become, that nothing which is requisite can be neglected, as all are zealously competing in devising means of meeting the need of the hour, nor can any decision arrived at fail to be executed promptly, as all are co-operating both in public and in private to the accomplishment of the task they have set themselves; and consequently this peculiar form of constitution possesses an irresistible power of attaining every object upon which it is resolved. When again they are freed from external menace, and reap the harvest of good fortune and affluence which is the result of their success, and in the enjoyment of this prosperity are corrupted by flattery and idleness and wax insolent and overbearing, as indeed happens often enough, it is then especially that we see the state providing itself a remedy for the evil from which it suffers. For when one part having grown out of proportion to the others aims at supremacy and tends to become too predominant, it is evident that, as for the reasons above given none of the three is absolute, but the purpose of the one can be counterworked and thwarted by the others, none of them will excessively outgrow the others or treat them with contempt. All in fact remains *in statu quo*, on the one hand, because any aggressive impulse is sure to be checked and from the outset each estate stands in dread of being interfered with by the others.

—W. R. PATON.

ROME AND CARTHAGE[1]

POLYBIUS

[From the *Histories*, Book VI]

Polybius subscribes to the theory that world power passes, as by a natural law, from state to state. The conflict between Rome and Carthage was not a conflict between equals, but one between a state whose decay had already set in and a state which was just reaching the height of her power. The strength of a state, moreover, is not to

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[1] From *Polybius: the Histories*, by William R. Paton, William Heinemann, London, 1922-1927. Used by permission.

be measured solely by its constitution or by its military preparedness or by its economic well-being, but by the spiritual health of its citizenry. Polybius introduces this passage in his account of the war with Hannibal.

The constitution of Carthage seems to me to have been originally well contrived as regards its most distinctive points. For there were kings, and the house of Elders was an aristocratical force, and the people were supreme in matters proper to them, the entire frame of the state much resembling that of Rome and Sparta. But at the time when they entered on the Hannibalic War, the Carthaginian constitution had degenerated, and that of Rome was better. For as every body or state or action has its natural periods first of growth, then of prime, and finally of decay, and as everything in them is at its best when they are in their prime, it was for this reason that the difference between the two states manifested itself at this time. For by as much as the power and prosperity of Carthage had been earlier than that of Rome, by so much had Carthage already begun to decline; while Rome was exactly at her prime, as far at least as her system of government was concerned. Consequently the multitude at Carthage had already acquired the chief voice in deliberations; while at Rome the senate still retained this; and hence, as in one case the masses deliberated and in the other the most eminent men, the Roman decisions on public affairs were superior, so that although they met with complete disaster, they were finally by the wisdom of their counsels victorious over the Carthaginians in the war.

But to pass to differences of detail, such as, to begin with, the conduct of war, the Carthaginians naturally are superior at sea both in efficiency and equipment, because seamanship has long been their national craft, and they busy themselves with the sea more than any other people; but as regards military service on land the Romans are much more efficient. They indeed devote their whole energies to this matter, whereas the Carthaginians entirely neglect their infantry, though they do pay some slight attention to their cavalry. The reason of this is that the troops they employ are foreign and mercenary, whereas those of the Romans are natives of the soil and citizens. So that in this respect also we must pronounce the political system of Rome to be superior to that of Carthage, the Carthaginians continuing to depend for the maintenance of their freedom on the courage of a mercenary force but the Romans on their own valour and on the aid of their allies. Consequently even if they happen to be worsted at the outset, the Romans redeem defeat by final success, while it is the contrary with the Carthaginians. For the Romans, fighting as they are for their country and their children, never can abate their fury but continue to throw their whole hearts into the struggle until they get the better of their enemies. It follows that though the Romans are, as I said, much less skilled in naval matters, they are on the whole successful at sea owing to the gallantry of their men; for although skill in seamanship is of no small importance in naval battles, it is chiefly the courage of the marines that turns the scale in favour of victory. Now not only do Italians in general naturally excel Phœnicians and Africans in bodily strength and personal courage, but by their institutions also they do much to foster a spirit of bravery in the young men. . . .

Again, the laws and customs relating to the acquisition of wealth are better in Rome than at Carthage. At Carthage nothing which results in profit is regarded as disgraceful; at Rome nothing is considered more so than to accept bribes and seek gain from improper channels. For no less strong than their approval of money-making by respectable means is their condemnation of unscrupulous gain from forbidden sources. A proof of this is that at Carthage candidates for office practise open bribery, whereas at Rome death is the penalty for it. Therefore as the rewards offered to merit are the opposite in the two cases, it is natural that the steps taken to gain them should also be dissimilar.

But the quality in which the Roman commonwealth is most distinctly superior is in my opinion the nature of their religious convictions. I believe that it is the very thing which among other peoples is an object of reproach, I mean superstition, which maintains the cohesion of the Roman state. These matters are clothed in such pomp and introduced to such an extent into their public and private life that nothing could exceed it, a fact which will surprise many. My own opinion at least is that they have adopted this course for the sake of the common people. It is a course which perhaps would not have been necessary had it been possible to form a state composed of wise men, but as every multitude is fickle, full of lawless desires, unreasoned passion, and violent anger, the multitude must be held in by invisible terrors and such like pageantry. For this reason I think, not that the ancients acted rashly and at haphazard in introducing among the people notions concerning the gods and beliefs in the terrors of hell, but that the moderns are most rash and foolish in banishing such beliefs. The consequence is that among the Greeks, apart from other things, members of the government, if they are entrusted with no more than a talent, though they have ten copyists and as many seals and twice as many witnesses, cannot keep their faith; whereas among the Romans those who as magistrates and legates are dealing with large sums of money maintain correct conduct just because they have pledged their faith by oath. Whereas elsewhere it is a rare thing to find a man who keeps his hands off public money, and whose record is clean in this respect, among the Romans one rarely comes across a man who has been detected in such conduct.

—W. R. Paton.

II. BIOGRAPHY

LYCURGUS[1]

PLUTARCH

[From the *Lives*]

Plutarch was born about 50 A.D. at Chæronea in central Greece and died about 125. After a period of study in Athens and of travel in Egypt, Asia Minor, and Italy, Plutarch withdrew to the quiet of his native town to spend the remainder of his life in the pursuits of a man of letters. He was an exhaustive reader and a keen observer, and was possessed of an unusual gift for retaining for future use all that he saw and read. His works, which are very extensive, fall into two groups, the Moral Essays *and the* Lives. *He regarded himself as primarily a philosopher, and interpreted biography as an investigation in practical ethics. In presenting the salient outlines of human character, and in interweaving anecdotes and conversations, as well as the mere facts of a life, in a style which can hold the reader's interest, Plutarch has perhaps never been surpassed by any biographer.*

The fifty Lives *by Plutarch are generally grouped in pairs, each of which is made up of a biography of a Greek followed by one of a Roman and concluding with a comparison of the two characters presented.*

The following Life of Lycurgus *is essentially an idealized account of totalitarian, military-minded Sparta. Spartan efficiency, self-subjugation to the state, and certain stern Spartan virtues have had their admirers throughout succeeding history, and most occidental advocates of a return to primitive living and outlook cite Sparta as a shining example. This is due in no small part to Plutarch's* Life of Lycurgus.

Concerning Lycurgus the lawgiver, in general, nothing can be said which is not disputed, since indeed there are different accounts of his birth, his travels, his death, and above all, of his work as lawmaker and statesman; and there is least agreement among historians as to the times in which the man lived. Some say that he flourished at the same time with Iphitus, and in concert with him established the Olympic truce. Among these is Aristotle the philosopher, and he alleges as proof the discus at Olympia on which an inscription preserves the name of Lycurgus. But those who compute the time by the successions of kings at Sparta, like Eratosthenes and Apollodorus, prove that Lycurgus was many years earlier than the first Olympiad. Timæus conjectures that there were two Lycurgus at Sparta, at different times, and that to one of them the achievements of both were ascribed, owing to his greater fame; he thinks also that the elder of the two lived not far from the times of Homer, and some assert that he actually met Homer face to face. Xenophon, also, makes an impression of simplicity in the passage where he says that Lycurgus lived in the time of the Heracleidæ. For in lineage, of course, the latest of the Spartan kings were also Heracleidæ; but Xenophon apparently wishes to use the name Heracleidæ of the first and more immediate descendants of Heracles, so famous in story.

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[1] Reprinted by permission of the publishers from Loeb Classical Library, *Plutarch's Lives*, Volume I, translated by Bernadotte Perrin, Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, 1928.

However, although the history of these times is such a maze, I shall try, in presenting my narrative, to follow those authors who are least contradicted, or who have the most notable witnesses for what they have written about the man. For instance, Simonides the poet says that Lycurgus was not the son of Eunomus, but that both Lycurgus and Eunomus were sons of Prytanis; whereas most writers give a different genealogy. . . .

Of these ancestors of Lycurgus, Sous was most famous, under whom the Spartans made the Helots their slaves, and acquired by conquest from the Arcadians a large additional tract of land. It is also related of this Sous that when he was besieged by the Cleitorians in a rough and waterless place, he agreed to surrender to them the land which he had conquered if he himself and all his men with him should drink from the adjacent spring. After the oaths to this agreement were taken, he assembled his men and offered his kingdom to the one who should not drink; no one of them, however, could forbear, but all of them drank, whereupon Sous himself went down last of all to the water, sprinkled his face merely, while the enemy were still at hand to see, and then marched away and retained his territory, on the plea that all had not drunk.

But although on these grounds he was held in great admiration, his royal line was not named from him, but were called Eurypontids from his son, because Eurypon appears to have been the first king to relax the excessive absolutism of his sway, seeking favour and popularity with the multitude. But in consequence of such relaxation the people grew bold, and succeeding kings were some of them hated for trying to force their way with the multitude, and some were brought low by their desire for favour or through weakness, so that lawlessness and confusion prevailed at Sparta for a long time; and it was owing to this that the father of Lycurgus, a reigning king, lost his life. For as he was trying to separate some rioters, he was stabbed to death with a butcher's knife, leaving the kingdom to his elder son, Polydectes.

Polydectes also died soon afterwards, and then, as was generally thought, the kingdom devolved upon Lycurgus; and until his brother's wife was known to be with child, he was king. But as soon as he learned of this, he declared that the kingdom belonged to her offspring, if it should be male, and himself administered the government only as guardian. . . . Presently, however, the woman made secret overtures to him, proposing to destroy her unborn babe on condition that he would marry her when he was a king of Sparta; and although he detested her character, he did not reject her proposition, but pretended to approve and accept it. He told her, however, that she need not use drugs to produce a miscarriage, thereby injuring her health and endangering her life, for he would see to it himself that as soon as her child was born it should be put out of the way. In this manner he managed to bring the woman to her full time, and when he learned that she was in labour, he sent attendants and watchers for her delivery, with orders, if a girl should be born, to hand it over to the women, but if a boy, to bring it to him, no matter what he was doing. And it came to pass that as he was at supper with the chief magistrates, a male child was born, and his servants brought the little boy to him. He took it in his arms, as we are told, and said to those who were at table with him, "A king is born unto you, O men of Sparta"; then he laid it down in the royal seat and named it Charilaüs, or *People's Joy*, because all present were filled with joy, admiring as they did his lofty spirit and his righteousness. And so he was king only eight months in all. But on other accounts also he was revered by his fellow-citizens, and more than those who obeyed him because he was guardian of the king and had royal power in his hands were those who clave to him for his virtues and were ready and willing to do his bidding.

There was a party, however, which envied him and sought to impede the growing power of so young a man, especially the kinsmen and friends of the queen-mother, who thought she had been treated with insolence. Her brother, Leonidas, actually railed at Lycurgus once quite boldly, assuring him that he knew well that Lycurgus would one day be king, thereby promoting suspicion and paving the way for the accusation, in case anything happened to the king, that he had plotted against his life. Some such talk was set in circulation by the queen-mother also, in consequence of which Lycurgus was sorely troubled and fearful of what might be in store for him. He therefore determined to avoid suspicion by travelling abroad, and to continue his wanderings until his nephew should come of age and beget a son to succeed him on the throne.

With this purpose, he set sail, and came first to Crete. Here he studied the various forms of government and made the acquaintance of their most distinguished men. Of some things he heartily approved, and adopted some of their laws, that he might carry them home with him and put them in use; for some things he had only contempt. One of the men regarded there as wise statesmen was Thales, whom Lycurgus persuaded, out of favor and friendship, to go on a mission to Sparta. Now Thales passed as a lyric poet, and screened himself behind this art, but in reality he did the work of one of the mightiest lawgivers. For his odes were so many exhortations to obedience and harmony, and their measured rhythms were permeated with ordered tranquillity, so that those who listened to them were insensibly softened in their dispositions, insomuch that they renounced the mutual hatreds which were so rife at that time, and dwelt together in a common pursuit of what was high and noble. Thales, therefore, after a fashion, was a forerunner in Sparta of Lycurgus and his discipline.

From Crete, Lycurgus sailed to Asia, with the desire, as we are told, of comparing with the Cretan civilization, which was simple and severe, that of the Ionians, which was extravagant and luxurious, just as a physician compares with healthy bodies those which are unsound and sickly; he could then study the difference in their modes of life and forms of government. There too, as it would appear, he made his first acquaintance with the poems of Homer, which were preserved among the posterity of Creophylus; and when he saw that the political and disciplinary lessons contained in them were worthy of no less serious attention than the incentives to pleasure and license which they supplied, he eagerly copied and compiled them in order to take them home with him. For these epics already had a certain faint reputation among the Greeks, and a few were in possession of certain portions of them, as the poems were carried here and there by chance; but Lycurgus was the very first to make them really known.

The Ægyptians think that Lycurgus visited them also, and so ardently admired their separation of the military from the other classes of society that he transferred it to Sparta, and by removing mechanics and artisans from participation in the government, made his civil polity really refined and pure. At any rate, this assertion of the Ægyptians is confirmed by some Greek historians. But that Lycurgus visited Libya and Iberia also, and that he wandered over India and had conferences with the Gymnosophists, no one has stated, as far as I know, except Aristocrates the son of Hipparchus, the Spartan.

The Lacedæmonians missed Lycurgus sorely, and sent for him many times. They felt that their kings were such in name and station merely, but in everything else were nothing better than their subjects, while in him there was a nature fitted to lead, and a power to make men follow him. However, not even the kings were averse to having him at home, but hoped that in his presence their subjects would treat them with less insolence. Returning, then, to a people thus disposed, he at once undertook to change the existing order of things and revolutionize the civil polity. He was convinced that a partial change of the laws would be of no avail whatsoever, but that he must proceed as a physician would with a patient who was debilitated and full of all sorts of diseases; he must reduce and alter the existing temperament by means of drugs and purges, and introduce a new and different regimen. Full of this determination, he first made a journey to Delphi, and after sacrificing to the god and consulting the oracle, he returned with that famous response in which the Pythian priestess addressed him as "beloved of the gods, and rather god than man," and said that the god had granted his prayer for good laws, and promised him a constitution which should be the best in the world.

Thus encouraged, he tried to bring the chief men of Sparta over to his side, and exhorted them to put their hands to the work with him, explaining his designs secretly to his friends at first, then little by little engaging more and uniting them to attempt the task. And when the time for action came, he ordered thirty of the chief men to go armed into the market-place at break of day, to strike consternation and terror into those of the opposite party. The names of twenty of the most eminent among them have been recorded by Hermippus; but the man who had the largest share in all the undertakings of Lycurgus and co-operated with him in the enactment of his laws, bore the name of Arthmiadas. When the tumult began, king Charilaüs, fearing that the whole affair was a conspiracy against himself, fled for refuge to the brazen house; but he was soon convinced of his error, and having exacted oaths for his safety from the agitators, left his place of refuge, and even joined them in their enterprise, being of a gentle and yielding disposition, so much so, indeed, that Archelaus, his royal colleague, is said to have remarked to those who were extolling the young king, "How can Charilaüs be a good man, when he has no severity even for the bad?"

Among the many innovations which Lycurgus made, the first and most important was his institution of a senate, or Council of Elders, which, as Plato says, by being blended with the "feverish" government of the kings, and by having an equal vote with them in matters of the highest importance, brought safety and due moderation into counsels of state. For before this the civil polity was veering and unsteady, inclining at one time to follow the kings towards tyranny, and at another to follow the multitude towards democracy; but now, by making the power of the senate a sort of ballast for the ship of state and putting her on a steady keel, it achieved the safest and the most orderly arrangement, since the twenty-eight senators always took the side of the kings when it was a question of curbing democracy, and, on the other hand, always strengthened the people to withstand the encroachments of tyranny. The number of the senators was fixed at twenty-eight because, according to Aristotle, two of the thirty original associates of Lycurgus abandoned the enterprise from lack of courage. But Sphærus says that this was originally the number of those who shared the confidence of Lycurgus. Possibly there is some virtue in this number being made up of seven multiplied by four, apart from the fact that, being equal to the sum of its own factors, it is the next perfect number after six. But in my own opinion, Lycurgus made the senators of just that number in order that the total might be thirty when the two kings were added to the eight and twenty.

So eager was Lycurgus for the establishment of this form of government that he obtained an oracle from Delphi about it, which they call a "rhetra." . . . They held their assemblies, having neither halls nor any other kind of building for the purpose. For by such things Lycurgus thought good counsel was not promoted, but rather discouraged, since the serious purposes of an assembly were rendered foolish and futile by vain thoughts, as they gazed upon statues and paintings, or scenic embellishments, or extravagantly decorated roofs of council halls. When the multitude was thus assembled, no one of them was permitted to make a motion, but the motion laid before them by the senators and kings could be accepted or rejected by the people. Afterwards, however, when the people by additions and subtractions perverted and distorted the sense of motions laid before them, Kings Polydorus and Theopompus inserted this clause into the rhetra: "But if the people should adopt a distorted motion, the senators and kings shall have power of adjournment"; that is, should not ratify the vote, but dismiss outright and dissolve the session, on the ground that it was perverting and changing the motion contrary to the best interests of the state. And they were actually able to persuade the city that the god authorized this addition to the rhetra. . . .

Although Lycurgus thus tempered his civil polity, nevertheless the oligarchical element in it was still unmixed and dominant, and his successors, seeing it "swelling and foaming," as Plato says, "imposed as it were a curb upon it, namely, the power of the ephors." It was about a hundred and thirty years after Lycurgus that the first ephors, Elatus and his colleagues, were appointed, in the reign of Theopompus. This king, they say, on being reviled by his wife because the royal power, when he handed it over to his sons, would be less than when he received it, said: "Nay, but greater, in that it will last longer." And in fact, by renouncing excessive claims and freeing itself from jealous hate, royalty at Sparta escaped its perils, so that the Spartan kings did not experience the fate which the Messenians and Argives inflicted upon their kings, who were unwilling to yield at all or remit their power in favour of the people. And this brings into the clearest light the wisdom and foresight of Lycurgus, when we contrast the factions and misgovernment of the peoples and kings of Messenia and Argos, who were kinsmen and neighbors of the Spartans. They were on an equality with the Spartans in the beginning, and in the allotment of territory were thought to be even better off than they, and yet their prosperity did not last long, but what with the insolent temper of their kings and the unreasonableness of their peoples, their established institutions were confounded, and they made it clear that it was in very truth a divine blessing which the Spartans had enjoyed in the man who framed and tempered their civil polity for them. These events, however, were of later date.

A second, and a very bold political measure of Lycurgus, is his redistribution of the land. For there was a dreadful inequality in this regard, the city was heavily burdened with indigent and helpless people, and wealth was wholly concentrated in the hands of a few. Determined, therefore, to banish insolence and envy and crime and luxury, and those yet more deep-seated and afflictive diseases of the state, poverty and wealth, he persuaded his fellow-citizens to make one parcel of all their territory and divide it up anew, and to live with one another on a basis of entire uniformity and equality in the means of subsistence, seeking preëminence through virtue alone, assured that there was no other difference or inequality between man and man than that which was established by blame for base actions and praise for good ones.

Suiting the deed to the word, he distributed the rest of the Laconian land among the "periœci," or free provincials, in thirty thousand lots, and that which belonged to the city of Sparta, in nine thousand lots, to as many geniune Spartans. . . . The lot of each was large enough to produce annually seventy bushels of barley for a man and twelve for his wife, with a proportionate amount of wine and oil. Lycurgus thought that a lot of this size would be sufficient for them, since they needed sustenance enough to promote vigour and health of body, and nothing else. And it is said that on returning from a journey sometime afterwards, as he traversed the land just after the harvest, and saw the heaps of grain standing parallel and equal to one another, he smiled, and said to them that were by: "All Laconia looks like a family estate newly divided among many brothers."

Next, he undertook to divide up their movable property also, in order that every vestige of unevenness and inequality might be removed; and when he saw that they could not bear to have it taken from them directly, he took another course, and overcame their avarice by political devices. In the first place, he withdrew all gold and silver money from currency and ordained the use of iron money only. Then to a great weight and mass of this he gave a trifling value, so that ten minas' worth required a large store-room in the house, and a yoke of cattle to transport it. When this money obtained currency, many sorts of iniquity went into exile from Lacedæmon. For who would steal, or receive as a bribe, or rob, or plunder that which could neither be concealed, nor possessed with satisfaction, nay, nor even cut to pieces with any profit? For vinegar was used, as we are told, to quench the red-hot iron, robbing it of its temper and making it worthless for any other purpose, when once it had become brittle and hard to work.

In the next place, he banished the unnecessary and superfluous arts. And even without such banishment most of them would have departed with the old coinage, since there was no sale for their products. For the iron money could not be carried into the rest of Greece, nor had it any value there, but was rather held in ridicule. It was not possible, therefore, to buy any foreign wares or bric-à-brac; no merchant-seaman brought freight into their harbors; no rhetoric teacher set foot on Laconian soil, no vagabond soothsayer, no keeper of harlots, no gold- or silver-smith, since there was no money there. But luxury, thus gradually deprived of that which stimulated and supported it, died away of itself, and men of large possessions had no advantage over the poor, because their wealth found no public outlet, but had to be stored up at home in idleness. In this way it came about that such common and necessary utensils as bedsteads, chairs, and tables were most excellently made among them, and the Laconian "kothon," or drinking-cup, was in very high repute for usefulness among soldiers in active service, as Critias tells us. For its colour concealed the disagreeable appearance of the water which they were often compelled to drink, and its curving lips caught the muddy sediment and held it inside, so that only the purer part reached the mouth of the drinker. For all this they had to thank their lawgiver; since their artisans were now freed from useless tasks, and displayed the beauty of their workmanship in objects of constant and necessary use.

With a view to attacking luxury still more and removing the thirst for wealth, he introduced his third and most exquisite political device, namely, the institution of common messes, so that they might eat with one another in companies, of common and specified foods, and not take their meals at home, reclining on costly couches at costly tables, delivering themselves into the hands of servants and cooks to be fattened in the dark, like voracious animals, and ruining not only their characters but also their bodies, by surrendering them to every desire and all sorts of surfeit, which call for long sleeps, hot baths, abundant rest, and, as it were, daily nursing and tending. This was surely a great achievement, but it was a still greater one to make wealth "an object of no desire," as Theophrastus says, and even "unwealth," by this community of meals and simplicity of diet. For the rich man could neither use nor enjoy nor even see or display his abundant means, when he went to the same meal as the poor man; so that it was in Sparta alone, of all the cities under the sun, that men could have that far-famed sight, a Plutus blind, and lying as lifeless and motionless as a picture. For the rich could not even dine beforehand at home and then go to the common mess with full stomachs, but the rest kept careful watch of him who did not eat and drink with them, and reviled him as a weakling, and one too effeminate for the common diet.

It was due, therefore, to this last political device above all, that the wealthy citizens were incensed against Lycurgus, and banding together against him, denounced him publicly with angry shouts and cries; finally many pelted him with stones, so that he ran from the marketplace. He succeeded in reaching sanctuary before the rest laid hands on him; but one young man, Alcander, otherwise no mean nature, but hasty and passionate, pressed hard upon him, and as he turned about, smote him with his staff and put out one of his eyes. Lycurgus, however, was far from yielding in consequence of this calamity, but confronted his countrymen, and showed them his face besmeared with blood and his eye destroyed. Whereupon they were so filled with shame and sorrow at the sight, that they placed Alcander in his hands, and conducted him to his house with sympathetic indignation. Lycurgus commended them for their conduct, and dismissed them, but took Alcander into the house with him, where he did the youth no harm by word or deed, but after sending away his customary servants and attendants, ordered him to minister to his wants. The youth, who was of a noble disposition, did as he was commanded, without any words, and abiding thus with Lycurgus, and sharing his daily life, he came to know the gentleness of the man, the calmness of his spirit, the rigid simplicity of his habits, and his unwearied industry. He thus became a devoted follower of Lycurgus, and used to tell his intimates and friends that the man was not harsh nor self-willed, as he had supposed, but the mildest and gentlest of them all. Such, then, was the chastisement of this young man, and such the penalty laid upon him, namely, to become, instead of a wild and impetuous youth, a most decorous and discreet man. . . . The Spartan practice of carrying staves into their assemblies was abandoned after this unfortunate accident.

As for the public messes, the Cretans call them "andreia," but the Lacedæmonians, "phiditia." . . . They met in companies of fifteen, a few more or less, and each one of the mess-mates contributed monthly a bushel of barley-meal, eight gallons of wine, five pounds of cheese, two and a half pounds of figs, and in addition to this, a very small sum of money for such relishes as flesh and fish. Besides this, whenever any one made a sacrifice of first fruits, or brought home game from the hunt, he sent a portion to his mess. For whenever any one was belated by a sacrifice or the chase, he was allowed to sup at home, but the rest had to be at the mess. For a long time this custom of eating at common mess tables was rigidly observed. For instance, when King Agis, on returning from an expedition in which he had been victorious over the Athenians, wished to sup at home with his wife, and sent for his rations, the polemarchs refused to send them to him; and when on the following day his anger led him to omit the customary sacrifice, they laid a fine upon him.

Boys also used to come to these public messes, as if they were attending schools of sobriety; there they would listen to political discussions and see instructive models of liberal breeding. There they themselves also became accustomed to sport and jest without scurrility, and to endure jesting without displeasure. Indeed, it seems to have been especially characteristic of a Spartan to endure jesting; but if any one could not bear up under it, he had only to ask it, and the jester ceased. As each one came in, the eldest of the company pointed to the door and said to him: "Through that door no word goes forth outside." And they say that a candidate for membership in one of these messes underwent the following ordeal. Each of the mess-mates took in his hand a bit of soft bread, and when a servant came along with a bowl upon his head, then they cast it into this without a word, like a ballot, leaving it just as it was if he approved of the candidate, but if he disapproved, squeezing it tight in his hand first. For the flattened piece of bread had the force of a perforated, or negative, ballot. And if one such is found in the bowl, the candidate is not admitted to the mess, because they wish all its members to be congenial. . . . Of their dishes, the black broth is held in the highest esteem, so that the elderly men do not ask for a bit of meat, but leave it for the young men, while they themselves have the broth poured out for their meals. And it is said that one of the kings of Pontus actually bought a Spartan cook for the sake of having this broth, and then, when he tasted it, disliked it; whereupon the cook said: "O King, those who relish this broth must first have bathed in the river Eurotas." After drinking moderately, they go off home without a torch; for they are not allowed to walk with a light, either on this or any other occasion, that they may accustom themselves to marching boldly and without fear in the darkness of the night. Such, then, is the fashion of their common messes.

None of his laws were put into writing by Lycurgus; indeed, one of the so-called "rhetras" forbids it. For he thought that if the most important and binding principles which conduce to the prosperity and virtue of a city were implanted in the habits and training of its citizens, they would remain unchanged and secure, having a stronger bond than compulsion in the fixed purposes imparted to the young by education, which performs the office of a law-giver for every one of them. And as for minor matters, such as business contracts, and cases where the needs vary from time to time, it was better, as he thought, not to hamper them by written constraints or fixed usages, but to suffer them, as occasion demanded, to receive such modifications as educated men should determine. Indeed, he assigned the function of law-making wholly and entirely to education.

One of his rhetras accordingly, as I have said, prohibited the use of written laws. Another was directed against extravagance, ordaining that every house should have its roof fashioned by the axe, and its doors by the saw only, and by no other tool. For, as in later times Epaminondas is reported to have said at his own table, that such a meal did not comport with treachery, so Lycurgus was the first to see clearly that such a house does not comport with luxury and extravagance. . . . It was because he was used to this simplicity that Leotychides the Elder, as we are told, when he was dining in Corinth, and saw the roof of the house adorned with costly panellings, asked his host if trees grew square in that country.

A third rhetra of Lycurgus is mentioned, which forbids making frequent expeditions against the same enemies, in order not to accustom such enemies to frequent defence of themselves, which would make them warlike. And this was the special grievance which they had against King Agesilaüs in later times, namely, that by his continual and frequent incursions and expeditions into Bœotia he rendered the Thebans a match for the Lacedæmonians. And therefore, when Antalcidas saw the king wounded, he said: "This is a fine tuition-fee which you are getting from the Thebans, for teaching them how to fight, when they did not wish to do it, and did not know how." Such ordinances as these were called "rhetras" by Lycurgus, implying that they came from the god and were oracles.

In the matter of education, which he regarded as the greatest and noblest task of the law-giver, he began at the very source, by carefully regulating marriages and births. For it is not true that, as Aristotle says, he tried to bring the women under proper restraint, but desisted, because he could not overcome the great licence and power which the women enjoyed on account of the many expeditions in which their husbands were engaged. During these the men were indeed obliged to leave their wives in sole control at home, and for this reason paid them greater deference than was their due, and gave them the title of Mistress. But even to the women Lycurgus paid all possible attention. He made the maidens exercise their bodies in running, wrestling, casting the discus, and hurling the javelin, in order that the fruit of their wombs might have vigorous root in vigorous bodies and come to better maturity, and that they themselves might come with vigour to the fulness of their times, and struggle successfully and easily with the pangs of child-birth. He freed them from softness and delicacy and all effeminacy by accustoming the maidens no less than the youths to wear tunics only in processions, and at certain festivals to dance and sing when the young men were present as spectators. There they sometimes even mocked and railed good-naturedly at any youth who had misbehaved himself; and again they would sing the praises of those who had shown themselves worthy, and so inspire the young man with great ambition and ardour. For he who was thus extolled for his valour and held in honor among the maidens, went away exalted by their praises; while the sting of their playful raillery was no less sharp than that of serious admonitions, especially as the kings and senators, together with the rest of the citizens, were all present at the spectacle.

Nor was there anything disgraceful in this scant clothing of the maidens, for modesty attended them, and wantonness was banished; nay, rather, it produced in them habits of simplicity and an ardent desire for health and beauty of body. It gave also to woman-kind a taste of lofty sentiment, for they felt that they too had a place in the arena of bravery and ambition. Wherefore, they were led to think and speak as Gorgo, the wife of Leonidas, is said to have done. When some foreign woman, as it would seem, said to her: “You Spartan women are the only ones who rule their men,” she answered: “Yes, we are the only ones that give birth to men.”

Moreover, there were incentives to marriage in these things—I mean such things as the appearance of the maidens without much clothing in processions and athletic contests where young men were looking on, for these were drawn on by necessity, “not geometrical, but the sort of necessity which lovers know,” as Plato says. Nor was this all; Lycurgus also put a kind of public stigma upon confirmed bachelors. They were excluded from the sight of the young men and maidens at their exercises, and in winter the magistrates ordered them to march round the market-place in their tunics only, and as they marched, they sang a certain song about themselves, and its burden was that they were justly punished for disobeying the laws. Besides this, they were deprived of the honour and gracious attentions which the young men habitually paid to their elders. Therefore, there was no one to find fault with what was said to Dercyllidas, reputable general though he was. As he entered a company, namely, one of the younger men would not offer him his seat, but said: “Indeed, thou hast begotten no son who will one day give his seat to me.”

For their marriages the women were carried off by force, not when they were small and unfit for wedlock, but when they were in full bloom and wholly ripe. After the woman was thus carried off, the bride's-maid, so called, took her in charge, cut her hair off close to the head, put a man's cloak and sandals on her, and laid her down on a pallet, on the floor, alone, in the dark. Then the bride-groom, not flown with wine nor enfeebled by excesses, but composed and sober, after supping at his public mess-table as usual, slipped stealthily into the room where the bride lay, loosed her virgin's zone, and bore her in his arms to the marriage-bed. Then, after spending a short time with his bride, he went away composedly to his usual quarters, there to sleep with the other young men. And so he continued to do from that time on, spending his days with his comrades, and sleeping with them at night, but visiting his bride by stealth and with every precaution, full of dread and fear lest any of her household should be aware of his visits, his bride also contriving and conspiring with him that they might have stolen interviews as occasion offered. And this they did not for a short time only, but long enough for some of them to become fathers before they had looked upon their own wives by daylight. Such interviews not only brought into exercise self-restraint and moderation, but united husbands and wives when their bodies were full of creative energy and their affections new and fresh, not when they were sated and dulled by unrestricted intercourse; and there was always left behind in their hearts some residual spark of mutual longing and delight.

After giving marriage such traits of reserve and decorum, he none the less freed men from the empty and womanish passion of jealous possession, by making it honorable for them, while keeping the marriage relation free from all wanton irregularities, to share with other worthy men in the begetting of children, laughing to scorn those who regard such common privileges as intolerable, and resort to murder and war rather than grant them. For example, an elderly man with a young wife, if he looked with favour and esteem on some fair and noble young man, might introduce him to her and adopt her offspring by such a noble father as his own. And again, a worthy man who admired some woman for the fine children that she bore her husband and the modesty of her behavior as a wife, might enjoy her favours, if her husband would consent, thus planting, as it were, in a soil of beautiful fruitage, and begetting for himself noble sons, who would have the blood of noble men in their veins. For in the first place, Lycurgus did not regard sons as the peculiar property of their fathers, but rather as the common property of the state, and therefore would not have his citizens spring from random parentage, but from the best there was. In the second place, he saw much folly and vanity in what other peoples enacted for the regulation of these matters; in the breeding of dogs and horses they insist on having the best sires which money or favour can secure, but they keep their wives under lock and key, demanding that they have children by none but themselves, even though they be foolish, or infirm, or diseased; as though children of bad stock did not show their badness to those first who possessed and reared them, and children of good stock, contrariwise, their goodness. The freedom which thus prevailed at that time in marriage relations was aimed at physical and political well-being, and was far removed from the licentiousness which was afterwards attributed to their women, so much so that adultery was wholly unknown among them. And a saying is reported of one Geradas, a Spartan of very ancient type, who, on being asked by a stranger what the punishment for adulterers was among them, answered: "Stranger, there is no adulterer among us." "Suppose, then," replied the stranger, "there should be one." "A bull," said Geradas, "would be his forfeit, a bull so large that it could stretch over Mount Taÿgetus and drink from the river Eurotas." Then the stranger was astonished and said: "But how could there be a bull so large?" To which Geradas replied, with a smile: "But how could there be an adulterer in Sparta?" Such, then, are the accounts we find of their marriages.

Offspring was not reared at the will of the father, but was taken and carried by him to a place called Lesche, where the elders of the tribes officially examined the infant, and if it was well-built and sturdy, they ordered the father to rear it, and assigned it one of the nine thousand lots of land; but if it was ill-born and deformed, they sent it to the so-called Apothetæ, a chasm-like place at the foot of Mount Taÿgetus, in the conviction that the life of that which nature had not well equipped at the very beginning for health and strength, was of no advantage either to itself or the state. On the same principle, the women used to bathe their new-born babes not with water, but with wine, thus making a sort of test of their constitutions. For it is said that epileptic and sickly infants are thrown into convulsions by the strong wine and lose their senses, while the healthy ones are rather tempered by it, like steel, and given a firm habit of body. Their nurses, too, exercised great care and skill; they reared infants without swaddling-bands, and thus left their limbs and figures free to develop; besides, they taught them to be contented and happy, not dainty about their food, nor fearful of the dark, nor afraid to be left alone, nor given to contemptible peevishness and whimpering. This is the reason why foreigners sometimes bought Spartan nurses for their children. . . . But Lycurgus would not put the sons of Spartans in charge of purchased or hired tutors, nor was it lawful for every father to rear or train his son as he pleased, but as soon as they were seven years old, Lycurgus ordered them all to be taken by the state and enrolled in companies, where they were put under the same discipline and nurture, and so became accustomed to share one another's sports and studies. The boy who excelled in judgement and was most courageous in fighting, was made captain of his company; on him the rest all kept their eyes, obeying his orders, and submitting to his punishments, so that their boyish training was a practice of obedience. Besides, the elderly men used to watch their sports, and by ever and anon egging them on to mimic battles and disputes, learned accurately how each one of them was naturally disposed when it was a question of boldness and aggressiveness in their struggles.

Of reading and writing, they learned only enough to serve their turn; all the rest of their training was calculated to make them obey commands well, endure hardships, and conquer in battle. Therefore, as they grew in age, their bodily exercise was increased; their heads were close-clipped, and they were accustomed to going bare-foot, and to playing for the most part without clothes. When they were twelve years old, they no longer had tunics to wear, received one cloak a year, had hard, dry flesh, and knew little of baths and ointments; only on certain days of the year, and few at that, did they indulge in such amenities. They slept together, in troops and companies on pallet-beds which they collected for themselves, breaking off with their hands—no knives allowed—the tops of the rushes which grew along the river Eurotas. In the winter-time, they added to the stuff of these pallets the so-called "lycophon," or *thistle-down*, which was thought to have warmth in it.

When the boys reached this age, they were favoured with the society of lovers from among the reputable young men. The elderly men also kept close watch of them, coming more frequently to their places of exercise, and observing their contests of strength and wit, not cursorily, but with the idea that they were all in a sense the fathers and tutors and governors of all the boys. In this way, at every fitting time and in every place, the boy who went wrong had some one to admonish and chastise him. Nor was this all; one of the noblest and best men of the city was appointed pædonome, or inspector of the boys, and under his directions the boys, in their several companies, put themselves under the command of the most prudent and warlike of the so-called Eirens. This was the name given to those who had been for two years out of the class of boys, and Melleirens, or *Would-be Eirens*, was the name for the oldest of the boys. This eiren, then, a youth of twenty years, commands his subordinates in their mimic battles, and in doors makes them serve him at his meals. He commissions the larger ones to fetch wood, and the smaller ones pot-herbs. And they steal what they fetch, some of them entering the gardens, and others creeping right slyly and cautiously into the public messes of the men; but if a boy is caught stealing, he is soundly flogged, as a careless and unskilful thief. They steal, too, whatever food they can, and learn to be adept in setting upon people when asleep or off their guard. But the boy who is caught gets a flogging and must go hungry. For the meals allowed them are scanty, in order that they may take into their own hands the fight against hunger, and so be forced into boldness and cunning.

This is the main object of their spare diet; a secondary one is to make them grow tall. For it contributes to height of stature when the vitality is not impeded and hindered by a mass of nourishment which forces it into thickness and width, but ascends of its own lightness, and when the body grows freely and easily. The same thing seems also to conduce to beauty of form; for lean and meager habits yield more readily to the force of articulation, whereas the gross and overfed are so heavy as to resist it. Just so, we may be sure, women who take physic while they are pregnant, bear children which are lean, it may be, but well-shaped and fine, because the lightness of the parent matter makes it more susceptible to moulding. However, the reason for this I must leave for others to investigate.

The boys make such a serious matter of their stealing, that one of them, as the story goes, who was carrying concealed under his cloak a young fox which he had stolen, suffered the animal to tear out his bowels with its teeth and claws, and died rather than have his theft detected. And even this story gains credence from what their youths now endure, many of whom I have seen expiring under the lash at the altar of Artemis Orthia.

The eiren, as he reclined after supper, would order one of the boys to sing a song, and to another would put a question requiring a careful and deliberate answer, as, for instance, "Who is the best man in the city?" or "What thinkest thou of this man's conduct?" In this way the boys were accustomed to pass right judgements and interest themselves at the very outset in the conduct of the citizens. For if one of them was asked who was a good citizen, or who an infamous one, and had no answer to make, he was judged to have a torpid spirit, and one that would not aspire to excellence. And the answer must not only have reasons and proof given for it, but also be couched in very brief and concise language, and the one who gave a faulty answer was punished with a bite in the thumb from the eiren. Often-times, too, the eiren punished the boys in the presence of the elders and magistrates, thus showing whether his punishments were reasonable and proper or not. While he was punishing them, he suffered no restraint, but after the boys were gone, he was brought to an account if his punishments were harsher than was necessary, or, on the other hand, too mild and gentle.

The boys' lovers also shared with them in their honor or disgrace; and it is said that one of them was once fined by the magistrates because his favorite boy had let an ungenerous cry escape him while he was fighting. Moreover, though this sort of love was so approved among them that even the maidens found lovers in good and noble women, still there was no jealous rivalry in it, but those who fixed their affections on the same boys made this rather a foundation for friendship with one another, and persevered in common efforts to make their loved one as noble as possible.

The boys were also taught to use a discourse which combined pungency with grace, and condensed much observation into a few words. . . . King Agis accordingly, when a certain Athenian decried the Spartan swords for being so short, and said that jugglers on the stage easily swallowed them, replied: "And yet we certainly reach our enemies with these daggers." And I observe that although the speech also of the Spartans seems short, yet it certainly reaches the point, and arrests the thought of the listener.

And indeed Lycurgus himself seems to have been short and sententious in his speech, if we may judge from his recorded sayings; that, for instance, on forms of government, to one who demanded the establishment of democracy in the city: "Go thou," said he, "and first establish democracy in thy household." That, again, to one who inquired why he ordained such small and inexpensive sacrifices: "That we may never omit," said he, "to honour the gods." . . . There are also handed down similar answers which he made by letter to his fellow-citizens. When they asked how they could ward off an invasion of enemies, he answered: "By remaining poor, and by not desiring to be greater the one than the other." And when they asked about fortifying their city, he answered: "A city will be well fortified which is surrounded by brave men and not by bricks." . . .

Of their aversion to long speeches, the following apophthegms are proof. . . . Archidamidas, when certain ones found fault with Hecatæus the Sophist for saying nothing after being admitted to their public-mess, answered: "He who knows how, knows also when to speak." . . . Demaratus, when a troublesome fellow was pestering him with ill-timed questions, and especially with the oft repeated query who was the best of the Spartans, answered at last: "He who is least like thee." . . . And Archidamus, when some one asked him how many Spartans there were, replied: "Enough, good Sir, to keep evil men away." . . . When one of them was invited to hear a man imitate the nightingale, he said: "I have heard the bird herself." . . . The character of their apophthegms, then, was such as to justify the remark that love of wisdom rather than love of bodily exercise was the special characteristic of a Spartan.

Nor was their training in music and poetry any less serious a concern than the emulous purity of their speech, nay, their very songs had a stimulus that roused the spirit and awoke enthusiastic and effectual effort; the style of them was simple and unaffected, and their themes were serious and edifying. They were for the most part praises of men who had died for Sparta, calling them blessed and happy; censure of men who had played the coward, picturing their grievous and ill-starred life; and such promises and boasts of valour as befitted the different ages. Of the last, it may not be amiss to cite one, by way of illustration. They had three choirs at their festivals, corresponding to the three ages, and the choir of old men would sing first:

"We once did deeds of prowess and were strong young men."

Then the choir of the young men would respond:

"We are so now, and if you wish, behold and see."

And then the third choir, that of the boys, would sing:

"We shall be sometime mightier men by far than both."

In short, if one studies the poetry of Sparta, of which some specimens were still extant in my time, and makes himself familiar with the marching songs which they used, to the accompaniment of the flute, when charging upon their foes, he will conclude that Terpander and Pindar were right in associating valour with music. . . . For just before their battles, the king sacrificed to the Muses, reminding his warriors, as it would seem, of their training, and of the firm decisions they had made, in order that they might be prompt to face the dread issue, and might perform such martial deeds as would be worthy of some record.

In time of war, too, they relaxed the severity of the young men's discipline, and permitted them to beautify their hair and ornament their arms and clothing, rejoicing to see them, like horses, prance and neigh for the contest. Therefore they wore their hair long as soon as they ceased to be youths, and particularly in times of danger they took pains to have it glossy and well-combed, remembering a certain saying of Lycurgus, that a fine head of hair made the handsome more comely still, and the ugly more terrible. Their bodily exercises, too, were less rigorous during their campaigns, and in other ways their young warriors were allowed a regimen which was less curtailed and rigid, so that they were the only men in the world with whom war brought a respite in the training for war. And when at last they were drawn up in battle array and the enemy was at hand, the king sacrificed the customary she-goat, commanded all the warriors to set garlands upon their heads, and ordered the pipers to pipe the strains of the hymn to Castor; then he himself led off in a marching pæan, and it was a sight equally grand and terrifying when they marched in step with the rhythm of the flute, without any gap in their line of battle, and with no confusion in their souls, but calmly and cheerfully moving with the strains of their hymn into the deadly fight. Neither fear nor excessive fury is likely to possess men so disposed, but rather a firm purpose full of hope and courage, believing as they do that Heaven is their ally.

The king marched against the enemy in close companionship with one who had been crowned victor in the great games. And they tell of a certain Spartan who refused to be bought off from a contest at Olympia by large sums of money, and after a long struggle outwrestled his antagonist. When some one said to him then: "What advantage, O Spartan, hast thou got from thy victory?" he answered with a smile: "I shall stand in front of my king when I fight our enemies." When they had conquered and routed an enemy, they pursued him far enough to make their victory secure by his flight, and then at once retired, thinking it ignoble and unworthy of a Hellene to hew men to pieces who had given up the fight and abandoned the field. And this was not only a noble and magnanimous policy, but it was also useful. For their antagonists, knowing that they slew those who resisted them, but showed mercy to those who yielded to them, were apt to think flight more advantageous than resistance. . . .

The training of the Spartans lasted into the years of full maturity. No man was allowed to live as he pleased, but in their city, as in a military encampment, they always had a prescribed regimen and employment in public service, considering that they belonged entirely to their country and not to themselves, watching over the boys, if no other duty was laid upon them, and either teaching them some useful thing, or learning it themselves from their elders. For one of the noble and blessed privileges which Lycurgus provided for his fellow-citizens was abundance of leisure, since he forbade their engaging in any mechanical art whatsoever, and as for money-making, with its laborious efforts to amass wealth, there was no need of it at all, since wealth awakened no envy and brought no honor. Besides, the Helots tilled their ground for them, and paid them the produce mentioned above. Therefore it was that one of them who was sojourning at Athens when the courts were in session, and learned that a certain Athenian had been fined for idleness and was going home in great distress of mind and attended on his way by sympathetic and sorrowing friends, begged the bystanders to show him the man who had been fined for living like a freeman. So servile a thing did they regard the devotion to the mechanical arts and to money-making. And lawsuits, of course, vanished from among them with their gold and silver coinage, for they knew neither greed nor want, but equality in well-being was established there, and easy living based on simple wants. Choral dances and feasts and festivals and hunting and bodily exercise and social converse occupied their whole time, when they were not on a military expedition.

Those who were under thirty years of age did not go into the market-place at all, but had their household wants supplied at the hands of their kinsfolk and lovers. And it was disreputable for the elderly men to be continually seen loitering there, instead of spending the greater part of the day in the places of exercise and the so-called "leschai." For if they gathered in these, they spent their time suitably with one another, making no allusions to the problems of money-making or of exchange, nay, they were chiefly occupied there in praising some noble action or censuring some base one, with jesting and laughter which made the path to instruction and correction easy and natural. For not even Lycurgus himself was immoderately severe; indeed, Sosibius tells us that he actually dedicated a little statue of Laughter, and introduced seasonable jesting into their drinking parties and like diversions, to sweeten, as it were, their hardships and meager fare.

In a word, he trained his fellow-citizens to have neither the wish nor the ability to live for themselves; but like bees they were to make themselves always integral parts of the whole community, clustering together about their leader, almost beside themselves with enthusiasm and noble ambition, and to belong wholly to their country. This idea can be traced also in some of their utterances. For instance, Pædaretus, when he failed to be chosen among the three hundred best men, went away with a very glad countenance, as if rejoicing that the city had three hundred better men than himself. And again, Polycratidas, one of an embassy to the generals of the Persian king, on being asked by them whether the embassy was there in a private or a public capacity, replied: "If we succeed, in a public capacity; if we fail, in a private." . . .

Furthermore, Lycurgus made most excellent regulations in the matter of their burials. To begin with, he did away with all superstitious terror by allowing them to bury their dead within the city, and to have memorials of them near the sacred places, thus making the youth familiar with such sights and accustomed to them, so that they were not confounded by them, and had no horror of death as polluting those who touched a corpse or walked among graves. In the second place, he permitted nothing to be buried with the dead; they simply covered the body with a scarlet robe and olive leaves when they laid it away. To inscribe the name of the dead upon the tomb was not allowed, unless it were that of a man who had fallen in war, or that of a women who had died in sacred office. He set apart only a short time for mourning, eleven days; on the twelfth, they were to sacrifice to Demeter and cease their sorrowing. Indeed, nothing was left untouched and neglected, but with all the necessary details of life he blended some commendation of virtue or rebuke of vice; and he filled the city full of good examples, whose continual presence and society must of necessity exercise a controlling and moulding influence upon those who were walking the path of honour.

This was the reason why he did not permit them to live abroad at their pleasure and wander in strange lands, assuming foreign habits and imitating the lives of peoples who were without training and lived under different forms of government. Nay more, he actually drove away from the city the multitudes which streamed in there for no useful purpose, not because he feared they might become imitators of his form of government and learn useful lessons in virtue, as Thucydides says, but rather that they might not become in any wise teachers of evil. For along with strange people, strange doctrines must come in; and novel doctrines bring novel decisions, from which there must arise many feelings and resolutions which destroy the harmony of the existing political order. Therefore he thought it more necessary to keep bad manners and customs from invading and filling the city than it was to keep out infectious diseases.

Now in all this there is no trace of injustice or arrogance, which some attribute to the laws of Lycurgus, declaring them efficacious in producing valour, but defective in producing righteousness. The so-called "crupteia," or *secret service*, of the Spartans, if this be really one of the institutions of Lycurgus, as Aristotle says it was, may have given Plato also this opinion of the man and his civil polity. This secret service was of the following nature. The magistrates from time to time sent out into the country at large the most discreet of the young warriors, equipped only with daggers and such supplies as were necessary. In the day time they scattered into obscure and out of the way places, where they hid themselves and lay quiet; but in the night they came down into the highways and killed every Helot whom they caught. Oftentimes, too, they actually traversed the fields where Helots were working and slew the sturdiest and best of them. So, too, Thucydides, in his history of the Peloponnesian war, tells us that the Helots who had been judged by the Spartans to be superior in bravery, set wreaths upon their heads in token of their emancipation, and visited the temples of the gods in procession, but a little while afterwards all disappeared, more than two thousand of them, in such a way that no man was able to say, either then or afterwards, how they came by their deaths. And Aristotle in particular says also that the ephors, as soon as they came into office, made formal declaration of war upon the Helots, in order that there might be no impiety in slaying them.

And in other ways also they were harsh and cruel to the Helots. For instance, they would force them to drink too much strong wine, and then introduce them into their public messes, to show the young men what a thing drunkenness was. They also ordered them to sing songs and dance dances that were low and ridiculous, but to let the nobler kind alone. And therefore in later times, they say, when the Thebans made their expedition into Laconia, they ordered the Helots whom they captured to sing the songs of Terpander, Alcman, and Spendon the Spartan; but they declined to do so, on the plea that their masters did not allow it, thus proving the correctness of the saying: "In Sparta the freeman is more a freeman than any where else in the world, and the slave more a slave." However, in my opinion, such cruelties were first practiced by the Spartans in later times, particularly after the great earthquake, when the Helots and Messenians together rose up against them, wrought the widest devastation in their territory and brought their city into the greatest peril. I certainly cannot ascribe to Lycurgus so abominable a measure as the "crupteia," judging of his character from his mildness and justice in all other instances. . . .

When his principal institutions were at last firmly fixed in the customs of the people, and his civil polity had sufficient growth and strength to support and preserve itself . . . Lycurgus was filled with joyful satisfaction in the magnitude and beauty of his system of laws, now that it was in operation and moving along its pathway. He therefore ardently desired, so far as human forethought could accomplish the task, to make it immortal, and let it go down unchanged to future ages. Accordingly, he assembled the whole people, and told them that the provisions already made were sufficiently adapted to promote the prosperity and virtue of the state, but that something of the greatest weight and importance remained, which he could not lay before them until he had consulted the god at Delphi. They must therefore abide by the established laws and make no change nor alteration in them until he came back from Delphi in person; then he would do whatsoever the god thought best. When they all agreed to this and bade him set out on his journey, he exacted an oath from the kings and the senators, and afterwards from the rest of the citizens, that they would abide by the established polity and observe it until Lycurgus should come back; then he set out for Delphi.

On reaching the oracle, he sacrificed to the god, and asked if the laws which he had established were good, and sufficient to promote a city's prosperity and virtue. Apollo answered that the laws which he had established were good, and that the city would continue to be held in highest honour while it kept to the polity of Lycurgus. This oracle Lycurgus wrote down, and sent it to Sparta. But for his own part, he sacrificed again to the god, took affectionate leave of his friends and of his son, and resolved never to release his fellow-citizens from their oath, but of his own accord to put an end to his life where he was. He had reached an age in which life was not yet a burden, and death no longer a terror; when he and his friends, moreover, appeared to be sufficiently prosperous and happy. He therefore abstained from food till he died, considering that even the death of a statesman should be of service to the state, and the ending of his life not void of effect, but recognized as a virtuous deed. As for himself, since he had wrought out fully the noblest tasks, the end of life would actually be a consummation of his good fortune and happiness; and as for his fellow-citizens, he would make his death the guardian, as it were, of all the blessings he had secured for them during his life, since they had sworn to observe and maintain his polity until he should return. And he was not deceived in his expectations, so long did his city have the first rank in Hellas for good government and reputation, observing as she did for five hundred years the laws of Lycurgus, in which no one of the fourteen kings who followed him made any change, down to Agis the son of Archidamus. For the institution of the ephors did not weaken, but rather strengthened the civil polity, and though it was thought to have been done in the interests of the people, it really made the aristocracy more powerful.

But in the reign of Agis, gold and silver money first flowed into Sparta, and with money, greed and a desire for wealth prevailed through the agency of Lysander, who, though incorruptible himself, filled his country with the love of riches and with luxury, by bringing home gold and silver from the war, and thus subverting the laws of Lycurgus. While these remained in force, Sparta led the life, not of a city under a constitution, but of an individual man under training and full of wisdom. Nay rather, as the poets weave their tales of Heracles, how with his club and lion's skin he traversed the world chastising lawless and savage tyrants, so we may say that Sparta, simply with the dispatch-staff and cloak of her envoys, kept Hellas in willing and glad obedience, put down illegal oligarchies and tyrannies in the different states, arbitrated wars, and quelled seditions, often without so much as moving a single shield, but merely sending one ambassador, whose command all at once obeyed, just as bees, when their leader appears, swarm together and array themselves about him. Such a surplus fund of good government and justice did the city enjoy.

Wherefore, I for one am amazed at those who declare that the Lacedæmonians knew how to obey, but did not understand how to command, and quote with approval the story of King Theopompus, who, when some one said that Sparta was safe and secure because her kings knew how to command, replied: "Nay, rather because her citizens know how to obey." For men will not consent to obey those who have not the ability to rule, but obedience is a lesson to be learned from a commander. For a good leader makes good followers. . . . And the Lacedæmonians implanted in the rest of the Greeks not only a willingness to obey, but a desire to be their followers and subjects. People did not send requests to them for ships, or money, or hoplites, but for a single Spartan commander; and when they got him, they treated him with honour and reverence, as the Sicilians treated Gylippus; the Chalcidians, Brasidas; and all the Greeks resident in Asia, Lysander, Callicratidas, and Agesilaüs. These men, wherever they came, were styled regulators and chasteners of peoples and magistrates, and the city of Sparta from which they came was regarded as a teacher of well-ordered private life and settled civil polity. To this position of Sparta Stratonicus would seem to have mockingly alluded when, in jest, he proposed a law that the Athenians should conduct mysteries and processions, and that the Eleians should preside at games, since herein lay their special excellence, but that the Lacedæmonians should be cudgelled if the others did amiss. This was a joke; but Antisthenes the Socratic, when he saw the Thebans in high feather after the battle of Leuctra, said in all seriousness that they were just like little boys strutting about because they had thrashed their tutor.

It was not, however, the chief design of Lycurgus then to leave his city in command over a great many others, but he thought that the happiness of an entire city, like that of a single individual, depended on the prevalence of virtue and concord within its own borders. The aim, therefore, of all his arrangements and adjustments was to make his people free-minded, self-sufficing, and moderate in all their ways, and to keep them so as long as possible. His design for a civil polity was adopted by Plato, Diogenes, Zeno, and by all those who have won approval for their treatises on this subject, although they left behind them only writings and words. Lycurgus, on the other hand, produced not writings and words, but an actual polity which was beyond imitation, and because he gave, to those who maintain that the much talked of natural disposition to wisdom exists only in theory, an example of an entire city given to the love of wisdom, his fame rightly transcended that of all who ever founded polities among the Greeks. Therefore Aristotle says that the honours paid him in Sparta were less than he deserved, although he enjoys the highest honours there. For he has a temple, and sacrifices are offered to him yearly as to a god. It is also said that when his remains were brought home, his tomb was struck by lightning, and that this hardly happened to any other eminent man after him except Euripides, who died and was buried at Arethusa in Macedonia. The lovers of Euripides therefore regard it as a great testimony in his favour that he alone experienced after death what had earlier befallen a man who was most holy and beloved of the gods. . . .

Aristocrates the son of Hipparchus says that the friends of Lycurgus, after his death in Crete, burned his body and scattered the ashes into the sea, and that this was done at his request, and because he wished to prevent his remains from ever being carried to Sparta, lest the people there should change his polity, on the plea that he had come back, and that they were therefore released from their oaths. This, then, is what I have to say about Lycurgus.

—Bernadotte Perrin.

III. PHILOSOPHY

AGAINST RUNNING IN DEBT

Plutarch

[From the *Morals*]

The author is not so much interested in the question of the use of credit as a factor in business as he is in the moral effects of the abuse of credit for purposes of personal gratification. For Plutarch, see above, p. 826.

Plato in his Laws permits not any one to go and draw water from his neighbor's well, who has not first digged and sunk a pit in his own ground till he is come to a vein of clay, and has by his sounding experimented that the place will not yield a spring. For the clay or potter's earth, being of its own nature fatty, solid, and strong, retains the moisture it receives, and will not let it soak or pierce through. But it must be lawful for them to take water from another's ground, when there is no way or means for them to find any in their own; for the law ought to provide for men's necessity, but not for their laziness. Should there not be the like ordinance also concerning money; that none should be allowed to borrow money upon usury, nor to go and dive into other men's purses,—as it were into their wells and fountains,—before they have first searched at home and sounded every means for the obtaining it; having collected (as it were) and gathered together all the gutters and springs, to try if they can draw from them what may suffice to supply their most necessary occasions? But on the contrary, many there are who, to defray their idle expenses and to satisfy their extravagant and superfluous delights, make not use of their own, but have recourse to others, running themselves deeply into debt without any necessity. Now this may be easily judged, if one does but consider that usurers do not ordinarily lend to those which are in distress, but only to such as desire to obtain somewhat that is superfluous and of which they stand not in need. So that the credit given by the lender is a testimony sufficiently proving that the borrower has of his own; whereas on the contrary, since he has of his own, he ought to keep himself from borrowing.

Why shouldst thou go and make thy court to a banker or a merchant? Borrow from thine own table. Thou hast tankards, dishes, and basins of silver. Make use of them for thy necessity, and when they are gone to supply thy wants, the pleasant town of Aulis or isle of Tenedos will again refurnish thy board with fair vessels of earth, far more cleanly and neat than those of silver. For they are not scented with strong and unpleasant smell of usury, which, like rust, daily more and more sullies and tarnishes the lustre of thy sumptuous magnificence. They will not be every day putting thee in mind of the Kalends and new moons, which, being of themselves the most holy and sacred days of the months, are by reason of usuries rendered the most odious and accursed. For as to those who choose rather to carry their goods to the brokers and there lay them in pawn for money taken upon usury than to sell them outright, I do not believe that Jupiter Ctesius himself can preserve them from beggary. They are ashamed forsooth to receive the full price and value of their goods; but they are not ashamed to pay use for the money they have borrowed on them. And yet the great and wise Pericles caused that costly ornament of fine gold, weighing about forty talents, with which Minerva's statue was adorned, to be made in such a manner that he could take it off and on at his pleasure; to the end (said he) that when we shall stand in need of money to support the charges of war, we may take it and make use of it, putting afterwards in its place another of no less value. Thus we ought in our affairs, as in a besieged town, never to admit or receive the hostile garrison of a usurer, nor to endure before our eyes the delivering up of our goods into perpetual servitude; but rather to cut off from our table what is neither necessary nor profitable, and in like manner from our beds, our couches, and our ordinary expenses, and so to keep ourselves free and at liberty, in hopes to restore again what we shall have retrenched, if Fortune shall hereafter smile upon us.

The Roman ladies heretofore willingly parted with their jewels and ornaments of gold, for the making a cup to be sent as an offering to the temple of Apollo Pythius in the city of Delphi. And the Carthaginian matrons did with their own hands cut the hair from their heads, to make cords for the managing of their warlike engines and instruments, in the defence of their besieged city. But we, as if we were ashamed of being able to stand on our own legs without being supported by the assistance of others, go and enslave ourselves by engagements and obligations; whereas it were much better that, restraining our ambition and confining it to what is profitable for us, we should of our useless and superfluous plate, which we should either melt or sell, build a temple of Liberty for ourselves, our wives, and our children. The Goddess Diana in the city of Ephesus gives to such debtors as can fly into her temple freedom and protection against their creditors; but the sanctuary of parsimony and moderation in expenses, into which no usurer can enter to pluck thence and carry away any debtor prisoner, is always open for the prudent, and affords them a long and large space of joyful and honorable repose. For as the prophetess which gave oracles in the temple of the Pythian Apollo, about the time of the Persian wars, answered the Athenians, that God had for their safety given them a wall of wood, upon which, forsaking their lands, their city, their houses, and all their goods, they had recourse to their ships for the preservation of their liberty; so God gives us a table of wood, vessels of earth, and garments of coarse cloth, if we desire to live and continue in freedom.

"Aim not at gilded coaches, steeds of price,
And harness, richly wrought with quaint device;"

for how swiftly soever they may run, yet will usuries overtake them and outrun them.

Take rather the first ass thou shalt meet or the first pack-horse that shall come in thy way, and fly from that cruel and tyrannical enemy the usurer, who asks thee not earth and water, as heretofore did the barbarous king of Persia, but—which is worse—touches thy liberty, and wounds thy honor by proscriptions. If thou payest him not, he troubles thee; if thou hast wherewithal to satisfy him, he will not receive it, unless it be his pleasure. If thou sellest, he will have thy goods for nothing, or at a very moderate rate; and if thou wilt not sell, he will force thee to it; if thou suest him, he speaks to thee of an accommodation; if thou swearest to give him content, he will domineer over thee; if thou goest to his house to discourse with him, he shuts his door against thee; if thou stayest at home, he is always knocking at thy door and will never stir from thee.

Of what use to the Athenians was the decree of Solon, by which he ordained that the body should not be obliged for any public debt? For they who owe are in bondage to all bankers, and not to them alone (for then there would be no great hurt), but to their very slaves, who are proud, insolent, barbarous, and outrageous, and in a word exactly such as Plato describes the devils and fiery executioners to be, who in hell torment the souls of the wicked. For thus do these wretched usurers make the court where justice is administered a hell to the poor debtors, preying on some and gnawing them, vulture-like, to the very bones, and

"Piercing into their entrails with sharp beaks;"

standing over others, who are, like so many Tantaluses, prohibited by them from tasting the corn and fruits of their own ground and drinking the wine of their own vintage. And as King Darius sent to the city of Athens his lieutenants Datis and Artaphernes with chains and cords, to bind the prisoners they should take; so these usurers, bringing into Greece boxes full of schedules, bills, and obligatory contracts, as so many irons and fetters for the shackling of poor criminals, go through the cities, sowing in them, as they pass, not good and profitable seed,—as did heretofore Triptolemus, when he went through all places teaching the people to sow corn,—but roots and grains of debts, that produce infinite labors and intolerable usuries, of which the end can never be found, and which, eating their way and spreading their sprouts round about, do in fine make cities bend under the burden, till they come to be suffocated. They say that hares at the same time suckle one young leveret, are ready to kindle and bring forth another, and conceive a third; but the usuries of these barbarous and wicked usurers bring forth before they conceive. For at the very delivery of their money, they immediately ask it back, taking it up at the same moment they lay it down; and they let out that again to interest which they take for the use of what they have lent before.

It is a saying among the Messenians,

> "Pylos before Pylos, and Pylos still you'll find;"

but it may be much better said against the usurers,

> "Use before use, and use still more you'll find."

So that they laugh at those natural philosophers who hold that nothing can be made of nothing and of that which has no existence; but with them usury is made and engendered of that which neither is nor ever was. They think the taking to farm the customs and other public tributes, which the laws nevertheless permit, to be a shame and reproach; and yet themselves on the contrary, in opposition to all the laws in the world, make men pay tribute for what they lend upon interest; or rather, if the truth may be spoken, do in the very letting out their money to use, basely deceive their debtor. For the poor debtor, who receives less than he acknowledges in his obligation, is falsely and dishonestly cheated. And the Persians repute lying to be a sin only in the second degree, but to be in debt they repute to be in the first: forasmuch as lying frequently attends those that owe. Now there are not in the whole world any people who are oftener guilty of lying than usurers, nor that practise more unfaithfulness in their day-books, in which they set down that they have delivered such a sum of money to such a person, to whom they have not given nigh so much. And the moving cause of their lying is pure avarice, not want or poverty, but an insatiable desire of always having more, the end of which is neither pleasurable nor profitable to themselves, but ruinous and destructive to those whom they injure. For they neither cultivate the lands of which they deprive their debtors, nor inhabit the houses out of which they eject them, nor eat at the tables which they take away from them, nor wear the clothes of which they strip them. But first one is destroyed, and then a second soon follows, being drawn on and allured by the former. For the mischief spreads like wildfire, still consuming, and yet still increasing by the destruction and ruin of those that fall into it, whom it devours one after another. And the usurer who maintains this fire, blowing and kindling it to the undoing of so many people, reaps no other advantage from it but only that he now and then takes his book of accounts, and reads in it how many poor debtors he has caused to sell what they had, how many he has dispossessed of their lands and livings, whence his money came which he is always turning, winding, and increasing.

Think not that I speak this for any ill-will or enmity that I have borne against usurers;

"For never did they drive away
My horses or my kine."

But my only aim is to show those who are so ready to take up money upon use, how much shame and slavery there is in it, and how it proceeds only from extreme folly, sloth, and effeminacy of heart. For if thou hast of thy own, borrow not, since thou hast no need of it; and if thou hast nothing, borrow not, because thou wilt not have any means to pay. But let us consider the one and the other apart. The elder Cato said to a certain old man, who behaved himself ill: My friend, seeing old age has of itself so many evils, why dost thou go about to add to them the reproach and shame of wickedness? In like manner may we say to a man oppressed with poverty: Since poverty has of itself so many and so great miseries, do not heap upon them the anguishes of borrowing and being in debt. Take not from poverty the only good thing in which it is superior to riches, to wit, freedom from pensive care. Otherwise thou wilt subject thyself to the derision of the common proverb, which says,

"A goat I cannot bear away,
Therefore an ox upon me lay."

Thou canst not bear poverty, and yet thou art going to load on thyself a usurer, which is a burden even to a rich man insupportable.

But you will say perhaps, how then would you have me to live? Is this a question fit for thee to ask, who hast hands, feet, and a voice, who in brief art a man, whose property it is to love and to be loved, to do and receive a courtesy? Canst thou not teach, bring up young children, be a porter or doorkeeper, travel by sea, serve in a ship? There is in all these nothing more shameful or odious, than to be dunned with the importunate clamors of such as are always saying, Pay me, give me my money.

Rutilius, that rich Roman, coming one day to Musonius the Philosopher, whispered him thus in his ear: Musonius, Jupiter the Savior, whom you philosophers profess to imitate and follow, takes not up money at interest. Musonius smiling presently answered him: Nor yet does he lend for use. For this Rutilius, who was himself an usurer, upbraided the other with borrowing upon use. Now what a foolish Stoical arrogance was this. For what need was there of bringing here Jupiter the Savior, when he might have given him the same admonition by things that were familiar and before his eyes? Swallows run not themselves into debt, ants borrow not upon interest; and yet Nature has given them neither reason, hands, nor art. But she has endued men with such abundance of understanding, that they maintain not only themselves, but also horses, dogs, partridges, hares, and jays. Why then dost thou condemn thyself, as if thou wert less able to persuade than a jay, more dumb than a partridge, and more ungenerous than a dog, in that thou couldst not oblige any man to be assistant to thee, either by serving him, charming him, guarding him, or fighting in his defence? Dost thou not see how many occasions the land, and how many the sea affords thee for thy maintenance? Hear also what Crates says:

> "Here I saw Miccylus the wool to card,
> Whilst his wife spun, that they by labor hard
> In these hard times might 'scape the angry jaws
> Of famine."

King Antigonus, when he had not for a long time seen Cleanthes the philosopher, said to him, Dost thou yet, O Cleanthes, continue to grind? Yes sir, replied Cleanthes, I still grind, and that I do to gain my living and not to depart from Philosophy. How great and generous was the courage of this man, who, coming from the mill and the kneading-trough, did with the same hand which had been employed in turning the stone and moulding the dough, write of the nature of the Gods, moon, stars, and sun! And yet we think these to be servile works.

Therefore, forsooth, that we may be free, we take up money at interest, and to this purpose flatter base and servile persons, wait on them, treat them, make them presents, and pay them pensions; and this we do, not being compelled by poverty (for no usurer will lend a poor man money) but to gratify our prodigality. For if we would be content with such things as are necessary for human life, usurers would be no less rare in the world than Centaurs and Gorgons. But luxury and excess, as it produced goldsmiths, perfumers, and dyers of curious colors, so it has brought forth usurers. For we run not into debt for bread and wine, but for the purchasing of stately seats, numerous slaves, fine mules, costly banqueting halls, rich tables, and for all those foolish and superfluous expenses to which we frequently put ourselves for the exhibiting of plays to the people, or some such vain ambition, from which we frequently reap no other fruit but ingratitude. Now he that is once entangled in usury remains a debtor all his life, not unlike in this to the horse, who, having once taken the bridle into his mouth and the saddle on his back, receives one rider after another. Nor is there any means for these debtors to make their escape into those fair pastures and meadows which once they enjoyed, but they wander about, like those Dæmons mentioned by Empedocles to have been driven out of heaven by the offended Gods:

> "By the sky's force they're thrust into the main,
> Which to the earth soon spews them back again.
> Thence to bright Titan's orb they're forced to fly,
> And Titan soon remits them to the sky."

In like manner do such men fall from the hand of one usurer or banker to another, sometimes of a Corinthian, sometimes of a Patrian, sometimes of an Athenian, till, having been deceived and cheated by all, they finally find themselves dissipated and torn in pieces by usury. For as he who is fallen into the dirt must either rise up and get out of it, or else lie still in the place into which he first fell, for that by tumbling, turning, and rolling about, he does but still more bemire himself; so also those who do but change their creditor, and cause their names to be transcribed from one usurer's book to another's, do by loading and embroiling themselves with new usuries become more and more oppressed. Now in this they properly resemble persons distempered with cholera, who cannot receive any medicine sufficient to work a perfect cure, but continually vomit up all that is given them, and so make way for the choleric humor to gather more and more. For in the same manner these men are not willing to be cleansed at once, but do with grievous anguish and sorrow pay their use at every season of the year, and no sooner have they discharged one, but another drops and stills immediately after, which causes them both aching hearts and heads; whereas they should have taken care to get wholly clear, that they might remain free and at liberty.

For I now turn my speech to those who are more wealthy, and withal more nice and effeminate, and whose discourse is commonly in this manner: How shall I remain then without servants, without fire, and without a house or place to which I may repair? Now this is the same thing as if one who is sick of a dropsy and puffed up as a barrel should say to a physician: How? Would have me become slender, lean, and empty? And why not, provided you thereby get your health? Thus it is better you should be without servants, than that you should yourself become a slave; and that you should remain without possessions, than that you should be made the possession of another. Give ear a little to the discourse of the two vultures, as it is reported in the fable. One of them was taken with so strong a fit of vomiting, that he said: I believe I shall cast up my very bowels. Now to this his companion answered: What hurt will there be in it? For thou wilt not indeed throw up thine own entrails, but those of the dead man which we devoured the other day. So he who is indebted sells not his own inheritance nor his own house, but that of the usurer who lent him the money, to whom by the law he has given the right and possession of them. Nay, by Jupiter (will he say to me); but my father left me this estate. I believe it well, but he left thee also liberty and a good repute, of which thou oughtest to make more account and be more careful. He who begat thee made thy foot and thy hand, and nevertheless, if they happen to be mortified, thou wilt give money to the chirurgeon to cut them off. Calypso presented Ulysses with a robe breathing forth the sweet-scented odor of an immortal body, which she put on him, as a token and memorial of the love she had borne him. But when his ship was cast away and himself ready to sink to the bottom, not being able to keep above the water by reason of his wet robe, which weighed him downwards, he put it off and threw it away, and having girt his naked breast with a broad swaddling band,

"Swam, gazing on the distant shore."

And afterwards, when the danger was over and he seen to be landed, he wanted neither food nor raiment. And is it not a true tempest, when the usurer after some time comes to assault the miserable debtors with this word Pay?

"This having said, the clouds grow thick, the sea
Is troubled, and its raging waves beat high,
Whilst east, south, west winds through the welkin fly."

These winds are use, and use upon use, which roll one after another; and he that is overwhelmed by them and kept down by their weight cannot serve himself nor make his escape by swimming, but at last sinks down to the bottom, where he perishes, carrying with him his friends who were pledges and sureties for him.

Crates, the Theban philosopher, acted far otherwise; for owing nothing, and consequently not being pressed for payment by any creditor, but only tired with the cares and troubles of housekeeping and the solicitude requisite to the management of his estate, he left a patrimony of eight talents' value, and taking only his cloak and wallet, retired to philosophy and poverty. Anaxagoras also forsook his plentiful and well-stocked pastures. But what need is there of alleging these examples, seeing that the lyric poet Philoxenus, being one of those who were sent to people a new city and new land in Sicily, where there fell to his share a good house and great wealth with which he might have lived well at his ease, yet seeing that delights, pleasure, and idleness, without any exercise of good letters, reigned in those quarters, said: These goods, by all the Gods, shall not destroy me, but I will rather lose them. And immediately leaving to others the portion that was allotted himself, he again took shipping, and returned to Athens. Whereas those who are in debt bear and suffer themselves to be sued, taxed, made slaves of, and cheated with false money, feeding like Phineus certain winged harpies. For these usurers fly to them, and ravish out of their hands their very food. Neither yet have they patience to stay and expect the season; for they buy their debtors' corn before it is ready for harvest, bargain for the oil before the olives are ripe, and in like manner for their wines. I will have it, says the usurer, at such a price; and immediately he gets the writing signed; and yet the grapes are still hanging on the vine, expecting the rising of Arcturus.

—Smith and Goodwin.

ON PREFERMENT

EPICTETUS

[From the *Encheiridion*]

Epictetus (about 50 to about 125 A.D.), a lame Phrygian slave, withdrew from Rome to Epirus when Domitian banished the philosophers, and there became celebrated as a teacher of Stoic philosophy. He wrote no books, but his teachings are preserved in notes taken, apparently, from day to day by his pupils and afterwards revised, probably by the historian Arrian, for publication in the form of a Manual. *He did not concern himself with inquiry into fundamental principles, but rather with the application to life of truths which he held to be self-evident. He maintained that political freedom was unimportant in comparison with moral freedom, and that the secret of a happy life consisted solely in self-mastery.*

Remember that thou art an actor in a play, of such a part as it may please the director to assign you; of a short part if he choose a short part; of a long one if he choose a long. And if he will have thee take the part of a poor man or of a cripple, or a governor, or a private person, mayest thou act the part with grace! For thine is to act well the allotted part, but to choose it is another's. . . .

When a raven croaks you a bad omen, be not carried away by the appearance; but straightway distinguish with yourself and say, *None of these things bodes aught to myself, but either to this poor body or this wretched property of mine, or to my good repute, or to my children, or to my wife. But to me all omens are fortunate, if I choose to have it so. For whatever of these things may come to pass, it lies with me to have it serve me.*

You may be always victorious if you will never enter into any contest but where the victory depends upon yourself.

When you shall see a man honoured above others, or mighty in power, or otherwise esteemed, look to it that thou deem him not blessed, being carried away by the appearance. For if the essence of the Good be in those things that are in our own power, then neither envy nor jealousy have any place, nor thou thyself shalt not desire to be commander or prince or consul, but to be free. And to this there is one road—scorn of the things that are not in our own power.

Remember, it is not he that strikes or he that reviles that doth any man an injury, but the opinion about these things, that they are injurious. When, then, some one may provoke thee to wrath, know that it is thine own conception which hath provoked thee. Strive, therefore, at the outset not to be carried away by the appearance; for if thou once gain time and delay, thou wilt more easily master thyself.

Death and exile, and all things that appear dreadful, let these be every day before thine eyes. But Death most of all; for so thou wilt neither despise nor too greatly desire any condition of life.

If thou set thine heart upon philosophy, prepare straightway to be laughed at and mocked by many who will say, *Behold, he has suddenly come back to us a philosopher;* or *How came you by that brow of scorn*? But do thou cherish no scorn, but hold to those things that seem to thee best, as one set by God in that place. Remember, too, that if thou abide in that way, those that first mocked thee, the same shall afterwards reverence thee; but if thou yield to them, thou shalt receive double mockery.

If it shall ever happen to thee to be turned to outward things in the desire to please some person, know that thou hast lost thy way of life. Let it be enough for thee in all things to *be* a philosopher. But if thou desire also to seem one, then seem so to thyself, for this thou canst.

Let such thoughts never afflict thee as, *I shall live unhonoured, and never be anybody anywhere.* For if lack of honour be an evil, thou canst no more fall into evil through another's doings than into vice. Is it, then, of thy own doing to be made a governor, or invited to feasts? By no means. How, then, is this to be unhonoured? How shouldst thou *never be anybody anywhere*, whom it behoves to be somebody only in the things that are in thine own power, wherein it lies with thee to be of the greatest worth?

But I shall not be able to serve my friends. How sayst thou? to serve them? They shall not have money from thee, nor shalt thou make them Roman citizens. Who, then, told thee that these were of the things that are in our power, and not alien to us? And who can give thee that which himself hath not?

Acquire, then, they say, *that we may possess.* If I can acquire, and lose not piety, and faith, and magnanimity withal, show me the way, and I will do it. But if ye will have me lose the good things I possess, that ye may compass things that are not good at all, how unjust and unthinking are ye! But which will ye rather have—money, or a faithful and pious friend? Then, rather take part with me to this end; and ask me not to do aught through which I must cast away those things.

But, he saith, *I shall not do my part in serving my country.* Again, what is this service? Thy country shall not have porticos nor baths from thee, and what then? Neither hath she shoes from the smith, nor arms from the cobbler, but it is enough if every man fulfil his own task. And if thou hast made one other pious and faithful citizen for her, art thou, then, of no service? Wherefore, neither shalt thou be useless to thy country.

What place, then, he saith, *can I hold in the State*? Whatever place thou canst, guarding still thy faith and piety. But if in wishing to serve her thou cast away these things, what wilt thou profit her then, when perfected in shamelessness and falsehood?

Is some one preferred before thee at a feast, or in salutation, or in being invited to give counsel? Then, if these things are good, it behoves thee rejoice that he hath gained them; but if evil, be not vexed that thou hast not gained them; but remember that if thou act not as other men to gain the things that are not in our own power, neither canst thou be held worthy of a like reward with them.

For how is it possible for him who will not hang about other men's doors to have a like reward with him who doth so? or him who will not flatter them with the flatterer? Thou art unjust, then, and insatiable, if thou desire to gain those things for nothing, without paying the price for which they are sold. . . .

—T. W. Rolleston.

ON CONDUCT

Epictetus

[From the *Encheiridion*]

Ordain for thyself forthwith a certain form and type of conduct, which thou shalt maintain both alone and, when it may chance, among men.

And for the most part keep silence, or speak only what is necessary, and in few words. But when occasion may call thee to speak, then speak, but sparingly, and not about any subject at haphazard, nor about gladiators, nor horse races, nor athletes, nor things to eat and drink, which are talked of everywhere; but, above all, not about men, as blaming or praising or comparing them.

If, then, thou art able, let thy discourse draw that of the company towards what is seemly and good. But if thou find thyself apart among men of another sort, keep silence.

Laugh not much, nor at many things, nor unrestrainedly.

Refuse altogether, if thou canst, to take an oath; if thou canst not, then as the circumstances allow.

Shun banquets given by strangers and by the vulgar. But if any occasion bring thee to them, give strictest heed, lest thou fall unawares into the ways of the vulgar. For know that if any companion be corrupt, he who hath conversation with him must needs be corrupted also, even if he himself should chance to be pure. . . .

In things that concern the body accept only so far as the bare need —as in food, drink, clothing, habitation, servants. But all that makes for glory or luxury thou must utterly proscribe.

Concerning intercourse of the sexes, it is right to be pure before marriage, to the best of thy power. But, using it, let a man have to do only with what is lawful. Yet be not grievous to those who use such pleasures, nor censorious; nor be often putting thyself forward as not using them.

If one shall bear thee word that such a one hath spoken evil of thee, then do not defend thyself against his accusations, but make answer: *He little knew my other vices, or he had not mentioned only these.*

There is no necessity to go often to the arena, but if occasion should take thee there, do not appear ardent on any man's side but thine own; that is to say, choose that only to happen which does happen, and that the conqueror may be simply he who wins; for so shalt thou not be thwarted. But from shouting and laughing at this or that, or violent gesticulation, thou must utterly abstain. And when thou art gone away, converse little on the things that have passed, so far as they make not for thine own correction. For from that it would appear that admiration of the spectacle had overcome thee.

Go not freely nor indiscriminately to recitations. But if thou go, then preserve (yet without being grievous to others) thy gravity and calmness.

When thou art about to meet anyone, especially one of those that are thought high in rank, set before thy mind what Socrates or Zeno had done in such a case. And so thou wilt not fail to deal as it behoves thee with the occasion.

When thou goest to any of those that are great in power, set before thy mind the case that thou wilt not find him at home, that thou wilt be shut out, that the doors may be slammed in thy face, that he will take no notice of thee. And if even with these things it behoves thee to go, then go, and bear all that happens; and never say to thyself—*It was not worth this.* For that is the part of the foolish, and of those that are offended at outward things.

In company, be it far from thee to dwell much and over-measure on thine own deeds and dangers. For to dwell on thine own dangers is pleasant indeed to thee, but not equally pleasant for others is it to hear of the things that have chanced to thee.

Be it far from thee to move laughter. For that habit is a slippery descent into vulgarity; and it is always enough to relax thy neighbour's respect for thee.

And it is dangerous to approach to vicious conversation. Therefore, when anything of the kind may arise, rebuke, if there is opportunity, him who approacheth thereto. But if not, then at least by silence and blushing and grave looks, let it be plain that his talk is disagreeable to thee.

—T. W. Rolleston.

PRACTISING AND PREACHING

Epictetus

[From the *Enchetridion*]

Thou shalt never proclaim thyself a philosopher, nor speak much among the vulgar of the philosophic maxims; but do the things that follow from the maxims. For example, do not discourse at a feast upon how one ought to eat, but eat as one ought. For remember that even so Socrates everywhere banished ostentation, so that men used to come to him desiring that he would recommend them to teachers of philosophy, and he brought them away and did so, so well did he bear to be overlooked.

And if among the vulgar discourse should arise concerning some maxim of thy philosophy, do thou, for the most part, keep silence, for there is great risk that thou straightway vomit up what thou hast not digested. And when someone shall say to thee, *Thou knowest naught,* and it bites thee not, then know that thou hast begun the work.

And as sheep do not bring their food to the shepherds to show how much they have eaten, but digesting inwardly their provender, bear outwardly wool and milk, even so do not thou, for the most part, display the maxims before the vulgar, but rather the works which follow from them when they are digested.

When you have adapted the body to a frugal way of living, do not flatter yourself on that, nor if you drink only water, say, on every opportunity, *I drink only water.* And if you desire at any time to inure yourself to labour and endurance, do it to yourself and not unto the world. And do not embrace the statues; but some time when you are exceeding thirsty take a mouthful of cold water, and spit it out, and say nothing about it.

—T. W. ROLLESTON.

IV. SATIRES ON GODS AND MEN: LUCIAN

Lucian (about 125 to 192 A.D.), of Samosata in Syria, was a professional rhetorician, a travelling lecturer, and a writer of scores of short dialogues and essays of a satiric nature. His satire aimed its attack mainly at false conceptions of the gods and at erroneous ideas of the essentials of a happy life. He was the creator of the satiric dialogue as a type, made noteworthy contributions to polemical literature, and may be regarded as the inventor of such prose tales of fancy as are represented in English literature by *Gulliver's Travels*. Eighty-two pieces have come down to us under his name, but the authenticity of a number of them is questioned.

HERMES

[*Dialogues of the Gods,* vii]

HEPHÆSTUS. Have you seen Maia's baby, Apollo? such a pretty little thing, with a smile for everybody; you can see it is going to be a treasure.

APOLLO. That baby a treasure? well, in mischief, Iapetus is young beside it.

HEPH. Why, what harm can it do, only just born?

AP. Ask Poseidon; it stole his trident. Ask Ares; he was surprised to find his sword gone out of the scabbard. Not to mention myself, disarmed of bow and arrows.

Heph. Never! that infant? he has hardly found his legs yet; he is not out of his baby-linen.

Ap. Ah, you will find out, Hephæstus, if he gets within reach of you.

Heph. He has been.

Ap. Well, all your tools safe? none missing?

Heph. Of course not.

Ap. I advise you to make sure.

Heph. Zeus, where are my pincers?

Ap. Ah, you will find them among the baby-linen.

Heph. So light-fingered? one would swear he had practised petty larceny in the womb.

Ap. Ah, and you don't know what a glib young chatterbox he is; and, if he has his way, he is to be our errand-boy! Yesterday he challenged Eros—tripped up his heels somehow, and had him on his back in a twinkling; before the applause was over, he had taken the opportunity of a congratulatory hug from Aphrodite to steal her girdle; Zeus had not done laughing before—the sceptre was gone. If the thunderbolt had not been too heavy, and very hot, he would have made away with that too.

Heph. The child has some spirit in him, by your account.

Ap. Spirit, yes—and some music, moreover, young as he is.

Heph. How can you tell that?

Ap. He picked up a dead tortoise somewhere or other, and contrived an instrument with it. He fitted horns to it, with a cross-bar, stuck in pegs, inserted a bridge, and played a sweet tuneful thing that made an old harper like me quite envious. Even at night, Maia was saying, he does not stay in Heaven; he goes down poking his nose into Hades—on a thieves' errand, no doubt. Then he has a pair of wings, and he has made himself a magic wand, which he uses for marshalling souls—convoying the dead to their place.

Heph. Ah, I gave him that for a toy.

Ap. And by way of payment he stole—

Heph. Well thought on; I must go and get them; you may be right about the baby-linen.

—H. W. Fowler.

A QUARREL OF THE GODS

[*Dialogues of the Gods,* xiii]

Zeus. Now, Asclepius and Heracles, stop that quarrelling; you might as well be men; such behaviour is very improper and out of place at the table of the Gods.

Her. Is this druggist fellow to have place above me, Zeus?

Asc. Of course I am; I am your better.

Her. Why, you numskull? because it was Zeus' bolt that cracked your skull, for your unholy doings, and now you have been allowed your immortality again out of sheer pity?

Asc. You twit me with my fiery end; you seem to have forgotten that you too were burnt to death, on Œta.

Her. Was there no difference between your life and mine, then? I am Zeus' son, and it is well known how I toiled, cleansing the earth, conquering monsters, and chastising men of violence. Whereas you are a root-grubber and a quack; I dare say you have your use for doctoring sick men, but you never did a bold deed in your life.

Asc. That comes well from you, whose burns I healed, when you came up all singed not so long ago; between the tunic and the flames, your body was half consumed. Anyhow, it would be enough to mention that I was never a slave like you, never combed wool in Lydia, masquerading in a purple shawl and being slippered by an Omphale, never killed my wife and children in a fit of the spleen.

Her. If you don't stop being rude, I shall soon show you that immortality is not much good. I will take you up and pitch you head over heels out of Heaven, and Apollo himself shall never mend your broken crown.

Zeus. Cease, I say, and let us hear ourselves speak, or I will send you both away from table. Heracles, Asclepius died before you, and has the right to a better place.

—H. W. Fowler.

THE POWER OF ZEUS

[*Dialogues of the Gods*, xxi]

Ares. Did you hear Zeus's threat, Hermes? most complimentary, wasn't it, and most practicable? "If I choose," says he, "I could let down a cord from Heaven, and all of you might hang on it and do your very best to pull me down; it would be waste labour; you would never move me. On the other hand, if I chose to haul up, I should have you all dangling in mid air, with earth and sea into the bargain"—and so on; you heard? Well, I dare say he *is* too much for any of us individually, but I will never believe he outweighs the whole of us in a body, or that even with the makeweight of earth and sea, we should not get the better of him.

Hermes. Mind what you say, Ares; it is not safe to talk like that; we might get paid out for chattering.

Ar. You don't suppose that I should say this to every one; I am not afraid of you; I know you can keep a quiet tongue. I must tell you what made me laugh most while he stormed: I remember not so long ago, when Poseidon and Hera and Athene rebelled and made a plot for his capture and imprisonment, he was frightened out of his wits; well, there were only three of them, and if Thetis had not taken pity on him and called in the hundred-handed Briareus to the rescue, he would actually have been put in chains, with his thunder and his bolt beside him. When I worked out the sum, I could not help laughing.

Her. Oh, do be quiet; such things are too risky for you to say or me to listen to.

—H. W. Fowler.

EUROPA AND THE BULL

[*Dialogues of the Sea-Gods,* xv]

West Wind. Such a splendid pageant I never saw on the waves, since the day I first blew. You were not there, Notus?

South Wind. Pageant, Zephyr! What pageant? and whose?

W. You missed a most ravishing spectacle; such another chance you are not likely to have.

S. I was busy with the Red Sea; and I gave the Indian coasts a little airing too. So I don't know what you are talking about.

W. Well, you know Agenor the Sidonian?

S. Europa's father? what of him?

W. Europa it is that I am going to tell you about.

S. You need not tell me that Zeus has been in love with her this long while; that is stale news.

W. We can pass the love, then, and get on to the sequel.

Europa had come down for a frolic on the beach with her playfellows. Zeus transformed himself into a bull, and joined the game. A fine sight he was—spotless white skin, crumpled horns, and gentle eyes. He gambolled on the shore with them, bellowing most musically, till Europa took heart of grace and mounted him. No sooner had she done it than, with her on his back, Zeus made off at a run for the sea, plunged in, and began swimming; she was dreadfully frightened, but kept her seat by clinging to one of his horns with her left hand, while the right held her skirt down against the puffs of wind.

S. A lovely sight indeed, Zephyr, in every sense—Zeus swimming with his darling on his back.

W. Ay, but what followed was lovelier far.

Every wave fell; the sea donned her robe of peace to speed them on their way; we winds made holiday and joined the train, all eyes; fluttering Loves skimmed the waves, just dipping now and again a heedless toe—in their hands lighted torches, on their lips the nuptial song; up floated Nereids—few but were prodigal of naked charms—and clapped their hands, and kept pace on dolphin steeds; the Triton company, with every sea-creature that frights not the eye, tripped it around the maid; for Poseidon on his car, with Amphitrite by him, led them in festal mood, ushering his brother through the waves. But, crowning all, a Triton pair bore Aphrodite, reclined on a shell, heaping the bride with all flowers that blow.

So went it from Phœnice even to Crete. But, when he set foot on the isle, behold, the bull was no more; 'twas Zeus that took Europa's hand and led her to the Dictæan Cave—blushing and downward-eyed; for she knew now the end of her bringing.

But we plunged this way and that, and roused the still sea anew.

S. Ah, me, what sights of bliss! and I was looking at griffins, and elephants, and blackamoors!

—H. W. Fowler.

EARTH'S VANITIES

[*Dialogues of the Dead,* ii]

Crœsus. Pluto, we can stand this snarling Cynic no longer in our neighborhood; either you must transfer him to other quarters, or we are going to migrate.

Pluto. Why, what harm does he do to your ghostly community?

Cr. Midas here, and Sardanapalus and I, can never get in a good cry over the old days of gold and luxury and treasure, but he must be laughing at us, and calling us rude names; "slaves" and "garbage" he says we are. And then he sings; and that throws us out.—In short, he is a nuisance.

Pl. Menippus, what's this I hear?

Menippus. All perfectly true, Pluto. I detest these abject rascals! Not content with having lived the abominable lives they did, they keep on talking about it now they are dead, and harping on the good old days. I take positive pleasure in annoying them.

Pl. Yes, but you mustn't. They have had terrible losses; they feel it deeply.

Me. Pluto! you are not going to lend *your* countenance to these whimpering fools?

Pl. It isn't that: but I won't have you quarrelling.

Me. Well, you scum of your respective nations, let there be no misunderstanding: I am going on just the same. Wherever you are, there shall I be also; worrying, jeering, singing you down.

Cr. Presumption!

Me. Not a bit of it. Yours was the presumption, when you expected men to fall down before you, when you trampled on men's liberty, and forgot there was such a thing as death. Now comes the weeping and gnashing of teeth: for all is lost!

Cr. Lost! Ah God! My treasure-heaps—

Midas. My gold—

Sardanapalus. My little comforts—

ME. That's right: stick to it! You do the whining, and I'll chime in with a string of GNOTHI-SAUTONS, best of accompaniments.

—F. G. FOWLER.

SETTLING ACCOUNTS

[*Dialogues of the Dead,* iv]

HERMES. Ferryman, what do you say to settling up accounts? It will prevent any unpleasantness later on.

CHARON. Very good. It does save trouble to get these things straight.

HER. One anchor, to your order, five shillings.

CH. That is a lot of money.

HER. So help me Pluto, it is what I had to pay. One row-lock-strap, fourpence.

CH. Five and four; put that down.

HER. Then there was a needle, for mending the sail; tenpence.

CH. Down with it.

HER. Caulking-wax; nails, and cord for the brace. Two shillings the lot.

CH. They were worth the money.

HER. That's all; unless I have forgotten anything. When will you pay it?

CH. I can't just now, Hermes; we shall have a war or a plague presently, and then the passengers will come shoaling in, and I shall be able to make a little by jobbing the fares.

HER. So for the present I have nothing to do but sit down, and pray for the worst, as my only chance of getting paid?

CH. There is nothing else for it;—very little business doing now, as you see, owing to the peace.

HER. That is just as well, though it does keep me waiting for my money. After all, though, Charon, in old days men were men; you remember the state they used to come down in,—all blood and wounds generally. Nowadays, a man is poisoned by his slave or his wife; or gets dropsy from overfeeding; a pale, spiritless lot, nothing like the men of old. Most of them seem to meet their end in some plot that has money for its object.

CH. Ah; money is in great request.

HER. Yes; you can't blame me if I am somewhat urgent for payment.

—F. G. FOWLER.

BONES AND SKULLS

[*Dialogues of the Dead,* vii]

MENIPPUS. Where are all the beauties, Hermes? Show me around; I am a newcomer.

HERMES. I am busy, Menippus. But look over there to your right, and you will see Hyacinth, Narcissus, Nereus, Achilles, Tyro, Helen, Leda,—all the beauties of old.

ME. I can only see bones, and bare skulls; most of them are exactly alike.

HER. Those bones, of which you seem to think so lightly, have been the theme of admiring poets.

ME. Well, but show me Helen; I shall never be able to make her out by myself.

HER. This skull is Helen.

ME. And for this a thousand ships carried warriors from every part of Greece; Greeks and barbarians were slain, and cities made desolate.

HER. Ah, Menippus, you never saw the living Helen; or you would have said with Homer

> "Well might they suffer grievous years of toil
> Who strove for such a prize."

We look at withered flowers, whose dye is gone from them, and what can we call them but unlovely things? Yet in the hour of their bloom these unlovely things were things of beauty.

ME. Strange, that the Greeks could not realize what it was for which they laboured; how short-lived, how soon to fade.

HER. I have no time for moralizing. Choose your spot, where you will, and lie down. I must go to fetch new dead.

—F. G. FOWLER.

MENIPPUS

[*Dialogues of the Dead,* xxii]

CHARON. Your fare, you rascal.

MENIPPUS. Bawl away, Charon, if it gives you any pleasure.

CH. I brought you across: give me my fare.

ME. I can't, if I haven't got it.

CH. And who is so poor that he has not got a penny?

ME. I for one; I don't know who else.

CH. Pay: or, by Pluto, I'll strangle you.

ME. And I'll crack your skull with this stick.

CH. So you are to come all that way for nothing?

ME. Let Hermes pay for me: he put me on board.

HER. I dare say! A fine time I shall have of it, if I am to pay for the shades.

CH. I'm not going to let you off.

ME. You can haul up your ship and wait, for all I care. If I have not got the money, I can't pay you, can I?

CH. You knew you ought to bring it?

ME. I knew that: but I hadn't got it. What would you have? I ought not to have died, I suppose?

CH. So you are to have the distinction of being the only passenger that ever crossed gratis?

ME. Oh, come now: gratis! I took an oar, and I baled; and I didn't cry, which is more than can be said for any of the others.

CH. That's neither here nor there. I must have my penny; it's only right.

ME. Well, you had better take me back again to life.

CH. Yes, and get a thrashing from Æacus for my pains! I like that.

ME. Well, don't bother me.

CH. Let me see what you have got in that wallet.

ME. Beans: have some?—and a Hecate's supper.

CH. Where did you pick up this Cynic, Hermes? The noise he made on the crossing, too! laughing and jeering at all the rest, and singing, when every one else was at his lamentations.

HER. Ah, Charon, you little know your passenger! Independence, every inch of him: he cares for no one. 'Tis Menippus.

CH. Wait till I catch you—

ME. Precisely; I'll wait—till you catch me again.

—F. G. FOWLER.

A PAGAN'S VIEW OF THE EARLY CHRISTIANS

[From *The Death of Peregrine*]

In a satirical essay on Peregrine, a wandering philosopher, Lucian had occasion to relate the dealings of his hero with the Christians of Syria, a province which bordered on Palestine. The paragraph is particularly interesting because it represents the objective view, erroneous though it may be, of an educated Greek less than a century and a half after the founding of Christianity.

It was now that he came across the priests and scribes of the Christians, in Palestine, and picked up their queer creed. I can tell you, he pretty soon convinced them of his superiority; prophet, elder, ruler of the Synagogue—he was everything at once; expounded their books, commented on them, wrote books himself. They took him for a God, accepted his laws, and declared him their president. The Christians, you know, worship a man to this day,—the distinguished personage who introduced their novel rites, and was crucified on that account. Well, the end of it was that Proteus was arrested and thrown into prison. This was the very thing to lend an air to his favourite arts of clap-trap and wonder-working; he was now a made man. The Christians took it all very seriously: he was no sooner in prison, than they began trying every means to get him out again,—but without success. Everything else that could be done for him they most devoutly did. They thought of nothing else. Orphans and ancient widows might be seen hanging about the prison from break of day. Their officials bribed the gaolers to let them sleep inside with him. Elegant dinners were conveyed in; their sacred writings were read; and our old friend Peregrine (as he was still called in those days) became for them "the modern Socrates." In some of the Asiatic cities, too, the Christian communities put themselves to the expense of sending deputations, with offers of sympathy, assistance, and legal advice. The activity of these people, in dealing with any matter that affects their community, is something extraordinary; they spare no trouble, no expense. Peregrine, all this time, was making quite an income on the strength of his bondage; money came pouring in. You see, these misguided creatures start with the general conviction that they are immortal for all time, which explains the contempt of death and voluntary self-devotion which are so common among them; and then it was impressed on them by their original lawgiver that they are all brothers, from the moment that they are converted, and deny the gods of Greece, and worship the crucified sage, and live after his laws. All this they take quite on trust, with the result that they despise all worldly goods alike, regarding them merely as common property. Now an adroit, unscrupulous fellow, who has seen the world, has only to get among these simple souls, and his fortune is pretty soon made; he plays with them.

—F. G. Fowler.

Glossary

In this glossary, an effort has been made to include names and terms (1) which are frequently encountered in Greek literature or literature about Greece, (2) whose meaning it is important to know, and (3) which occur frequently in this volume.

ABAE. A town in Phocis famous for a temple and oracle of Apollo.

ABYDOS. (1) A town on the Hellespont, opposite Sestus, famous for its association with the story of Hero and Leander. (2) An Egyptian town on the Nile some distance north of Thebes.

ACADEMY. A grove of olive trees by the river Cephisus, near Athens, sacred to a hero named Academus. It had a gymnasium in which Plato and his successors taught. Plato is said to have been buried near it.

ACHÆA. A district in the northern part of the Peloponnesus.

ACHÆANS. One of the earlier groups of Greeks to invade ancient Greece. The term is also used in early Greek literature as a collective noun for Greeks generally.

ACHERON. The river in the underworld across which all souls had to be ferried by Charon.

ACHILLES. The son of Peleus and the nymph Thetis. He was destined to a short but glorious life if he went as a soldier against Troy. He did so, and became the greatest of the Greek military heroes there. He slew Hector to avenge his friend Patroclus, and was later slain by Paris with the aid of Apollo.

ACIS. A river in Sicily.

ACROPOLIS. A general term for the high part (citadel) of a Greek town. The Acropolis of Athens was a rocky plateau some 250 feet high, on which several of the most beautiful buildings of the city were located.

ADEIMANTUS. (1) A Corinthian naval commander. (2) An Athenian naval commander. (3) Son of Ariston and brother of Plato; he is frequently mentioned in the dialogues of Plato.

ADMETUS. The son of Pheres; he became king of Pheræ in Thessaly. With him Apollo lived as a shepherd after he was banished from Olympus and for a time compelled to be a servant to a mortal. Apollo persuaded the Fates to spare Admetus on his death day if he could get another to die in his stead. Admetus' wife, Alcestis, agreed to take his place. After she died, Heracles, who happened to be Admetus' guest on the day of her burial, forced Death to release her and restored her to Admetus.

ADONIS. A variously spelled name for a beautiful youth beloved by Aphrodite. When he died after being wounded by a wild boar (or by a shaft from Artemis), Persephone also claimed him. Zeus finally decreed that he should spend half of each year on earth and half in Hades. The rose (or the anemone) sprang from the blood from Adonis' wound (or from Aphrodite's tears for him).

ÆA. Another name for Colchis, the home of Medea and her father, Æetes. Occasionally it apparently is used as a shorter spelling of Ææa, the island home of Circe.

ÆACIDÆ. See ÆCIDES.

ÆACIDES. A term which means literally son of Æacus. It occasionally designates Achilles, who was a grandson of Æacus. Æacidæ, the plural, means sons of Æacus.

ÆACUS. The son of Zeus and Ægina, and father of Peleus, Telamon, and Phocus. Because of his great piety he was made a judge of the dead in the underworld.

ÆÆA. The island home of Circe which was visited by Odysseus. Its exact location is not known.

ÆÆTES. See ÆETES.

ÆETES. The son of Helius; he became king of Colchis, and the father of Medea.

ÆGEUS. The son of Pandion, the father of Theseus, and an early king of Athens.

ÆGILEIA. (1) An island between Crete and Cythera. (2) A small island between Eubœa and Attica.

ÆGILUS. A town in Attica celebrated for its figs.

ÆGINA. See EGINETANS.

ÆGIS. A terror-inspiring shield of skin (perhaps goat) borne by Zeus or, at his command, by Athena and occasionally by Apollo. It had on it the Gorgon's head with a fringe of snakes, and was adorned with a hundred golden tassels. It seems to have been used to arouse tempests and spread panic and dismay.

ÆGISPOTAMI. Another spelling of Ægospotami (which see).

ÆGISTHUS. The son of Thyestes the brother of Atreus, and therefore the cousin of Agamemnon. Atreus' crimes against Thyestes in their feud for control of the Peloponnesus made enemies of Ægisthus and Agamemnon. When the latter went to Troy, Ægisthus stayed behind and seduced Clytemnestra, Agamemnon's wife. She and he then plotted and brought about the death of Agamemnon on his return from Troy.

ÆGOSPOTAMI. A small town and river in the Thracian Chersonesus where the Spartans finally crushed Athenian naval power in 405 B.C.

ÆNEAS. The son of Anchises and Aphrodite; one of the most highly honored Trojans.

ÆOLUS. (1) Lord of the winds, who lived on the island of Æolia. (2) A ruler of Thessaly and eponymous hero of the Æolians.

ÆSCHINES. (1) An actor and orator contemporary with, and an arch enemy of, Demosthenes; he lived about 389-314 B.C. (2) A common Greek name.

ÆSON. The father of Jason, leader of the Argonauts.

ÆTNA. (1) A celebrated volcanic mountain in Sicily. (2) A town at the foot of this mountain.

ÆTOLIA. A mountainous district of western Greece, apparently an excellent hunting region.

AGAMEMNON. The son of Atreus and Aërope; ruler of Mycenæ and Argos, and generalissimo of the Greek forces against Troy. He was murdered by his wife, Clytemnestra, and her paramour, Ægisthus.

AGATHON. An Athenian tragic poet contemporary with Euripides. In his latter years he went to the court of Archelaüs king of Macedon, where he died about 400 B.C.

AGENOR. King of Phœnicia, and father of Cadmus, the founder of Thebes.

AGESILAÜS. The name of two kings of Sparta. The first ruled about 886 B.C. and is said to have been contemporary with Lycurgus. The second was the son of Archidamus II and ruled from 398 to 360 B.C. For a sketch of his life see Xenophon's *Agesilaüs.*

AGIS. The name of four Spartan kings: (1) son of Eurysthenes and founder of the family; (2) son of Archidamus II, ruled from 427-398 B.C.; (3) son of Archidamus III, ruled from 338-330 B.C.; (4) son of Eudadimus II, ruled from 244-240 B.C.

AJAX. (1) The son of Telamon of Salamis; one of the mightiest Greeks in both strength and valor in the war against Troy, and the constant companion of Odysseus. When he was beaten by Odysseus in his claim to the arms of Achilles, he killed himself. (2) Son of Œleus; slain by Athena for his impiety in attacking Cassandra in Athena's temple.

AKRAGAS (ACRAGAS). A town in Sicily, ruled by Theron.

Alcestis. Daughter of Pelias and Anaxibia; she became the wife of Admetus (which see).

Alcibiades. A very talented Athenian, kinsman of Pericles; he lived from about 450 to 404 B.C. His career was checkered and his loyalty to Athens was often dubious; he was a frequent companion of Socrates, and a sort of Beau Brummell of Athens.

Alcides. Another name for Heracles.

Alcinoüs. A king of Phæacia (which see).

Alcmæonidæ. A very important, wealthy, and noble family of Athens, who claimed descent from a mythical ancestor named Alcmæon. They were prominent during the 6th and 5th centuries B.C.

Alcmena's son. Heracles (which see).

Alcyone (Halcyone). (1) A Pleiad, daughter of Atlas, who was loved by Poseidon. (2) Daughter of Æolis and Enerate, and wife of Ceÿx. They were so happy that they called themselves Zeus and Hera, an impiety for which they were changed into seabirds (kingfishers?). Another story says that Alcyone, grieving for Ceÿx who had been drowned, threw herself into the sea, whereupon both were changed into seabirds and the sea was ordered to remain calm during their nesting season.

Alexander. (1) Another name for Paris (which see). (2) The son of Philip of Macedon; he succeeded his father in 336 B.C. and became a phenomenal conqueror who spread Hellenic culture and civilization over a large part of the then known world.

Alpheüs. An important river of the Peloponnesus, rising in Arcadia and flowing west through Elis by Olympia into the Ionian Sea. The name is used also for the spirit of this river, who loved and pursued the nymph Arethusa.

Amalthea. The goat, or the nymph, who nursed Zeus, when a baby, on goat's milk in the cave in Crete where he had been hidden. Zeus broke off one of Amalthea's horns and bestowed on it power to be filled with whatever its owner might desire. This became known as the cornucopia or the horn of Amalthea.

Amasis. King of Egypt about 570-526 B.C.

Amazons. A race of beardless warriors who were believed to be women. They were said to have waged war against the Greeks on occasion, and to have fought on the side of Troy in the Trojan War.

Ammonian. Of or pertaining to the oasis of Ammonium in the Libyan desert where there was a temple and oracle of the Egyptian god Ammon. The Greeks identified this god with Zeus under the name of Zeus Ammon; the Romans identified him with Jupiter under the name of Jupiter Ammon.

Amphiaraüs. A prophet, the son of Œcles and Hypermnestra; husband of Eriphyle and, by her, father of Alcmæon. He took part in the Calydonian hunt, the Argonautic expedition, and the Seven against Thebes, in which he and his chariot were swallowed by the earth. There was an oracle of Ampharaüs near Thebes where dreams were interpreted.

Amphictyon. (1) A deputy to the Amphictyonic council or league (see Amphictyonic). (2) A son of Deucalion and Pyrrha, and legendary founder of the Amphictyonic league.

Amphictyonic. Of or pertaining to the league of Amphictyons, a union of several groups of Greeks pledged to observe and enforce certain intertribal principles of right and justice, and to maintain certain common interests of its members. The most important of these leagues met twice a year, in the spring at Delphi and in the autumn near Thermopylæ.

Amphipolis. A border town between Thrace and Macedonia; it was colonized by Athens in 437 B.C., and became one of the most important Athenian possessions in the northern Ægean.

Amphitrite. A daughter of Nereus; she became the wife of Poseidon and thus queen of the sea; she was the mother of Triton. Amphitrite is frequently little more than another name for sea.

AMPHRYSUS. A river in Thessaly by which Apollo shepherded the flocks of Admetus. See NOMIUS.

ANACHARSIS. A Scythian wise man, a contemporary of Solon, who is said to have been an extensive traveler who introduced into his own country the customs and practices of other states. The invention of the potter's wheel is sometimes attributed to him.

ANAPUS. A river in Sicily.

ANAXAGORAS. A Greek philosopher from Ionia, born about 500 B.C. A scientist as well, he was one of the first to explain solar eclipses. His most famous philosophical postulate was of *nous*, or intelligence, as the supreme force in the universe.

ANCHISES. The son of Capys (of Troy) and Themis the daughter of Ilus. He became father, by Aphrodite, of Æneas. He died in Sicily on his way to Italy with Æneas.

ANDROMACHE. The devoted wife of Hector and the mother of Astyanax.

ANDROMEDA. A lost play by Euripides, which tells the story of Andromeda, who was chained by her father, Cepheus, to a rock by the sea to appease a sea monster; she was rescued by Perseus, who turned every interferer into stone by means of the Gorgon's head. He took her to Tiryns, where she became his wife and ruled with him.

ANTILOCHUS. The son of Nestor; he attained some importance in the Trojan War.

ANTINOÜS. The most insolent of the wooers of Penelope in the *Odyssey*.

ANTIPHATES. The monstrous king of the Læstrygonians who were visited by Odysseus on his return from Troy.

ANTIPHON. (1) The earliest of the ten Greek orators; a member of the oligarchical party at Athens, and active in the government of the Four Hundred in 411 B.C.; he was slain when this government was overthrown. (2) An Athenian of the fourth century who tried to burn the Athenian dockyard at Philip's request.

ANYTUS. One of the accusers of Socrates.

APATURIA. The festival of the clans or brotherhoods (any noble family and its dependents who shared in the family cult), held in Athens in the month of Pyanepsion (which see). The children born during the preceding year were presented to the brotherhoods at this festival.

APHRODITE (VENUS). The daughter of Zeus and Dione (she is also said to have sprung from the sea); goddess of the reproductive urge, and of charm and beauty; wife of Hephæstus; lover of Ares; mother, by Anchises, of Æneas.

APIAN (land). Old name for the Peloponnesus.

APIS. The Sacred Bull of Memphis which appeared from time to time among the Egyptians and was worshiped by them.

APOLLO. The son of Zeus and Leto; one of the most versatile and important gods of the Greeks; god of archery, music, beauty of body, the sun, prophecy, healing, purification, and colonization; lord of the island of Delos, where he was born, and later of Delphi.

ARATUS. (1) A Cilician writer who flourished about 270 B.C. His astronomical poem *Phænomena* was very popular in ancient times. (2) An important Achæan general, born about 271 B.C. at Sicyon in the Peloponnesus.

ARCADIA. A large district in the center of the Peloponnesus, much given to pastoral pursuits. It has become idealized in literature as a shepherd's paradise.

ARCADY. See ARCADIA.

ARCHEDEMUS. A demagogue of alien birth who took action against the victorious generals for having failed to pick up the dead after the sea battle of Arginusæ because of a terrific storm. Said also to have embezzled state funds and to have corrupted the people through largesse.

ARCHENOMUS. The Athenian commander who was accused of having betrayed to Lysander the entire Athenian fleet in the fatal battle of Ægospotami in 405 B.C.

Archidamus. The name of five Spartan kings, the most important of whom is Archidamus II; he led the Spartans against Attica at the beginning of the Peloponnesian War.

Areopagus. (1) The Hill of Ares in Athens, west of the Acropolis. (2) The oldest criminal court of Athens, so called because its sessions were held on the Hill of Ares.

Ares (Mars). The savage and violent son of Zeus and Hera; god of war and violence.

Arete. Wife of Alcinoüs, king of Phæacia.

Arethusa (Arethuse). A Nereïd who became nymph of the fountain of Arethusa in the island of Ortygia near Syracuse. See Alpheüs.

Argicide. Slayer of Argus (Hermes).

Arginusæ. Three small islands off the coast of Asia Minor, opposite Mytilene in Lesbos, where the Athenians won their last naval victory over Sparta in 406 B.C.

Argives. The Greeks who inhabited Argos; used also collectively in Greek epic poetry for Greeks generally.

Argos. (1) An important district in the northeast section of the Peloponnesus, ruled in early times by Agamemnon; sometimes called Achæan Argos. (2) An important city in this district. (3) Pelasgian Argos, a town in Thessaly.

Argus-Queller. Another term for Hermes, who slew the hundred-eyed Argus.

Ariadne. The daughter of Minos, king of Crete. She fell desperately in love with Theseus and saved him from the Minotaur; was deserted by Theseus, with whom she had eloped, on the island of Naxos (Dia) but was found and married to Dionysus, god of wine.

Aristides (Aristeides). An Athenian, son of Lysimachus, and one of the most trusted leaders during the Persian wars; he was so upright and incorruptible that he was nicknamed "the just." He was the first treasurer of the Delian confederacy.

Aristippus. A native of Cyrene, a pupil of Socrates, and founder of the Cyrenaic school of philosophy which regarded pleasure as the only absolute good. He was thus a forerunner of Epicurus. His mode of life was luxurious, and he accepted money for his teaching.

Aristogeiton (Aristogiton). See Harmodius.

Artaxerxes. The name of three kings of Persia: Artaxerxes I, 464-424 B.C.; Artaxerxes II, 404-359 B.C.; Artaxerxes III, 359-338 B.C.

Artemis (Diana). The daughter of Leto and Zeus; goddess of outdoor life, animals, the chase, and, at times, childbirth. This chaste goddess would have nothing to do with love.

Artemisia. The queen of some cities of Caria. She accompanied Xerxes on his invasion of Greece and impressed Herodotus by her activity in the battle of Salamis.

Artemisium. A region on the northern coast of Eubœa.

Asbystis (land). Refers to Cyrene, where a king or a people by this name were believed to have lived.

Asclepius (Æsculapius, or Esculapius). The son of Apollo, he became god of the medical art and a patron saint of doctors. He could restore the dead to life; for doing this he was slain by Zeus with a thunderbolt. The greatest center of his cult was at Epidaurus.

Ascra. A town near Mount Helicon in Bœotia, celebrated as the birthplace of Hesiod.

Astyanax. The son of Hector and Andromache.

Atë. The daughter of Eris or Zeus; an ancient Greek goddess of infatuation and ruin who led both gods and men (but men especially) into rash and ruinous actions. Her curse implied guilt in the infatuate victim; she lured her victims to ruin by causing them to misjudge the consequences of what she enticed them to do.

Athamas. The son of Æolus and Enarete and king of Orchomenus in Bœotia. He deserted Nephele (Cloud) to marry Ino, daughter of Cadmus king of Thebes, by whom he had two children, Learchus and Melicertes. For deserting Nephele, Hera drove him mad and he killed

Learchus, whereupon Ino took Melicertes and leaped into the sea. Ino was changed into a goddess named Leucothea and Melicertes into a god called Palæmon. In Sophocles' play, Athamas is brought in with a chaplet on his head ready to be sacrificed.

ATHENA (ATHENE). Originally a Greek goddess of war, she later became goddess of wisdom and of many of the arts, especially household arts. She is said to have sprung from the head of Zeus. The patron deity of Athens, she was probably more honored by the Greeks than any other goddess. She never married.

ATHOS. A mountainous point on the eastern arm of the Chalcidic peninsula.

ATREIDES (*pl.* ATREIDÆ). Atreus' son(s), Agamemnon and Menelaüs.

ATREUS. The son of Pelops and Hippodamia; brother of Thyestes, and father of Agamemnon and Menelaüs. An early ruler of the Peloponnesians, he was slain by his brother Thyestes and the latter's son, Ægisthus.

ATRIDES. See ATREIDES.

ATROPOS. See FATES.

AULIS. The Bœotian harbor on the Euripus where the expedition to Troy was becalmed and Iphigenia was sacrificed.

AUSONIA. A poetic name for Italy. The adjective Ausonian seems occasionally (as in Moschus) to mean pastoral.

AUTOLYCUS. The son of Hermes and father of Anticlea; the latter was the mother of Odysseus. Autolycus was a notorious thief and trickster who could make his stolen goods invisible.

BABYLON. A famous ancient city at the lower end of the Euphrates.

BACCHUS. Also called Iacchus, Bromius, and Dionysus, he was apparently an early Phrygian god of vegetation and fertility. Said to be the son of Zeus and Semele, he was the god of wine; his worship was accompanied by wild orgiastic revels engaged in by maddened women called Mænads.

BACIS. A soothsayer of Bœotia.

BATTUS. See CYRENE (2).

BELLONA. A Roman goddess of war, said to be the wife or sister of Mars. She was identified with the Greek goddess Enyo.

BERENICE. The name of some of the wives and sisters of the various Ptolemies. Also the name of a sister of Herod the Great and of a daughter of Agrippa I.

BISTONIA. A district in Thrace.

BŒBIAN. Of or pertaining to Lake Bœbis in eastern Thessaly; there was a town named Bœbe on the eastern side of this lake.

BOËDROMIA. See BOËDROMION.

BOËDROMION. The third month of the Attic year (our September/October), in which was celebrated the Boëdromia, a festival commemorating the aid brought by Theseus against the Amazons when they attacked Athens.

BOËDROMIUS. A name given to Apollo in Callimachus' hymn to him.

BOREAS. The violent north wind, identified by the Romans with Aquilo.

BRASIDAS. One of the most distinguished and best liked of the Spartan generals; he was killed at Amphipolis in 422 B.C.

BRISEÏS. The daughter of Brises; she was given to Achilles as part of his spoils of war.

BROMIUS. See BACCHUS.

BUPHONIAN. Of or pertaining to the Buphonia, part of a festival in honor of Zeus. In it an ox was slain with an ax which was then tried, condemned, and thrown into the sea.

BYZANTIUM. A city founded by the Megarians on the site of the present Constantinople; its position and its history and growth made it of great importance.

CADMUS. The son of Agenor and Telephassa; founder of Thebes in Bœotia, and its first king.

CALCHAS. The son of Thestor; chief prophet and soothsayer of the Greek expedition to Troy.

CALLIAS. The son of Hipponicus; a spendthrift and debauchee of Aristophanes' day.

CALLIMACHUS. The name of several Greeks. The most important was the grammarian and poet who was chief librarian of Alexandria from about 260 to 240 B.C.

CALYDON. A town in Ætolia in central Greece, famous in mythological times.

CALYPSO. The daughter of Atlas, she lived on the isle of Ogygia, and with her Odysseus spent seven years.

CAMBYSES. The second king of Persia (529-522 B.C.)

CARCINUS. A tragic poet who frequently introduced lamenting gods and demigods in his plays.

CARIANS. The inhabitants of the district of Caria in the southwest corner of Asia Minor; the Greeks generally considered them a mean and stupid people fit chiefly to be slaves.

CARNEA. A festival held at Sparta in the month of Carneius (August) in honor of Apollo Carneius (spelled also Carneüs), or Apollo the Ram-god.

CARNEÜS. See CARNEA.

CARTHAGE. A great commercial city across from Italy in north Africa.

CARYSTUS. A town in Eubœa that is described as unusually loose in its morals.

CASSANDRA. The famous daughter of Priam and Hecuba. Apollo was enamored of her, and for promising to yield to him she was endowed with the gift of prophecy. She broke her promise, in punishment for which it was decreed that she would always prophesy correctly but would never be believed. When Troy was taken she was dragged from the altar of Athena by Ajax, son of Œleus, but Agamemnon rescued her, made her his slave, and took her back to Greece.

CASTALIA. (1) A nymph pursued by Apollo; to save herself she leaped into a spring on Mount Parnassus which thereafter bore her name. (2) A spring on Mount Parnassus, considered sacred to Apollo and the Muses, and thus connected with poetic inspiration.

CASTOR. The son of Zeus (or Tyndareus) and Leda, and brother of Helen; an expert tamer of horses. He was honored by Poseidon and given power over winds and waves; with his brother Polydeuces he became a protector of mariners. These brothers were finally made stars in the heavens where they are known as the Gemini.

CAUCASUS. A chain of mountains extending from the Black to the Caspian Seas. The early Greeks thought that these mountains were near the outer edge of the world.

CECEŸDAS (CECEIDES). An ancient dithyrambic poet.

CECROPS. The legendary first king of Attica; from his name was derived the early name for Athens, Cecropia.

CENTAUR(s). (1) A wild, savage, licentious people of Thessaly. (2) A mythical monstrosity, half man and half horse.

CEOS. One of the Cyclades islands between Sunium and Cythnus, famed as the birthplace of Simonides.

CEPHISOPHON. (1) A slave of Euripides; he was popularly credited with helping Euripides write his plays and was also said to have been in some measure responsible for the reputed faithlessness of the poet's wives. (2) A political leader at Athens in Demosthenes' time, friendly to Philip.

CEPHISUS. A small river between Athens and Piræus, emptying into the bay of Phalerum.

CERAMICUS (CERAMEICUS). The name of two districts in the city of Athens, one (a disreputable section) within the walls, and the other (a place of distinction) just outside the walls. Warriors who received public burial were interred in the latter section; it was also the starting point of many of the processions to the Acropolis.

CERBERUS. The three-headed dog which guarded the entrance to Hades; he was seized and taken to the upper world by Heracles, but was later returned by him.

CERES. Another name for Demeter.

CEŸX. See ALCYONE.

CHÆREPHON. A companion and enthusiastic admirer of Socrates.

CHÆRONEA. A town in Bœotia where Philip of Macedon crushed Greek liberty in 338 B.C.; also the birthplace of the biographer Plutarch.

CHARON. See ACHERON.

CHARYBDIS. A vicious whirlpool, perhaps in or near the straits of Messina, and opposite the cave inhabited by Scylla.

CHERSONESUS (CHERSONESE). (1) The Thracian Chersonesus or peninsula of the Dardanelles on the European side of the Hellespont. (2) The Tauric or Scythian Chersonesus or peninsula north of the Black Sea; modern Crimea.

CHIOS. One of the larger Ægean islands directly west of Lydia. It was celebrated for its wine and marble, and was frequently named as the birthplace of Homer. The roguery of its inhabitants was proverbial.

CHIRON (CHEIRON). A centaur (half man and half horse), son of Cronus and Philyra, the daughter of Oceanus. Wise and just, and skilled in music and medicine, Chiron was a famous teacher; Asclepius, Achilles, and Jason were among his pupils.

CHROMIS. (1) A centaur. (2) A companion of Phineus. (3) A pastoral bard from Libya, mentioned by Theocritus in his *Death of Daphnis*.

CHRYSA (CHRYSE). A city on the coast of the Troad. It had a temple to Apollo and was supposed to be the home of the priest Chryses whom Agamemnon dishonored.

CHRYSEÏS. The daughter of Chryses; she was given by the Achæan host to Agamemnon as his prize of war.

CHRYSES. The priest of Apollo whom Agamemnon dishonored.

CICONES. See MARON.

CICYNNA. The deme in Attica to which Strepsiades belonged. It was customary to mention the deme when formally stating the full name or address.

CIMON. (1) The father of Miltiades, the Greek general at Marathon in 490 B.C. (2) The son of Miltiades, and an aggressive leader of the Athenian fleet against the Persians. From the war he gained considerable wealth which he bestowed liberally upon his fellow citizens.

CINESIAS. A dithyrambic poet of Aristophanes' time who wrote the music for a sword-dance.

CINYRAS (KINYRAS). An early ruler of Cyprus, said to have introduced the worship of Aphrodite there.

CIRCE. A divine enchantress, daughter of Helius. She lived on the isle of Ææa, and with her Odysseus spent a year.

CIRRHÆAN. Of or pertaining to Cirrha, a town in Phocis.

CISSÆTHA. The goat given as prize in the first idyl by Theocritus.

CITHÆRON (KITHÆRON). A famous border mountain and range between Attica and Bœotia, sacred to the Muses and to Dionysus and his worship; it is connected with several heroes and their fortunes.

CLARIUS. An epithet of Apollo, derived from Clarus, a city in Ionia which had a temple and an oracle to the god.

CLASHING ROCKS (CRAGS). See SYMPLEGADES.

CLAZOMENÆ. A coastal city of Lydia.

CLEANTHES. A Stoic philosopher born in the Troad about 331 B.C. He succeeded Zeno as head of the Stoic school in 263 B.C. and remained its head until his death in 232 B.C.

CLEISTHENES. (1) An important political leader of Athens, famous for his reforms and his reorganization of the city in 508 B.C. (2) A noted effeminate and sex pervert of late fifth-century Athens whom Aristophanes berated on every occasion.

CLEOMENES. The name of three kings of Sparta: (1) the son of Anaxandrides, 520-491 B.C.; (2) the son of Cleombrotus I, 370-309 B.C.; (3) the son of Leonidas II, 236-222 B.C.

CLEON. A tanner with oratorical gifts who became the favorite of the Athenian people on the death of Pericles in 429 B.C. A ruthless, impatient man, he was the leader of the anti-peace party. He was killed at the battle of Amphipolis in 422 B.C.

CLEONYMUS. A Greek continually satirized by Aristophanes, mostly for cowardice in throwing away his shield in battle.

Cleophon. A foreign-born demagogue at Athens during the Peloponnesian War. He apparently fought all the efforts of the oligarchical party to come to terms with Sparta; he was for unconditional surrender or nothing.

Clisthenes. See Cleisthenes.

Clotho. See Fates.

Clytemnestra. The daughter of Tyndareus and Leda, sister of Helen of Troy, and wife and murderer of Agamemnon. She was in turn murdered by her son, Orestes.

Cocytus. The river of lamentation and wailing in Hades.

Codrus. The son of Melanthus and the last king of Athens. When the Dorians invaded Attica and were told that they would be victorious if they spared the king of Athens, Codrus disguised, crossed into the Dorian camp, was killed, and thus saved Athens from the Dorians.

Colchis. A fertile Asiatic region at the east end of the Black Sea; the home of Medea (which see).

Conon. (1) A distinguished Athenian general who escaped from Ægospotami with eight ships and defeated the Spartan fleet in a battle off Cnidus ten years later. (2) An astronomer and mathematician who lived about 283-222 B.C.

Cora (Core). Persephone.

Corcyra. See Phæacia.

Corinthia. The region forming the well-known isthmus of Corinth that joins Megaris and the Peloponnesus; perhaps the most strategically situated region in Greece, it was a very important business and trading center, and was Athens' greatest naval competitor.

Council (Boule). At Athens this was the council or senate of 500 (earlier 400), elected from the ten (earlier four) tribes.

Cratinus. A famous comic poet whose play the *Wine-Flask*, written at the age of ninety, won over Aristophanes' *Clouds*.

Creon. (1) The son of Menœceus and brother of Jocasta; he was a frequent interim ruler of Thebes. (2) A king of Corinth.

Critias. One of the cruelest and most rapacious of the Thirty Tyrants.

Crœsus. The last and one of the most famous kings of Lydia (560-546 B.C.); his wealth has become proverbial.

Cronus. The son of Uranus and Gæa, he was the second divine ruler of the world in Greek mythology. He was the father of Zeus and of several important Greek deities and was identified by the Romans with their god of sowing and of the golden age, Saturn.

Cteisiphon (Ctesiphon). An Athenian of the late fourth century who proposed that Demosthenes be honored with a golden crown for his efforts in behalf of Athens against Philip.

Cyclades. A group of islands in the Ægean, so called because they lay in a "circle" around Delos, the most important (religiously and historically) of these islands.

Cyclops (*pl.* Cyclopes). (1) A lawless race of single-eyed giants. (2) The monstrous single-eyed giant, the son of Poseidon, whom Odysseus encountered. (3) The smiths who forged the thunderbolt for Zeus.

Cycnus. (1) The son of Ares and Pelopia (or Pyrene), a minor highwayman who was slain by Heracles. (2) The son of Poseidon and Calyce (or Scamandrodice), who was killed by Achilles at Troy or on Tenedos. (3) The son of Sthenelus and devoted friend of Phaëthon, for whom he grieved inconsolably. Each of these men ultimately was changed into a swan, which is what the Greek word *cycnus* means.

Cyllene. (1) The mountain between Arcadia and Achæa on which Hermes was said to have been born and on which he had a temple. (2) A seaport town in Elis.

Cymætha. A goat in an idyl by Theocritus.

Cynic. The adjective used to describe either the school of philosophy founded by Antisthenes (born about 440 B.C.) or a member of that school. Antisthenes founded the school in the gymnasium of

Cynosarges. Its adherents went to great extremes in scorning this world's goods.

CYNOSURA. (1) A promontory on the east coast of Attica overlooking the bay of Marathon. (2) A promonotory on or near the island of Salamis.

CYNTHIA. Another name for Artemis, derived from Mount Cynthus on Delos where she was thought to have been born.

CYPRIAN. Aphrodite.

CYPRIS. Another name for Aphrodite, Cyprus being one of the early seats of her cult.

CYRENE. (1) The daughter of Hypseus, and mother, by Apollo, of Aristæus. Apollo transferred her from Mount Pelion to Libya in north Africa, where a city was built and named for her. (2) A city in north Africa, founded in 631 B.C. by Battus, who led a colony there from the island of Thera.

CYRSILUS. An Athenian said to have been stoned for suggesting that the Greeks submit to the Persians.

CYRUS. (1) A king of Persia from about 559 to 529 B.C. (Cyrus the Great). (2) The son of Darius II (Cyrus the Younger); killed in 401 B.C. while trying to wrest the kingship of Persia from his brother Artaxerxes.

CYTHERA. Aphrodite.

CYTHEREA. Aphrodite.

DÆDALUS. A mythical artist and a skilled inventor of Athens. Exiled from Athens, he went to Crete, where he built the labyrinth to house the Minotaur. He was imprisoned in the labyrinth but escaped to Sicily by means of wax wings.

DAMARATUS. Same as Demaratus.

DANAANS. A collective name in Greek epics for the Greeks who fought the Trojan War.

DANAÜS. The son of Belus and twin brother of Ægyptus. He was the the father of fifty daughters known as the Danaïds.

DAPHNIS. (1) The son of Hermes and a nymph. He was exposed by his mother to die but was brought up by nymphs. Pan taught him to play the pipes. He was loved by the nymphs, befriended by the gods, and adored by shepherds. He is regarded as the inventor of bucolic poetry. (2) A shepherd boy on Mount Ida.

DARDANIAN. Pertaining to Dardanus, son of Zeus and Electra; he was one of the mythical ancestors of the Trojans.

DARDANUS. See DARDANIAN.

DARIUS. (1) Darius I, king of Persia, 522-486 B.C. (2) Darius II, king of Persia, 424-404 B.C. (3) Darius III, king of Persia, 335-331 B.C.

DATIS. A Persian commander of the army defeated by the Greeks at Marathon in 490 B.C.

DECELEA. A deme of Attica that was seized and fortified by the Spartans during the Peloponnesian War, after the Sicilian expedition.

DEÏPHOBUS. The son of Priam and brother of Hector; one of the great Trojan warriors.

DELOS. A small island in the Ægean Sea on which Apollo and Artemis were born. It was closely associated with Apollo and his cult; hence the word Delian as an adjective for Apollo.

DELPHIS. See SIMÆTHA.

DELTA. A triangular-shaped region at the mouth of the Nile River, so called because of its similarity in shape to the Greek capital letter d (delta).

DEMARATUS. A king of Sparta about 510-491 B.C. After he was deposed by Cleomenes, he went to Persia and accompanied Xerxes on his expedition into Greece.

DEMETER. The daughter of Cronus and Rhea; goddess of fruits and grains and of agriculture generally; mother of Persephone, queen of the underworld. Demeter was honored with frequent rites and festivals.

DEMETRIUS. The name of several Greek kings. It most frequently refers to Demetrius Poliorcetes (269-213 B.C.), who became king of Macedonia; he was an able and resourceful king but very licentious.

DEMOCRITUS. A celebrated Greek philosopher from Abdera in Thrace who flourished about 460-361 B.C. and was a great traveler. He became famous for his extensive learning, his unusually cheerful disposition (he was sometimes called the laughing philosopher), and his thorough and finished statement of the atomistic philosophy of Leucippus—the "atomic theory."

DEMOSTHENES. (1) An important general in the Peloponnesian war; he was sent with a large fleet to reinforce Nicias at Syracuse where he was captured and beheaded. (2) A great Greek orator (384-322 B.C.) and a bitter opponent of Philip of Macedon. He is important both as orator and as statesman.

DEUCALION. The son of Prometheus and the husband of Pyrrha; the "Noah" of Greek mythology. When Zeus destroyed the human race by flood, Deucalion on Prometheus' advice built a chest in which he and his wife floated for nine days until it settled on Mount Parnassus. On instructions from the oracle of Themis, Deucalion and Pyrrha when coming down the mountain picked up stones and threw them behind them, thus repeopling the world.

DIA. Another name for the island of Naxos where Theseus is said to have deserted Ariadne.

DIAGORAS. A lyric poet who, according to Aristophanes in the *Frogs*, wrote poems about Dionysus.

DIANA (DIAN). See ARTEMIS.

DICTÆAN. Pertaining to Dicte, a cave in Crete.

DICTE. A cave in Crete in which Zeus was hidden and reared after being saved from his voracious father.

DINDYMENIAN. Pertaining to Cybele, the great mother. She was called Dindymene because Mount Dindymus was near the seat of her cult in Phrygia.

DIONE. See APHRODITE.

DIONYSIA. The Athenian festival of Dionysus, which was given added prominence and state sanction by Pisistratus in 534 B.C. It was at this festival that Athenian dramatic contests were held.

DIONYSUS. See BACCHUS.

DIOSCURI. A name for the devoted twin brothers, Castor and Pollux (Polydeuces, which see).

DIOTIMA. The wise woman of Mantinea who instructed Socrates in the ultimate nature and function of love.

DIPOLIA. An ancient festival of Zeus Polieus at Athens.

DIRCE. A fountain near Thebes.

DODONA. One of the older Greek oracles of Zeus in central Epirus. It consisted of a grove of oaks and (or) beech trees which, when rustled by the wind, made known the will of Zeus. Bronze vessels were hung in the trees to make the sounds clearer and more intelligible.

DOLOPIANS. A powerful people of Thessaly.

DORIANS. One of the largest groups of Greeks, supposed to have come to Greece in the latter part of the twelfth century B.C. They settled chiefly in the Peloponnesus, but later spread to some of the islands and to Sicily and Magna Græcia.

DRACHMA. A Greek weight, and also a coin. The word drachma originally meant as much as could be held in the hand. The coin was equal in value to 6 obols, or about 20 cents.

ECHECRATES. A Pythagorean to whom Phædo relates, in the dialogue called the *Phædo*, Socrates' last discussion and death.

ECHETUS. An extremely brutal king, called the enemy of mankind, who mutilated and tortured his victims horribly.

EETION. (1) The king of Thebe in Mysia, and father of Andromache; he was slain by Achilles. (2) An Imbrian guest-friend of Priam. (3) A Trojan.

EGINETANS (ÆGINETANS). Inhabitants of Ægina, an island in the Saronic Gulf between Attica and the district of Argos.

ELATEA. A town in Phocis, situated in a fertile valley which constituted a pass from Thessaly into Bœotia. Its capture by Philip in 339/8 B.C. caused consternation in Athens.

ELEVEN (THE). A group of prison officials whose duty was to execute the sentence passed on criminals by the court.

ELIS. A district in the northwest corner of the Peloponnesus.

EMPEDOCLES. A philosopher who flourished in Sicily about the middle of the fifth century, and who wrote in verse. Legend says that he was eager to be considered more than mortal.

EMPUSA. A frightful hobgoblin noted for its ability to change its shape.

ENCYCLIA. A work of Aristotle mentioned by him in his *Ethics*.

EPAPHUS. (1) The child born to Io and Zeus. (2) Another name given to Apis (which see) by the Egyptians.

EPEÜS (EPEIUS). The son of Panopeus, and builder of the Trojan Horse.

EPHESUS. One of the most famous cities of Lydia, and evidently an important center of the worship of Artemis. Near it was situated a famous sixth-century temple of this goddess. The temple was burned in 356 B.C. but was restored.

EPHIALTES. (1) A Greek who showed Xerxes the mountain pass by which he could trap the Greeks at Thermopylæ in 480 B.C. (2) The name of several important Greeks. (3) One of the mighty and violent sons of Aloeus who tried to attack the gods.

EPHORS. A group of five officials who formed one of the strongest elements in the Spartan government.

EPICHARMUS. A Dorian comic poet born on the island of Cos about 540 B.C. He moved to Sicily where he died at the age of ninety.

EPIDAUROS. A town in Argolis, and the chief center of the worship of Asclepius. Its excellently preserved theater has given it added interest.

EPIRUS. A large district in northwest Greece opposite southeastern Italy; it was inhabited by some fourteen different tribes, some of which were not entirely Greek.

ERASINIDES. One of the generals in the battle of Arginusæ who was tried and put to death for not taking up the dead after the battle, even though a violent storm was in progress.

EREBUS. The son of Chaos and Night, representing especially the impenetrable darkness of the underworld. The word is occasionally used for the underworld itself.

ERECHTHEUS. An ancient hero and king of Athens. The son of Hephæstus and Gæa, he was brought up secretly by Athena in her temple; when he became king he introduced the worship of Athena, siding with her in her contest with Poseidon for the city. He established the Panathenaic festival and built the temple for Athena known as the Erechtheum. He is sometimes identified with Erichthonius.

ERETRIA. An important seaport on the Euripus, in Eubœa; destroyed by the Persians in 490 B.C.

ERICHTHONIUS. An early hero of Athens, frequently confused with Erechtheus (which see).

ERINYS (*pl.* ERINYES). Deities that sprang from the blood of mutilated Uranus or from Darkness and Night; they were surrounded by snakes and carried torches, scourges, and sickles. They avenged without mercy or consideration of motive violations of natural family relationships, of hospitality, murder, perjury, and excessive arrogance, eternally pursuing their victims, even into the next world, and driving them mad. Since their punishment of the evil safeguarded the good, they were later regarded as benevolent deities and as such were called Eumenides, or Semnæ.

ERIPHYLE. The daughter of Talaüs and wife of Amphiaraüs. Polynices bribed her with Harmonia's famous necklace to persuade Amphiaraüs to join the expedition against Thebes, even though she knew it would be fatal to him. For this treachery she was slain by her son Alcmæon.

EROS. The god of desire, the son (and ready servant) of Aphrodite by either Ares, Hermes, or Zeus.

He is the winged boy so frequently seen in pictures with Aphrodite (Venus).

ERYMANTHUS. A mountain in Arcadia.

ERYTHRÆAN. (1) Of or pertaining to the ancient city of Erythræ, home of a well-known sibyl. (2) Of or pertaining to the Red Sea.

ESCULAPIUS (ÆSCULAPIUS). See ASCLEPIUS.

ETESIAN (winds). Periodic northerly winds which blew over Greece and the Ægean Sea for forty days after the rising of the Dog Star.

EUBŒA. A large island off the east coast of Attica and Bœotia.

EUDOXUS. A celebrated astronomer and mathematician of Cnidus who lived about 366 B.C.

EUMÆUS. The faithful swineherd of Odysseus in Ithaca.

EUPOLIS. An Athenian comic poet, contemporary with and a rival of Aristophanes; believed to have died soon after 411 B.C.

EURIPUS. A strait between Eubœa and the Greek mainland.

EUROTAS. The most important river in Laconia, flowing past Sparta into the Laconian gulf.

EURYBIADES. A Spartan commander of the Greek fleet at Artemisium and Salamis.

EURYCLEIA. The faithful nurse in the palace of Odysseus.

EURYLOCHUS. A cousin and companion of Odysseus.

EURYMACHUS. The son of Polybus and one of the more aggressive suitors in the *Odyssey*; he was slain by Odysseus.

EURYPYLUS. (1) The son of Euæmon of Thessaly and one of the braver heroes at Troy. (2) The son of Poseidon and Astypalæa, and king of Cos; slain by Heracles. (3) The son of Telephus; slain by Neoptolemus.

EURYSTHEUS. The son of Sthenelus king of Mycenæ. Although Hercules' "twelve labors" were performed for him, Eurystheus hounded Hercules' descendants until he was killed by Hercules' son Hyllus.

EUXINE. The Greek auspicious name for the Black Sea.

FATES (MOIRAI or MŒRÆ). The three daughters of Zeus and Themis (or daughters of Night) named Clotho (the spinner), Lachesis (the apportioner), and Atropos (the inflexible one). Their duty was to apportion to each creature the amount of life, etc., decreed for it and see that each had that amount and no more. They were especially thought of as goddesses of birth and death.

FAVONIUS. The Roman name for Zephyrus.

GALATEA. A Nereïd wooed by Polyphemus, the monstrous Cyclops, with varying success according to legend.

GANYMEDE. See GANYMEDES.

GANYMEDES. The son of Tros of Troy; famed for his beauty. He was stolen by Zeus and made cupbearer to the gods for a time.

GENIUS. A spiritual double who was born with each person and lived with him throughout his life, to help him through the mysteries and perplexities of life. See the fragment from Menander on page ii of this volume.

GERYON. A triple-headed (or triple-bodied) monster; king of an island called Erythia, possibly near Spain. Because of the cattle he owned, he, his giant shepherd, and his two-headed dog were slain by Heracles at the behest of Eurystheus.

GLAUCON (GLAUKON). The son of Ariston, and brother of Plato and Adeimantus.

GLAUCUS. (1) The son of Sisyphus and father of Bellerophon. (2) The grandson of Bellerophon and leader of the Lycians at Troy.

GNOSSUS. A famous city in Crete.

GORGIAS. A celebrated rhetorician and sophist of ancient times. He came from Leontini in Sicily. His visit as ambassador to Athens for help against Syracuse in 427 B.C. made a tremendous impression on Athens, and constitutes a very important fact in the history of rhetoric and of the sophistic movement in Greece.

GORGONS. The three frightful daughters of Ceto and Phorcys; they are sometimes located in Libya. They were named Stheno, Euryale, and Medusa, and had wings, brazen claws, enormous teeth, and hissing serpents for hair. Medusa's face and head were so horrible to behold that anyone looking at her was turned to stone. Medusa was finally slain by Perseus.

GREAT KING (THE). The king of Persia.

GYGES. (1) The first king of Lydia (about 716-678 B.C.), whose wealth became proverbial. (2) One of the hundred-handed sons of Uranus and Gæa.

GYLIPPUS. A Spartan general sent to aid the Syracusans against the Athenians in 414/413 B.C. He turned the tide of battle in favor of the Syracusans.

HADES (PLUTO). A Greek proper name which has at least four uses. It denotes: (1) the brother of Zeus who was given lordship of the after-/or underworld; (2) the home of this brother of Zeus, i.e., the after-world; (3) death, since everyone went to that world at death; (4) from about the beginning of the Christian era, the abode of the wicked, i.e., Hell

HÆMONIA. An early name for Thessaly.

HALCYONE. See ALCYONE.

HALIARTUS. An ancient town in Bœotia, south of Lake Copaïs.

HALYS. An important river in Asia Minor; it empties into the Black Sea.

HARMODIUS AND ARISTOGEITON. Two close friends and staunch patriots who determined to rid Athens of its tyrant ruler, Hippias, in 514 B.C. Believing that Hippias had been informed about their plans before they had an opportunity to kill him, they turned on his brother, Hipparchus. Hippias was exiled two years later. These two men were ever afterward hailed as patriots and deliverers.

HARMONIA. (1) The daughter of Ares and Aphrodite, and wife of Cadmus, the founder of Thebes. (2) The personification of order and harmonious unity; closely associated with the Muses, the Graces, and the Seasons.

HEBRUS. A river in Thrace, often mentioned in connection with Orpheus and Dionysus.

HECABE. See HECUBA.

HECATE. A mysterious goddess often called Perseïs, i.e., daughter of the Titan Perses, and often confused with Selene (the moon) in heaven, with Artemis on earth, and with Persephone in Hades. This threefold identification led to her being referred to as three-bodied or three-headed. She was goddess of sorcery and witchcraft and haunted graveyards and crossroads especially, at which places offerings were sometimes left for her. To be summoned she had to be called seven times, and her approach was heralded by the whining and barking of dogs.

HECTOR. The most valiant of the sons of Priam, and the greatest of the Trojan warriors. He was slain by Achilles.

HECUBA (HECABE). Wife of Priam, king of Troy. She was noted for her extreme woes and sufferings, and at times for her vindictiveness.

HELEN (HELENA). The most beautiful woman of antiquity. She was the daughter of Zeus and Leda, the sister of Castor and Pollux, and the wife of Menelaüs, king of Sparta. She was seduced by Paris and taken to Troy, but was finally won back in the Trojan War.

HELENA. See HELEN.

HELICE. The daughter of Lycaon, king of Arcadia; she was loved by Zeus. Hera in revenge changed her into a bear, after which she was placed in the heavens as the Great Bear. She is apparently similar to Callisto.

HELICON. A celebrated range of mountains in Bœotia, sacred to Apollo and the Muses. The fountains Aganippe and Hippocrene, both sacred to the Muses, sprang up there.

HELLAS. The name used by the Greeks for their country. They never called themselves Greeks (the name given them by the Romans), but claimed that they were descended from Hellen, son of Deucalion, and hence were Hellenes.

HELLEN. See HELLAS. (This name must not be confused with Helen.)

HELLENES. See HELLAS.

HELLESPONT. A long, narrow strait connecting the Propontis with the Ægean Sea.

HELOTS. The name given by the Spartans to the Greeks they conquered and enslaved. The Spartans were ruthless in keeping the helots in their position as slaves.

HEPHÆSTUS. The son of Zeus and Hera; god of fire in its more benevolent aspects of smelting, smithing, etc.; and par excellence the smith and maker of metal weapons and instruments. He was identified by the Romans with their god Vulcan.

HEPHAISTOS. See HEPHÆSTUS.

HERA (HERE). The daughter of Cronus and Rhea; sister and wife of Zeus. She was honored by the other Olympians as queen of the gods. She is represented as a jealous, suspicious, and nagging wife. The Romans identified her with their chief female deity, Juno.

HERACLEIDÆ (HERACLIDÆ). The descendants of Heracles. They are portrayed in Greek legend as leading the Dorians when they entered the Peloponnesus and conquered or drove out the Achæans toward the end of the twelfth century.

HERACLES (HERCULES). The son of Alcmena and Zeus; he became the strong man and giant-killer of Greek mythology. He was noted also for his gluttonous appetite and his amorous nature.

HERACLITUS. (1) A philosopher of Ephesus who flourished about 500 B.C., or a little earlier. He belonged to an aristocratic family, and was considered melancholy and obscure in his prose writings. He insisted that all things are in flux and that matter is constantly changing. (2) A Halicarnassian friend of Callimachus.

HERCULES. See HERACLES.

HERMES (MERCURY). The son of Maia and Zeus who became the messenger of the gods and conductor of souls to Hades. He was god of gymnastics and of travelers, cheats, thieves, trickery, trade, and commerce. He wore a winged hat and winged sandals, and carried a magic wand called a caduceus.

HERMUS. A river of Lydia which empties into the Gulf of Smyrna.

HESIOD. The second epic poet of Greece; he came from Ascra in Bœotia and wrote in the eighth century. His two surviving epics are his *Theogony* and his *Works and Days.*

HESPERIDES. The (three, four, or seven) daughters of Atlas (or Hesperus) and Hesperis, who, with the dragon Ladon, guarded the golden apples in the garden of the Hesperides, which was located either on an island in the extreme west or in Libya in north Africa.

HIMERA. (1) A river in Sicily. (2) A celebrated town in Sicily, at the mouth of the Himera River.

HIPPARCHUS. Brother of Hippias (which see). See also HARMODIUS.

HIPPIAS. (1) The son of Pisistratus, and tyrant of Athens from 527 to 512 B.C. (2) A sophist of Elis, contemporary with Socrates.

HIPPOCRATES. (1) A famous Greek physician, born on the island of Cos about 460 B.C., whose oath for physicians is still used. (2) A fifth-century Greek noted for his dissolute sons.

HIPPODAMIA (HIPPODAMEIA). (1) The famous daughter of Œnomaüs, king of Pisa in Elis; Pelops, after outwitting and killing her father, made her his wife. (2) The daughter of Atrax; she was the wife of Perithoüs, king of the Lapiths.

HIPPONAX. A lyric poet of Ephesus who lived about 540 B.C. His poetry was bitter and satiric.

HYADES. The seven rain stars, daughters of Atlas and Aethra.

HYDARNES. The name of two Persians prominent in the conflict of Persia with Greece: (1) a Persian governor of the maritime people in Asia, and (2) the son of Hydarnes, leader of the Persian "Immortals."

HYGEIA. The daughter of Æsculapius; she became the Greek goddess of health.

HYLÆ. A town in Bœotia.

HYMEN. The Greek god of marriage, invoked as Hymen and as Hymenæus. He is much called upon in prothalamia and epithalamia.

HYPERBOLUS. A lamp-seller demagogue who came into special prominence after Cleon's death. He was constantly satirized by Aristophanes as a poor second to Cleon.

HYPERIA. (1) A spring in Pelasgian Argos. (2) An early home of the Phæacians.

HYPERIDES. One of the ten Attic orators, a friend of Demosthenes and a leader of the popular party at Athens.

HYPERION. A Titan, son of Uranus and Gæa. He was father of the Sun, Moon, and Dawn. Hyperion is sometimes used to mean simply the sun.

IACCHUS. See BACCHUS.

IAPETUS. A Titan, son of Cronus, and father of Prometheus, Epimetheus, and Atlas. He was imprisoned with Cronus in Tartarus.

ICARIUS. The son of Œbalus, king of Sparta; brother of Tyndareus, and father of Penelope.

IDA. (1) A range of mountains near Troy. Here Paris made his fatal decision, and hither Æneas went first after his departure from Troy. (2) A mountain in Crete closely associated with the worship of Zeus.

IDOMENEUS. The greatest of the Cretan leaders who accompanied the Greeks to Troy.

ILIUM. Another name for Troy.

IO. (1) The daughter of Inachus, king of Argos; she was wooed by Zeus and in revenge was hounded by Hera throughout most of Europe and Asia Minor into Egypt, where she was freed from torture. (2) An exclamatory particle denoting either joy and exultation, or grief and suffering.

IOLCOS (IOLCUS). An ancient town in Thessaly where Pelias and, after him, Jason ruled.

IOPHON. The son of the poet Sophocles. He is believed to have written some tragedies or to have plagiarized some of his father's work.

IPHIGENIA (IPHIGENEIA). The oldest daughter of Agamemnon and Clytemnestra. When the Greek fleet was becalmed in the Euripus on its way to Troy, Agamemnon was told that he must sacrifice Iphigenia to Artemis before he could proceed. He sent to Argos for her, pretending that he was going to marry her to Achilles. As he was sacrificing her, she was snatched away by Artemis to be priestess in her temple in Tauris and a deer was left to be sacrificed in her stead.

IPHITUS. The son of Eurytus of Œchalia and brother of Iole. After inheriting the famous bow of Eurytus, he gave it to Odysseus. It was with this bow that Odysseus killed the suitors.

IRIS. The winged female messenger of the gods, especially of Zeus and Hera. She often personifies the rainbow.

ISMENE. The daughter of Œdipus and Jocasta, often portrayed with, but quite different from, her sister Antigone.

ISMENUS. A small stream near Thebes, and a frequent name in the Theban saga.

ISTER. An early Greek name for the Danube.

ITHACA. An island off the west coast of Greece. It was the kingdom and home of Odysseus.

ITYS (ITYLUS). See TEREUS.

IXION. A king of the Lapiths and father, by Dia, of Perithoüs; he murdered his father-in-law to avoid paying the promised bridal gifts, a crime of which only Zeus could purify him. Zeus took him to Olympus, received him at the table of the gods, and granted him immortality. He aspired to Hera's love, but was given instead a cloud resembling Hera by which he became father of the Centaurs. For his designs on Hera he was bound hand and foot to an ever-revolving wheel in the underworld.

JASON. The son of Æson, king of Iolcus; he was sent by his uncle, Pelias, to fetch the Golden Fleece from Æetes, king of Colchis. The Argonauts accompanied him on his journey. He acquired the Golden Fleece with the help of Medea, whom he brought back to Greece as his wife.

JOCASTA. The daughter of Menœceus of Thebes, and sister of Creon of Thebes. She married Laius, king of Thebes, by whom she became the mother (and later the wife) of Œdipus, king of Thebes.

JOVE. See ZEUS.

JUNO. See HERA.

JUPITER. See ZEUS.

JUPITER BELUS. The Greek name for the chief deity of Babylon.

KASTOR. See CASTOR.

KENTAURUS. See CENTAUR(S).

KITHÆRON. See CITHÆRON.

LABDACUS. The son of Polydorus, king of Thebes, and Nycteïs. He was apparently the third king of Thebes. His descendants are sometimes called Labdacidæ.

LACEDÆMON. Another name for Sparta.

LACHESIS See FATES.

LAËRTES. The father of Odysseus.

LAIUS. The son of Labdacus, and fourth king of Thebes. He married Jocasta, the daughter of Menœceus, by whom he became father of Œdipus who unwittingly killed him.

LAMACHUS. One of the three generals of the Sicilian expedition, in which he died an honorable soldier's death. He is scoffed at in the *Acharnians*, but is generally referred to with respect.

LEDA. The daughter of Thestius, and wife of Tyndareus, king of Sparta. She was the mother, by Tyndareus (or Zeus), of Helen, Clytemnestra, Castor, and Polydeuces.

LEMNOS. One of the larger volcanic islands in the northern Ægean, sacred to Hephæstus and the seat of his workshop, according to legend.

LEONIDAS. A Spartan king who won imperishable fame by the heroic but fatal stand he and his Spartans made at Thermopylæ in 480 B.C.

LESBOS. An island off the coast of Asia Minor just west of Mysia. It was the home of Sappho and Alcæus.

LETHE. The river of forgetfulness in the underworld from which the dead drank upon their arrival in Hades. On leaving Hades for a new life upon earth, souls drank again from this river.

LETO (LATONA). The mother, by Zeus, of Apollo and Artemis.

LEUCTRA. A town in Bœotia, memorable as the place where Epaminondas, the talented Bœotian general, conquered the Spartans in 371 B.C. and thus effectively checked the power of Sparta.

LIMNÆ. A district adjacent to the Acropolis and near the theater in Athens. In the temple of Dionysus there, according to Thucydides, the older Dionysia was held.

LIPARA. One of the islands near Sicily on which Hephæstus (Vulcan) was believed to have a workshop.

LOCRIANS. The people of two different districts in Greece: (1) the Opuntian and Epicnemidian Locri, who lived along the northern part of the Euripus opposite Bœotia; and (2) the Ozolian Locri, who lived west of Phocis bordering on the Corinthian Gulf.

LORD OF THE TRIDENT. Poseidon (which see).

LOXIAS. Another name for Apollo, especially in his rôle of interpreter of the will of Zeus.

LYCABETTUS. A rocky hill near Athens, of some importance as an olive grove.

LYCAON. An early king of Arcadia whose impious treatment of Zeus caused the latter to decide to destroy mankind by flood. Lycaon was changed into a wolf.

LYCEUM. (1) A grove and gymnasium east of Athens, sacred to Apollo Lyceius; Aristotle taught there. (2) A mountain in Arcadia.

LYCIA. A district in the southwest corner of Asia Minor adjacent to and east of Caria. The Lycians are portrayed as among the braver allies of the Trojans in the Trojan War.

LYCIDAS. (1) One of the Centaurs. (2) An unusually handsome Cretan goatherd in the poems of Theocritus and Bion; he became a symbol of the best type of shepherd poet and singer.

Lycorea. An ancient town at the foot of Mount Lycorea, the name given to the southern peak of Parnassus.

Lyctian. An epithet for the bow of Apollo. The word is believed to be connected with the town of Lyctus in Crete, which was famous for its bowmen.

Lycurgus. (1) A frequent Greek proper name. (2) A famous lawgiver of Sparta, idealized and glorified in Plutarch's life of him.

Lycus. (1) A Theban ruler who ruled for Labdacus and later for Laius for a time. (2) A tyrant of Thebes, who killed Creon and usurped the power. (3) One of the accusers of Socrates.

Lydia. An important and wealthy district of Asia Minor; Sardis was the capital.

Lysander. A distinguished Spartan general who won the battle of Ægospotami and consequently the Peloponnesian War in 405 B.C. He later attempted to make some changes in the Spartan constitution but was killed at Haliartus in 395 B.C. before he succeeded.

Lysias. One of the earlier Athenian orators, son of Cephalus, a metic from Syracuse. He was imprisoned by the Thirty Tyrants but escaped and gave effective aid in restoring the democracy. His orations are models of grace and clarity.

Machaon. The son of Asclepius and surgeon of the Greeks in the Trojan War.

Mænads. See Bacchus.

Mænalus. (1) A range of mountains in Arcadia, and a favorite haunt of Pan. (2) The youngest of the fifty impious sons of Lycaon, the wicked king of Arcadia.

Mæotis. An inland sea (Sea of Azov) on the border of Europe and Asia, north of the Black Sea.

Maia. The daughter of Atlas and Pleione, and mother, by Zeus, of Hermes.

Malea (Cape). (1) The extreme southern point of Laconia; spoken of as the stepmother of ships. (2) A promontory on the southeastern point of the island of Lesbos.

Mantinea. A city in Arcadia, the site of several important battles. The most outstanding of them was the defeat of the Thebans under Epaminondas in 362 B.C., which ended the nine-year supremacy of Thebes.

Marathon. A plain about twenty-five miles northeast of Athens, where the Persians were defeated in 490 B.C.

Mardonius. A prominent general, under both Darius and Xerxes, of the Persian armies during the Persian wars against Greece.

Maron. A priest of Apollo in Ismarus, a town of the Cicones. The Cicones were a Thracian tribe whom Odysseus attacked in his wanderings.

Mars. See Ares.

Medea. The daughter of Æetes, king of Colchis on the Black Sea, and sorceress par excellence. She helped Jason procure the Golden Fleece, in return for which Jason brought her to Greece and married her. He later deserted her for a royal native wife, Glauce (or Creusa), daughter of Creon, king of Corinth. In revenge, Medea killed Glauce and Creon, and her own two children by Jason, after which she escaped to Athens where she was received by Ægeus, the king.

Medusa. The most horrifying of the Gorgons (which see). She was originally so beautiful that she claimed to be the equal of Athena in this respect. For this arrogance Athena turned her into a being so hideous that everyone who looked at her was turned into stone. She was slain by Perseus (which see).

Megacles. The common name for the male children of the proud Alcmæonid family of Athens. Cœsyra, the daughter of one Megacles, was given in marriage to the tyrant Pisistratus, and her name became the common one for girls born in the Alcmæonid family.

Megara. The capital of Megaris, a district in Greece between Attica and Corinth. It had trouble in maintaining its independence, but became an important and powerful commercial center and played a large rôle in the Peloponnesian War.

MELANTHIUS. The insolent goatherd who served Odysseus in Ithaca. Also a proper name in later Greek.

MELES. A river in Smyrna, the birthplace of Bion, and one of the seven places which claimed to be Homer's birthplace.

MELETUS. The principal accuser of Socrates in 399 B.C.

MELISSÆ. A name frequently given to nymphs and priestesses; it is occasionally applied to nymphs of springs. The discovery of honey was attributed to a nymph named Melissa.

MEMNON. The son of Tithonus and Eos (Dawn) and king of Ethiopia. He aided Troy in its struggle against the Greeks and was killed by Achilles. Eos was so grief-stricken by this that she had to be forced to continue to bring the dawn each day. Zeus promised her that Memnon would be immortal; and from his ashes there sprang birds, called Memnonides, which came and fought every year over his tomb.

MEMPHIS. A famous city on the Nile about ten miles above the pyramids.

MENELAÜS. The son of Atreus, brother of Agamemnon, husband of Helen, and an early king of Lacedæmon. He is one of the more important figures in Homer's epic.

MENIPPUS. A cynic philosopher about 60 B.C., who came from Gadara in Cœle-Syria and was noted for his satirical writings and sayings.

MENŒCEUS. The father of Creon (of Thebes) and Jocasta; she was the mother and later the wife of Œdipus.

MENŒTIUS. The father of Patroclus.

MERCURY. See HERMES.

MEROPE. (1) The daughter of Atlas and wife of Sisyphus, king of Corinth; she was made one of the Pleiades. (2) The daughter of Œnopion of Chios; she was loved by the hunter Orion. (3) The daughter of Cypselus of Arcadia and wife of Cresphontes. (4) The wife of Polybus, king of Corinth, and foster mother of Œdipus. (5) The daughter of Pandareus and Harmothoë; she was reared by Aphrodite but was stolen by the Harpies and made a servant of the Furies.

MESSEÏS. A spring in northern Greece.

MESSENE. The chief city of Messenia, a large district in the southwest part of the Peloponnesus. It was a source of trouble to Sparta because of its continuing hostility.

METHONE. (1) A town in the southwest corner of Messenia; its excellent harbor made it important. (2) A town in Macedonia on the Thermaic gulf where Philip lost an eye in battle.

MIDAS. The title of the kings of Phrygia, the best known of whom is the semi-legendary Midas who befriended the lost Silenus and in return was granted his wish that everything he touched would become gold. His wealth was proverbial.

MILETUS. (1) A son of Apollo, who fled from Crete to Caria in Asia Minor. (2) The city founded by Miletus in Caria; it became one of the most important cities on the coast of Asia Minor.

MILO. A famous athlete from Croton in Magna Græcia. He lived in the late sixth century, and many stories sprang up about his feats. Apparently there were later athletes called by this name.

MILTIADES. An Athenian military leader at the Battle of Marathon in 490 B.C.

MIMAS. (1) One of the giants who fought the gods. (2) A promontory in Ionia opposite the island of Chios.

MINA. A Greek weight, and also a coin. The coin was equal in value to 100 drachmas, or about $20.

MINERVA. See ATHENA.

MINOS. The son of Zeus and Europa, and king of Crete. He was renowned for his wisdom and justice, and was especially favored by Zeus. When he died, he became one of the judges of the dead in the underworld. See RHADAMANTHUS.

MINYAS. A king and ancestral hero of the Minyæ, an early Greek people, who moved from Thessaly into Orchomenos in Bœotia. Since many of the Argonauts were Minyæ, they are sometimes referred to by that name.

MITYLENE. See MYTILENE.

MŒRÆ (MOIRÆ or MOIRAI). See FATES.

MOLON. An actor of tremendous weight and stature.

MORSIMUS. A contemptible tragedian much ridiculed by Aristophanes.

MUNYCHIA. A hill and harbor in the peninsula of Piræus.

MUSÆUS. A semi-mythical poet and musician supposed to have come from Thrace.

MUSES. See PIERIA.

MYCENÆ. One of the most important of the early cities of Argos; the home of Agamemnon, and seat of the famous Mycenean civilization which flourished about 1200 B.C.

MYSTÆ. The name given initiates into the mysteries of Eleusis, or the Eleusinian Mysteries.

MYTILENE (MITYLENE). The chief city of the island of Lesbos, east of the Asiatic coast, which became important politically as a naval power. Alcæus, Sappho, and the Æolic school of poets lived on Lesbos; hence Mytilene is often referred to in connection with these poets.

NAUPACTUS. An important seaport at the juncture of Ætolia and the land of the Ozolian Locri across from the northernmost point of Achæa. This port came under Athenian power after the Persian wars.

NAUSICAA. A princess of Phæacia, daughter of Alcinoüs and Arete. She took Odysseus to her parents, and from them he secured safe conduct to his homeland.

NEMEA. A valley in Argolis in which Heracles is said to have slain the Nemean Lion. In it, in a sacred grove, was located a magnificent temple to Nemean Zeus, where the Nemean games were held every other year.

NEOCOROS (NEOCORUS). The Greek term for the custodian of a temple.

NEPTUNE. See POSEIDON.

NEREÏDS. See NEREUS.

NEREUS. A sea deity generally referred to as the old man of the sea. He had fifty daughters called Nereïds.

NESTOR. A son of Neleus and king of Pylos; the outstanding Greek orator during the Greek expedition to Troy. He was greatly respected by Agamemnon and was one of his chief advisers.

NICIAS. A rich general of the aristocratic party at Athens during the Peloponnesian War. He was responsible for the peace of 421 B.C. (which is known by his name) and did his best to have the Athenians live up to its terms, but was unsuccessful because of Alcibiades' opposition. Although a man of peace at heart, it fell to his lot to lead the fatal expedition against Syracuse, where he was beheaded.

NINEVEH. The capital of the Assyrian empire; it was situated in the northeast part of the Fertile Crescent.

NIOBE. The daughter of Tantalus and Dione, and wife of Amphion of Thebes by whom she had seven sons and seven daughters. When she boasted that she was better than Leto, who had only two children, Apollo and Artemis (Leto's children) killed all her children in one day. Niobe, inconsolable in her grief, was changed into a stone from which tears flowed continually; this stone is said to be located at Thebes or on Mount Sipylus.

NOMIUS. A name applied to Apollo in his rôle as shepherd of the flocks of Admetus. Apollo was sentenced to be slave to a mortal for a period because he tried to kill the Cyclopes (who forged the thunderbolt of Zeus) in retaliation for the death of his son Asclepius at the hands of Zeus.

NYSA. Of or pertaining to a place of this name, closely connected with Dionysus. Its location is unknown.

Obol (obolus). A Greek weight, and also a coin. The coin was equal in value to 1/6 of a drachma, or about 3 2/3 cents.

Oceanus. A vast stream which, according to early Greek belief, encircled the earth; the earth was thought of as a vast floating disk.

Odysseus (Ulysses). The son of Laërtes; the master mind of the Greek heroes.

Œdipus. The fifth king of Thebes, and the son of Laius, king of Thebes, and Jocasta, who unwittingly killed his father and married his mother. He is the subject of the famous play by Sophocles, *Œdipus the King*.

Œnomaüs. An early king of Pisa, and father of Hippodamia. He was murdered by Pelops in the latter's struggle to win Hippodamia as his bride.

Œta. A group of mountains in southern Thessaly on which Heracles cremated himself.

Ogygia. A fabulous island, the dwelling place of Calypso, with whom Odysseus spent seven years.

Olympia. A famous city and religious center in Elis, where the celebrated Olympic games were held in honor of Zeus every four years.

Olympus. (1) A mountain in Thessaly, said to be the home of the gods. (2) A teacher assigned by Cronus to Zeus. (3) A famous Phrygian musician and flute player.

Olynthians. The inhabitants of Olynthus, a town in Chalcidice which was very important in Athenian history. It was captured and destroyed by Philip in 347 B.C.

Orchomenos. (1) An ancient wealthy and powerful city of Bœotia. (2) An ancient town in Arcadia, northwest of Mantinea.

Oresteia. The name given the trilogy of Æschylus, consisting of the *Agamemnon*, the *Choëphori*, and the *Eumenides*.

Orestes. (1) The son of Agamemnon and Clytemnestra; at Apollo's command he slew his mother to avenge the death of his father, and was freed by the Areopagus. (2) The son of Echecratides, king of Thessaly.

Oreus. A town in the northern part of Eubœa, originally called Hestiæa or Histiæa.

Orion. A powerful giant and handsome hunter; he was a constant follower of Artemis but was loved by the goddess of dawn. Upon his death, he was placed as a constellation in the heavens.

Orites. The inhabitants of Oreus.

Orpheus. The son of Œagrus and the Muse Calliope. He became known as the mythical poet and sweet singer from Thrace, and trees and rocks followed him to hear his music. He was murdered by a band of women enraged by his excessive grief for his lost wife Eurydice.

Orthian Wood-Queen. Artemis, which see.

Ortygia. (1) An early name for the island of Delos. (2) A fabulous place in Homer's poetry. (3) A small island at the mouth of the harbor of Syracuse.

Ossa. A mountain in Thessaly near Mount Pelion. The Giants piled Pelion on Ossa in their attempt to scale the heavens and attack the gods.

Ouranus (Ouranos). See Uranus.

Pæon. (1) The physician of the Olympian deities. (2) A surname for the gods of help and healing, especially Apollo and Dionysus.

Pallas. A name which means "the brandisher." It is an epithet of Athena, and is believed to be a survival from her earlier role as a goddess of war.

Pan. The son of Hermes (or Zeus) and a nymph; he became the Arcadian god of shepherds, herdsmen, and hunters, and was frisky, mischievous, lecherous, and musically inclined. He had a shaggy-bearded human head, the trunk and arms of a man, and the legs and feet of a goat. He was frequently associated with Dionysus and his followers, and was worshiped in caves or forests rather than in temples.

Panathenæa. The oldest and most important all-Athenian festival. Established by Erichthonius, it was celebrated in Athens in the third year of each Olympiad (i.e., every four years) in honor of Athena, and was accompanied by feasting, choral music, dancing, and ceremonial performances.

Pandion. (1) A king of Athens who was said to be the son and successor of Erichthonius. He died of grief for his daughter Procne (see Tereus). (2) The son of Cecrops and king of Athens, who, when driven from Athens by his nephews, fled to Megara where he became king.

Pandora. The first Greek mortal woman. She was created by various deities at the command of Zeus, and was sent to plague man, who was being aided by Prometheus.

Paralus. One of the two official Athenian sacred ships reserved for service to the state. The other was the *Salaminia*.

Paris (Alexander). The son of Hecuba and Priam; he was exposed on Mount Ida, but was rescued and brought up by a shepherd. He awarded the golden apple to Aphrodite, rather than to Hera or Athena; for this he was promised the most beautiful woman in the world, Helen of Sparta, as his wife. While he was a guest of her husband, Menelaüs, Paris persuaded Helen to elope with him to Troy and thus brought on the Trojan War.

Parnassus. A mountain near Delphi in northern Greece. It is one of the most important mountains in Greek myth and story.

Parnes. A mountain northeast of Attica, well wooded, game abounding, and noted for its excellent wine. It was a continuation of Mount Cithæron.

Paros (Parus). One of the Cyclades Islands southeast of Attica, famed for its excellent marble and as the home of Archilochus.

Patroclus. The son of Menœtius, and Achilles' dearest friend. He was slain by Hector.

Pausanias. (1) A Spartan general at the victory of Platæa in 479 B.C.; he afterward became so ambitious and tyrannical that he alienated Greece from Sparta. He connived with Persia against Greece for which he was killed in 470 B.C. (2) A Greek traveler and writer of the second century A.D., who wrote an *Itinerary of Greece* in ten books.

Peiræus. See Piræus.

Pelasgian. Of or pertaining to the Pelasgi and their somewhat legendary civilization. They are sometimes referred to as the earliest Greeks.

Peleus. The son of Æacus of Ægina, who became the husband of Thetis and the father of Achilles. He was exiled from Ægina for bloodshed and went to northern Greece, where he lived and reigned in Iolcus and Phthia. He gained a reputation for chastity for resisting the advances of the wife of Acastus.

Pelias. The half brother of Æson, and uncle of Jason. He was inadvertently slain by his own daughters through the trickery of Medea.

Pelides. The son of Peleus, i.e., Achilles (which see).

Pelion. A mountain in Thessaly, noted for its ash trees which were used for spear shafts. It was piled on Mount Ossa by the Giants in their attempt to scale the sky in their war against the gods.

Peloponnese. See Peloponnesus.

Peloponnesus. A large Greek peninsula joined to the mainland by the Isthmus of Corinth.

Pelops. The son of Tantalus. He migrated from Asia Minor to Elis where he married Hippodamia and finally gained control of most of the Peloponnesus.

Penelope. The daughter of Icarius, and the faithful wife of Odysseus.

Peneüs (Peneius). A river in Thessaly.

Pericles. (1) A great Athenian statesman who was a leader in Athenian politics from about 460 B.C. until his death in 429 B.C. It was during his period of preëminence that Athens experienced its greatest growth and expansion. (2) A common Greek name.

Perimede. A woman exceedingly skilled in magic and the properties of herbs. She is believed to be identical with Agamede, the oldest daughter of Augeas, king of the Epeans in Elis. Agamede was said to be golden-haired and to know all the herbs and drugs in the world.

PERIŒCI. The name given by Greek writers to the Peloponnesians who were tributary allies of the Spartans, and thus only partially subject to them.

PERSEPHASSA. See PERSEPHONE.

PERSEPHONE. The daughter of Zeus and Demeter. While gathering flowers in Sicily, she was kidnaped by Hades (Pluto) and carried to the underworld to be his queen there.

PERSES. A brother of Hesiod. Perses cheated his brother out of his share of their patrimony. Hesiod addressed his *Works and Days* to him.

PERSEUS. The son of Zeus and Danaë. He and his mother were enclosed by her father, Acrisius, in a chest and put out upon the sea. They were washed up on Seriphus, where Perseus was reared by a fisherman. King Polydectes of Seriphus tried to get rid of him by demanding that he slay the Gorgon, Medusa. Perseus succeeded and cut off her head. With this he accomplished many miraculous feats, for it turned into stone everyone who looked at it. He finally became king of Tiryns.

PHÆACIA. The island home of Alcinoüs; it is said to be the ancient Corcyra (modern Corfu). It was visited by Odysseus in his wanderings. The Phæacians, the most accomplished mariners of the heroic age, took him to Ithaca after he was shipwrecked.

PHÆDRA. The daughter of Minos and Pasiphaë. She married Theseus, but later became enamored of her stepson, Hippolytus; when he rebuffed her, she killed herself, but left a note charging him with having forcefully violated her. Theseus cursed Hippolytus and sentenced him to exile. As he left, Hippolytus was dragged to death by his own horses.

PHÆDRUS. The friend with whom Socrates discussed in the dialogue, *Phædrus*, the difference between conventional and true rhetoric. This man is not to be confused with Phædrus, the Roman writer of fables.

PHALERUM. One of the harbors of Athens, used more in the earlier than in the later period.

PHASIS. A river in Colchis that flows into the Black Sea.

PHEIDIPPIDES (PHIDIPPIDES). (1) A famous Greek runner who ran to Sparta to secure help against the Persians. He also ran from Marathon to Athens to announce the great victory, after which, legend says, he fell dead. Some texts give his name as Philippides. (2) The son of Strepsiades in Aristophanes' *Clouds*.

PHERÆ. A city in Thessaly founded by Pheres (which see).

PHERES. The brother of Æson, and the father of Admetus. He founded Pheræ in Thessaly.

PHIDIAS (PHEIDIAS). A great sculptor of Athens whom Pericles made supervisor of all the works of art erected during his administration. Phidias thus was responsible for the sculpture and statuary in the Parthenon and for the statue of Athena there, as well as for the colossal statue of Zeus at Olympia.

PHILETAS. An Alexandrian poet and grammarian from the island of Cos, who became tutor of Ptolemy II.

PHILIP. A talented and vigorous ruler of Macedonia from 359 to 336 B.C. He conquered Greece at Chæronea in Bœotia in 338 B.C., a victory which forever sealed the liberty of ancient Athens.

PHILISTIDES. An important leader in Oreus, said by Demosthenes to be an agent of Philip of Macedon.

PHILOCRATES. A political leader in Athens who had an important part in the peace made with Philip in 346 B.C. (called the Peace of Philocrates). Demosthenes claimed that he was a hired agent of Philip.

PHILŒTIUS. The faithful neatherd of Odysseus.

PHILOMELA. See TEREUS.

PHOCÆA. A city on the coast of Lydia. Not to be confused with Phocis, the district west of Bœotia.

PHOCIANS. The inhabitants of Phocis, the district directly west of Bœotia. The fact that Delphi was within its boundaries made it the center of many religious and sacred meetings and organizations.

Phœbus. An epithet of Apollo.

Phœnicians. Of or pertaining to the sea-roving traders whose home was supposed to be Phœnicia, a mountainous strip of coast land in Syria between the Mediterranean and Lebanon. They are also called Sidonians.

Phrixus. The son of Athamas and Nephele. He and his sister Helle were rescued from their stepmother, Ino, by a golden-fleeced ram which vaulted into the air with them and flew over the Hellespont—where Helle fell off—and into Colchis. Phrixus sacrificed the ram and gave its fleece to Æetes, the king of Colchis; it remained in Colchis until it was seized by Jason and the Argonauts.

Phrygia. A large and important district of Asia Minor.

Phrynichus. (1) A tragic poet of the late sixth and early fifth centuries, B.C. who introduced into Greek tragedy much new material, some of it historical. (2) A poet of the older Attic comedy, a contemporary and rival of Aristophanes. (3) A prominent member of the oligarchical revolution of 411 B.C. (4) A Greek grammarian and lexicographer of the second and third century A.D.

Phrynis. A celebrated musician of Mytilene.

Phthia. A region in Thessaly and the home of Achilles.

Pieria. A region in southern Macedonia near Mount Olympus where the nine Muses were born to Zeus and Mnemosyne. From Pieria the worship of these goddesses of the arts and sciences was carried to Mount Helicon in Bœotia and to Parnassus, near Delphi. Pierian often means pertaining to the Muses.

Pindar (Pindarus). The greatest Greek lyric poet; he was born near Thebes in 522 B.C. and lived to a ripe old age.

Pindus. A mountain in Thessaly.

Piræus (Peiræus). The chief seaport and harbor of Athens, with which it is connected by two long walls. Also the peninsula in which this harbor is located.

Pirene (Peirene). A fountain in Corinth at which Bellerophon is said to have caught the horse Pegasus.

Pirithoüs (Peirothoüs). The son of Dia and Zeus (or Ixion); he was king of the Lapiths and a staunch friend of Theseus.

Pisa. An important city of Elis. It was near Olympia and is frequently mentioned in connection with it.

Pisistratidæ (Peisistratidæ). The sons of Pisistratus (which see): Hippias, tyrant of Athens (527-512 B.C.), and his brother Hipparchus.

Pisistratus (Peisistratus). A nobleman of Athens, who was tyrant of Athens intermittently from 560 to 527 B.C. He was a benevolent ruler and was greatly interested in literature and the arts.

Pittheus. The son of Pelops, and king of Trœzen. He was the grandfather of Theseus and is often referred to as being very wise.

Platæa. A city in Bœotia, and the scene of the last battle of the Persian War in 479 B.C.

Pleisthenes. The son of Atreus. Pleisthenes was reared by Thyestes, and slain unwittingly by Atreus, according to one tradition. Another version makes Pleisthenes the father of Agamemnon and Menelaüs and Atreus their foster father; in Homer's poems Atreus is the father of Menelaüs and Agamemnon.

Pluto. The god of wealth and of the next life and world. See Hades.

Pluto's Hound. Cerberus (which see).

Polybus. A king of Corinth who reared Œdipus as his own son.

Polycrates. A tyrant of the island of Samos in the sixth century B.C. He had a powerful navy and welcomed poets and artists to his court. He was killed in 522 B.C.

Polydamus. A Trojan, the son of Panthoüs and Phrontis. He was a friend of Hector, serving him more as adviser than as a warrior.

Polydeuces (Pollux). The twin brother of Castor (which see). He was an outstanding boxer of the heroic age, was especially revered by sailors, and was believed to protect them. He was honored by Poseidon and, with his brother, was placed as a constellation in the heavens.

POLYDORUS. (1) The son and successor of Cadmus, the first king of Thebes in Bœotia. (2) The youngest son of Priam and Hecuba. To save Polydorus from the Trojan War, Priam sent him (with much gold) for safe-keeping to Polymestor, king of Thrace. But Polymestor murdered him to obtain the gold.

POLYGNOTUS. A celebrated fifth-century Greek painter.

POLYPHEMUS. The monstrous single-eyed Cyclops; he was the son of Poseidon and was blinded by Odysseus.

PONTUS. (1) Short for the Black (or Euxine) Sea. (2) A district bordering the Black Sea between Paphlagonia and Armenia Minor.

POSEIDON. The son of Cronus and Rhea. He was made lord of the sea and all important bodies of water, was creator of the horse, and was lord and bearer of the trident. He had many amours and sons.

POTIDÆA. A town colonized by Corinth on the Chalcidic peninsula. It became tributary to Athens, and its revolt in 432 B.C. was a contributing cause of the Peloponnesian War. It was conquered and resettled by the Athenians in 429 B.C.

PRAXITELES. A renowned Athenian sculptor who flourished about the middle of the fourth century.

PRIAM. The king of Troy during the Trojan War; he has become a classic literary symbol of suffering and misfortune.

PRIAPUS. (1) The son of Dionysus and Aphrodite. He became god of flocks and gardens, and also of reproduction. (2) A city in Mysia which was a center of the worship of Priapus.

PROCNE (PROGNE). See TEREUS.

PRODICUS. A prominent sophist from the island of Ceos. He seems to have been a frequent visitor in Athens in the latter part of the fifth century.

PROMETHEUS. The son of Iapetus and Themis, the brother of Epimetheus, and the father of Deucalion. He was the inveterate champion and friend of man in his struggle against the hostility of Zeus.

PROSERPINA. The Roman name for Persephone (which see).

PRYTANEIS. See PRYTANEUM.

PRYTANEUM. The Council Hall of Athens which housed the prytaneis, the city officials appointed to preside over the public business. It was also called the Tholos or Rotunda because it was round.

PSYTTALEIA. A small island between Salamis and the Attic port of Piræus.

PYANEPSION. The fourth month of the Attic year (our October/November) in which the festival of Pyanepsia, in honor of Apollo, was held at Athens.

PYLOS. The name of one inland and two coastal towns in the western Peloponnesus. The northern coastal town was the home of Neleus and Nestor, and is important in Greek epic poetry. The southern coastal town was important in the Peloponnesian War (431-404 B.C.).

PYRRHA. See DEUCALION.

PYTHIA. The priestess who pronounced the oracles of Apollo at Delphi.

PYTHIAN. Pertaining to Apollo or to his oracle at Delphi.

PYTHO. (1) The python slain by Apollo near Delphi. (2) The oracle at Delphi.

PYTHONESS. See PYTHIA.

RHADAMANTHUS. The son of Zeus and Europa, and the brother of Minos of Crete. He is portrayed as an upright judge and the founder of laws and legal procedure. He, with Minos and Æacus (and possibly Triptolemus), was made a judge of the dead in the underworld.

RHEA. The daughter of Uranus and Gæa. She was the sister and wife of Cronus, and by him mother of several of the more important deities.

RHODES. One of the larger islands of the Ægean, off the southern coast of Caria. It became one of the most important Dorian maritime states.

Rotunda. Another name for the Prytaneum (which see).

Salaminia. See Paralus.

Salamis. An island southwest of Attica, separated from it only by a narrow channel. The name also refers to the famous naval battle won at Salamis by the Greeks in 480 B.C.

Samos. The name of several Greek islands; it refers chiefly to a large and important island off the coast of Asia Minor near the southern part of Lydia, which Polycrates ruled in the sixth century B.C. The sixth-century poet, Ibycus, and the third-century writer of epigrams, Asclepiades, are associated with this island.

Samothrace. An island in the northern Ægean, the scene of many religious rites and mysteries.

Sappho. The greatest poetess of Greece. (See the note to the poem, *To Aphrodite*, page 146.)

Sardis. The capital of Lydia.

Saturn. See Cronus.

Satyrs. Mythical mortal, roistering creatures of the hills and woods; they were associated with Dionysus, and typified the vigor and vitality of the powers of nature and her fruitfulness. They were fond of wine, much given to dancing, and intemperate sexually. They were often portrayed with hairy bodies and bearded faces, and the legs and tail of a horse. See Silenus.

Scamander. See Xanthus.

Scylla. (1) The six-headed monstrous daughter of Crateïs who inhabited a cave opposite Charybdis. (2) The traitorous daughter of Nisus, king of Megara.

Scythia. A somewhat vague region to the west, north, or northeast of the Black Sea.

Semele. The daughter of Cadmus and Harmonia. When she was with child by Zeus, she fell dead upon beholding his awful majesty. Her unborn child, Dionysus, was rescued and brought to birth by Zeus. Semele obtained immortality through her son, was rescued from Hades, and was placed in heaven under the name of Thyone.

Seriphus. One of the Cyclades islands, south of Attica; it figures in several mythological stories.

Sestus. A town on the Hellespont. It became famous in literature for its association with the story of Hero and Leander.

Sidonians. See Phœnicians.

Silenus. The chief or typical Satyr. He was the son of Hermes (or Pan) and a nymph, and was reared by Dionysus, and became his constant companion. He is depicted as a bald, snub-nosed, pot-bellied, riotous, half-drunk old man, with highly prophetic powers. Unable to trust his legs, he is portrayed as riding an ass, followed by his fellow satyrs.

Simætha. The love-smitten girl in the second idyl of Theocritus, who tried to win back her Mindian lover, Delphis, by magic.

Simoïs (Simoeïs). A river near Troy.

Simonides. (1) An iambic poet who flourished about 664 B.C. on the island of Amorgus. (2) A lyric poet of Ceos and a writer of epitaphs, who died in 467 B.C. at an advanced age. His poetry is noted for its sweetness, finish, and perfect expression. He is one of the earliest poets known to have charged a fee for writing poetry.

Sinope. An important commercial center on the Black Sea.

Sipylus. Part of the mountain range called Tmolus, on the borders of Lydia.

Sirius. The dog star, which gains ascendancy in the late summer, the hottest and most unseasonable part of the year. Hence our "dog days."

Sisyphus. The son of Æolus, and an early king of Corinth. He was severely punished in Hades for his wickedness on earth by having to push a huge stone over a tall hill.

Socrates. The name of several Greeks. The best-known of the men of this name was the son of Sophroniscus. He is the most important character in nearly all the Platonic dialogues and in Xenophon's *Memorabilia*.

Solon. A famous Athenian statesman and lawgiver who lived from about 639 to 558 B.C. His laws were drawn up in 594 B.C. He traveled extensively and enjoyed a wide reputation for wisdom. A few fragments of his poems dealing with certain problems of state and morality have survived.

SON OF JAPHET. Prometheus (which see).

SPERCHEIUS (SPERCHEÜS). A river in southern Thessaly.

SPHINX. A winged monster, part lion and part woman, supposed to be born of Typhon and Chimera (or Echidna). She attacked and killed many Thebans because they could not answer her riddle. When Œdipus solved it, she killed herself.

STHENEBOIA (STHENEBŒA). The daughter of Iobates, king of Lycia; and the wife of Proteus, king of Corinth or Tiryns. When Bellerophon came to Proteus to be purified, she fell in love with him but he resisted her. She thereupon told her husband that Bellerophon had made improper advances to her. Because of her accusations, Bellerophon suffered many hardships but finally returned to Corinth and killed her.

STRYMON. A river between Thrace and Macedonia, associated for the Greeks with windy, stormy weather.

STYX. The river of loathing in Hades. The gods used and called upon its waters when making their most binding, irrevocable oaths.

SUNIUM. A promontory at the extreme southern point of Attica.

SYMPLEGADES. The name of two rocky islets (also called the Clashing Rocks or Crags and the Dark Rocks or Islands) at or near the Bosporus, the entrance to the Black Sea. They were believed to open and shut and to crush to pieces anything that happened to be between them when they closed.

TÆNARUM. A cave in southern Laconia near Malea. It was supposed to be one of the entrances to the underworld.

TALENT. An ancient commercial weight (differing in different places and with different systems of weights); also the sum of money represented by the corresponding weight of gold and silver. The talent was equal in value to 60 mina (which see).

TANTALUS. The son of Zeus and a nymph. He became king of Lydia, and the father, by Dione, of Pelops and Niobe; he was immensely wealthy. The gods admitted him to their banquets and councils, but he divulged their secrets and stole nectar and ambrosia from them to serve mortals at a banquet. He also cooked and served his son Pelops to the Gods to test their power. For punishment he was sent to Hades, where he was put in water up to his chin but could never drink the water; there was fruit above him which he could never reach; and an immense rock was delicately balanced over his head.

TARTARUS. The lowest abyss; as far below Hades as the earth is below heaven. It was the place of eternal punishment for the worst sinners, and lay in absolute darkness, and was surrounded by impenetrable walls. It was later spoken of as a section of Hades.

TAUROPOLIA. An Athenian festival participated in by women and believed to be connected with Artemis.

TAŸGETE. The daughter of Atlas and Pleione. When she unwillingly became the mother, by Zeus, of Lacedæmon, she hung herself in shame on a mountain near Sparta. This mountain was afterward called Taÿgetus. After her death she was made one of the Pleiades.

TEGEA. The capital of Tegeatis, a district in Arcadia.

TELEMACHUS. The son of Odysseus and Penelope.

TELEPHUS. The name of a lost play by Euripides which was mercilessly satirized by Aristophanes. Telephus, the son of Heracles and Auge, went to Mysia, where he was wounded by Achilles while fighting off a Greek invasion. He could not be healed by anyone except the man who wounded him. To conceal his identity he dressed in beggars' clothes and wandered among the Greeks. When Achilles healed him, he showed the Greeks how to take Troy. His role as a beggar in the play is what Aristophanes satirizes most.

TELLUS. An early Athenian highly praised by Solon in his conversation with Crœsus.

TENEDOS. An island near the entrance of the Hellespont, used as a base by the Greeks in their war against Troy.

TEREUS. The son of Ares, and king of Phocis. He married Procne (Progne), the daughter of Pandion, king of Athens, and later violated her sister, Philomela. To keep her from telling Procne of his crime he cut her tongue out, but Philomela wove the story of her wrong in a piece of tapestry which came into Procne's possession. In revenge Procne slew Itys (Itylus), her son by Tereus. Tereus pursued her in order to kill her, whereupon he was changed into a hawk, Procne into a nightingale, and Philomela into a swallow. According to later accounts, Philomela became the nightingale and Procne the swallow.

TEUCER. (1) The son of the river god, Scamander, and a nymph named Ida. He was the first king of Troy; hence the Trojans were first called Teucri. (2) The son of Telamon of Salamis and Hesione, the brother of Ajax; he was an expert bowman. Blamed by his father for the death of Ajax, he was exiled. He finally conquered the island of Cyprus and settled there.

TEUCRIAN. An adjective derived from Teucer (which see).

THALES. An Ionic philosopher who lived about 636-546 B.C., and was frequently considered one of the wise men of Greece. A mathematician and "scientist," he is said to have accurately predicted an eclipse. He held that all comes from and recedes into water.

THEBES (THEBE). (1) The chief city of Bœotia (in Greece). (2) A city in Mysia in Asia Minor. (3) An important city of ancient Egypt on the upper Nile.

THEMIS. The daughter of Uranus and Ge, and goddess of law and equity. She was an early wife of Zeus, and was mother of the Hours, of Peace, and of the Mœræ.

THEMISTOCLES. A celebrated Athenian born about 514 B.C. He was one of the chief statesmen and leaders in the Persian Wars, especially in the Battle of Salamis.

THERA. See CYRENE (2).

THERAMENES. A rather fickle political leader in Athens, especially from 411 to 403 B.C., when he was condemned to death at the instigation of Critias. His fickleness in politics earned him the nickname of "Buskin," the stage shoe which could be worn on either foot.

THERMOPYLÆ. The narrow pass from Thessaly into Locris. It is sometimes called Pylæ, and means literally "hot gates." It is famous chiefly for the stand which Leonidas and the Greeks whom he led made there against the Persians.

THESEUS. The son of Ægeus and Æthra, and one of the most famous of the early kings of Athens. He rid Greece of many monsters, human and animal, that had been preying on the people, and slew the Minotaur. He is known as one of the greatest benefactors of Greece.

THESPIANS. The people of Thespiæ, a town in Bœotia.

THESPIS. The sixth-century Greek who is generally regarded as the father of Greek tragedy because he was the first to add an "actor" to the choral dithyramb. Hence our term Thespians to denote actors.

THETIS. A Nereïd, the daughter of Nereus and Doris. Though an immortal, she was married to Peleus, the king of northern Greece, by whom she became the mother of Achilles.

THIRTY (THE). The designation for the thirty tyrants placed in power in Athens by the Spartans at the close of the Peloponnesian War in 404 B.C. Their eight months' regime constitutes the bloodiest and most tyrannical period in Greek history.

THRACIANS. The people of Thrace, at the northern end of the Ægean sea.

THRASYBULUS. An Athenian, the son of Lycus. A zealous and effective supporter of the democracy, he helped overthrow the government of the Four Hundred in 411 B.C., and was also instrumental in overthrowing the Thirty and restoring the democracy in 403 B.C.

THUCYDIDES. A widely used name in Greek. Thucydides, the son of Olorus, was the historian of the Peloponnesian War; several selections from his work are included in this book.

THYESTES. The son of Pelops and the brother of Atreus. In his struggle with Atreus for power over the Peloponnesus, he seduced Atreus' wife, Aërope, for which Atreus exiled him. In order to get more satisfying revenge, Atreus recalled Thyestes and gave a feast of reconciliation. Atreus ordered that some of Thyestes' children be cooked, as meat for this feast. Thyestes ate some of the meat before he discovered the crime; thereupon he uttered imprecations on Atreus and finally killed him.

THYMBRIS. A district in Sicily.

THYRSIS. A shepherd singer in Theocritus' works, and hence, in pastoral poetry, a shepherd and singer.

TIRESIAS (TEIRESIAS). A blind prophet of Thebes and the Theban saga, who lived to be very old. He was one of the most renowned of Greek prophets and was allowed to retain his mental faculties in the next world.

TITANS. A group of ancient deities thought to be the children of Uranus and Gæa. They apparently were the embodiment of the powers of nature, the heavens, the earth, and the sea.

TITYRUS. A common name among shepherds, and found frequently in pastoral poetry.

TLEPOLEMUS. The son of Heracles. He threw his staff at a servant who was neglecting his uncle, the aged Licymnius, but missed the servant and killed Licymnius.

TMOLUS. (1) A mountain (sometimes a range) in Lydia. (2) The god of this mountain or range.

TRITOGENIA. Athena.

TRITONIA. Another name (of uncertain origin) for Pallas Athena or Minerva.

TRŒZEN. The capital of Trœzenia in the Peloponnesus, on the Saronic Gulf in the southeastern part of Argolis.

TROY. A city in Asia Minor near the entrance to the Hellespont. It was made famous by the Trojan War, which occurred about 1200 B.C. or soon after. It seems to have been destroyed and rebuilt several times.

TWAIN GODDESSES (THE). Demeter and Persephone.

TWIN ROCKS. See SYMPLEGADES.

TWO GODS (THE). This usually means Castor and Pollux.

TYDIDES. The son of Tydeus, i.e., Diomedes, and one of the greatest of the Greek fighters at Troy.

TYNDAREUS. The son of Œbalus, king of Sparta, and a nymph. He married Leda, the mother of Clytemnestra, Helen, Castor, and Pollux.

ULYSSES. See ODYSSEUS.

URANUS (OURANOS). A Greek word meaning heaven, and also the first divine ruler of the world, usually said to be the husband (sometimes the son) of Gæa. He feared his children and thrust them into Tartarus at birth. His son Cronus, with the help of Gæa, finally cut off Uranus' male organs and cast them into the sea. From these and the foam of the sea Aphrodite was created, and the blood of Uranus that fell on the earth produced the Giants and Erinyes.

VENUS. See APHRODITE.

VULCAN. See HEPHÆSTUS.

XANTHIAS. The stock name for a slave in Greek drama, because many slaves came from Lydia, one river in which was named Xanthus.

XANTHUS. A river which flowed by Troy and through Lydia. It is called also Scamander.

XENOPHON. The son of Gryllus. He was a prolific and versatile Greek author who lived from about 430 to 355 B.C.

XERXES. The king of Persia from 486 to 465 B.C. To the Greeks he was the outstanding symbol of excessive pride and arrogance.

ZEUS. The son of Cronus and Rhea. To the Greeks he was the third divine ruler of the world in point of time; he became the chief of all the Greek deities, and was considered to be the father of gods and of men. He was identified by the Romans with their Jupiter (Jove).

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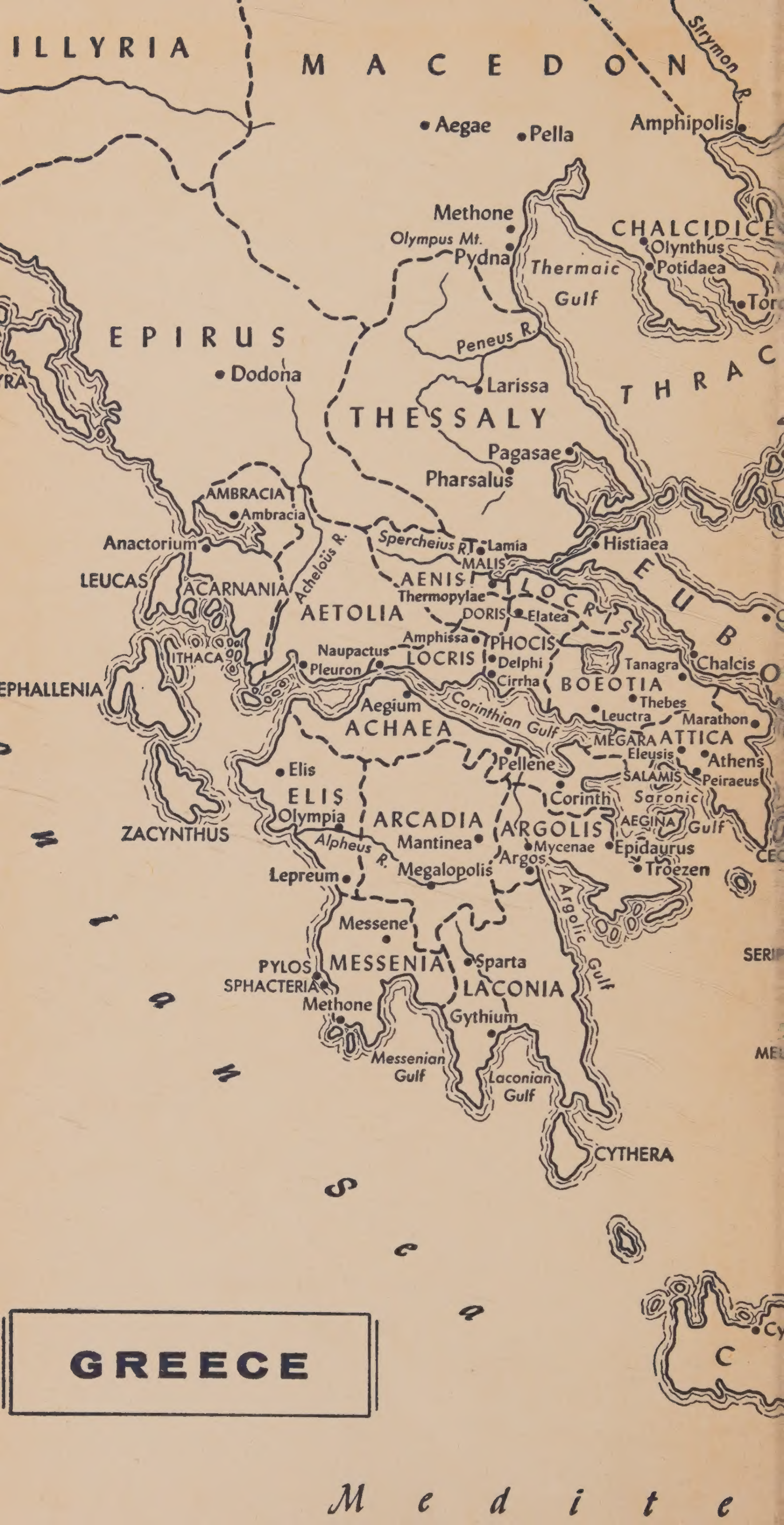
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Potidaea
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Larissa
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THRAC
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Pharsalus
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Anactorium
LEUCAS
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Spercheius R.
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Pleuron
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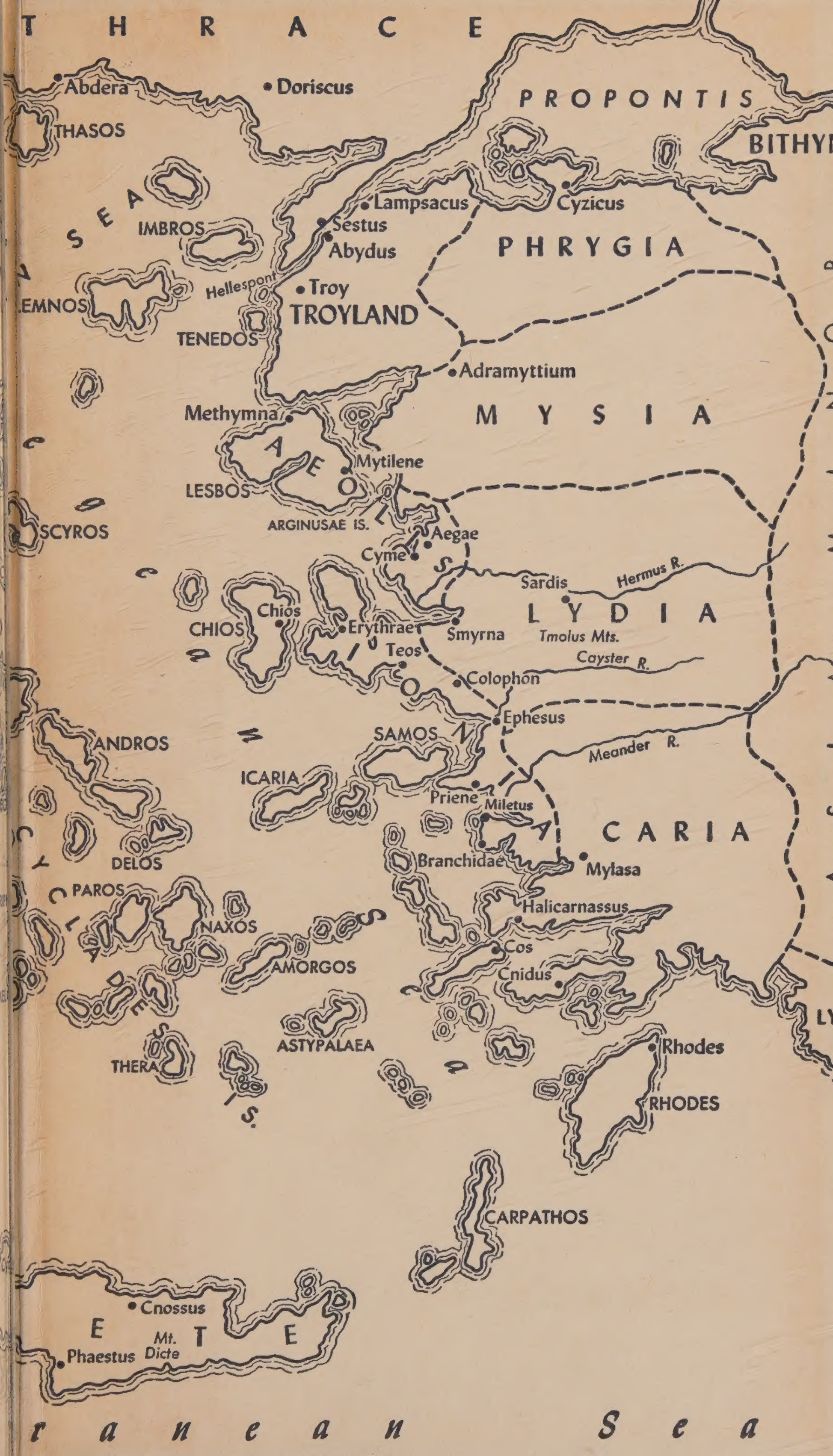
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